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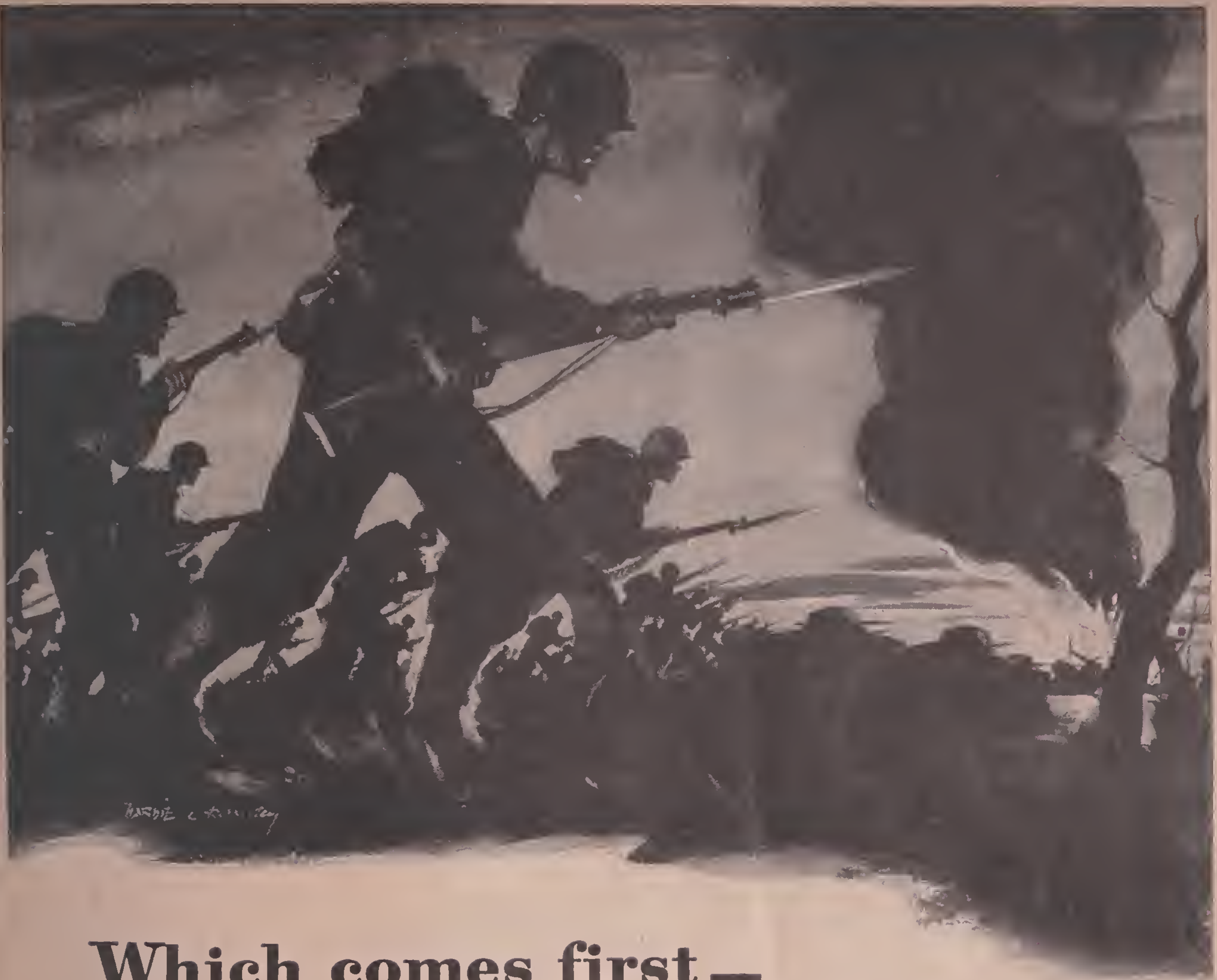

Which comes first —
Your second helping?
or our second front?

You want to see this war won — and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay—so do all of us. But just remember...

A second front takes food... food to feed our allies *in addition to* our own men.

Which do you want — more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don't get—and the coffee and sugar that you don't get—are up at the front lines—fighting for you.

Would you have it otherwise?

Cheerfully co-operating with rationing is one way we can help to win this war. But there are scores of others. Many of them are described in a new free booklet called "You and the War," available from this magazine. Send for your copy today! Learn about the many opportunities for doing an important service to your country.

Read about the Citizens Defense Corps, organized as part of Local Defense Councils. Choose the job you're best at, and start doing it! You're needed—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

VOL. 1, NO. 7 AUGUST, 1943

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Cover by Tom Kelley

OUR WRITERS

Natalie Visart, who wrote about the Fred MacMurrays on page 36, says,

"I design for bread and butter and write for fun and jam. I was born in Chicago—was toddling around Europe with my parents when the first World War broke out, and we were arrested by mistake for being German spies. I think I must have made a devastating Mata Hari at that age.

"I grew up in Hollywood where I had been sent for my health. My classmates were mostly daughters of motion picture people, and inevitably I grew up movie minded.

"I became a designer on Cecil B. deMille's "Cleopatra," and have clothed all of his epics ever since. Am now under contract to Hunt Stromberg Productions.

"Went to Europe with Lilly Dache for the openings in '38 and on my way back stopped in New York and sold my first article to Collier's. This stroke of luck promptly went to my pencil, and when I wasn't drawing guimpes and gussets, I was writing articles which I've been fortunate enough to have sold to Charm, Glamour, and Fawcett publications.

"This brings us up to date. I am now doing the costumes for "The Story of Dr. Wassell," Mr. deMille having borrowed me from Mr. Stromberg—and driving Miss Waterbury quietly mad by not finishing my next assignment for her."

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HERE'S THAT AGE OF INNOCENCE WITH THAT GLEAM IN ITS EYE!

IT'S THE naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"... and every drugstore dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising...swell Lubitsch fun!

Ernst Lubitsch's
PRODUCTION

HEAVEN Can WAIT

in Technicolor

GENE TIERNEY · DON AMECHE

CHARLES COBURN · MARJORIE MAIN · LAIRD CREGAR
SPRING BYINGTON · ALLYN JOSLYN · EUGENE PALLETTE · SIGNE HASSO
LOUIS CALHERN · HELENE REYNOLDS · AUBREY MATHER · MICHAEL AMES

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch · Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson
Based upon the Play "Birthday" by Lazlo Bus-Fekete

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

It's a
BIG PICTURE

MEET MARY LEE

The New All-American Girl Star

Every few years, a new great screen personality soars high across the movie skies...This time it's talented Mary Lee, the singing youngster you discovered in the Gene Autry hits. See her in her first great starring role—in the season's gayest musical comedy romance!

SHANTYTOWN

with
John Archer
Marjorie Lord
Harry Davenport • Billy Gilbert • Anne Revere
Frank Jenks • Cliff Nazarro
Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer and
Matty Malneck and his orchestra

HEAR MARY SING—"I've Heard That Song Before" and other grand hits

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Quick picture guide

ABOVE SUSPICION

Newlyweds Frances and Richard Myles are approached by a friend in the British Foreign Office during the late summer of 1939, who asks them to make their European honeymoon a spy-hunting expedition. The idea is that they will, as devoted lovers, be above suspicion. Their task is to discover where a certain important Englishman has been hidden by the Nazis. Their only guides are the tune, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," and roses themselves, which are worn on the person.

Fred MacMurray and Joan Crawford are very amusing and dramatic in a series of scarey adventures. You'll enjoy this and them.

CONEY ISLAND

Starring Betty Grable, George Montgomery, and Cesar Romero, magnificently photographed in color, the only thing that keeps this from being knock-out is standard musical plot No. 1.

It's the oldie about the two double-crossing pals, Montgomery and Romero, in the Coney Island days at the turn of the century, and how they get even with one another.

Cesar Romero, who has once cheated George by way of a poker deck that had nine aces, has set himself up with the most popular saloon and show on the island. George walks in to collect, sees Betty, who is not only Cesar's star but his secret heart.

George decides to walk off with the works. He sets up a rival stand, teaches Betty how to look and sing like a lady, is all set to marry her when Cesar does a bit of dirty work.

Betty has never looked more luscious or sung more seductively. The dances are really a dish. You'll have fun.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

If you can accept the idea that Franchot Tone, single handed, could outwit Gen. Erwin Rommel, then the suspense, vivid action, and romance of this will charm you.

Tone is the sole survivor of a British tank outfit, who staggers into an African desert town, only to find his comrades gone, the Germans once more in possession. In the outpost's only hotel, he meets a bitter young French girl, a bewildered Egyptian, captured English officers, and Rommel himself. The way he outwits the Nazis, frees the English, captures the girl's heart, learns Rommel's most treasured secret—that of the "five graves"—and eventually escapes is all keen adventure. Anne Baxter is very appealing as the girl.

SEE OTHER MOVIE REVIEWS ON PAGE 50

FLASH FOLLOW-UPS

(on films previously reviewed in Movieland)

AERIAL GUNNER

What happens when two ex-pals, one a baddie, meet at the same training field.

AIR FORCE

Thrilling story of a bomber and its crew. Don't miss.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

Romantic, mistaken identity spy stuff. Pierre Aumont is super.

CABIN IN THE SKY

All-colored musical. Terrific tunes, dances, Ethel Waters, and Lena Horne.

CASABLANCA

Most exciting, romantic movie with Bergman-Bogart. A "must."

EDGE OF DARKNESS

Absolute best of "occupied Norway" movies. Stars Flynn-Sheridan but Helmut Dantine steals it.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Roz Russell, Fred MacMurray in romantic air film.

HAPPY GO LUCKY

That, and a bit more, with Mary Martin, Betty Hutton, Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell, an inconsequential plot, saucy songs, and dances.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO

Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Lyn Bari all at their best. A musical feast.

HIT PARADE OF 1943

A girl composer meets an unscrupulous music publisher but love conquers both. Cute and tuneful.

THE HUMAN COMEDY

Best and most original picture of the year. Mickey Rooney stars.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

Exciting, suspenseful, if a bit confusing. Joseph Cotten starring.

MY FRIEND, FLICKA

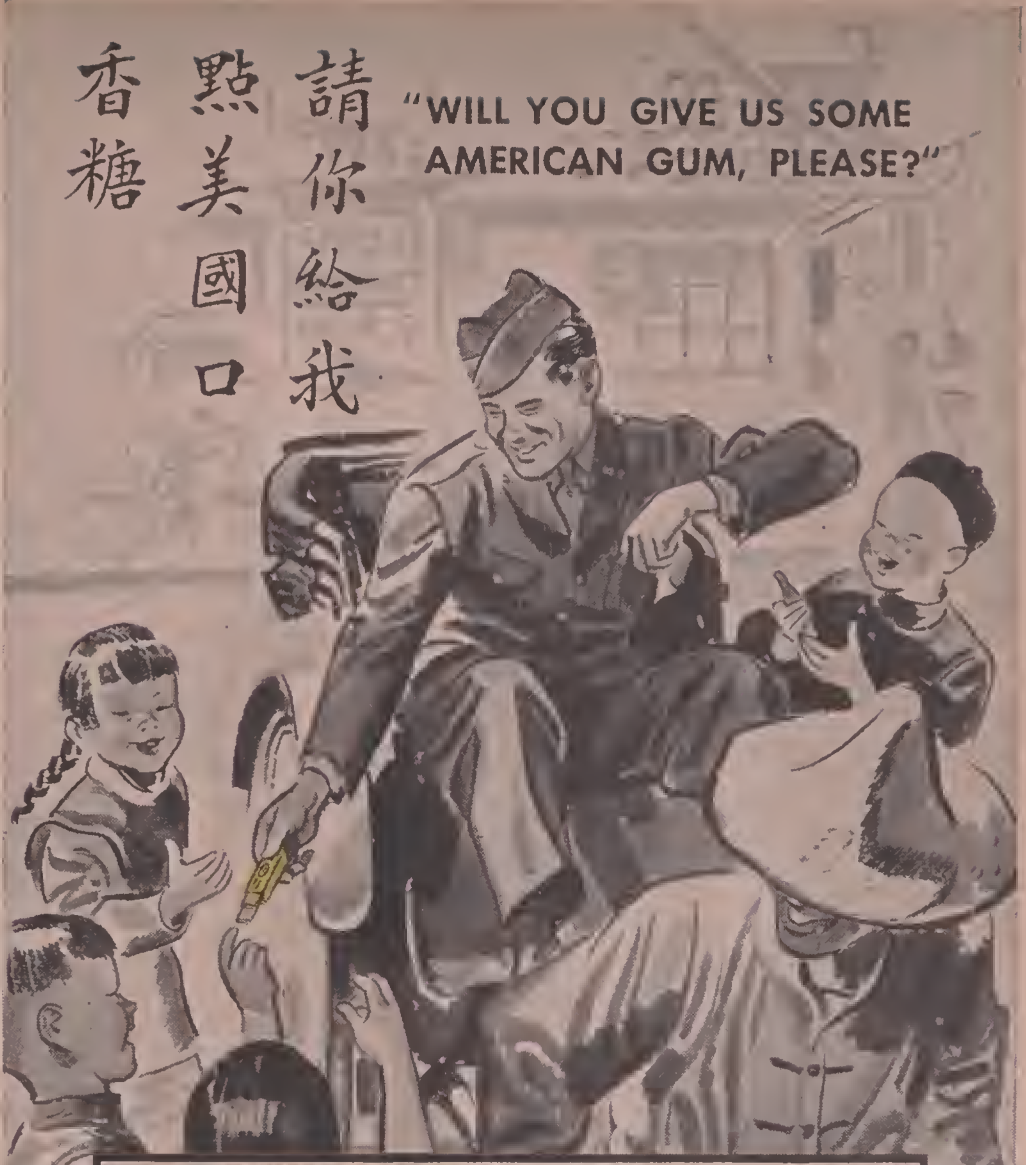
A wild horse teaches a sensitive young boy responsibility. Very fine for all ages.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Swell Hitchcock mystery stars Cotten, Teresa Wright, MacDonald Carey.

THE MORE THE MERRIER

Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn in gorgeously goofy romance about a Washington stenographer who rents half her apartment to two men. Don't miss.



請你給我點美國口香糖
"WILL YOU GIVE US SOME AMERICAN GUM, PLEASE?"

YANKS SHARE A "BACK HOME" FAVORITE WITH THEIR ALLIES IN FOREIGN LANDS!

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile...a friendly gesture...are saying, "We're your friends" to people who don't speak our language.

That's why so many of America's men in uniform are offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands. They're sharing a good thing and making good friends.

And if there are times when you can't get all the Beech-Nut Gum you want, it's because the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and abroad, come first of all!

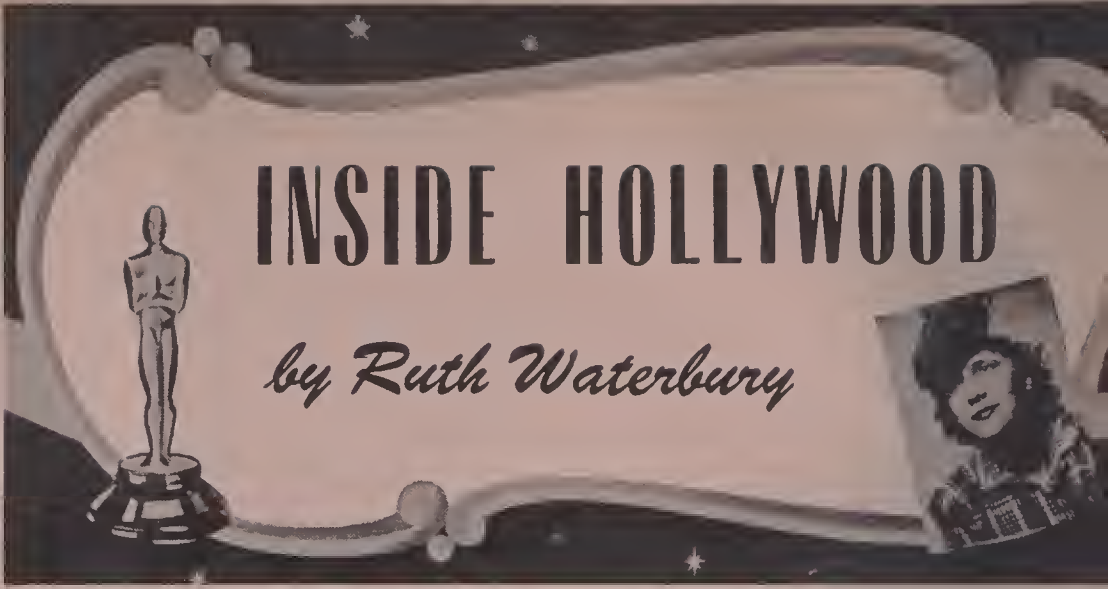
Use your free time this summer to serve your country!

In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America's crops. Volunteer when your local Community Committee asks for help. Yes, you will be paid!

BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TO OPEN USE TAB
BEECH-NUT GUM
MADE OF GUM BASE, SUGAR, CORN SYRUP, FLAVOR AND SOFTENING INGREDIENTS

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

HE CALLED IT "MANHUNT MAZIE"

Robert Halff, the writer of "Swing Shift Maisie" which stars Ann Sothern, tells this one on himself.

He was asked to work out another "Maisie" plot, but requested to see whether he couldn't make it quite different from any "Maisie" that had gone before.

Bob fell to with a will and good cheer. He worked out a dilly which he called "Manhunt Maisie," and he considered that it was not only a truer characterization of a girl like Maisie, but also a finer, deeper characterization for Ann Sothern. With his noble heart beating high he took the script to the front office.

Said front office called him. "This is fine," said the big shot, who had just read the script. "You've really got something here."

Bob felt his chest inflating with pride. He suddenly realized he was a great artist, that he understood people.

"We're giving the script to Red Skelton," said the big shot. "It's a pip of a characterization for him."

IMAGINE—OF ALL THINGS!

Funny the things that one will try to save in an emergency. Joan Bennett personally saved two dozen handkerchiefs when her beautiful house burned down recently. In her flurry and hurry to get out of the burning house she knew she had to save something, blindly opened a top drawer in her dressing room, scooped up the contents, and it wasn't until she was outside that she discovered she was well supplied with hankies.

The loss represented two hundred thousand dollars in actual money and almost twice that in sentimental value. Joan had built the house from her own earnings before she married producer Walter Wanger. She lived there with her two daughters, one the child of her first marriage to John Fox, Jr., the other the daughter of her marriage to Gene Markey, and there she expected to have her third child, born recently. She was, in fact, but one month from motherhood at the time of the fire, and she and Walter, both praying for a son, were desperately worried.

Almost all the beautiful furniture was lost, plus Walter's own fine library of first editions. Nothing was left of the house except the outside brick walls. Priorities will keep it from being rebuilt until after the war, and there isn't a livable house in all Hollywood that is vacant these days. The Wangers, with the two young daughters, and the new baby are all now living in a hotel. None of them like it in the least.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CROSBYS?

Most nervous person, except for Joan and Walter, at the Bennett fire was Bing Crosby. You know about the Crosby home at Toluca Lake burning recently, but what you don't know is that exactly one week before Joan's fire, Bing and his tribe had moved just two doors away from the Bennett house.

The Crosbys began to think they were being haunted by the Cat People or Dracula or something when the blaze started, but luckily not so much as one spark fell their way.

(Continued on page 60)

Will you look at this! After all that Flynn stuff, if our Annie Sheridan isn't being seen everywhere about town—at the time of this shot it was at Slapsie Maxie's—with Cully Richards. What's slaying Hollywood is that Cully looks enough like Eddie Norris, Ann's first husband, to be his brother!

Errol Flynn has a new girl friend, too. They are seen together constantly, but Errol refuses to let the camera boys get close to her. We've heard her name is Nora Eddington, although Errol just calls her "Beautiful."

That broken heart healer of Hollywood, Cesar Romero, is dancing about these evenings with Phyllis Brooks, and they do insist this looks more serious than any of Cesar's dates for years and more serious than any Brooksie has gone for since Cary Grant.

LETTER FROM A BOY IN THE SERVICE!...

$10.00 LETTER

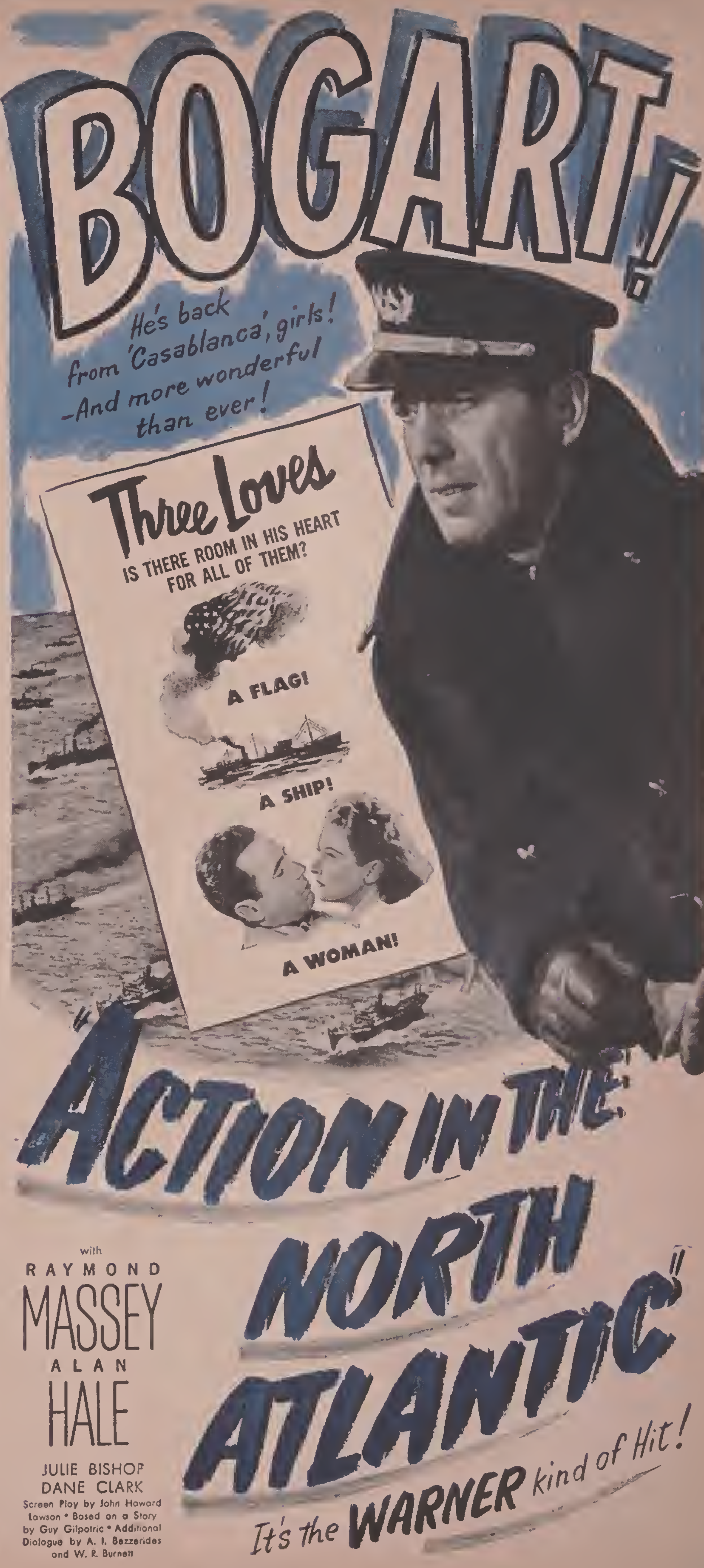
Dear Miss Waterbury:

When I say I went to school with Melvyn Douglas, quizzical eyebrows do nip-ups. Yet, it's the truth for I have recently completed a special course at Branch No. 8, Army Administration School, Washington & Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., where Private Melvyn Douglas was a fellow student.

In all sincerity, Hollywood should be proud of Pvt. Douglas. His task was not an easy one. His every move could easily have been misinterpreted. He did not curry favors nor did he shirk his regular details, such as pitching in and taking his turn at broom and mop for room cleanup. Any time there was a call for volunteers he was the first to step forward regardless of the task. Came evening, he put in his time studying and preparing the following day's work. Perhaps an hour or so before "bed-check" he would step out for a breath of fresh air and hop to the corner store for a soda. Starry-eyed girls sitting alongside of him at the fountain were agog. Occasionally, one of the good burghers of the town, completely unaware of his identity, would engage him in general conversation, just as they do with most soldier-students in town, and Douglas would respond just as if he were chatting with old friends.

I could go on and on, but it would all be in a laudatory vein. And I'm not writing this merely for the sake of the contest. It's just that an injustice, I'm certain, was done Pvt. Douglas some time ago when Washington cynics, politicos, and what have you, raised hob with his sincere efforts while with the Office of Civilian Defense, causing him to resign.

Corporal Ben Schneider,
Headquarters Barracks,
2nd Army Headquarters,
Memphis, Tennessee.



BOGART!
He's back from 'Casablanca', girls! -And more wonderful than ever!
Three Loves
IS THERE ROOM IN HIS HEART FOR ALL OF THEM?
A FLAG!
A SHIP!
A WOMAN!
"ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC"
It's the WARNER kind of Hit!
with
RAYMOND MASSEY
ALAN HALE
JULIE BISHOP
DANE CLARK
Screen Play by John Howard Lawson • Based on a Story by Guy Gilpatric • Additional Dialogue by A. I. Bezzerides and W. R. Burnett

Beauty Magic IN THIS NEW Cake Make-up!

Fay McKenzie
Glamorous Star
Republic Studios

Do you want an alluringly smooth complexion...with those beauty marring skin imperfections subtly hidden . . . like the complexions you see in Technicolor pictures? Then get this wonderful new Techna-Tint Cake Make-up created by the Hollywood House of Tayton. In just a few seconds, as if by magic, your skin seems to take on a living veil of loveliness . . . with a soft, natural-looking glow that's lasting and glamorous beyond words.

Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-up is made with a special non-drying base. Easy to apply in a new way that prevents any harsh or streaked effect. With tiny blemishes concealed your complexion looks flower-fresh and smooth for hours without retouching. Six truly flattering shades. Choose yours today.

TAYTON'S
TECHNA-TINT
CAKE MAKE-UP
Keep Your Best Face Forward

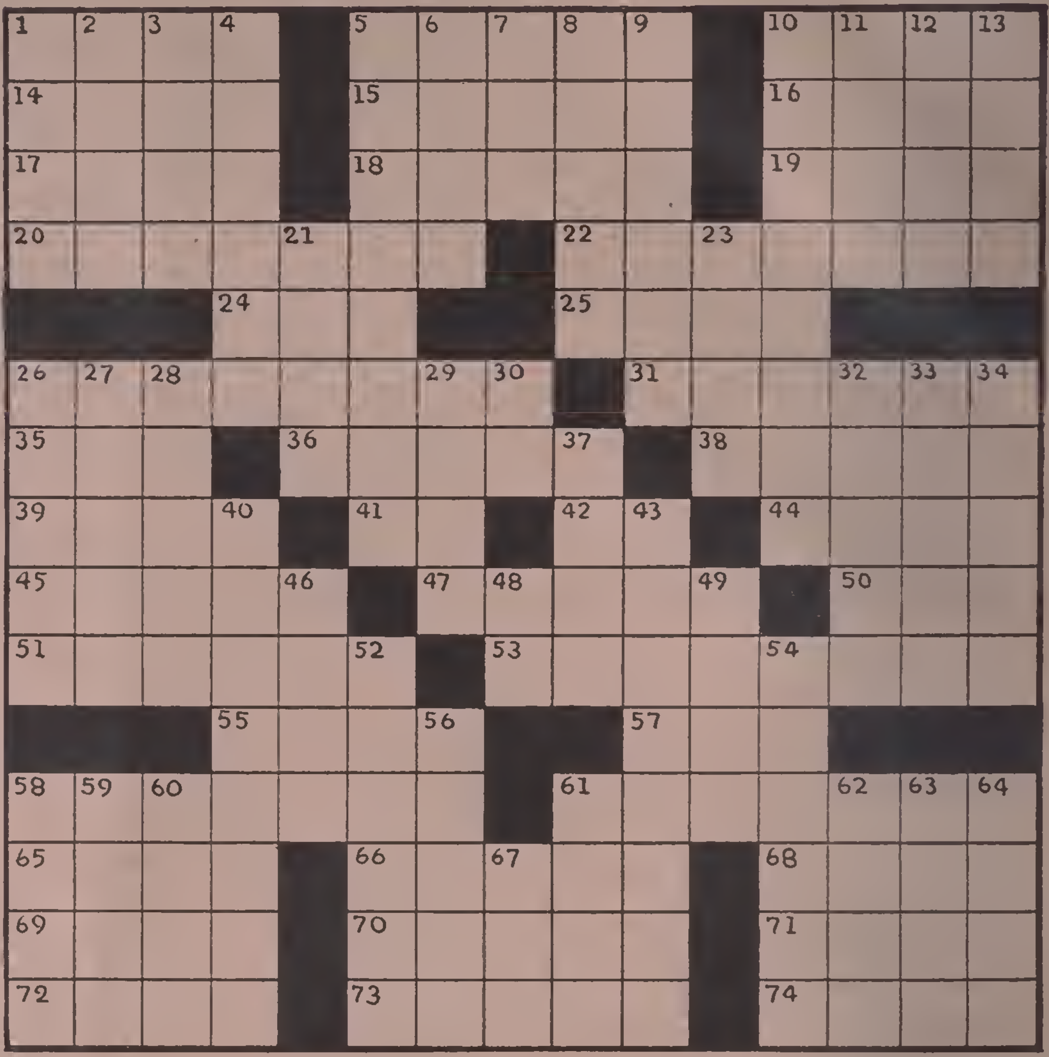
Large Size 39c

TAYTONS CAKE MAKE UP

Guest Sizes 25c and 10c at your 10c counter.

NOTE: For lipstick that really stays on, get Tayton's —a Hollywood favorite.

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Grate
5. Clark Gable in "G.W.T.W."
10. "The Gold - - - -"
14. One who opposes
15. Dan Daley in "Hello, Frisco, Hello"
16. Upon
17. Snicker - - - -
18. Appears in "In This Our Life"
19. Thailand
20. Guerrilla Chief in "Casablanca"
22. Showplace of the movies
24. Performed
25. Vend
26. Family "magnified" on the screen
31. Academy Award winner in '36 and '38; has a leading role in "Hostages"
35. "For Me and My - - -"
36. "Young Mr. Pitt"
38. Entangle
39. Wanting in harmony
41. Compass point (abbr.)
42. Benny's wife in "George Washington Slept Here" (inits.)
44. Guerrilla Chief in "Chetniks"
45. Prodded
47. Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle"
50. Witty saying
51. Heretofore
53. Becomes hopeless
55. Characterized by dullness and monotony
57. Knave of clubs in loo
58. Optimistic
61. Scolds
65. "For - - - - and a Day"
66. Anne Shirley in "The Powers Girl"
68. Bud and Lou are this in "It Ain't Hay"
69. - - - - May Whitty
70. Tumults
71. Very black
72. Glided
73. Sound judgment
74. Famous Italian actress

DOWN

1. Reckless
2. She assisted "The Pied Piper"
3. Chief's wife in "Chetniks"
4. - - - - - - Aumont is Capt. Metard in "Assignment in Brittany"
5. Bill who was Shirley Temple's dancing teacher
6. "The - - - - Way"
7. Piece out
8. Seen in Technicolor movies
9. Restrain
10. Aviatrix in "Flight for Freedom"
11. One
12. Muni is this in "Commandos Strike at Dawn"
13. " - - - - on the Range"
21. Auriculate (Ref. sp.)
23. Guido's high notes
26. Staring open-mouthed
27. "The - - - - - and the Minor"
28. Bobby - - - - - is in "China Girl"
29. A heavy blow
30. "At the Front in --" (abbr.)
32. Feminine name
33. "Margin for - - - - -"
34. Tears
37. Movie animals are usually - - - -
40. Provided
43. There is much of this in "Shadow of a Doubt"
46. Wife of David Copperfield
48. "Little Caesar" in short
49. What Errol Flynn does in "Gentleman Jim"
52. Petunia Jackson in "Cabin in the Sky"
54. What "Mrs. Holliday" did
56. Contradict
58. Pigments
59. Athletic field
60. Prefix: half
61. Wagers
62. Ostracize
63. Grandson of Adam
64. "Auld Lang - - - -"
67. Is in "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"

(For Solution See Page 66)

SKY-ROCKET

The most spectacular male rise to stardom in the past five years is that of Alan Ladd, now Private Ladd of the air forces. After kicking around in small roles, in radio bits, he was discovered by Sue Carol, the agent, who is now Mrs. Ladd. Susie, who had once been a star herself, recognized the talents no casting director had yet had sense enough to see. She negotiated Alan's Paramount contract, carries on his fan mail now, will oversee his career when he is able to come back to it, and in the meantime has brought into the world young Alana Ladd, a very tiny girl whom Alan adores. "China," now released, is so successful that other studios are releasing old, old films in which Alan briefly appeared. And this, friends, is one of the truest signs of clicking in Hollywood. Incidentally this success couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

At Home with
INGRID BERGMAN

This is Pia, who has her mother's coloring but her daddy's features. Pia doesn't quite understand about her mama being a movie star—and cares less. What she loves is climbing . . . everything and anything in sight.

Bergman, herself, lists her role in "Casablanca" as her favorite to date.

On screen, she is the most rapidly rising of feminine stars. Off screen, she is a devoted girl-mother

THE most discussed star in Hollywood today lives very modestly in a furnished apartment in Beverly Hills. It is a menage of three: Mrs. Peter Lindstrom, Pia Lindstrom, her four-year-old daughter, and Maybelle, an intelligent, well educated Negro girl, who, having graduated in nursing and done secretarial work, plays mother, nurse, and worrier-in-chief.

The world at large knows Mrs. Lindstrom as Ingrid Bergman, star of the enormously successful "Casablanca," co-star of a very dreary revival of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the compelling beauty of "Rage in Heaven," "Adam Had Four Sons," and "Intermezzo," and soon to be Maria of "For Whom The Bell Tolls" and Clio of "Saratoga Trunk." But outside of her name, the world knows little else about her. Because she is a girl of simple feelings and of a modesty most unusual in an actress, she has given out few interviews. Her life, her past, the manner in which she has skyrocketed to fame, has been something of a closed book. Let me open just a part of that book for you.

No story of Ingrid Bergman has any meaning unless it tells of Dr. Lindstrom and the love that lies between these two young people.

It was one of the most thrilling moments in Bergman's life when the telephone rang late one night recently and Peter Lindstrom informed his actress wife that he was now a full-fledged doctor. He still has one year to serve on his interneship at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York, but after that his future and Ingrid's will be discussed by them. But not now, when his work at the hospital demands every minute of every hour of every day in the operating room and in study.

Very tall, very thin, and wearing glasses, prone to pace up and down the tiniest space lost in thought, young Dr. Lindstrom is a firm favorite at the hospital. His associates say he has the makings of a really great surgeon. Ingrid, between pictures, hurries to her husband, and is more interested in hearing of his medical experiments than telling him of her Hollywood experiences.

There has always been close harmony between Ingrid Bergman, the actress, and Peter Lindstrom, the medical student. He has always taken an absorbing interest in her career, advising her, guiding her in her decisions, as well as handling all the business details. Dr. Lindstrom is really his wife's business manager, even to handling the smallest matters, such as writing out the checks for the help's salaries.

Away from her husband Bergman leads a secluded and sheltered life. She gets up at dawn and returns home when it is dark. What little time is left goes into rest, reading, and study.

Sundays, however, are reserved for Pia. If there's a circus in town, they have a gala day, complete with peanuts, popcorn, and pop. Otherwise they go to see a Disney movie. "Bambi" is still Pia's favorite. Pia only dimly realizes that her mother works in pictures.

Someone once said to her, "And where's your mother today, Pia?" The little girl smiled. "I think she's at the studio making 'Bambi.' " she answered.

The Ingrid Bergman of Sweden and yesterday, and the Ingrid Bergman of Hollywood today does not care a great deal about clothes. Her wardrobe consists mostly of slacks and very few accessories. Evening dresses mean little to her, and she has only a few. She allows herself one luxury, however. That is stockings. She has, and may the rest of the feminine world weep, a drawer full of nylons.

There is no doubt that when it comes to clothes, Pia is much better dressed. Nearly always she is attired in new, cute peasant-like affairs created by Lanz. However, recently when Maybelle suggested that Pia was running short on things, Miss Bergman announced she had several things of her own that might be cut down for the little girl.

Pia, who goes to nursery school carrying her luncheon in a basket every morning, is very beautiful. She is very much like her mother, with the same coloring of hair and eyes. Her one love in life is climbing anything and everything. Whenever Pia disappears from view, she is never sought on the ground. She is always found somewhere in a tree, or at the top of the chain holding a swing in place, or on the handbars and rings that older and stronger children are afraid to tackle.

She takes after her mother in this athletic interest, for Ingrid Bergman is very much the outdoor girl. Although in Hollywood she has not had very much opportunity for the kind of exercise that she did in Sweden, she still, however, finds time for walks, swimming, and tennis. She plays a very good game of tennis, beating many a good man.

Ingrid does not want Pia brought

above—This is the quiet Beverly Hills apartment house in which Bergman lives. Right—As Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which Ernest Hemingway wrote with Ingrid in mind as its star.

up as the little girl of a screen star. She knows only too well the artificial importance a child thus assumes in the eyes of the other children and their parents. So Pia at school is known as the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lindstrom.

Because of this protection there was an amusing incident the other day. Pia saw some pictures of her mother in the arms of one Gary Cooper, who was embracing her with vigor and consummate artistry. Said Pia, "Who is that?"

"A friend," said Ingrid Bergman, unthinkingly. Then realizing that Pia might be curious as to why she should be kissing a friend, she said quickly, "It's your daddy, dear."

Pia's look went quickly to the picture of her father in the bedroom and back to Gary's photograph. The two men looked totally unlike. Pia was a puzzled little girl. Her mother instantly vowed that she would not bring home any more stills.

Ingrid Bergman is at her happiest when she reigns in the spotless kitchen of their small home. If Maybelle is not around, she is in her element, and settles down to concocting wonderful Swedish dishes, from a plentiful and varied supply to smorgasbord to Swedish pancakes with real strawberry jam. She rarely eats any of this, being a sparse eater who has only coffee and toast for breakfast. But she loves cooking and serving such food to her guests.

Recently I asked one of Bergman's closest friends why she was so unlike many of the stars. I realized, of course, that it was characteristic of the Swedish to be thrifty, and live and dress simply. But surely there was a limit to those inherent qualities. This friend said, "Ingrid entertains very little. She never spends money lavishly on her clothes, or her home, because her early life was one of struggle and deprivation."

This friend then told me that, after her mother died, Ingrid lived with her father. He was a very great and talented painter but not a commercially successful one. Everything struck him as being beautiful. He found no ugliness in the things he saw, and consequently his art was a permanent expression of beauty and loveliness and of a strange serenity that was recognized by only a few.

When her father died, Ingrid Bergman lived with one relative after another. She never had the things a young girl should have. Life, for her, was constantly in the raw, obstacles were frightening, and every step of accomplishment and advancement was the result of terrible effort.

"It is a wonder," said this friend, "that Ingrid was able to attain her present prominence. Nothing was in her favor. She had no rich friends, no political allies, no powerful angel to show her the way. She succeeded because of sheer, unbreakable faith in herself and a supreme trust that from hard work despite adversity and one disappointment after another, would come eventual recognition and glory."

From these early struggles came Bergman's knowledge of the value of money. You may be quite sure that she will make good use of the profits of her Hollywood career. Dr. Lindstrom would rather practice in his beloved Sweden than anywhere else, and Ingrid would rather be Sweden's first lady of the theater than the greatest actress in Hollywood.

It has always been Bergman's all-consuming ambition to have her own theater in Stockholm, not only to appear in the plays she dreams of, but also to be able to give those opportunities to other young actresses that she had to create for herself.

The other night Ingrid Bergman arrived at her small but tastefully decorated apartment in tears. Maybelle became frightened. She hadn't, in all the years she had worked for her, seen her beloved mistress look so pale and unhappy.

Ingrid said, "I've just seen 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.' It's such a sweet, beautiful story that I cried all through the picture. And now I can't stop."

And there you have a glimpse of the real Ingrid Bergman. Instead of remembering that she was the proud recipient of a copy of Ernest Hemingway's book in which the author had inscribed, *"To Ingrid, the real Maria of 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.'"* she was overcome by the picture itself. She had to have Maybelle put her to bed that night with a cup of warm tea and several aspirin.

Chief tribute for the discovery of the famous young Swedish star should go to one Katharine Brown, story editor and talent scout for David Selznick. It was she who brought to his attention a great Swedish picture, "A Woman's Face," in which Ingrid Bergman played the lead.

David Selznick immediately saw the possibilities of Miss Bergman in American-made pictures. He quickly sent Katharine Brown abroad. Miss Brown went to Stockholm, signed the great Bergman, but came back alone. Ingrid Bergman, even after signing, was not exactly enamoured at the idea of coming to these shores. Such an excursion, she imagined, might put an almost insurmountable gap between her picture work in Sweden and her wish to become a really great stage actress. So she kept putting off the trip.

Thus one night in Katharine Brown's apartment in New York, when they had almost forgotten the existence of this Swedish girl, the bell rang. Maybelle, then working for Miss Brown, went to answer it. "It was Miss Bergman. She couldn't say more than two dozen words of English," recalls Maybelle. "But she was so beautiful, her head and neck held high like a swan's that—well, I just opened my arms to her.

"I fell in love with her right there and then. And I guess she liked me because when Pia followed over, she asked me whether I would come to take care of them. She said they needed me. And so I did. I felt that it was I who needed them!"

For Maybelle it has been a wonderful experience, working for Ingrid Bergman. "She is the most considerate and kind person I have ever known," she says. "She is always wanting to do things for people, and from the very first she has made me feel that I was one of the family."

When Maybelle had a serious operation back in Rochester, it was Dr. Lindstrom who paid for all her medical care as well as the operation itself. Furthermore, he was so anxious for her welfare, he stayed in the operating room throughout the delicate surgery, lending his friendship and advice. It was Dr. Lindstrom, too, who saw to it that she was given an important insurance policy so that, in later years, Maybelle will have no worries.

"Casablanca" is Bergman's favorite picture. However, according to all advance reports, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" will supersede it in her affections. But no matter how successful her motion picture engagements may be, this star has promised herself that she will never neglect the stage.

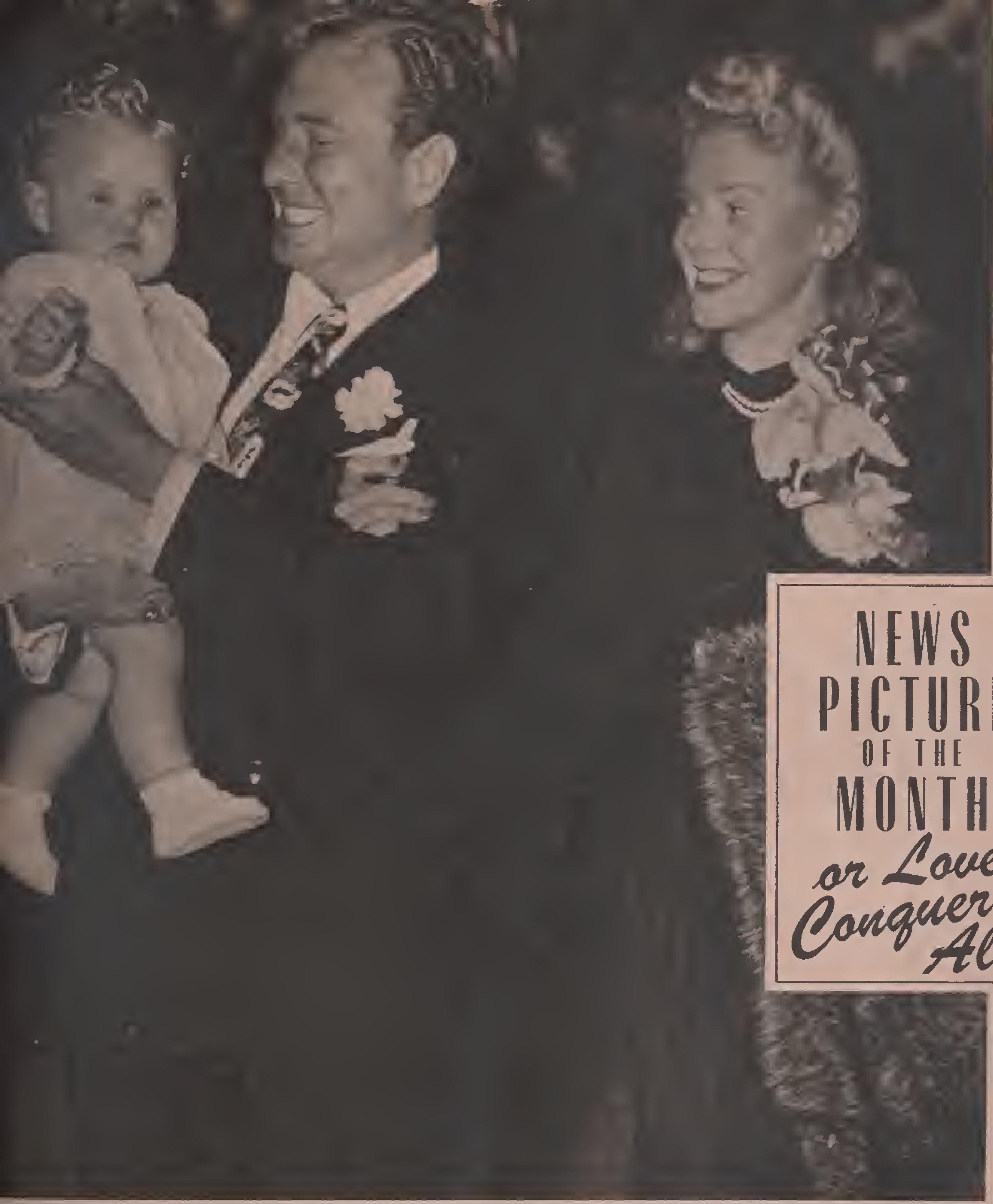
In Hollywood, Bergman has been accused of not making friends easily. It should be said now that such an accusation is both false and unfair. She is by nature very definitely shy, and although she is fast becoming proficient at the American language, she is not always at ease with it. She often feels that she does not always say what she wants to say, and consequently she might offend people. So her ravishing smile more often than not has to make do for the words that she hesitates to say.

In the meantime, Ingrid Bergman is waiting for the war to end, is waiting for that glorious moment when she can return to her beloved country.

In Stockholm the blooms of the white and mauve lilac trees smell sweetly in the night, and high above the skerries the stars shine brightly. There is music, too, and the gay laughter of the sauntering crowds, and the voices of the children on the swings in the park.

Only Pia is silent, Pia who has found a flagpole with a height beyond her wildest hopes. She, too, in her fashion, is hitching a wagon to a star.

THE END



NEWS PICTURE OF THE MONTH *or Love Conquers All*

When she finished "The Girls He Left Behind," Alice Faye quit the screen. Twentieth Century-Fox begged, cajoled, threatened, but Alice refused to make another picture.

The cause of it all is that beautiful hunk of personality here shown on husband Phil Harris' arm—that and love. The personality is Miss Alice Faye Harris, Jr., now approaching her eighteen months' birthday.

Alice, Sr. is giving up her career, she says, because she loves her home, her husband, and Alice, Jr. a thousand times more than she loves the stardom, the fame, the wealth, and the good roles in Hollywood, all tossed in together. She wants to be a wonderful mother to Alice, Jr. and she wants Junior not to be an only child.

In quitting at the top, Alice Faye does something no other screen star has ever had the courage or wisdom to do. Interestingly enough, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," her first picture after motherhood, is the most successful picture in which she has ever appeared—and also registers her finest performance and her greatest beauty, both of voice and person.

Yet all through the making of that film, all through the shooting of "The Girls He Left Behind," Alice was restless. "I want to be home," she said. "This make-believe is silly when you've found out what real living is."

Smart Alice, still in her twenties, has saved her money. Phil Harris, past service age and honorably discharged from the Coast Guard, makes plenty from his band and his radio work.

Miss Alice, Jr. thus becomes one of the luckiest little girls in this world.

And, for onc[illegible] Hollywood love story is even greater than it was proclaimed to be.

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST WAR TRIANGLE

PROVING THAT EVEN GLAMOUR GIRLS HAVE TO COPE WITH THE PROBLEM GIRLS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE FACING—THE PROBLEM OF "SHOULD I DATE WHILE HE IS GONE?"

Vic Mature

IT was bound to happen sooner or later and, as usual, it was bound to happen most conspicuously in Hollywood where the spotlight plays the brightest. I mean, the triangle of The Boy Who Went To War—The Girl He Left Behind—and The Other Fellow.

It is not a [illegible]tory, and it applies as potently in Oshkosh as in Hollywood. It crops up in all those letters to the heart "experts" in the newspapers, beginning: "*Dear Beatrice: Should I date while HE is gone? He knows I love no one else. But it gets so lonely. Please help—Bewildered.*" It doesn't seem so important when it is just Bewildered wrestling with the love-war problem.

But when the girl's name happens to be Rita Hayworth, and the man's name happens to be Victor Mature, and the other fellow's name just happens to be Orson Welles—that is, indeed, something else again.

Hollywood's first war triangle

by JOHN ALDERSON

Rita Hayworth

Orson Welles

began to assume proportions when Rita recently admitted that she and Vic had postponed their marriage plans because of a "misunderstanding." She followed it up with a plea that sounded like all the Bewildereds in the world: Yes, Rita admitted, she and Vic had had a terrible battle via the long distance telephone.

"But I love him—he should know that," she protested. "There isn't anyone else, and he knows it. But it has been so lonely, so very lonely. When he first went away, I stayed home all the time. So many months went by. Everything seems more difficult when you are by yourself. You think so much. Finally, I thought it would be best to get out, to mix with people and try not to remember how lonely I was. Orson Welles is just a friend. Can't Vic understand that?"

Three thousand miles away in New York, Coast Guardsman Vic Mature apparently could not understand. On a brief leave (it was merely a few days) before returning to active duty in the North Atlantic, he told all and sundry within ear shot at the Stork Club, "It's all over. Rita and I are through."

In Hollywood, the Mercurian Mr. Orson Welles, recently tabbed 4-F by a draft board that had previously quoted him at 1-B, said absolutely nothing.

The trouble with this situation—and it is the same trouble with Tom, Dick, and Bewildered just as it is with Vic, Rita, and Orson—is that it is so hard to settle on the Hero, the Heroine, or the Villain.

At first glance it looks easy. Vic, of course, lines up as the injured hero, Rita as the victim-of-circumstances heroine, and looming in the background, as the potential heavy, is Genius Welles. It would be nice if it were all as simple as that. Unfortunately, it is not!

There's no doubt but that when the war came along, Vic and Rita were madly in love. There's no doubt that they planned to get married as soon as Vic's divorce from Martha Kemp Mature was Reno-ized. When Vic left the proximity of San Pedro, Calif. (at least proximity to Rita) for an Eastern base, the lovelorn Rita followed him to New York to say a tearful farewell and to admit to close friends that they would be married as soon as possible, courtesy of Martha and of Vic's first leave from Uncle Sam.

The Hayworth-Mature romance up until that time was a love story that had stirred up violent reactions among strangers and friends. Some were for it. "Sure," they said, "Vic has loved a lot of girls and broken a lot of hearts. But he is really in love with Rita. It is the real thing this time." So said the pros.

The cons held reservations: "She's riding for another heartache," they said. "It's too bad. With all the fame and glamour Hollywood has given her, Rita has never been a lucky kid with the men in her life. The Ed Judson marriage and divorce nearly tore her to ribbons. Vic's a good guy—but there have been so many women."

Rita heard these things—and they made her stubborn. They made her particularly stubborn when her studio, Columbia, hinted that it did not approve her romance.

It is unfortunate that a raft of professional troubles broke out for Rita just about the time Vic sailed away. That is where the unexpected, the unplanned things crop up.

For four months Rita was on suspension from Columbia—some say because of her refusal to star in "My Client, Curly." Others say it was a disciplinary measure because of her romance with Vic. The studio right from the first told all and sundry it did not want her to marry. Whatever was the real cause—the result was that Rita, who would have been far happier working and occupying herself from day to day, was left with four months of idleness on her hands.

For two or three months she went nowhere.

Of course, there was plenty of advice. By crawling into a hole, her friends said, she was making the mistake of her career. She no longer had a big studio back of her, plugging her pictures, seeing that she was kept continually before the public.

And always it was being drummed into Rita: Hollywood is a tough town. It is easy to be forgotten. Remember, she had come up the hard w[illegible] he had fought for every break she had. And now with Victory in sight—was she going to throw it over by mooning and keeping to herself?

And right here is where Orson Welles comes into the picture. And it must be said, in the light of cold facts, that Mr. Welles comes into the picture almost by remote control.

Sidney Skolsky, the well known movie columnist, in a tour of the studios, had happened to bump into Welles one day and put a typical columnist question to him: Who, among the Hollywood girls he did not know, would he most like to know? And so help us, if Orson doesn't reply, just like any other movie fan might, mulling over such a question—"Rita Hayworth."

Now that is perfectly understandable. Ask the same question to seven out of ten boys in camp, and you might get the same answer.

It is particularly understandable coming from Welles, who has a marked leaning toward the Latin type beauties, you may remember. For three years he was devotion itself to exotic Dolores Del Rio. And while Rita looks more typically American than typically Latin since she turned herself into a redhead she is originally a Cansino—one of the dancing Cansinos from south of the border.

Maybe Rita saw Orson's amusing "ad" in the Skolsky column that first time—and maybe she didn't. But she was bound to have seen subsequent "ads," for if Mr. Welles had been willing to let the matter end there, Mr. Skolsky was not. From time to time he reminded his readers, and also Rita and Orson: *"Orson Welles still wants to meet Rita Hayworth!"*

When a lady is lonely, that is flattering—particularly when a girl is blue and not working.

But that's as far as it went until one night, out of sheer desperation from staring at the same four walls so long, Rita and her secretary and boon companion, Ruth Rose, went to Lucey's for dinner.

Lucey's is one of the few cafes in town where two ladies may dine without too noticeably attracting the attention of the Wolf Pack. Located across the street from the Paramount Studio and in a direct line with RKO and Columbia, it is a convivial meeting place for the elite of all three lots who can afford stiff prices for the excellent cuisine.

Of course, this was the particular night Orson Welles had elected to dine at Lucey's with a party of friends. And if you do not believe this was thoroughly accidental and completely in the lap of fate—then you mark yourself as a confirmed cynic and probably as an undying fan of Vic Mature's.

Naturally, Rita saw Orson, and Orson saw Rita. After that well advertised campaign of Skolsky's, it was a little difficult to be completely oblivious of one another. But no spark of recognition lighted their eyes until a roving cameraman asked them to pose in a picture together.

Rita protested politely. She did not think the picture would be a good idea. She knew darn well it would not if Vic ever saw it. If it had been almost any other person in Hollywood—but Orson Welles—it might have been different. Vic is jealous, and his jealousy is notoriously allergic to "geniuses."

But, in the meantime, the cameraman had asked Orson to pose—and always the gentleman—he was delighted. Rita did not want to appear rude. So she invited Welles to the table so she could explain in some sort of fashion—hardly the real reason—why she did not want her picture taken.

Orson sat and chatted for a moment, which was not lost on the more or less innocent bystanders—you can bet on that.

Whether he is your private Dream Boy or not, there is no denying there is great personal charm in Welles. He talks brilliantly and amusingly and continually—particularly if his listener is a charming and very beautiful one like Rita who does little talking under any circumstances.

Among other things Orson said he was planning a camp tour in the near future under the auspices of the Hollywood Victory Committee.

"Are you going to scare the boys to death with another Men from Mars idea?" laughed Rita.

"No," explained Welles, "I've been working on some magic tricks. I'm getting pretty good at them."

For the next hour he showed the girls some of the more simple stunts of the no-card-up-my-sleeve variety. Rita was amused. It was the nicest evening she had spent in a long time.

"Some of these tricks have to be done with a partner," Welles went on to say.

Rita said, "Show me an easy one. We'll try it out on Ruth." Before the girls departed that night from Lucey's, Rita had picked up a few "mind reading" gags and was doing very well tossing the right cues to the new Hollywood Magician.

Orson walked out to their car with them. "Look here," he suggested, "how about working up some really good stunts with me? The Victory Committee might—just might, you know—happen to send us out on a camp tour together sometime!"

"That's funny," said Ruth, "Rita has been approached by the Victory Committee about camp tours. She has been thinking about it." The funny part of it is—Rita had.

Welles has never been accused of being a bashful lad—and under the circumstances, bub, would you have been shy, either?

So that is the way it happened that Orson started to drop up to Rita's house with some of the newest formulas for amateur Magic. Of course, Hollywood began to hear ripples of it: "Hmmmmm," mused the skeptics, "what kind of magic? That Old Black Magic, maybe?"

Then in the weeks that followed, Orson and Rita began to be spotted in the quietest corners of the least populated cafes.

"Hmmmmm," mused Hollywood again, "if there is nothing to it, why are they so secretive about stepping out?" Even a Hollywood cynic should know the answer to that. No matter how platonic their friendship—and Rita swears it is—Vic would raise the roof about it.

Of course someone told Vic—wrote him, rather, about Orson and Rita and the quiet little cafes, as someone is always sure to do. No one should have taken that on himself or herself.

If anything, any important thing, had come into Rita's life that Vic should know about—then it was up to Rita, and to no one else, to let him know how things stood. But Rita persisted that she loved Vic, and we are pretty sure she did—and does.

Late last April, Vic came back to New York on leave. He was not going to be in the country long—only a few days—which is no longer any military secret. There was not enough time for Rita to fly back and see him. She could not have gone away because the studio suspension was unexpectedly lifted, and she was back at work again at Columbia in "Cover Girls."

So the lovers talked on the telephone, a talk that led from one bitter word to another. "He wouldn't let me explain anything," Rita wept. "He wouldn't listen.

"If we could have been together for just a little while, everything would have been different. I love Vic, and he is the only man in my life, even if he is as stubborn as a mule. But it is no good trying to solve anything over the telephone.

"Now all I can do is wait until we can see each other again. But this has made me realize that it would be folly to marry while the war is on—while we have to be separated from each other whether we want to be or not.

"If I could only tell him how very lonely it has been, I know he would understand. I know in my heart, no matter what he says while he is angry, that we are not through. Not really. We are just waiting . . ."

As thousands and thousands of other girls are waiting, puzzled, confused, unhappy, and bewildered who do not bear such glamorous names as Rita Hayworth's.

And now it is up to you to name the hero, the heroine, or the heavy of this story. Frankly, we can't—no matter what happens.

THE END

Above—the on-screen Boyer, here with Dietrich in "Garden of Allah" (remember?); and at the right, and off screen, the debonair but devoted husband, returning with his smiling wife from one of his last trips to his homeland.

M. Boyer, the French star of "Mayerling" was very lonely in Hollywood. He met (at right) Pat Paterson, a lonely, blonde, English girl, starring at Fox.

with the loving care of a bank merger. He selects his stories with great thought and comparison of scripts. He studies his roles with intensity. His record of hits includes only two so-called flops, although they were money makers. They were "Tovarich" and "Back Street." It could not be said that Boyer gave a bad performance in either.

On the set, while he is charming and considerate of everyone, there is none of the horseplay and hail-fellow-well-met feeling the other actors favor. He is congenial with crew and cast. He is letter perfect in his lines. As he walks up and down rehearsing his lines to himself, he thoroughly enjoys watching the laughing and joking that goes on. Yet while he never joins in, he never gives the feeling that he is annoyed. He will laugh and chortle if someone makes a remark about the toupee he always wears on the screen.

However, he is entirely serious about the business at hand, that of making a good picture. He is a great student of the art of movie-making and watches with interest, as a student, the lighting, directing, and all the mechanics that go into making a picture. Boyer's observing always pays him dividends. "Flesh and Fantasy," his picture he co-produced with Julien Duvivier at Universal is interesting film fare.

When you know this solemn "studio" Boyer, to see him with his friends is a revelation. He is always the leader, quietly and almost unconsciously keeping the interest of the situation around him, guiding and leading to bring out the best in each person. His circle of friends is small. Closest are the Adolphe Menjous and the Ronald Colmans.

Recently Boyer was overjoyed when his friend Kisling, the great European painter, made his home in nearby Beverly Hills. Sunday morning breakfasts at the Kisling studio are now on the Boyer social calendar. There Boyer, his mother, Pat Paterson, his wife, Andre David, great French writer, and many other French artists sit around a great square table and eat typical French country food and discuss conditions of the world. Many of the people who sit in this room owe their arrival in America from war torn Europe to the quiet brown-eyed man who sits at the head of the table.

Boyer has brought to this country, or helped when they got here, French war orphans, artists, musicians, writers, and just plain people who are too numerous to mention.

Boyer is not one of the fabulously wealthy Hollywood film stars. While he is comfortably well off, he still has not been in the big money brackets for the length of time that chalks up a fortune. Nevertheless, great sums of his earnings go constantly to help European refugees to rehabilitate themselves in a strange land. Even larger sums go to feed French war orphans in his native country and French war prisoners of the Nazis. Besides this, he is a contributor to every accredited charity and war relief and tireless in his personal appearances and bond tours in the interest of his adopted government, America. Here in the United States he is one of the high leaders in the Free French group and one of the most respected. His whole life and mind, these days, is set on tirelessly working in the interest of a peace for the world and the care of stricken people in war torn countries when this peace does come.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented Boyer with a special plaque this year in recognition of the outstanding work brought about by his new French Research Library, which he founded and built in Hollywood. It is open to the motion picture studios for their research, to the local colleges, and is gaining a reputation throughout the country for the fineness of its material. It is to this library many evenings after finishing a job at the studio, the "great lover" goes and works on research until only the necessity of studying his lines for the next day ever gets him home to bed.

In his home, he is a gracious host. His perfect wife, Pat Paterson, is his perfect counterpart. His house is not, as reported, a fabulous palace. It is rather a beautifully appointed home set far back in the Beverly Hills, the home of a finely bred man, decorated with the taste of an intellectual man with a great love of beauty. It is a house of quiet gracious charm, a setting for the people who live in it, and first and foremost a home. It has carefully chosen paintings, books, and music, each piece having a meaning to its owner. The concert pianist, Artur Rubinstein and his wife, are great friends of the Boyers, and whenever Rubinstein is in Los Angeles, he spends many of his free evenings with Charles and Pat, playing the piano that is almost entirely reserved for his visits.

Boyer spends much of his time at home in his gardens, walking up and down, up and down, smoking cigarette after cigarette. After dinner, which is always simple, perfect in every manner, and carefully served, he is accompanied on these walks by two wiggling dachshunds and assorted cats. His mother has a small house set charmingly among some trees on his estate. The association of Boyer and his mother is one of the most touching and beautiful things to know about this strange man.

Vacation periods are spent at home, usually short days when he is not on a picture or on a tour of some kind in the interest of charity. It is then that Pat invites friends up to swim in the pool and to play tennis with Charles. He is an indifferent swimmer and a rather good tennis player. Both sports are taken almost as medicine, as he must watch his figure. However, when he does get into the game, he puts up a good fight and seems to forget temporarily all the problems that fill his mind.

He has a delicious and enchanting sense of humor that pops out at the most unexpected times. Once when in New York he was teasing a very close friend. This friend had confided to Boyer that he had taken his girl to a certain bench in Central Park and kissed her for the first time. A few days later Boyer and his friend were crossing the park and Boyer came to an abrupt stop in front of the bench. The friend, deep in conversation, didn't notice the silence of the actor for a few minutes and then finally said, "What's the matter?"

Boyer continued to stare at the bench and finally said, "It certainly doesn't look awfully comfortable."

Admittedly the Hollywood press finds Boyer hard to talk to. They go expecting to find the great lover. Instead they find this serious person. Courtesy, charm, and cooperativeness are the name for Boyer, but he cannot talk about his private life, possibly because he is so conscious that it doesn't match up with the torrid love revelations of the other film favorites.

Reporters end by saying that he is bad copy and a good actor. That he met his wife and married her within three weeks certainly would make good copy, but he won't talk about it. That his marriage is happy and that the secret of this happiness, would make a good story is just as true. But he won't talk about that, either. That there has never been a breath of scandal about him in Hollywood might make dull reading alongside of the juicy divorce revelations of other stars. Boyer senses this.

That the public wants to know what he eats, whether he wears blue and white striped pajamas, if he loves children, and who he thinks are the ten most exciting women on the screen seems to him of no importance. It is most important to him, though, that he be allowed to do his work on the screen and given sufficient time to work out each portrayal; so it is something to be proud of and pleasing to the public.

It is important to him that he earns money enough to be able to carry on his great work toward winning the war.

It is important to him that his circle of friends remains happy and healthy and not torn apart as his friends are in Europe. His wants are simple; his emotions and desires are all constructive.

It is difficult to match the Charles Boyer of the screen and the Charles Boyer of private life, but both are fine men with great heart and idealism, and you should remember both when trying to understand either, for the sum of them makes a very great actor and gentleman.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GLAD GIRL

by ALICE L. TILDESLEY

HOLLYWOOD has a new Glad Girl.

Maybe you don't remember Pollyanna, the original Glad Girl who flourished two decades ago. In case you don't, she was a young person who went around with a pious smile, no matter whether she lost her purse, broke her leg, or became an orphan. She could be glad about anything, and she was so offensive about it you could have slapped her down with pleasure.

Our new Glad Girl, Mary Lee of Republic Pictures, isn't like that at all. She's glad as can be, but also delightful.

She's five feet and a scrap of an inch tall, has silky brown hair brushed so that it shines, big brown eyes, and a mouth that curves naturally into a smile when she isn't pulling it into one of three dozen comic expressions.

They call her "Buster" and "Little Guy" around the lot, which isn't much more glamorous than "Butch," her nickname in her first professional engagement as girl singer with Ted Weems' band. She was twelve then. Mary and her father and sister Vera were a trio, singing hillbilly songs around her home town of Ottawa, Illinois. Up to that time, the biggest thrill of her life had been a visit to Ottawa of Gene Autry, who had actually shaken Mary's hand and given her one of his song books.

Ted Weems was making a nationwide search for a girl singer, looking for a grown-up star like Dorothy Lamour. The Weems band played at a dance at Starved Rock State Park, near Ottawa, and the manager suggested that Mary get up and sing during the affair.

The manager considered this a great joke. Mary was delighted. She was even smaller in those days, so she stood on a chair to sing, entirely in earnest about joining the band, putting over "Sissy" and "Please Be Kind" with a personality that brought down the house. The joke was on the manager. Ted and his band decided that their search was over.

Mary's father had always been very strict about his daughters' working at their music. Now Mary was glad of it, for the habit of working hard was formed; and it was no trouble to work the long, often wearying hours with the Weems band.

"We were just a happy family," Mary remembers. "Only now I had fifteen godfathers, each one nicer than the others."

Her mother started out with them; but she had, because of illness, to leave the tour. The godfathers chaperoned fourteen-year-old Mary thereafter. Jack Garber, the manager, used to wake her every morning and shepherd her to school. The rest of the band called him "Mother Garber" but he didn't mind. They all petted and kidded

Below—Mary Lee with Gene Autry, the cowboy who gave her her chance.

'Butch" and told her what to do. Moreover, she did it. She was sweet and kiddable and thought everyone wonderful.

When the band was playing at Catalina, Gene Autry, who had no recollection of a bright-eyed youngster in Ottawa, heard Mary on a broadcast and asked her to visit him on the set. Gene was on the point of leaving the country for a tour of Europe, so Mary attached no significance to his invitation. She went, saw how pictures are made, watched Mr. Autry at work and thought: "Am I the lucky girl!"

But when the band reached New York some months later, Gene was in town, having left Europe at the outbreak of war. The cowboy star hadn't forgotten "Butch"; he arranged an audition with Republic Studio executives, and the next thing Mary knew she was signing a film contract. As leading lady, she made nine pictures with Gene Autry, beginning with "South of the Border."

They made Mary a star at Republic recently in "Shantytown," a fact she can hardly believe and which produces in her a happiness she is too young and too unaffected to conceal. She has established a home for her family, and they all have a wonderful time together.

"Daddy's a Senior Air Raid Warden now that we all live out here in the valley," says Mary. "Mother's a WIN, because she takes care of our home, but she's also taking a home nursing course so that she'll be ready in case she's needed, now there's a shortage of nurses. Norma Jean, my little sister, goes in for scrap and rubber drives and all the things school kids do these days.

"Vera, my older sister, is a WAAC. We're all so proud of her, we ache! They let me go out on army shows when I'm not working in a picture, and Vera and I hope that if they let me go on tour I can play Des Moines while she's there.

"At most army shows, you're just part of a show, fitted into a program with a lot of other acts. You come on and do your stuff, sing your songs, bow and leave, and you don't get a chance to dance with the boys or talk with them. Perhaps if they let me go overseas, I'll be allowed to meet the army. Won't that be a thrill?"

Of course cute Miss Lee has been down to visit Gene Autry's branch of her service at his training field, and to entertain his Air Corps friends. To her, Gene Autry is something very special.

"The first day on the set, after I came to Hollywood," Mary told me, "I had that awful all-alone feeling. I didn't know what to do or how to do it, and I knew I was terribly young and dumb. But Mr. Autry smiled at me and said he was sure I'd be good in the picture. He showed me about camera angles and the little camera tricks you have to know. He'd watch me in my scenes and tell me what I was doing wrong. I used to have a little habit of putting out my tongue—sort of wetting my lower lip—" she illustrated, her pink tongue making a brief cat flick in and out— "and he called my attention to it. That trick would look awful on the screen.

"If I ever get to be an important star, I hope I can be like Mr. Autry, so kind and sweet to people who aren't anybody. I don't think he could be arrogant if he tried! He's not only pleasant, but he helps you.

"My mother answers my fan mail for me, but I always read it. I like letters that tell me what people think. Today there was one from a little girl who doesn't want me to ever wear my hair in pigtails again. I don't look nice that way, she says. Of course it isn't up to me to say how I'll wear my hair in a picture; that's the studio's say-so, but it's nice of her to care.

"My one beauty secret is my hair brushing. I never have my hair washed—it's professionally brushed twice a week, including a dry shampoo." She shook back her shining, silken mane.

"I'm so glad I'm at Republic—it's just like a happy family!"

There she goes again—the Glad Girl. But after I had walked from the gate to the stage and then to her dressing room and out again, with everyone we met greeting Mary Lee joyfully as "Hi, Buster!" and "Hello there, Little Guy!" and "Well, well, if it isn't Our Girl!" I saw that there may be something to be said for it.

Our modern Glad Girl is glad because she's out of school at last and needn't spend half her life studying.

She's glad that it looks as if she's going to be lucky in Romance. Not that she will permit a word to be pried out of her about Him, because he's not in the acting profession and wouldn't understand if she broke into print all of a hoo-ha about him.

And she's glad the studio is letting her look glamorous for a dream sequence in her next picture.

"I'll look the way you dream of looking, with wonderful long glamour gowns and spectacular hair-dos and make-up that will cover my freckles and make me beautiful—for a change," she added, with a giggle and a little flirt of her agile fingers.

It's marvelous to be glamorous *once*, she has decided, but she doubts if she would care to keep it up. A glamour puss has a horrible responsibility to her fans, says Mary. One hair out of place, one broken fingernail, one smut on the nose, and who knows, you may spoil a beautiful fanship.

Apparently all Mary needs to do when she meets a fan is to smile, say hello, and sign something. She likes them all before she sees them, anyway.

She gets along with everybody. She has spells of admiring other girls who sing in pictures, and when Mary admires anyone, brother she *admires* her! She begins to look like her, too. You know when she's seen a Judy Garland picture by the way she looks, her sister says. When Ella Logan was out here, Mary looked like Ella for weeks.

"The way I learn is by watching people I like," she explains. "I never had a singing lesson in my life, and the studio doesn't want me to take them. I'd like sometime to be in a musical comedy on the stage, with lots of good songs and a chance to move around without thinking of the microphone. Sometimes you can't help believing your mouth's going to grow mighty funny looking, all the time aiming itself around the corner at the mike!"

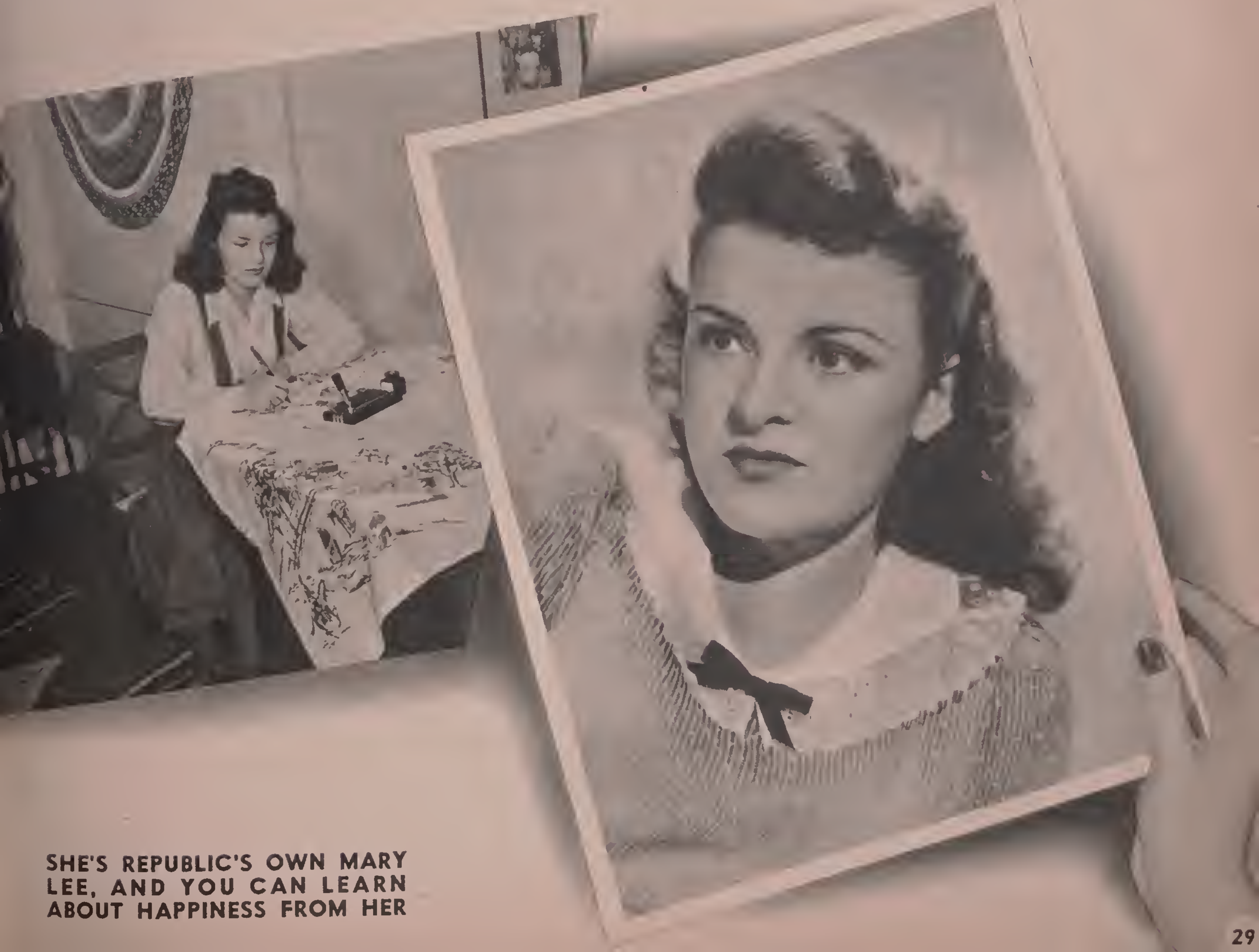
Another thing Mary Lee likes is to be right in the thick of things.

In California's last blackout, when the alert sounded, she was down in Long Beach, right by the ocean, sitting with the personification of Romance in a place where they have the grandest food you ever tasted. The cafe was blacked out, naturally, but they brought candles, and the whole affair was a Great Adventure.

"It was such a thrill to be right in the middle of where a raid would be, if there was a raid," she exulted.

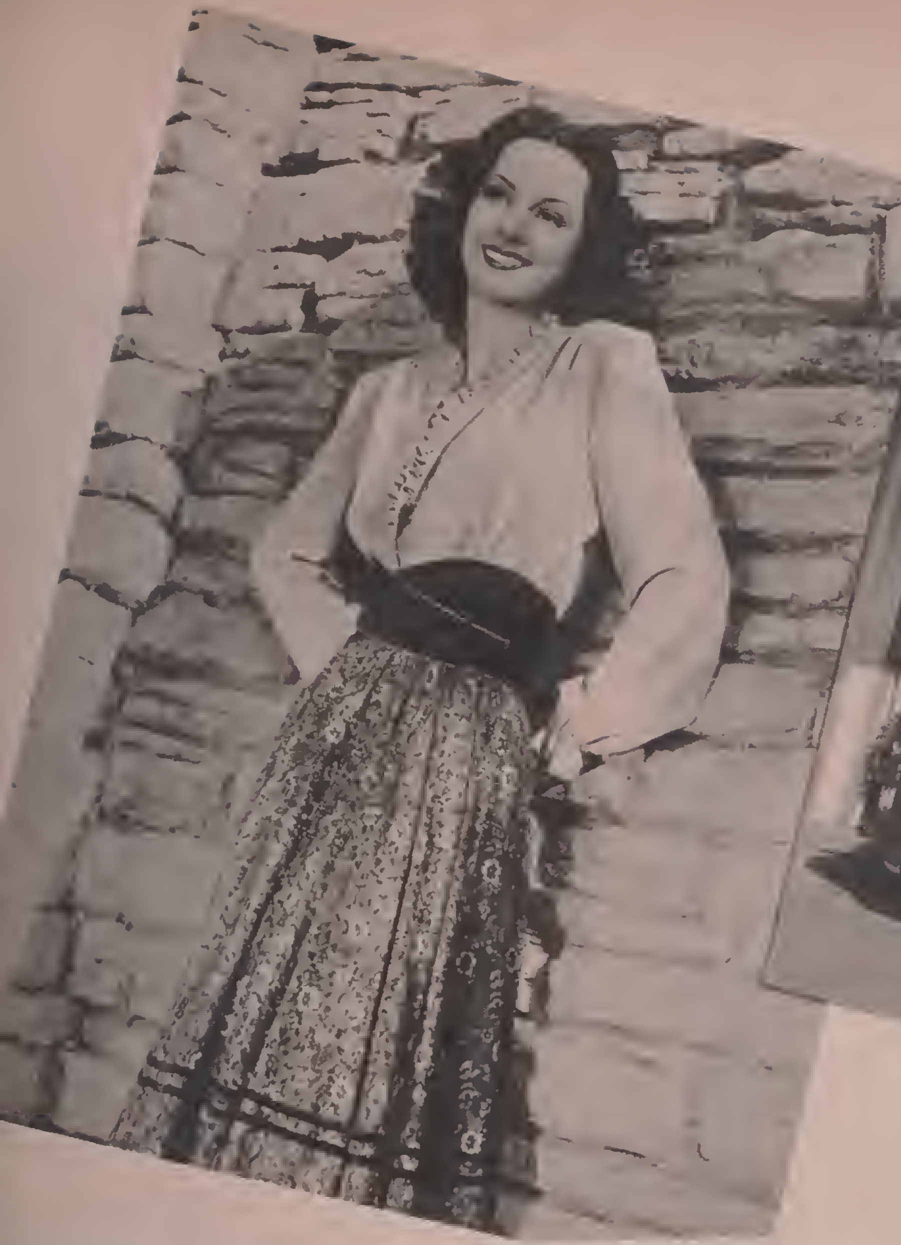
It didn't occur to her to be frightened. But after all, why should she be frightened with Romance across the table!

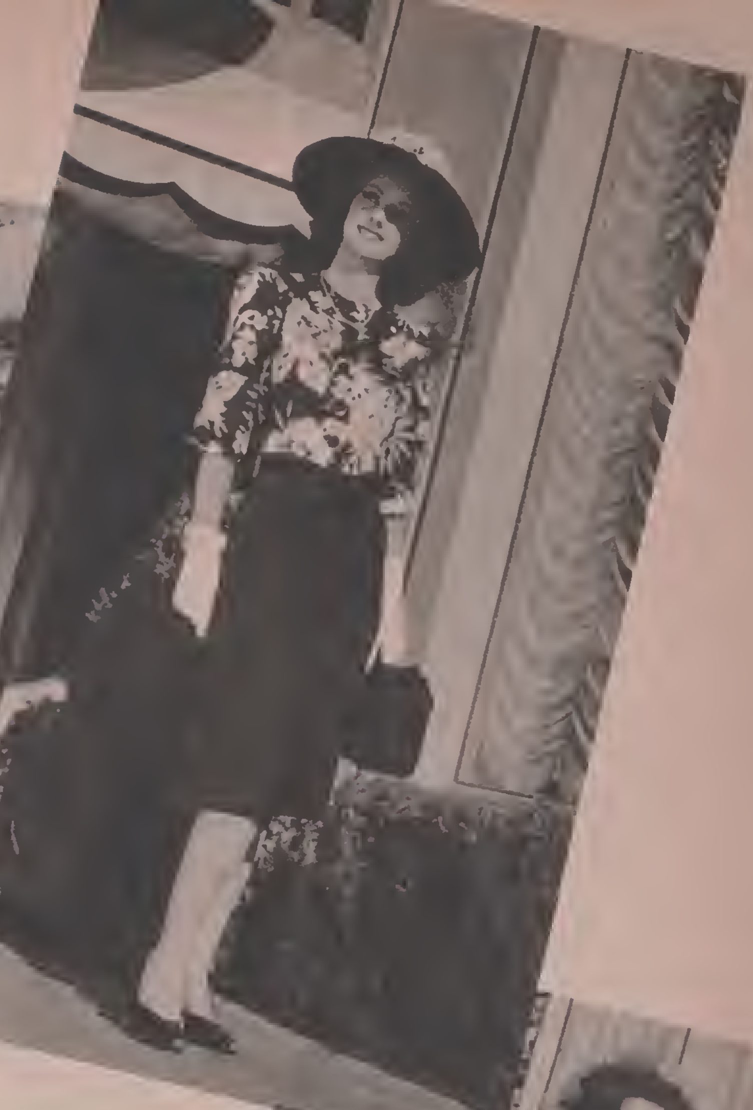
THE END

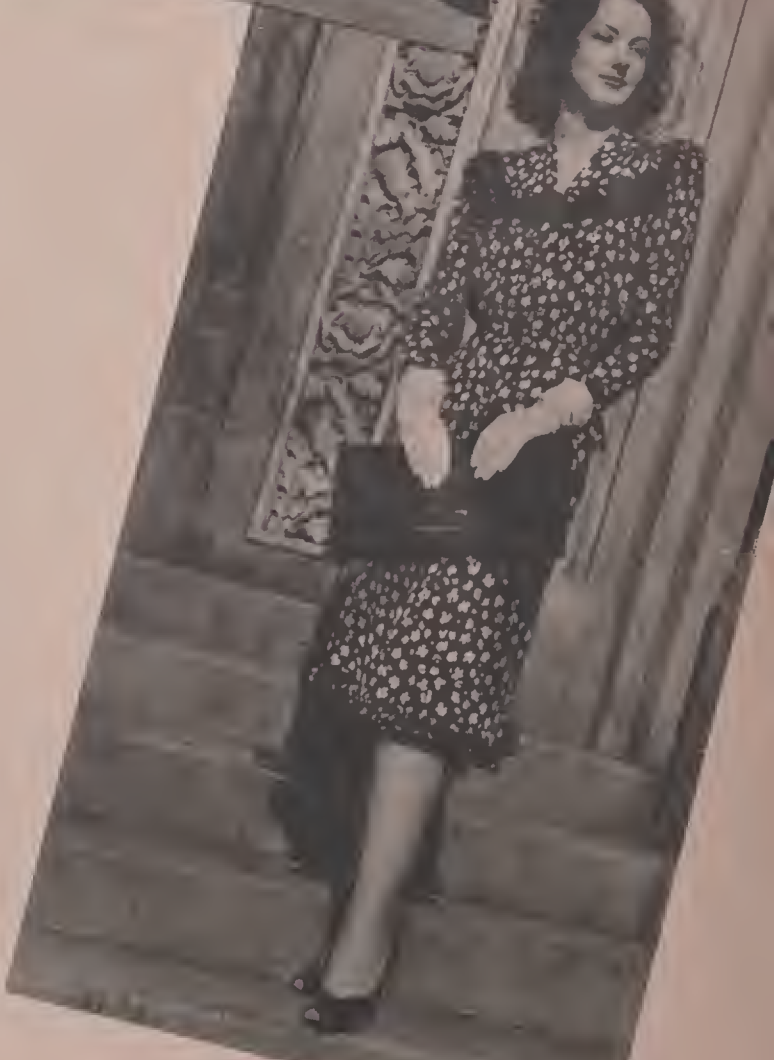


SHE'S REPUBLIC'S OWN MARY LEE, AND YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT HAPPINESS FROM HER

FASHIONS with added shortening







←DRESSES ON PRECEDING PAGE

Tall girls like MGM's Virginia O'Brien often wish to appear shorter, so Ginny obligingly illustrates with her new summer wardrobe how she achieves this illusion. She goes in for dresses in two contrasting colors, to begin with. In the large shot to the left, for example, Ginny wears a one-piece dress with a two-piece look, its skirt a white print background with a design in blue and black. The cross-front bodice is of black crepe. Her flat as a pancake hat has an inch high black satin crown with a brim of five layers of black maline.

At the far left—Virginia's favorite summer suit has a Navy skirt and a waist-length bolero in lipstick red, edged with Navy yarn in a button-hole stitch. Her Breton sailor is of Navy felt with a shallow brim and crown.

THE DRESSES ON THIS PAGE→

Above—carrying out the same "two-section" motif, the singing Miss O'Brien wears one of the very popular peasant dresses, this one having a red, white, and blue cotton challis print skirt with a wide girdle and hem line bands of black velvet. The blouse is a ruffle-edged crepe in a blue to match the skirt. Peasant dresses are wonderful "duration" clothes, as they are feminine, charming, and never go out of fashion.

Upper right—for dressy occasions this "shirt top" dress with large patterned black and white print blouse and draw-string waistline skirt of black crepe is very keen. Virginia wears a large brimmed hat of black cellophane straw with a daisy covered shallow crown, short white washable gloves, a flat black bag, and black patent leather pumps with this.

Right—even if you don't want, as a tall girl looking small, eternally to wear "contrast dresses," you can still deceive the eye. A dressmaker suit, like this in brown and white silk print, will do the trick by the ruching at the yoke and hem line. Virginia's hat here is a ruff of beige feathers on a shallow pillbox of matching felt. Incidentally, you'll see the girl next in "DuBarry Was a Lady."

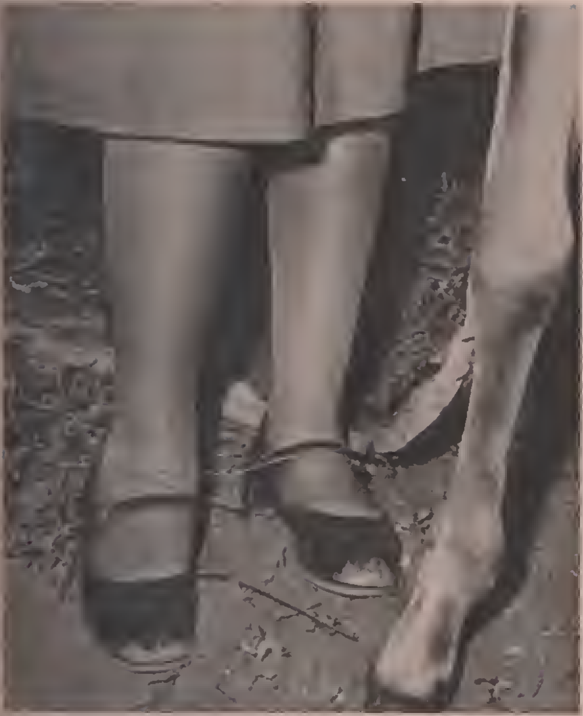
Her studio says she will soon be a star.
She has an Irish name and a torrid look.

Oooh Look - LEGS
BUT WHOSE LEGS ARE THEY?

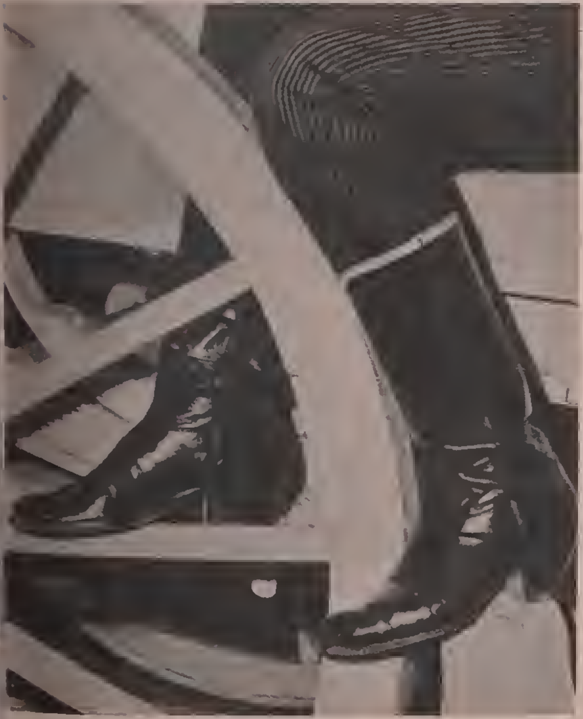
She's the on-screen sweetheart of a many-talented guy; she's the off-screen wife of an important business man. She'll never have to worry about the supply of Nylons as long as there are any anywhere.

Once she was dreaming of a White Christmas, but recently she returned from a tour of the Alaskan camps, which made her hope she'd never see snow again. She's new and purty.

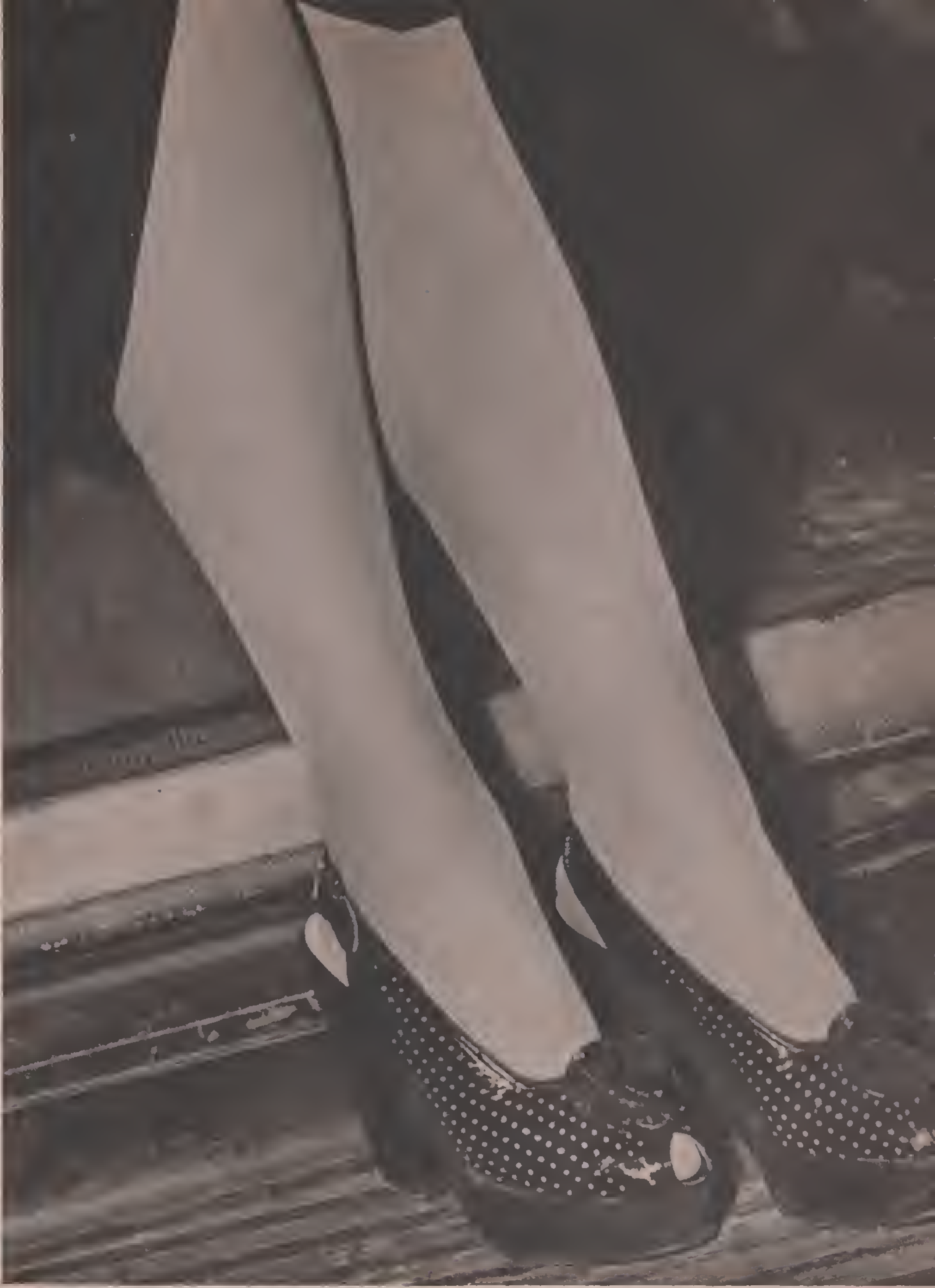
This little girl went to Mexico on her vacation
This little girl works hard at the Canteen
This little girl is a great dramatic actres
. . . and she is not Bette Davis.



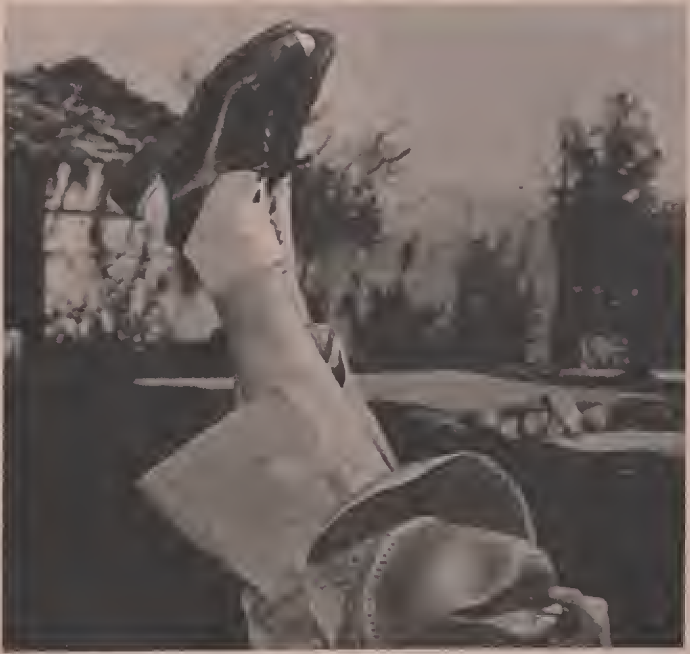
These sturdy gams belong to a comedienne who is now for the first time essaying tragedy. You see three legs there? Well, now—after all—we're talking about the two at the left.



Men have legs, too. This guy has played one character more times than Lewis Stone has lectured Mickey Rooney. This guy got married for the third time, almost seven years ago.



She's one of the ringleaders of "the younger set." She's a great pal of the girl in the large picture on the opposite page. Recently she made a small-cost picture that turned into a major hit.



She's a glamour girl. She's a best dressed woman. Her heart belongs to a soldier. Despite those flat heels, she dotes on luxury. Guess hard.

IF YOU GIVE UP, TURN HERE

HERE ARE THOSE LEGS ALL FIGURED OUT

Dolores Moran, dear public, the new wow of Warners'. Like Alexis Smith, she's said to be spectacular in films that haven't been released.

Paramount's own young Marjorie Reynolds, who after visiting Dutch Harbor and such outposts, is trying to arrange her picture schedule so she can visit camps every six months.

Ann Rutherford, Mickey Rooney's own Polly Benedict of the Hardy pictures, is really Mrs. David May, which means the wife of the owner of one of Los Angeles' biggest department stores

It's Joan Fontaine, here sitting on the piano bench at the Canteen, ready to go into the autograph routine for the boys. Joan, finished with "Jane Eyre," had to vacation alone, husband Brian Aherne being busy at Columbia.

Did you guess? Oh, surely not. Anyway, those legs belonged to Jane Withers. And with Jane are the animal kingdom and Farley Grainger—all of whom are in "North Star."

The star of "Hitler's Children," that cute cookie, Bonita Granville, best pal of Ann Rutherford, Anne Shirley, and all that crowd, an on-screen meanie and an off-screen charmer.

TAGE FOR HIRE
SEE
TH

Bill (Hopalong) Boyd with the cheerful little armful, Grace Bradley, who is Mrs. Boyd. Bill really is a Westerner, does all his own riding, and the Boyd ranch is something!

Bet you still don't know who she is, what with her here putting on the dog—on her face. She's Lucille Ball, wife of Desi Arnaz of the United States Army.

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF

THE FRED MACMURRAYS

This is Lillian's bedroom. Fred baught all the items for it while she was ill, during the entire first year of their marriage. Lilly knew just the type af antique lace curtains she wanted for the bed canapy and the windaws.

ILLUSTRATED BY EXCLUSIVE INFORMALS
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAT DALLINGER

Every abject in every roam af the MacMurray house was carefully purchased by Fred and Lilly. "It's a very simple, hamey hause," says Lilly, "but it is exactly the kind that Fred wants."

This is Fred's bedraam, adjaining Lillian's. "Ah, it's nat much af a place," says he. "Why, Fred, that old sailor chest is enough to make it distinguished," repraves Lilly.

THIS, WE WARN YOU, IS A LOVE STORY—AND PROVES THAT TWO REAL PEOPLE WHO ADORE ONE ANOTHER CAN STAY HAPPY DESPITE ALL ODDS

Another shot of Fred's room. "He furnished all this himself," says his proud wife, "picked out everything personally."

BY NATALIE VISART

THE Fred MacMurrays, together or separately, are not supposed to be "good copy." Interviewers groan at the thought of extracting personal information from Fred. The MacMurrays don't live fabulously or sensationally. You never hear "rumors" about them, and they probably bore the keyhole columnists to death. They've been married seven years, and they still live in the same house. They still speak. In fact, they are still in love. Obviously, they must be very dull, indeed, to keyholders.

Far be it from me to tangle with such folks, but, inasmuch as I am on the inside of the keyhole, I must say I disagree with them.

I met Fred and Lilly first at a party while Lilly was still Miss LaMont and beautiful she was, too, that night in black tulle with her shining black hair and her pale, lovely face. I remember regarding them with interest, for I'd seen Fred around Paramount studios, where I work myself. He was then, and still is, a shy, quiet guy whose simplicity and obvious lack of exhibitionism seemed strictly out of character for the acting profession, to my way of thinking. Nice kids—very much in love, I thought to myself. I wondered what would happen when Hollywood hit them.

Well, over a period of eight years, I've had an excellent opportunity to observe what happened, for we became very good friends. And I remember recalling that first speculation of mine last Christmas morning as I sat with them around the tree, opening packages and watching Fred happily and painstakingly build a cardboard farm which he had bought for Susan, their small daughter, "because," murmured Lilly as we exchanged amused glances, "Susan would have such fun putting it together." Missy Susan, we noted with relief, oblivious to the "fun" she was being deprived of, hung equally raptly over a rag doll Ann Sothern had sent her. I remember looking at this normal family scene—still nice kids and still very much in love—and I wondered what had happened. Why hadn't Hollywood hit them?

Perhaps it goes back to the very beginning—to the qualities they saw in each other which drew them together in the first place.

They met in New York during the rehearsals of the musical show "Roberta." Sitting next to each other one day, they fell into conversation. Such questions as "where are you from?"—"what does your father do?" etc., established rapidly the fact that they had similar backgrounds and fundamental tastes. When lunch was called, they proceeded to a Broadway drug store, which was the beginning of a daily routine of meals together and, interestingly enough, always Dutch treat, for Lilly had discovered that Fred was, out of his small salary, supporting his mother and paying off a large debt.

What the debt was she didn't know. Fred didn't explain that it was money he had borrowed to pay for an operation for his mother. Fred didn't explain and Lilly didn't question, and they ate Dutch treat except on Sunday, which was Fred's day to pay for everything. They found themselves extremely happy with the arrangement and each other.

Fred had found a charming and sensible girl who understood a great many things without being told—who, although she was a model and a show girl—and a beautiful one at that—preferred the corner drug store with him to the glittering night spots with any of the stage door Johnnys who would have been delighted to take her.

Lilly had found a tall, curly-haired boy who treated her with respect—whose quiet acceptance of his responsibilities and obligations impressed her immeasurably. As for Fred, he didn't think it dull that Lilly didn't drink, and he thought her small apartment, with its simple early American furniture that she had collected and paid for out of her small salary, far more indicative of her qualities as a homemaker than the silver fox coats most show girls save for.

Those were the qualities they saw, and those are the qualities that have endured. When Lilly, a month after their wedding, became very ill and was in bed for fourteen long, weary months—surely a difficult first year for any couple—their relationship and their marriage seemed to grow firmer, closer, and stronger.

They were building their house, and Fred had to go alone to hunt for the old pieces of American furniture with which they had planned to furnish it. So—out he'd go at night and on his days off—make sketches and come back to Lilly to see whether that was what she wanted before he got whatever it was.

When the house was finally built, he carried Lilly in and through the rooms, in which every piece of furniture was placed exactly as she had planned—up to her bedroom where, for the rest of those months, she was to remain. Hollywood certainly had its chance during that period to hit, but courage, faith, patience, and unselfishness, I guess, defeated it.

As to their life now that Lilly is well and strong and Fred an extremely successful star, well—Old Lady Hollywood is still finding the MacMurray marriage a hard nut to crack.

The usual weapon, jealousy?

I asked Lilly about that one time when we were in her dressing room doing our faces and taking down our back hair (it's astonishing how, with one's mouth full of hairpins, one's reticence vanishes). Lilly chuckled, "You're worse than the boys at the Canteen, honestly."

Lilly is a hostess and Fred a bus boy there Friday nights. A group of the boys were questioning Fred: "Who's your favorite actress?—Do you like Claudette?—What's Roz Russell like?—Have you ever worked with Crawford?" etc., when suddenly one fellow realized he had the guy's wife standing next to him. "Say," he challenged, "how does it feel to have your husband working with these glamour pusses all day—making love to them and all?"

"I don't think," Lilly continued, relating the incident to me as she squinted a critical eye at her shining black pompadour, "that he believed me when I said they were all girls I knew—friends of mine—and that it was difficult to think of them and their love scenes other than that they were earning their bread and butter just as Fred was."

"Yes," I persisted, "but doesn't it seem strange to see and hear him saying to some other dame things he's maybe said to you?"

Lilly regarded me in the glass with amusement. "Natalie, you know *Frederick!* He never talks like any love scene in any picture, which is maybe why he finds them so difficult. He's always groaning, 'Lilly, how'm I going to say that?' when he's studying his script, except, of course, when it's a script Claude Binyon has written for him. Claude knows exactly how Fred talks and his left-handed approach.

"Of course, there's one thing about having your husband work with all the glamour girls. I sometimes get fashion tips in advance. You should have heard Fred describing one of Claudette Colbert's suits that she wears in 'No Time For Love.' 'It's sort of cut out here and has some sort of colored stuff like the blouse stuck in it.' 'And what's the skirt like?' I asked. 'Well, it's just a skirt,' he said, looking surprised. 'Yes,' I said, 'but skirts are different. Is it flared, straight, draped, or what?' 'Oh,' he said, 'well, it's sort of straight—well kind of thin, but then kind of sticks out here—oh, it's just a skirt,' he said finally in desperation. I wish Irene could have heard his description of her latest creation," Lilly grinned.

The MacMurrays live well and charmingly but simply. Thursday nights find Lilly cooking dinner and Fred helping with the dishes. After dinner Fred generally retires to the piano where he is likely to play one chord over and over till he gets it the way he wants it, while Lilly, settled to her knitting, quietly goes mad until he does.

And speaking of going mad, Lilly and I drive poor Fred equally nuts with our ever avid interest and chatter about clothes. He usually stands it as long as he can and then mockingly launches into a dissertation about tweeds, pant lengths, and snap brims, which always reduces Lilly and me to giggling helplessness. After I saw Fred in "Star Spangled Rhythm" in the skit "If Men Played Cards as Women Do" I knew where he'd got his inspiration. That business with the brief case, he admitted, came straight from his memory of Lilly and me emptying our suitcase-like purses to find an elusive lipstick or key.

Even Susan apparently has observed us, for one night when I dropped into her nursery to see her, she entertained me busily the entire time by showing off her wardrobe. Struggling in her closet, she would emerge proudly, "See—new panties," for all the world like her

At the rough-hewn antique table in the living room bay window, Fred and Lilly go over the bills on "the farm" they have in Northern California. They consult one another on everything.

They love little gags like this—an antique meat block, polished and used as a corner table, an old butter mold which they plan to use on home-made butter.

mother showing me her newest hat.

Every year Lilly gives Fred a surprise birthday party. Fred, of course, would only be surprised if she didn't. However, it's a sort of ritual to maintain the pretense of surprise on everyone's part. Lilly and I start days ahead making lists, and fall strangely silent whenever Fred enters the room. If Fred has forgotten that the event is nearing, this conveniently serves to remind him. If he's on a picture, Lilly is enormously relieved, as it means he'll be out of the way, because, of course, nothing can be done till he's out of the house.

One year (this was in pre-war days) the party had elaborate proportions. Among other features there was an awning to be erected over the terrace with a front of cellophane through which one could look out over the garden and pool. That year, a calamity occurred.

Fred announced the night before his birthday that he didn't need to be awakened early. He had, he explained, no studio call for the next day. He wasn't in the scene they were shooting.

Lilly was frantic. What to do? She got a certain amount done while he slept in the morning, but just as Fred was getting up, the tent man arrived. Lilly told said tent man to take his truck and park around the corner until Fred was out of the way. That morning of all mornings Fred, who usually eats a light, quick breakfast, ordered cereal,

These are loquat trees planted all around the swimming pool. Lilly cans the fruit.

Daddy and Susie feed the chickens out at the end of the garden. Movieland is proud to be the first magazine permitted to photograph Susie.

Fred built this chicken coop himself. Each hen has her own space and her name above it. Elegant names, too, like Theda, Brenda, Gloria, Cobina. "Yah," said Mr. MacMurray, "somebody will think we put those eggs here." "Don't be silly," said Lilly. "Who'd be that wasteful?" Fashion note: Mr. MacMurray wears those old pants, those old shoes, that beard, and nobody can stop him.

eggs, and bacon. He wasn't deliberately teasing Lilly. He had for once forgotten what day it was. It would have been perfect if he'd only had to go to the studio. But no.

"Well," said Fred, finishing his coffee, "let's go to the beach today."

"I can't," said Lilly. "I've a lot to do. Why don't you go and play golf?" The Birthday Child, it seems, was not in a golfing mood.

"Then hunting," suggested the frantic Lilly, but it was not the right season, it seemed.

"Frederick," finally said the desperate lady, who, after all, had a tent to run up, "I don't care what you do. Just get out of the house and stay out till seven-thirty."

Along about five o'clock, as she stood in the midst of a battery of small tables on the terrace, counting silver, filling cigarette boxes, doing the thousand odds and ends a hostess must do before a party, she heard a very small-boy voice: "Lilly!"

She looked up and there in the garden on the other side of the cellophane stood her very sheepish husband. "I couldn't think of anything else to do for the rest of the time. Couldn't I come in now?"

Those birthday parties are the one and only big party the MacMurrays give during the year, and they are always the best. I have memories of Jack Benny playing his fiddle and Fred his saxophone while the bewildered but delighted orchestra tried with considerable difficulty to follow; of Carole Lombard, exquisite in a flowing white dress, doing an exhibition dance with Cesar Romero and then suddenly clowning and burlesquing it and Clark laughing at her till the tears ran down his cheeks; of Jimmy Stewart, home on leave, sitting at the piano for hours, while all the available gals gnashed their teeth.

Until the war came, with its separations and disasters, the same people, year after year, were always there. Fred and Lilly are as constant in their friendships as they are about other things. Nor are those friends all celebrities or people in the Hollywood social swim. A good many are people even as you and I. Fred's best friend and pal for years has been Colin Tapley, a good but not famous young actor, now in the Canadian forces overseas. It makes no difference who you are if the MacMurrays like you. If they don't, it still makes no difference who you are.

The MacMurrays have bought a farm in Northern California, an honest-to-goodness producing farm where they often go in between pictures and where Lilly says she hopes they can some day live all the time. They renovated the hundred-year-old house which was on the property, keeping all its old charm even to the watery imperfect glass panes in the windows. Lilly, who doesn't drive a car, is thrilled with her horse and buggy for shopping in the village.

Her last letter to me from the farm which, incidentally, is called just that—"the farm"—indicates that their life there has the typical MacMurray approach.

The letter reads: *"I've meant to write before but always so many things to do here on the farm, as we haven't any help in the house, and it means everything must be done somehow and, what with cookin, butter-churning, cleaning, and preserving, idle moments are few and far between. Fred is gardening and planting vegetables and, although we won't be here to enjoy them, at least he's getting good practice for his Victory Garden at home. By the way, I made my first loaf of bread, and it was pretty good."*

This is my picture to you of the MacMurrays—the nice kids that Hollywood doesn't seem to be able to knock off balance.

THE END

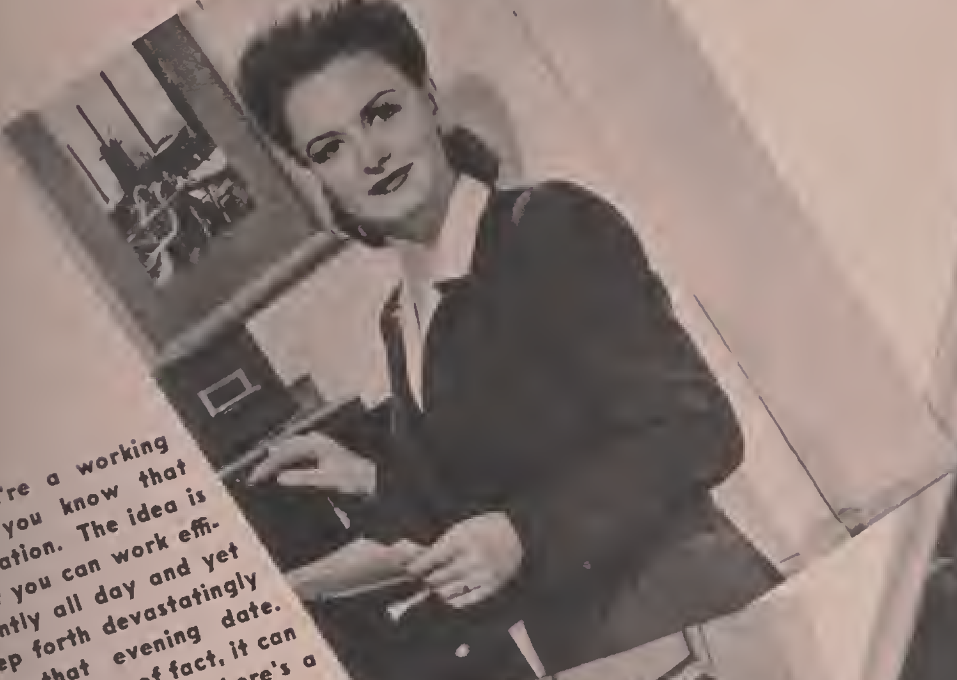
MOVIE STARS ARE FANS, TOO!

PRACTICALLY all the stars in Hollywood proved they were fans of Madame Chiang Kai-shek when she came to Hollywood. They were so over-awed by Madame Chiang at the reception given in her honor that a member of her party had to tell them, "Madame just wants you to be at ease."

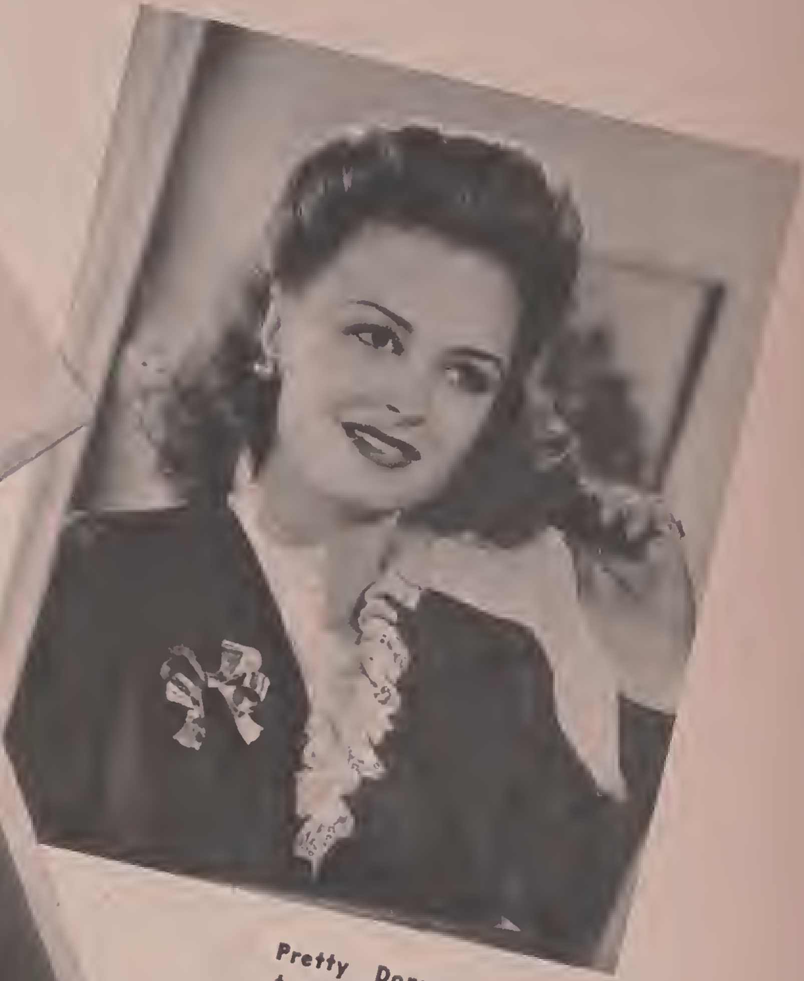
Gary Cooper blushed, his face turning a fiery red when Madame Chiang Kai-shek held his hand. Marlene Dietrich was thrilled when the Missimo asked her about her daughter. Fred Astaire was flattered when she told him that a member of her family had tried to re-create some of his dance steps, but hadn't been able to pull it off.

Of all the people in Hollywood who met Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, the meeting probably meant most to two people: Anna May Wong and Luise Rainer, who has been an adoring fan of the Missimo's for years. And no wonder! For when Luise appeared in "Good Earth" it was Mme. Chiang Kai-shek who wrote her a note thanking her for her wonderful portrayal of a Chinese woman. Luise sent to the Missimo peach blossoms in token of her gratitude. Years passed, and Luise took an active interest in the Chinese people and Chinese relief. And always, the Missimo, with whom she sometimes corresponded, was her inspiration. She was beside herself with excitement when she met her in Hollywood and the Missimo personally thanked her for what she had done for China. Later, Luise tried to express her feelings in a letter to the Missimo. She re-wrote it twenty times. With it she sent three white orchids.

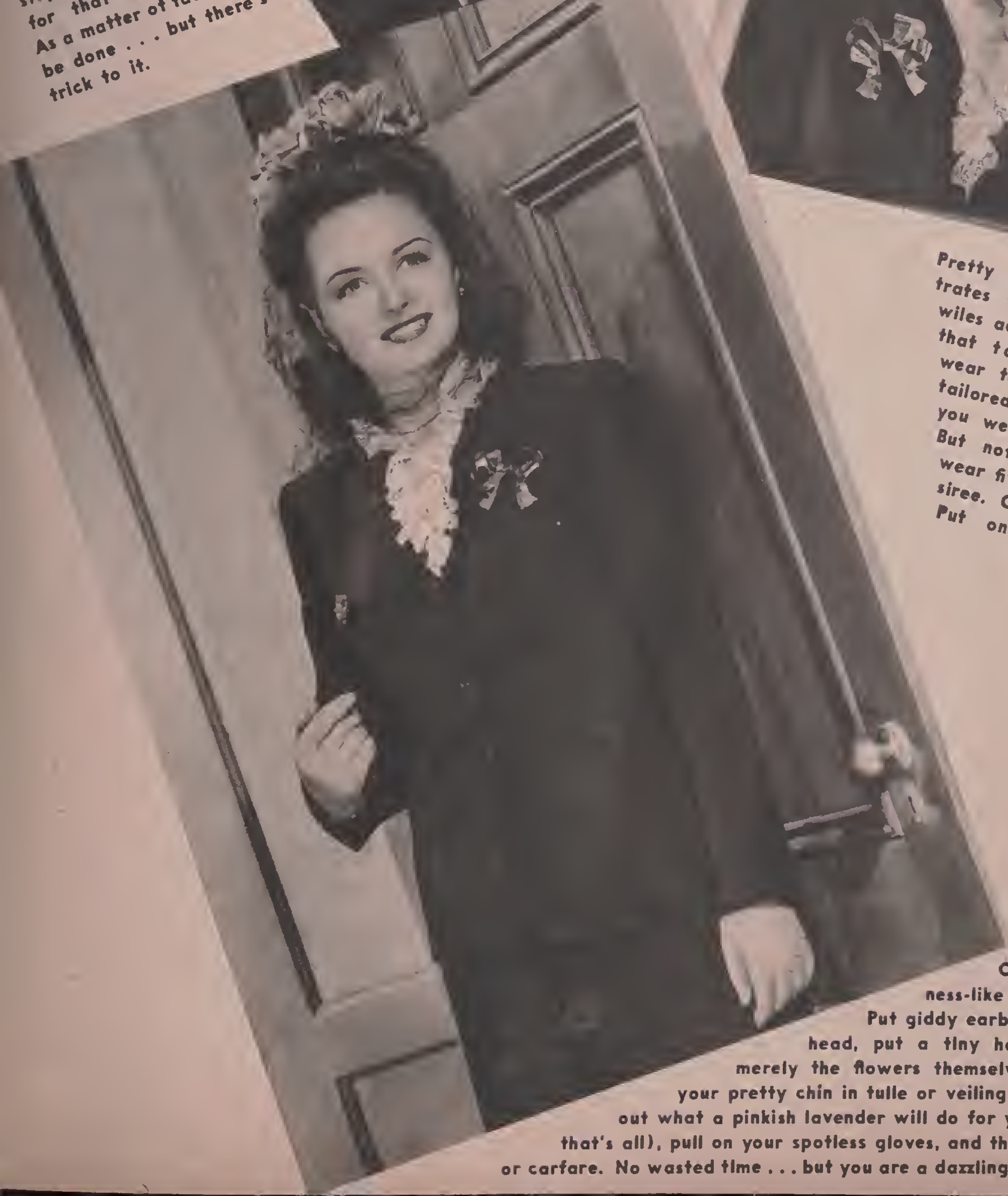
"COME RIGHT FROM THE OFFICE"



you're a working girl, you know that invitation. The idea is that you can work efficiently all day and yet step forth devastatingly for that evening date. As a matter of fact, it can be done . . . but there's a trick to it.



Pretty Donna Reed illustrates the from-work-to-wiles act. You begin with that tailored suit you wear to the job. Very tailored is the blouse you wear nine to five. But not the one you wear five to ten. No, siree. Change blouses. Put on some frills.



Comb your hair from its business-like slickness into girlish softness. Put giddy earbobs on. On your freshly gay head, put a tiny hat topped with flowers (or merely the flowers themselves if you prefer). Swathe your pretty chin in tulle or veiling (have you ever tried to find out what a pinkish lavender will do for your skin—pure enchantment, that's all), pull on your spotless gloves, and there you are. No wasted gas or carfare. No wasted time . . . but you are a dazzling dame, and the man hunt is on.

With the world at war, the only voyages any of us can make are those in memory. Here are the colorful episodes that a dozen Hollywood people love to recall

HOLLYWOOD'S "ARMCHAIR TRAVELING"

Bette Davis recalls London . . . and all because of a blouse.

by AVERY CARROLL

Bob Hope's favorite "place" memory didn't do him one bit of good.

above—Believe it or not but Glenn Ford once spent a night in a Cuban convent.

below—It's a tragic street that Basil Rathbone most recalls.

TREASURED in the memory of most men is the recollection of some particular street in a strange city. In recalling a journey, the mind again traverses some avenue upon which an odd incident occurred, or revisits a lane that challenged the imagination.

With so much of the world in the process of destruction, with the romantic being crushed under tons of rubble, it becomes important to collect some of these quaint memories and to record them. To preserve, also, impressions, experiences, and invitations to drama that motion picture people, yarning before an open fireplace, confide to one another.

REGINALD GARDINER likes to tell about Watling Street which runs, like a dotted line, from the English midlands to the sea. Watling Street consists of segments of the old Roman military road built around 55 B.C. In the countryside the road has entirely disappeared. The stones, eloquent—by reason of their rubbed and polished surfaces—of long-dead marching feet, have been dislodged and piled into fences by farmers. But through the villages the dashes of history still run, sometimes existing for only a portion of a block, sometimes extending for some distance. Narrow and crowded, Watling Street can be found shooting out at an astonishing diagonal from some main thoroughfare. Its topography is never the same in any two villages or towns, but its identity is preserved. No matter where this ancient ghost road appears, it is labeled on the side of buildings: Watling Street.

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918, Raymond Massey was a Captain of Royal Canadian Artillery, stationed in Vladivostok. (Today, he is once again in service, in Canada, appearing occasionally in government-sponsored productions like "The Invaders.") In 1918 he was walking along Pushkinskaya (Pushkin Street) when news of the signing of the Armistice was received. Vladivostok, never a city to win international beauty prizes, was an exceptionally remote contender in 1918. The shops were weathered clapboard, innocent of paint. The streets were usually rivers of mud, churned by the inadequate boots of American, British, Canadian, and Russian troops.

Until that November moment, none of the military units had viewed any other with less than loathing, but upon word that the war was over, the mob rushed into the street, shouting, yelling, raging, pouring from bar to bar, and singing the same songs in three languages and forty dialects.

BARELY eighteen, John Loder, he who now dates Hedy Lamarr, was a member of the King's Hussars, a cavalry division with the British Expeditionary Force sent to France during World War I. One night his outfit was moving up through Bray Sur Somme, a small French village blasted to bits by artillery fire. The front had receded from this sector, leaving nothing but torn trees, jagged sections of brick wall, and an occasional fireplace and chimney as desolate totems of a vanished time.

In the distance rumbled the unceasing thunder of artillery fire presaging the break-through on the Somme. A full moon, low in the East, reflected itself a hundred times on the helmets of the cavalrymen; a milky white ground fog completely obscured the bodies of the horses, so the troopers looked like giants whose bodies rose out of an unearthly mist to glint in ghostly procession. The only sound in the column, like an obligato above the distant brass of the guns, was the tinkling of the bridle rings, the squeak of leather, the intermittent whinny of a horse. and the rhythmic cadence of marching hooves upon the cobbled streets of the dead town.

PAUL LUKAS, freshly returned to Hollywood for "The Watch on the Rhine," as becomes a man from Budapest, has a romantic memory.

As a juvenile in Hungary, getting a lean start on the stage, he fell in love. Also, in the grand tradition, he was broke.

Yet in the evenings, he went down to a small shop where the salesman was generous. He bought a sack of the Hungarian equivalent of cracklings for five cents, and stowed this viand in his right pocket. He bought a sack of small rolls for five cents and put it in his left coat pocket. Then he and his dream doll went strolling along the Danube, munching their al fresco dinner seasoned with the sauce of happiness.

JUST before the current war broke out, Bop Hope made a trip to England to see his grandfather, aged ninety-six at the time. (As this article was written, the determined old Englishman was still alive and in good health, despite rationing, bombing, and threat of invasion.) As a side trip Bob decided to visit the house in which he was born in Eltham, Kent. He knew the name of the street—Creighton Road—but he lacked the street number. Bob drove up and down the street, enchanted by its appearance. It was a typical English lane, bordered by dozens of tidy houses, nestled deep in their gardens. Like many an English village street, it curved graciously past a small hill and into the down country beyond. Bob peered at each house in turn and consulted the psychic summons that he felt should point out his birthplace. The gremlins must have been tampering with his home-detector, however, because no memory, no sense of belonging, arose to point an invisible finger. To this day, Bob has no idea in which house he was born.

BETTE DAVIS' memory of England is tainted with treason to her sex. It dates back to when she had gone to London to defend herself in litigation with Warner Brothers. She had intended to remain only one day for her testimony, so brought along one suit and three blouses.

What was her astonishment, upon arriving at The Courts, to find news photographers everywhere. She hadn't expected the English to recognize her.

Instead of appearing briefly, Miss Davis had to remain in London a week, and each day, as she walked down the street, she was extensively photographed. Finally one morning, a cameraman said, "Miss Davis, would you mind changing your dress tomorrow so we can get some fresh-looking pictures?"

Another spoke up vehemently. "Don't do it, Miss Davis," he cautioned. "From now on, every time my wife complains that she has only one dress in the closet, I'll be able to tell her, 'What's good enough for Bette Davis is good enough for you.'"

GLENN FORD has the distinction of having spent a night in a Cuban convent. It came about because of his curiosity in regard to a street (22 Animas) in Havana. Entrance to the avenue was through a grilled iron gate. Glenn wandered in and strolled along, peering at the thick walled ancient Spanish buildings. However, when he reached the end of the block, he found the exit gate closed and locked. He swung around and made for the entrance. Likewise locked. After he had rattled the gate long enough to dispel any notion of breaking his way out, Glenn attracted the attention of a guard whose face was very solemn, although his eyes tilted suspiciously at the corners.

In a mixture of Spanish and English the guard explained that some of the stouter convent buildings were used as a prison. Havana, along with several other Latin American countries, has the amiable custom of allowing her prisoners a certain amount of freedom during the day, but curfew is at six, at which time prison becomes physical. The prison buildings and the gates were not reopened, the guard regretted, until six in the morning no matter how blameless the accidental trapee.

"I can't stay here on the street all night. I'll freeze," said Mr. Ford, taking a pessimistic view. The guard indicated the church where, he explained, services were continuous. Warmth was to be had, and enough activity to be diverting.

The guard didn't explain that the only worshippers during the prolonged hours of the night were the nuns and their charges, who were happily unconscious of a tall, slender young man being as non-existent as possible among the shadows. The next morning Glenn was at the gate at six, along with a tatterdemalion group waiting for their daylight freedom.

COMING somewhat closer to home without sacrificing the Spanish atmosphere, we have the case of Kay Kyser who with a tourist's true abandon, had been in Los Angeles only a few hours when he visited Olvera Street.

This lane, only a block long, is a reconstruction of the old pueblo's first thoroughfare. Nowadays, it is lined by dozens of Mexican curio shops. Dusky street singers pluck guitars and small harps while dark-eyed urchins sing.

Mr. Kyser espied a display of huaraches (sandals woven of rawhide thongs) and made inquiry. Si, si, the shopkeeper said, he could make a pair of huaraches to order—exactly to fit the Kyser foot. He had Kay remove his right shoe and

above—The "foreign spot" John Loder most remembers goes back to the First World War. Below—Paul Lukas' memory, like Paul Lukas himself, is very romantic.

place his foot on a piece of paper to be outlined.

Mr. Kyser returned at the specified time and picked up his purchase, but when he got home he found that, although the right shoe fit like a second skin, the left was too small. He returned to Olvera Street and ordered a second pair. This time the merchant outlined the left foot. When Kay collected the second pair, the left shoe was like a cradle, but the right was too large.

Mr. Kyser returned to his favorite street, which was rapidly losing its standing (no pun intended), and ordered his third pair of shoes. This time he had the merchant draw around both feet. And the third pair of shoes were sweeter comfort than walking in cotton candy.

BOB CROSBY's orchestra had played "Basin Street Blues" every night for years, so it was only natural—while he was touring the South—for Bob to go down to Basin Street to have a look-see. It was approximately six in the afternoon, and street traffic was considerable. Bob mooned along, peering into shop windows, but mainly listened to the jive talk and the slurring soft idioms of the hot fudge belt.

He knelt to tie his shoe, and as he rose, a voice said caressingly, "I wouldn't make no fuss, was I you, Boss. I would ca'lesslike pull mah wallet out, let it fall, and leave it lay. Was I you, I would tote mahself down the street, an' I wouldn't look back, onless I craved a ve'y close shave."

Mr. Crosby complied. As he toted himself down the street, he was humming those Basin Street Blues.

SEVERAL years ago, while Basil Rathbone was touring the United States with Katherine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," someone told the newly-arrived Englishman that he must be sure to stroll along the well-known, segregated street of New Orleans.

After final curtain one night, he and Guthrie McClintock ventured forth, their attitude that of any two normally curious and fascinated tourists. They returned, a pair of thoughtful and shaken men.

The street was lined with identical small brick houses in each of which there was one door and one window. Forming the top half of the door was a shutter. Police regulations forbade the women to address any passerby, but as the men walked along, the shutters softly clicked open, and in each narrow aperture appeared a dead white face punctuated by a scarlet mouth.

The instant an officer appeared at the head of the street on his patrol, a quaint sound echoed through the street. It was like the tattoo of a stick being dragged along a picket fence—click, click, click—as the shutters closed.

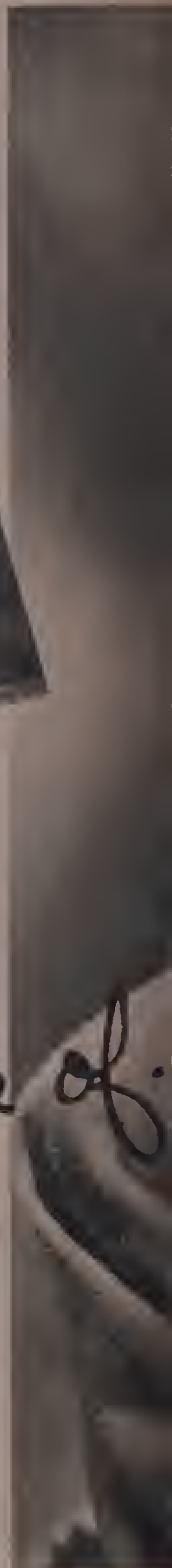
From your own experience, what street do you vividly remember?

Trust old Prof. "That's Right, You're Wrong" to prove you can stay home and still go abroad.

Reginald Gardiner likes to tell about an ancient ghost of a road, Watling Street.

Dorothy and her true love, her husband, Captain William Ross Howard III.

Below—Dorothy, at the age of six in her Sunday-best.



PART 2

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby made a bond saleswoman out of Dorothy by the wackiest methods.

The Life and Romance of

DOROTHY LAMOUR, whose lovely lissome figure takes more pin-up space in barracks or ship cabins or lonely outposts than any other star in the glamour brigade, has never been affected by the snare and delusion of fame. To her today, it's just a good way to make a living.

She is not one to gnaw her fingernails over what critics may say, and she does not pose in dramatic pathos before a mantel bare of everything but gleaming Oscars. Today, Captain William Ross Howard III's picture up there is enough.

But it wasn't always thus. She had to go through suffering and unhappiness before she reached this wise simplicity. It was Dorothy Dell, her closest friend, who prodded and pushed and argued Dottie Lamour into taking an interest in show business. Beautiful, talented, boundlessly ambitious; that was Dorothy Dell, and she was loyally devoted to her school mate, the shy, skinny, self-effacing Dorothy Lamour, who wanted merely to be happy.

When Dorothy Dell won the mouth-filling title of "Miss Universe" in the national bathing beauty contest, and was offered a job in the Ziegfeld Follies, she refused to go without Dottie the Second. Instead she signed with a Fanchon and Marco vaudeville act because they agreed to take her friend. Then she had to talk Dottie the Second into it.

Eventually that act was booked in Los Angeles, and the two girls rushed right out to see Hollywood and gazed awesomely at the outside of Paramount Studios, but no one gave them a second glance. When the tour ended, Dottie the Second returned to New Orleans. She had gained in weight and self-confidence, but she didn't think much of show business. She got a job with a home town real estate company. Dorothy the First, the ambitious one, went on to New York.

New Orleans was having another beauty contest, and the promoters, busily rounding up shapely contestants, called little Miss Lamour in on the strength of her previous

Dorothy Lamour

Dorothy as she is today—and over there at the left is the off-screen Lamour in those early days when all she wanted to do was to get back to her husband, Herbie Kay.

entry in the annual affair. Dottie the Second had to buy her bathing suit on credit.

She won. This really stirred ambition in her. She began to get excited over the possibility of following Dorothy Dell to New York, but that hope fizzled out when she lost in the finals at Galveston. Dorothy the First's letters consoled her by insisting that the place for Dottie the Second was New York. The only flaw with that argument was that Miss Lamour couldn't raise the fare for that destination, but she did reach Chicago and eventually found that now-famous job running an elevator and modelling clothes at Marshall Field's store. Once again, this star-to-be consoled herself with the idea that show business wasn't for her.

So what happened? The Follies came through Chicago, and with them Dorothy Dell, with her buoyant enthusiasm and determination to help her chum find a career. At this stage a third Dorothy entered the plot. Dorothy Dell interested Dorothy Gulman in Dorothy Lamour, and that combination was a winner. Gulman was an agent who eventually obtained the audition for Lamour that led to a singing job with Herbie Kay, the band leader.

Dottie sang with Kay's band, traveling from place to place. She hated it. She finally decided to go to New York where she could live with her mother. She was tired of show business.

By the end of the first week it dawned on Herbie Kay, as such things will, that the departure of Dorothy Lamour had left an aching void. He had to wait till the Chicago engagement closed, but the moment it did, he hurried to New York and proposed.

Although Dottie had started singing in radio, she had missed him, too. Stymied by the three-day law in New York, they flew West and were married in Waukegan, Illinois. How this little elopement coincided with Dottie's idea of romance can be understood now.

She was in love, first love, and she didn't think how life with an itinerant band is just one series of one night stands or at best a few weeks, a succession of trips where you left one place at midnight and then jammed drums, saxes, and traps aboard a bus for a jolting ride to the next town. She didn't consider it was the life she had all too recently disliked. She wanted a home. She wanted domesticity. Eventually she went back to New York where she had a contract with the National Broadcasting Company. The idea was that she'd establish a real home for herself and Herbie, a home that he could live in during whatever free time his tours permitted.

Thus in 1935 when NBC decided to originate the program in Hollywood and wanted Dorothy to go out there, she refused. Herbie talked her into going. Apparently what settled the matter was all that beautiful money, since they agreed that when they had acquired enough capital, Dorothy would retire.

And so, as previously recorded, Dorothy and her mother arrived in Hollywood, with her mother keeping house and Dottie singing. To supplement her far from munificent pay as a sustaining artist, Dottie got an engagement at the Clover Club, then a popular movie rendezvous. Immediately the studios began calling her to make screen tests.

A talent scout in New York had once argued her into making a screen test, and even he hadn't been able to compliment her on the results. So now Dottie just laughed and shrugged the calls off.

The NBC artist's bureau grew insistent. The thought came to Dottie that Paramount was the studio where Dorothy Dell had been in pictures. She had told Dottie how kind they were to her, how much she liked all the people at that studio, before her tragic death in an auto accident had stopped her brilliant career. But—once again as Lamour's guiding star, Dell had voiced the wish that Dottie could work there, too. Now, what would Dorothy Dell say if she could know that Dottie the Second had rejected an offer of a screen test there?

Dorothy Lamour's loyalties go deep. She took the test.

But later she made a decision. From all she had heard, Hollywood wasn't a town for a girl who was more interested in a home and a husband.

"Even if they want me in pictures," she said to her mother, "it isn't my idea of a life, at all. I don't want to be a career girl. Herb has that job in Denver now, and maybe he won't have to move around so much. I'm going to quit everything—not even sing with the band—and go stay with Herb."

Dorothy quit Hollywood cold.

And then, a month later, in Denver, the front door bell rang and a messenger handed her a telegram.

> PLEASE COME TO STUDIO
> AT ONCE. WE HAVE A PICTURE FOR YOU.
> ADOLPH ZUKOR.

It would have made any other girl delirious with joy. That slip of yellow paper, creased and dog-eared, but treasured as if it were a parchment diploma, is still among Dottie's possessions. Yet that day it brought her no happiness and only greater problems.

Dottie worried about showing it to her husband, but Herb was delighted. Of course she must go.

Finally after long discussions, she made up her mind to obey the summons. But just for one picture! That was all.

Dorothy went through the routine of signing the usual seven year contract, with options, starting at two hundred a week, hardly believing a word of it. She was one of the few survivors of the old fashioned age of long hair. Paramount, it seemed, wanted her to play a primitive maiden in "Jungle Princess," in which she would peer like a startled fawn through her long hair, while coyly pretending ignorance of the amorous attentions of Ray Milland. Even for a low budget picture it set new economies in the way of a wardrobe. She was handed something called a sarong, with an extra one in case of emergency.

Dorothy spent six week dunking herself in a cold creek that runs through Paramount rancho, eating bananas, holding hands with a chimp named Jiggs, and hiding behind palms from the screen advances of Ray Milland. She was convinced the picture would be the flop of all time.

The on-screen Lamour as she appeared in her first movie, "Jungle Princess."

The result, as you know, measured in box-office terms, was terrific. Paramount picked up Dottie's options as if they were nuggets. Astute Mr. Goldwyn borrowed her and the sarong for "Hurricane." Paramount had found a gold mine in this girl who was not only beautiful but could sing, and Paramount intended to cash in on it all.

All this was quite outside of Dottie's original calculations. According to the popular idea, when you make a hit in pictures, the money rolls in too fast to count. Actually, the contracted salary stays the same while expenses skyrocket.

She had come to Hollywood only to get wealth for herself and her husband. Yet when the studio called her to make song tests for "High, Wide and Handsome," starring Irene Dunne and Randy Scott, her mother was ill and an operation had become necessary.

Because Carmen Lamour needed the money, Dottie, without revealing her mental anguish, went to the studio the morning of the operation and recorded the songs. That was more than just a singing test; it was a test of character. Not until the job was done did she rush to the phone, to be told her mother was going to be all right.

Among the obligations imposed by picture popularity is the duty owed to the film fans, and until this has actually been experienced, their insistent adulation and the continual demands of people cannot be imagined. The public suddenly turns into a sea of clamoring voices and outstretched hands.

Dorothy had sensed that this would happen. A patient attitude toward it all might have resolved the misunderstandings that arose, but now little differences between them took root and grew. Columnists trotted out their time worn cliches that start: "Who was that handsome young man with Dorothy Lamour at the 'Troc' last night?" These items pay no attention to fact; it's just an easy way to mention a popular figure. Yes, the things that sting are little things, but enough of them can kill. Dorothy and Herb were divorced.

Even greater success came to Dorothy Lamour. Her voice reached the millions who heard her each season on the Charlie McCarthy show, and one picture followed another. She had few vacations. Each year her salary went up another notch, so that she could build the modest home she and her mother had always wanted. When Mrs. Lamour married Dottie's business manager, O. L. Castleberry, Dottie was completely happy.

Being a sociable girl, Dottie enjoyed going out, but as for falling in love, no thank you!

Dorothy always has had the faculty for earning the friendship of other girls. Her two closest companions were Laura Lamarr, a movie extra, and Kathleen Coughland, a publicity woman. It was Kathleen who went with Dottie on her war bond tours to the four corners of the country.

Oddly enough, Dottie's friendship with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope helped her emerge as the Government's top salesman.

She had been not only the object of their affections in those hilarious screen adventures from Singapore to Morocco; she also had been the patsy for all the pranks and jokes those two fun-loving guys could devise.

Veterans in the quip and wisecrack, Dottie was fair game for their constant ribbing. There were times she got so mad she was ready to quit, which of course meant the ribs came oftener than ever.

She finally made up her mind to beat them at their own game. She just relaxed. They'd dangle the bait and she'd merely grin. They knocked themselves out trying to get a rise out of her. And bit by bit she sharpened her wits so that she could pay off in kind.

When Dottie faced her first big crowd at a bond rally in Chicago, thousands of students were around the platform. She was wearing a sweater, which was a tactical error, and the students began to whistle and shout. Dottie grinned and relaxed at the wisecracks and tossed them back, hot and heavy, throwing in some sizzlers she'd learned from Bing and Bob. She figuratively rolled up her sleeves and let 'em have it. They cheered her when it was over, and stampeded for the bond wagon.

It was between bond tours and pictures, a brief interval indeed, that Dottie at long last met the right man, and fortunately knew it. She and Laura Lamarr were at Arrowhead Springs when the Army Air Force camp at San Bernardino invited Dottie to come over and sing for the boys. They sent Captain William Ross Howard III, who lived near the hotel, to escort her to the base.

Dottie learned that Bill came from Baltimore. She had spent some time there when Carmen was having a check-up at Johns Hopkins hospital, and so there were mutual friends to remember and discuss. That was the beginning.

By the time Bill had taken her out a few times, both knew what would be the outcome, and when Bill was taken desperately sick in San Francisco and Dottie and Laura flew up there, it was obvious that this at last was love—not like her girlhood crush on Herbie.

This marriage was going to be all that Dottie had missed in life. When her pal Kathleen married, Dottie was her bridesmaid, and it was agreed that Kay would be hers if and when Lamour married. Kay wore blue, and Dottie wore pink; they liked the color scheme and vowed they would use it again. There was only one circumstance that prevented the fulfilment of this plan when Dottie married Bill. Kay's baby had arrived and she was unable to go to the wedding.

But Dottie carried out the arrangement and wore blue, while Laura Lamarr, as bridesmaid, wore pink. Then, while several hundred guests waited at the reception Paramount gave in their honor, she and Bill drove to Kay's bedside.

The wedding had been all that Dorothy had dreamed about, in which she stood at the altar with her close friends and family, and there were the soft strains of the wedding march. There were gardenias, Bill's favorite flower, everywhere. Little boxes for her guests to take home a piece of cake to dream on. At last a small town girl had come into her own. Her happiness was worth waiting for.

This time she intends to keep it. If she thinks that Hollywood threatens her happiness, there'll be only one answer.

She'll exit, laughing, from the Hollywood scene.

THE END

It was Dorothy's own idea to make that first bond-selling tour. After that, the Treasury Department has counted her as their head saleswoman.

Movieland Selects Five "Best" Pictures This Month

MISSION TO MOSCOW

(Warner Brothers)

IN no sense can you list this under conventional entertainment. Essentially it is a preachment, concerning modern day Russia as seen through the eyes of one of our former ambassadors, Joseph E. Davies. Movieland feels that "Mission to Moscow" goes overboard on propaganda, particularly in the last half, and thereby loses much of its punch, and yet we advise your seeing it. It has the value of being living history, of being provocative, thoughtful, and stimulating. It is also magnificently produced, acted, and directed.

Joseph E. Davies was sent to Russia by President Roosevelt just prior to Hitler's entry into Czechoslovakia. Entering the capital of Communism as an alert observer, Mr. Davies remained to become an impressed friend. He wasn't content merely to see Moscow and the swank diplomatic circles. He visited factories, small villages, farms, and the centers of war games.

Walter Huston sensitively portrays Mr. Davies. Ann Harding is delightful as Mrs. Davies. Oscar Homolka gives a masterly performance as Maxim Litvinov. There are some hundred other speaking roles, portraying the world figures of Churchill, Stalin, Marshal Timoshenko, and others who are all excellently played.

If you aren't politically minded, this will bore you excessively, since there is no "plot," no "love story." But if you are interested in the life and times of one of our greatest allies, then you will find "Mission to Moscow" lingering in your memory, long after you have left the theater.

Yes, you may—and you may not—disagree with much of its point of view, but you will not find it dull entertainment. If you've a mind for this sort of thing, see it.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

(Sol Lesser Productions)

THE super-duper entertainment bargain of all time, "Stage Door Canteen," actually has a cast of seventy-two major stars, ten completely new but highly competent young players, six knockout bands (Goodman, Kyser, Lombardo, Martin, Cugat, and Count Basie), and fifteen musical numbers. If in the midst of all this, the story is a bit weak, who cares?

Hollywood producer Sol Lesser created this keen movie with the cooperation of the so-called "American Theater Wing," which means the association of all the top Broadway theatrical people who are united in maintaining Broadway's "Stage Door Canteen" for the benefit of service men. The largest proportion of the profits will go to the Canteen, and thus Mr. Lesser was able to bring to the screen such personalities as Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Lunt and Fontanne, and the sixty-odd others.

The story is necessarily simple, the saga of three soldiers on leave in New York, about to sail they don't know where. At the Canteen they meet three girls and react in their individual ways. Screen newcomers William Terry and Cheryl Walker are the pair who fall in love. Young Lon McAllister is the boy who has never been kissed. Michael Harrison and Margaret Early are merely out for the laughs.

On this thread of a plot are strung the acts, Cornell doing a bit of "Romeo and Juliet," Gracie Fields singing, Yehudi Menuhin playing the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, Gypsy Rose Lee in a comedy strip tease, Lanny Ross putting over a great tune, "We Mustn't Say Goodbye," and all the others in specialties too numerous to list.

Go see this. You'll have a wonderful time for yourself—and be doing your bit for our boys, too.

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

THIS is the daffy picture of the month.

Red Skelton is a hat check boy, Louie, at a very swank nightclub. Both he and Gene Kelly, the hoofer of the floor show, are dazzled by the show's leading lady, Lucille Ball. Lucille has a yen for Gene, but she struggles against giving way to it, her only aim in life being that of acquiring a rich husband. Just as she is about to succumb to Gene's charms, Red wins on a sweepstakes ticket. Quick-like, the hat check boy proposes. Lucille agrees to wed him, but only for his money, please.

This chilly attitude doesn't deter Red from being gay as a goon over the coming wedding—that is, until he is taken temporarily out of this world by a Mickey Finn. In this fine state he dreams—and what a dreamer he turns out to be. He wakes up in a Louis XVth bed, for the jolly reason that he has become Louis XV himself. He is quite naturally bewildered by this until he discovers that Lucille is Madame Du Barry, and it is conveyed to him that King Louie has a very torrid friendship with Madame D. Red goes for this in a big way.

His bliss is bothered by Gene Kelly, who turns up, too, as the Black Arrow, a swaggering guy who is trying to get his gang together, stage the French Revolution, and part Madame Du Barry's head from her pretty body. However, comes love between the Black Arrow and Du Barry, and Red is left out in the freeze.

Things get back to 1943 before the fadeout, but meantime everything is looney, including Tommy Dorsey and his band in satin waistcoats and wigs and Virginia O'Brien singing "Salome," which rendition will knock you in the aisles. Go see.

PRESENTING LILY MARS

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

THERE'S nothing very original about "Presenting Lily Mars." It's as old as young love. There's nothing "superb" about it. But it's so heart-warming, it concerns such pleasant people, there's so much straight, good fun in it, that we think you'll have a wonderful time seeing it.

Judy Garland, looking, singing, and dancing enchantingly, is Lily, the stage-struck daughter of a scatter-brained widow with four other little girls. Mama and the kids think Lily a perfectly terrific actress and also think the fact that Mama's closest friend, Mrs. Thornway, is the parent of stage producer John Thornway makes everything cozy. Mrs. Thornway agrees with their rosy point of view, fixes it up for Lily to meet John when he comes home for a brief rest.

Of course, Lily is the ham of all time, and John lets her know it, at first politely, then angrily, finally violently. But don't think this stops our heroine. She follows John to Broadway. She invades his theater during rehearsals. She mixes him up nicely with the star of his show, who has a crush on him. She gets herself and John in so wrong that nothing but love could ever put it to right. So love does just that, but not at all in the manner you would expect. Which is the secret of the charm of much of "Presenting Lily Mars."

Besides Judy, there's Van Heflin, absolutely socko as the producer, Richard Carlson, very delightful as an amused playwright, Martha Eggerth as the angry girl friend, and Fay Bainter and Spring Byington as the two mothers. To top this, there are Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra and Bob Crosby and his orchestra, which is more than a bit of all right.

Do you think you'd like it?

CRASH DIVE

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

MARINE PRIVATE TYRONE POWER makes his last appearance for the duration in "Crash Dive." It's a fine, temporary bow-out for Ty, who is his most ingratiating, handsome self throughout the whole thing.

Ty is a Naval officer who has distinguished himself in a branch of the service he loves—the speedy PT boats. Therefore he is mighty disgruntled when he is transferred to submarine service and told he is about to go on a Commando raid to a Nazi naval base. Ty's attitude is very irksome of Dana Andrews, the Lt. Commander in charge of the sub. When the two men, quite innocently, fall in love with the same girl, Anne Baxter, and discover this about one another, the antagonism between them deepens. Then they go out to battle. During the tense, terrible raid, they discover each other's virtues and patriotism — and only one man comes back to win the girl.

"Crash Dive" is distinguished above the average "service" picture by its color photography, its strong cast, by its completely accurate details about submarine operation, and also by its sideline humor and pace, particularly in the scenes where Ty is courting Anne, who is the very pretty schoolteacher.

In other words, while its Navy and Commando action are thrilling and nerve-tingling, the story is counterbalanced with humor, charm, and romance, and is blessedly free of any horror or torture sequences. After seeing this, you will be sure that both Miss Baxter and Mr. Andrews are destined to be important stars. James Gleason distinguishes the role of an old-line Navy man, and Ben Carter is very funny as a Negro seaman.

Very worth your while.

EVEN THE Victory Gardens in Hollywood ARE DIFFERENT!

MOVIELAND HAS TAKEN UP VICTORY GARDENING IN JUST AS BIG A WAY AS THE REST OF OUR COUNTRY. BUT DESPITE THE MUCH-DISCUSSED "WIDE, OPEN SPACES" OF THE WEST, MOST MOVIE HOMES HAVEN'T MUCH EXTRA LAND AROUND THEM. SO TENNIS COURTS, PLAY GROUNDS AND ALL SUCH ARE BEING UTILIZED, AND TODAY NO HANDS ARE GLAMOROUS UNLESS THERE'S A BIT OF GOOD EARTH ON THEM!

Jimmy Gleason has one of the finest herb gardens in all California. Jim also raises all vegetables, many fruits, runs a wonderful lath house for seedlings. Incidentally, one of the funniest victory gardens is the majestic white fountain in Guy Kibbee's backyard, surrounded by a bed of onions where petunias once grew.

Here's Fred MacMurray, busy hoeing what used to be his badminton court. (Notice net poles still in the background.) Jack, the setter, oversees the job.

right—MacMurray, the screen lover, busy with the fertilizer. Fred does all his own gardening. Lilly, his wife, has a separate personal vegetable garden. To date, Fred's cabbage is best, but Lilly says she will have more tomatoes than he does. We'll let you know how it all comes out in the fall.

above and to the right—Even the kid stars are going in for dirt. Young Joan Carroll is mighty proud of her cabbage crop (cabbages, most politely, grow the year round in California). Joanie also takes care of a flock of chicks.

This was intended to be the tennis court at Jimmy Cagney's new Coldwater Canyon home. And now look at what James has made it.

Annie Sothern lives right in the busiest section of Beverly Hills, has no space at all for a garden. But that doesn't stop her from doing her bit. Here she is defying the bugs to get at her lone orange tree.

The wives fighting men leave behind them can take over the care of a whole ranch; that is, they can if they've got the kind of sturdy character Lucille Ball possesses. Lucille really does live in the wide, open spaces, so far away from MGM that when she's working, she has to live in town.

Most of us are like Cornel Wilde—when it comes to gardening. We have to make crowded corners do. And like Cornel, we tie up the bean vines in this unorthodox manner, which doesn't matter at all as long as the beans thrive.

Joan Crawford hadn't a spot for vegetable growing until she thought of spading up the round bed that used to hold tuberous begonias. Now it flourishes with enough corn, tomatoes, lettuce, and beans for the household.

Another shot of Lucille Ball's garden. This gives you an idea of the diversity of her crops. She has four dogs she takes care of, too.

When it comes to family gardening, there's no busier group than Dennis Morgan and his small fry. Dennis and Stanley, Jr. work together daily (Dennis' real name, you remember is Stanley Morner) and little sister, Kirsten (named for the great opera singer, Kirsten Flagstad) is delighted to help with the weeding.

THE GROANER

Originally it was Dick Arlen who thus named Bing—or Harry Lillis Crosby, if you prefer. The Bingo has kept that title among his friends ever since. He is the phenomenon of movie business, a canny guy who has never lost his head in the slightest.

He makes movies, records, does his weekly radio stint, broadcasts continually to our boys abroad, oversees his try-out office for new inventions, goes on camp tours, plays championship golf, races his horses and runs an equine breeding farm, lives not only in the midst of his own boisterous family of Dixie and the four boys, but also in the midst of his brothers' families, which are also populated with progeny. For most mortals that would require a sixty hour day, but Bing is never rushed, never nervous. He even persuades people that he is lazy—which proves he's a good actor. His next picture is "Dixie."

GENE TIERNEY TALKS ON SEX

SHE WANTS LESS EXOTIC ROLES ON THE SCREEN, THIS STAR WHO WILL SOON BE A MOTHER

HAVE you ever seen a star raging? Well, I have.

Have you ever heard a star take the witness stand in her own defense and, armed with Exhibits A, B, C, and D, argue that she should be made less alluring on the screen? Well, I have.

The star, Gene Tierney. The court-room, Gene's house one summer afternoon.

Gene, in black and white checked slacks, tan moccasins, white silk shirt, and bright, red temper, used her home as Exhibit A.

"Does this house look like the home of an exotic siren?" she demanded. "This early American type of house, deliberately a bit crude, kind of pioneer, with old gas lamps, geraniums in pots, copper warming pan, and that sort of thing?"

Gene pointed to the antique cobbler's bench. She rubbed her fingers (guiltless of polish, the rather blunt fingertips of a little girl) over the soft-sheened old silver of the Lazy Susan on the plain pine table; she gestured toward the hooked rugs and the bright chintzes and comfy chairs. "Does all this," she wanted to know, "suggest the lair of a—a dame?"

Gene said, "I have a flannel nightgown with long sleeves. When I wear it, I put my hair in pigtails. My husband says, 'You look cuter in that than you do in those drapey things.'

"That says it for me, in a dozen words. That sums up for the defense. For what I'm getting at is this: Don't you think they misunderstand sex in Hollywood? Don't they make it too obvious? When a flannel nightgown and pigtails light flares in a man's eyes, why must I wear a sarong and go up to the camera looking like this," (Gene squinted her eyes to Oriental slits, leered horribly) "in order to be seductive?

"I don't mind being sexy at all. No girl does. I don't like being exotic, bedizened. For if you have sex appeal, you can be dressed in a little tailored suit, and the sex appeal will still be evident. If you've really got sex appeal, you can be sexy in a—a raincoat. What I hate is to read every script and find myself in a bathing suit or six beads."

Miss T. then inched me into her bedroom, stood back while I took in the wallpaper, a design of scarlet and purple flowers, fat and old-fashioned; the furniture, marble-topped tables and what-nots; the family daguerreotypes.

"Is this," she asked, reasonably, "your idea of the boudoir of a DuBarry? Or does it look as though a girl from Fairfield, Connecticut, sleeps here?"

She dove into her wardrobe, rose to the surface with a pair of navy blue shoes, flat of heel, blunt of toe, somewhat scuffed (Clodhoppers, her husband Oleg calls them) in one hand; a bouquet of cotton dresses,

★ We wouldn't fool you. Gene isn't stirring up a thing in that kettle except perhops a little controversy. However, this does show a bit of the Tierney-Cassini living room.

★ The home-maker hot stuff type, dusting on old grandfather clock. Note the wedding ring prominently displayed. Her newest movie, incidentally, is "Heaven Can Wait."

★ On the Tierney allure version, this, the kitchen type of come-hither. Regard, please, Miss Tierney not trying to preserve that super-duper figure—not with that oat-meal she has.

★ Tierney version—a shot of Gene in her chintz covered bed, she herself wearing pigtails and a flannel nightie, high of neck, long of sleeve. This is the real Miss T, says she.

★ Gene insists you can be a lady and be alluring, and this gentle needle-woman-at-home shot wins the argument. This is something for a fellow to come home to.

by

GLADYS

HALL

★ Below—Hollywood version of the terrific Tierney sex appeal. Completely revolting, this, says Gene. Is zat so, murmur the boys at the box-office . . . well . . . But take a glance around at the Tierney version of sex appeal.

short-waisted, full-skirted, starchy, in the other.

"If I were a vamp, very smooth," she adjured me, "would I wear shoes and frocks like these? Not likely. But I do wear them, almost always, at home.

"The fact is, I have a terrible time trying to look very smooth when, for premieres and things, I must. I look at Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, sleek, every hair in place, and I envy them. It takes the combined efforts of a hairdresser and an entire wardrobe department to get me to look like that. And even then the effect doesn't last long. I relapse into that casual look in no time at all.

"I'm scared to death when I go to a party, very much afraid of people, really. To cover up, I put on a terrific act. I thought I got away with it until Oleg, undeceived, told me it was very young of me.

"My husband calls me 'Potato' in French. In French, English, or Arabic, it still means potato. Which does not mean 'Passion Flower' or any other hothouse exotic. It serves to indicate that Oleg does not think he wedded Delilah.

"My mother often says, 'You represent nothing but bread and milk.'

"Vic Mature was talking with Oleg one day. Speaking of Rita Hayworth, Vic said, 'Rita is the frail, ethereal type. Now, Gene is the peasant type.' Oleg wanted to make something of it, you know, on that usual male basis of any other man daring to say I was less than perfect. But I was very pleased.

"I can get washed and dressed in fifteen minutes flat—and I do mean washed. Which should be a telling point in my defense of myself as a hearty, healthy, twenty-two-year-old gal, and not a lacquered siren. For sirens, it seems to me, always look uncommonly unwashed.

"I like wood fires and babies and milk toast and garden flowers and penny candy and cold showers and spare ribs and sentimental poetry. I even write poetry, very sentimental, not Swinburne at all. It is usually about the kind of things I don't understand.

"Oleg says that is also very young of me. There are a great many things I don't understand. But to see me on the screen, you would suppose I had forgotten more things, all pallid and poisonous, than most women will ever know.

"I met a very charming woman in Washington, D.C., not long ago. She said, 'I'm so glad to meet you, and to see that you are not a half-breed.'

"Every time someone meets me for the first time, their eyes bug, their jaws drop. 'But this is too funny,' they say. 'You are not an exotic, you're a kid. Don't they know that, out in Hollywood?'

"Such nice people don't get it. What is more, I don't get it. Why me as a strip-tease artist, a sloe-eyed young degenerate (see 'Shanghai Gesture') a snare and a delusion on a silken couch on the burning sands of the desert (see 'Sundown') a girl with her heart in the right place but camouflaged by a sarong (see 'Son of Fury')—why me?"

Gene led the way back to the wood-panelled living room. She sat, tailor fashion (a most unsirenesque pose) on the capacious, chintz covered couch. She whipped her hair back of her ears, an insouciant, very careless, very young gesture. She said:

"The burden of my grief, the theme of my sad, sad story is this: having played parts such as I did in 'Shanghai Gesture,' 'Sundown,' and most of the others, I am afraid I will never be thought of for parts like—like—well, for such a part as Jennifer Jones is playing in 'The Song of Bernadette.' That picture is being made right on my own lot, and they wouldn't even test me for it. They didn't refuse to test me for it—worse, they never even thought of testing me. And it is—this is what worries me—the kind of part that, unless you play it when you are very young . . . you never can. And I could play such parts, believe me, I could play them. I want to play them. It isn't that the parts I've had were not swell parts; some of them, most especially that in 'Tobacco Road,' strong, dramatic parts; many of them exciting; most of them decorative. But it is a funny thing, a very funny thing that on the stage in New York I should have played school-girl types, dressed in low heels and sweaters, yet when I came to Hollywood, played sirens, Shanghai Gestures, dames . . .

"I keep wondering, why me? Until I came to Hollywood, no one —no one thought of me as—as sequins and sin.

"It was such a short while ago, only a little more than two years, actually, that just out of school, I was traveling in California with my family. We visited the studios, like any other tourists. A cousin of mine, Gordon Hollingshead of Warner Brothers Studios, took us around that lot. A couple of directors asked him who I was. You know how relatives are. 'Just a little cousin,' he told them, his manner slightly apologetic. One of them suggested I make a test. My brother Butch overhearing this said, 'Awww!' That's what the folks thought of me.

"Why, gosh," she said, as unexotically as ever was, "I was still at the stage then where I collected pictures of Loretta Young, my favorite that year. And I wrote a note to Katharine Hepburn, I remember. *'I know it doesn't mean anything to you,'* I said (how truly) *'but I think you are a great actress.'*

"When, somewhat against his better judgment, as he made quite clear, my cousin Gordon introduced me to the casting director at Warners', that harassed gentleman gave me the lackluster eye, said patiently, 'Yes, she's a little cutie.' Whereupon my mother gave me the signal and flounced me out of there, remarking testily, 'A gentleman doesn't call a young lady a little cutie.'

"When they called me back, two days later, asked me to make a test and suggested that I try to look a little older by wearing a black dress, Mother and I had to buy one. I'd never worn black before. The test made, we went on to San Francisco, thinking nothing more than that it was a great lark to have made a movie test; something to tell the kids back in Fairfield.

"And when after they had made the test, the studio called me in San Francisco, asked me to come back, sign a contract, join their stock company, my father told me I must go home first and make my debut, as planned.

"Which, without it occurring to me to rebel, I did. Such a gal as I played in 'Shanghai Gesture,' I further submit, so bad, so full of vice, or even the shot-bang character I played as 'Belle Starr' would not meekly, and as a matter of course, obey Papa.

"As added testimony to my naivete, having met Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, briefly, the day we first visited Warner Brothers Studios, and having heard that they were to be in the East, I invited them to my debut which took place at the Fairfield County Country Club.

"They didn't come, of course. But they wrote me charming notes of regret and as their names appeared on the guest list printed in the Fairfield paper, there were certainly no refusals! I copied the dress I wore at my coming-out party, by the way, from one, the flouncy one, Bette Davis wore in 'Jezebel.'

"My very first part on the stage was that of a wide-eyed immigrant girl in the George Abbott production, 'Mrs. O'Brien Entertains.' The play was a quick fade. But no one, certainly, seemed to think I was miscast. All the notices were simply swell for me. So swell that I committed some of them to memory. Richard Watts, for example, wrote, *'Nothing worthwhile in "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains" except a young girl named Gene Tierney.'*

"Later, the critics who flattened my ears back when I did 'Shanghai Gesture' and 'Sundown,' came out when I made 'Rings On Her Toes' and said, *'Believe it or not, Gene Tierney is very good.'* This seems to tie in with, and strengthen, my case. For while that part of the gum-chewing girl who works in a department store was not exactly the wistful, ethereal part I'd like to play, at least I was young, and wore regular clothes.

"It was while I was playing in 'Mrs. O'Brien' that the studios began to offer me contracts. Columbia made the highest bid, three hundred and fifty a week, so I took it. Mother and I came to Hollywood, and I tested for a part in 'Primrose Path' which starred Ginger Rogers. They signed me, and then I sat for six months. Know why? Because, they said, I looked too young for the part. Other parts came up. Same objection. One, I recall, was for a picture in which I was to play the love interest with Ralph Bellamy. 'He looks more like your father,' I was told, 'than your beau.'

"Why, even when I was making 'Sundown,' they kept complaining, 'Can't you look a little more mature?' They even took pains to make my voice more seductive. I 'took pains,' too, I might add. For the means to this exotic end was in the form of a trainer brought to the studio and paid his salary for punching me in the midriff, making me go 'eeee-ahhh-eeee' until my voice gave the desired effect of smoking up from my tummy.

"When my mother saw the picture in New York, people laughed when I made these queer noises. They were not supposed to laugh, and Mother was highly indignant. They were making fun, she feared, of her daughter's dramatic ability. They were, indeed. I must say I couldn't believe it was me when I went to see the picture. Especially did I seem a stranger to myself when I lay on the satin couch on the desert. That dame!

"Having sat out my contract with Columbia, George Abbott asked me to come back to New York, and put me in the play, 'Ring Two.' Betty Field was in the play, too. Again I was cast as a girl of approximately my own age and type. Again the notices were better than good. After that, I was in the hit play, 'The Male Animal,' but left the cast after four months to sign with Twentieth Century-Fox.

"Before the contract was signed, I made a test in New York. Originally intended to be just a photographic test, the director asked me if I could 'break into a scene,' if I knew anything by heart. 'Of course I do,' I said—and did that lovely innocent girl in 'Our Town.' The point being, I had my choice of anything I wanted to do, and that was what I gravitated to, naturally; that was the kind of thing I wanted to do, felt equipped to do. It is the kind of thing I still want to do. As proof, it seems to me, that I did not miscast myself, the test director was more than enthusiastic. In fact, he told my father, 'This is the first girl's test I've ever really wept over.'

"I started out with the idea that I was going places on the screen. Nice places, in a nice way. I started out with good notices when I played young girls on the stage. I don't want my name to be synonymous with sex bedizened with sequins and spangles. I want to be a good girl on the screen. I want to be wistful, ethereal, idealistic. I want to be my age. I want to be young. There is plenty of time for me to be exotic when I am thirty.

"Where on the road have I left the thing I was going to be?"

MOVIE STARS ARE FANS . . . TOO

Eleanor Powell has always admired the great musician and conductor, Arturo Toscanini. When a couple of years ago she heard that Toscanini was visiting the MGM lot, she was beside herself with excitement. Then her heart sank. Undoubtedly he would ask only to meet the great singing stars.

On the fatal day, while she was practicing a ballet number on an empty sound stage, she looked up and saw Toscanini watching her. Her heart almost missed a beat. She was afraid he'd go away, and she'd never get a chance to speak to him. But he didn't go away.

Instead, when she finished her number Toscanini said, "That was beautiful. Will you make for me now the dance with the noise?"

Quickly Eleanor took off her ballet slippers and put on tap dancing ones. And she did a tap dance, every step of which was a way of expressing her admiration for Toscanini. When she had finished, he kissed her on both cheeks and invited her to have dinner with him.

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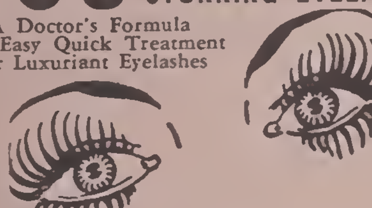

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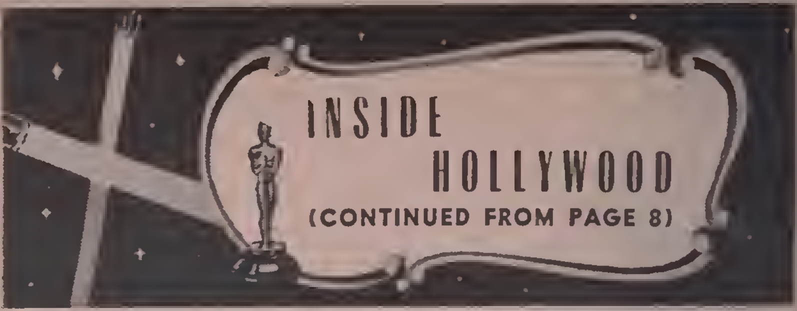

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

UNEXPECTED INHERITANCE

You often read about the fabulous gifts movie stars give, but seldom is it when you hear of fabulous gifts given to movie stars.

Still they do happen.

Academy Award winner Jimmy Cagney has a soft spot in his Irish heart for trotting horses, and he owns about six beauties. Jimmy keeps them on his farm in Martha's Vineyard.

The other day he was notified that he had inherited four more trotting horses. It seems that Jimmy knew, slightly, a very elderly woman who kept trotting horses and raced them at the same fairs that Jimmy did his. Although they knew each other to nod to, that was the extent of the friendship. However, in her will the old lady said she was leaving her valuable horses to James Cagney, because he would love them like his own and appreciate their fine blood.

ANNA LEE—TIME OUT FOR VICTORY

Screen star Anna Lee walked into the Hollywood Victory Committee offices and announced that she wanted to interrupt her picture career to devote six months to entertaining soldiers, sailors, and marines through USO camp shows.

That much of the story was published, but the entire story is so fine it deserves to be told completely.

Miss Lee had, a half hour before, flatly turned down a contract for three pictures in order to give her time to the entertainment of our boys. The part offered her in "Iron Major," which stars Pat O'Brien, would have been the fattest role of her career.

"Joe E. Brown's statements that the soldiers need entertainment sold me on my six-month offer," Miss Lee told the Victory Committee. "Some two thousand players in Hollywood are signing pledges to donate six weeks of their time to this necessary cause. I want to go them one better. My time is your time for the next six months."

The Victory Committee forthwith put her on a train for Austin, Texas, where she sold bonds by the hundred thousands. On her return, she found a USO camp show route awaiting her, one which may eventually carry her around the world.

"I'd like to go to Guadalcanal, to North Africa, or wherever they want to send me," were Anna Lee's parting words.

WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT

TOWN TOPICS: Olivia de Havilland has found a new love, and don't let anyone tell you that it isn't so. Captain John Huston is consoling himself with Simone Simon (that old consoler) but Olivia has bound herself to some gentleman in khaki, even if he doesn't have officer's bars . . . Andy Devine is studying celestial navigation, even if they would have a hard time finding a ship to fit him in. Andy has worked long and hard to get himself into a position to take care of his family while he is gone and is working hard to get himself a post of some kind. Can't you just hear that gravel voice sending messages? . . . Best Opportunity of the Month: That of Vaughn Monroe getting the leading part opposite Lucille Ball in "Meet the People." The handsome band leader is taking coaching lessons like mad and he can count on all the help from blonde Lucy who had a hard time starting in movieland herself . . . Shirley Temple, age fifteen, has picked herself a lovelight in her eyes. He is a Nob Hill socialite from San Francisco. However, Shirley's parents will take her East to do a show, with rehearsals starting in early September, so the baron of Nob Hill may have to forget the curly top unless "still waters run deep."

VICTORY COMMITTEE MEETING

As seen by Movieland's staff photographer, Nat Dallinger. The meeting was really a clearing house affair to decide camp programs and who was going where.

Why producers have a fine life. Here Harry Cohn, the dynamic head of Columbia pictures, finds himself entirely surrounded by Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair, and Anita Louise.

☆ ☆ ☆

Swell guy Jimmy Cagney welcomes swell actor Clarence Muse to the Victory Committee meeting. Andy Devine looks on.

☆ ☆ ☆

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT

MANY LOSE 3 TO 5 POUNDS PER WEEK Yet EAT Plenty!

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches; now measure 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. My doctor says it was O. K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

Money Back Guarantee

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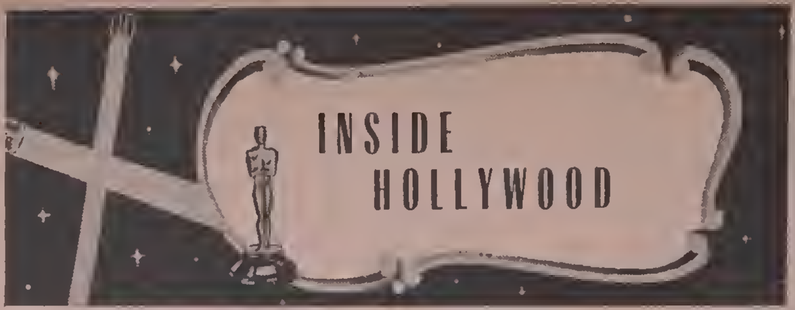

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

COBINA BEAMS AND TRACY TWIRLS—EVERYBODY HAPPY

Cobina Wright, Jr., is the happiest girl in town. She is going to have a baby in October and just goes around movieland with a beaming smile and cheery look, knowing that even if they send her Palmer Beaudette overseas, she still will have "something to remind her" soon.

Arthur Murray Report: Spencer Tracy is a fine dancer, but after years of neglecting the ballroom, Spencer has to do a scene in "A Guy Named Joe" with Irene Dunne. Hence Spence right now twirls a mean tootsie under the expert Murray supervision. Also Wallace Beery has become a threat to the Latin bands. He learned to tango in five lessons and twirls and twirls. Bad men are the strangest people!

NO COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Pretty Mary Beth Hughes and Ted North just have been married, culminating a courtship of over two years. The two met when they were both virtual unknowns on the Twentieth Century-Fox movie lot. Mary Beth went to stardom, and Ted just kept getting small roles in small pictures; however the romance kept on. Then Ted was introduced into the Army and after a few months was given an honorable discharge. Now they are married, and Ted is at last promised leading roles at his studio. Mary Beth has signed up with Pine-Thomas, so all is very fine.

COULD IT HAPPEN TO YOU?

Hollywood's Good Deed For The Day Department: On the RKO lot for the past year, a youngster named Russell Wade has been under contract. He gets a small salary, and because of this, whenever he was up for a part, studio biggies would say, "Oh, let's get someone a little higher priced" and out would go Russell's chances.

One day, through a series of freak accidents, Russell was given a rather good part in "Bombardier." Director Bob Wallace liked his work and wanted to slate him for the part of John Garfield's brother in "The Fallen Sparrow." Garfield wanted him, too, but the biggies still said he wasn't good enough and refused to allow Wallace to test him.

So Wallace, nice guy that he is, gave Russell the part of a flower peddler in the picture, shot the sequence the first day and then ran the rushes for the producers. They liked the boy and wanted to sign him at the studio—figuring he was just an extra.

Result of Wallace's time and trouble—Russ has the second biggest part in "The Fallen Sparrow," plays a good part in the latest "Gildersleeve" and has a fine role in "The Leopard Man."

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT SHOOTS TROUBLE

Speaking of "The Fallen Sparrow," troubles are looming again because of the position of our Foreign Department in the matter of Spain.

The script calls for John Garfield to play the part of a Spanish Loyalist whom the Gestapo chase to New York, attempting to murder the boy for political reasons. Because it ties up Spain with Germany, the Foreign Department is screaming that some way has to be found to separate the two things. Auctioning of the script in Chicago to raise funds for the benefit of the United States armed forces was canceled as being "an unfriendly gesture."

Sam Wood's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was released after the words Fascist and Loyalists were omitted and the words Nationalists and Republicans substituted. But "The Fallen Sparrow" problem isn't so simple.

VICTORY COMMITTEE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61)

Jean Hersholt, who works unselfishly and tirelessly for all charities, at the Victory Committee meeting with Mrs. Hersholt.

Edward G. Robinson and Peter Lorre go into a huddle.

Alan Curtis's newest girl (this week) is Nan Wynn. Nan is starting a movie career of her own now. Till recently she's just been Rita Hayworth's "voice."

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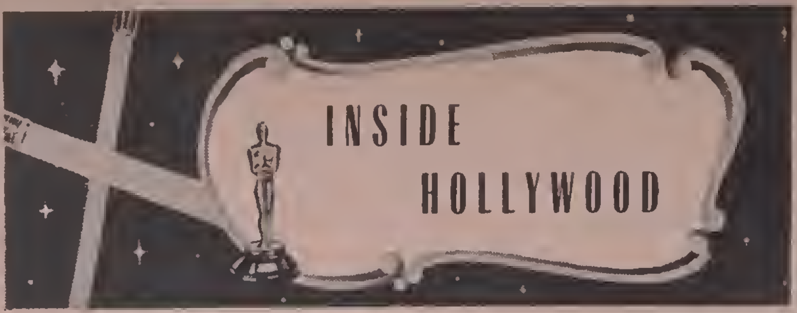


INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

HOW CAN A MAN WIN?

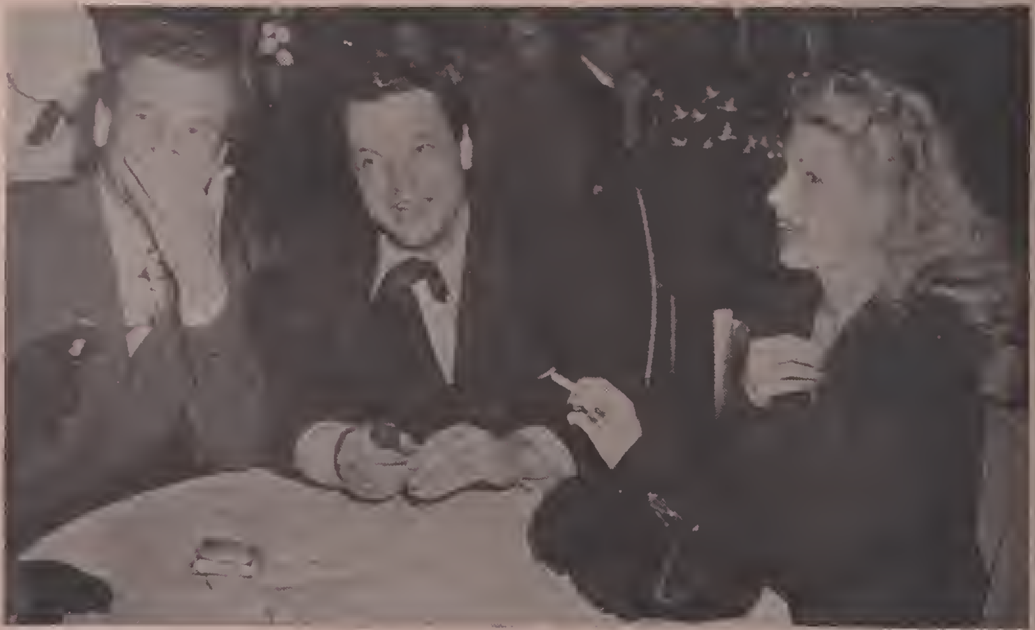
Actors are always praying for a "break," hoping for a "long term contract." But there are times when both those things coming along together can be bad luck, too.

There are three examples of it around Hollywood right now, Joseph Cotten, Alan Marshall, and Jack Beutel. The former two are under long-term contracts to David O. Selznick, the latter under a seven-yearer to Howard Hughes. All three are in great demand. Likewise all three are not being loaned by their respective producers.

Cotten has two terrific performances out right now in two very different pictures, "Shadow of a Doubt" and "Journey into Fear." With the leading man shortage what it is, every studio is clamoring for his services, and money is no object. However, Selznick refuses to lend him. Since David is not in production right now, Cotten can do nothing but collect his nominal Selznick salary and just sit, while acting plums go to performers much less able and much older than he.

Marshall, who looks as handsome and romantic as a young Ronald Colman, has done nothing since the unlamented "Lydia" nearly two years ago. There is some talk of his being sent to England to co-star with Vivian Leigh in a picture to be made over there, but that is still in the talking stage.

As for young Jack Beutel, he still has four years to go on his Howard Hughes contract. But since he has just recently gone into the Navy, it is possible that he may never be seen at all.

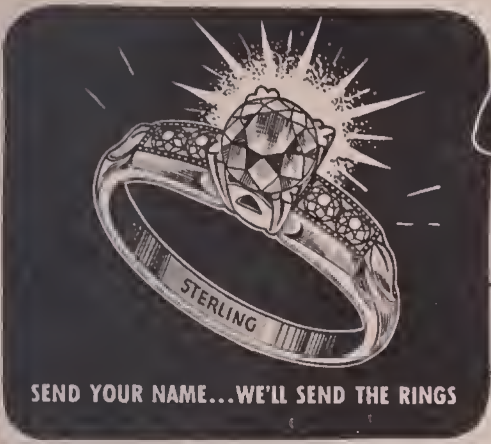


This is what you've read about on page 12—Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles out together. Only when we snapped them, they weren't alone. That's Joseph Cotten to the left, and to the left of him was Mrs. Cotten, who missed our lens.

Answer To Puzzle on Page 10

R	A	S	P	■	R	H	E	T	T	■	R	U	S	H
A	N	T	I	■	O	A	K	I	E	■	O	N	T	O
S	N	E	E	■	B	R	E	N	T	■	S	I	A	M
H	E	N	R	E	I	D	■	T	H	E	A	T	R	E
■	■	■	R	A	N	■	■	S	E	L	L	■	■	■
A	M	B	E	R	S	O	N	■	R	A	I	N	E	R
G	A	L	■	D	O	N	A	T	■	S	N	A	R	E
A	J	A	R	■	N	E	■	A	S	■	D	O	R	N
P	O	K	E	D	■	R	E	M	U	S	■	M	O	T
E	R	E	N	O	W	■	D	E	S	P	A	I	R	S
■	■	■	D	R	A	B	■	■	P	A	M	■	■	■
R	O	S	E	A	T	E	■	B	E	R	A	T	E	S
E	V	E	R	■	E	L	L	E	N	■	Z	A	N	Y
D	A	M	E	■	R	I	O	T	S	■	E	B	O	N
S	L	I	D	■	S	E	N	S	E	■	D	U	S	E

FINAL CLOSE-OUT OF THIS AMAZING OFFER TO READERS OF MOVIELAND


STERLING
SEND YOUR NAME...WE'LL SEND THE RINGS

YOU MAY NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!
So Don't Miss a Word of It!

SEND NO MONEY!

MAIL COUPON TODAY . . . TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK!

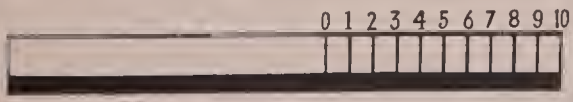
The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly ¾-carat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. Now in genuine sterling silver mounting that will last truly a lifetime. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost $100.00, $200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds *ARE* one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only $1.95. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only $2.95 . . . the perfect pair for only $2.95. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit $1.95 for the solitaire alone or $2.95 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. A-301, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



Send a Letter or Order from Convenient Coupon

GOING . . . GOING . . . SOON GONE!

Priorities have completely cut off our supply of Replica Diamonds for these gorgeous rings. Now is your last chance to get yours before stocks are entirely gone. Now . . . today . . . mail the coupon.

Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Marching armies of Europe have brought the world's diamond centers to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act at once, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, one of America's greatest imitations, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

Just think! A replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a genuine expensive sterling silver ring . . . the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider it on approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in a genuine sterling silver mounting, is offered at $1.95. The wedding ring to match is only $1.00 extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only $2.95. Mail the coupon today.

MAIL THIS CLOSE-OUT COUPON NOW

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. A-301, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage, on arrival, on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question. We pay postage if remittance comes with order.

☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—$1.95 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both for $2.95 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size......................

Name ....
(Print plainly)

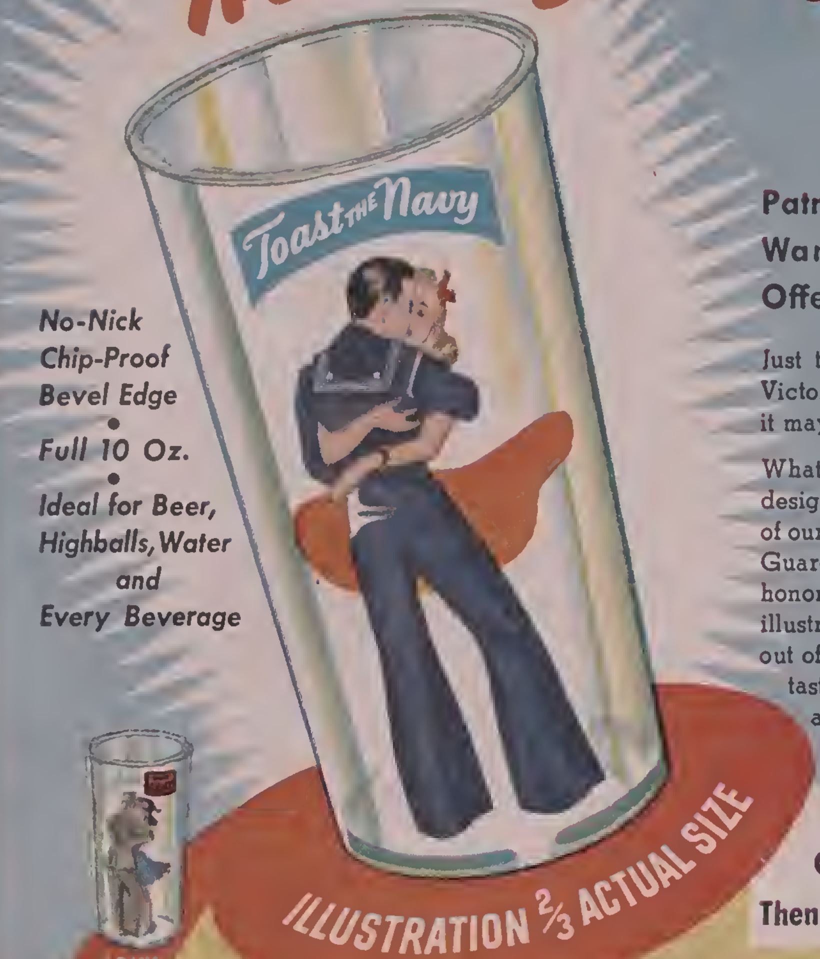
Address ....

City.. State....................

Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT "DRINKING COMPANIONS"

for Readers of MOVIELAND



No-Nick Chip-Proof Bevel Edge
•
Full 10 Oz.
•
Ideal for Beer, Highballs, Water and Every Beverage

Patriotic . . . Unique . . . SO Different! You'll Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

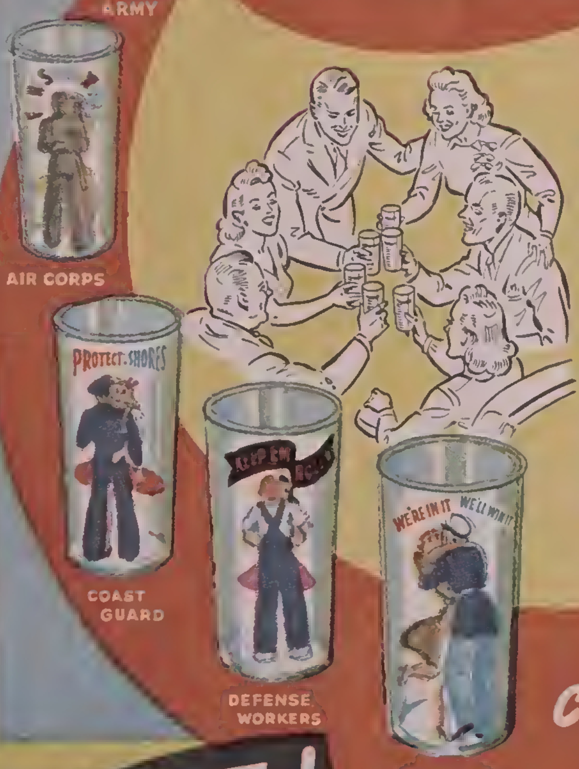
What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch of our armed forces . . . Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Worker, ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are *two* illustrations on *each* glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old, but not for "prudes"! So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!

IF YOU THINK YOU MUST PAY $3, $4, OR $5 FOR SUCH UNUSUAL GLASSES
Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE COUPON

INSPECT... USE... SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS NO-RISK OFFER

Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.



MAIL COUPON NOW...
See for Yourself

FREE!

MATCHED COASTER SET

For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not only do you receive your set of 6 different full-color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters, free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

MASON and CO., Dept. B-16,
154 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

NO-RISK 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days for complete refund without question.

☐ MONEY ENCLOSED (If money with order, glasses come postpaid.)

Name. . . . .
(Print Plainly)

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . .State. . . . .

☐ **SPECIAL:** Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters for $3.49. (Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be ordered by one customer.)

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SEPTEMBER

Movieland

16 EXTRA PAGES

Still 10¢

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16 1943

BETTE DAVIS

EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE BETTY GRABLE-HARRY JAMES MARRIAGE

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER
PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE "SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER TO OUR READERS

110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
0

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of Imitations.

ALL WEATHER FORECASTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. **Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster?** It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. **You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. . . .** Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. **Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made.** But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

FREE for Prompt Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. I F., Booth Bay, Maine.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D L B., Shenandoah, Iowa

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman $1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1 69 C.O D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. HW2,
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

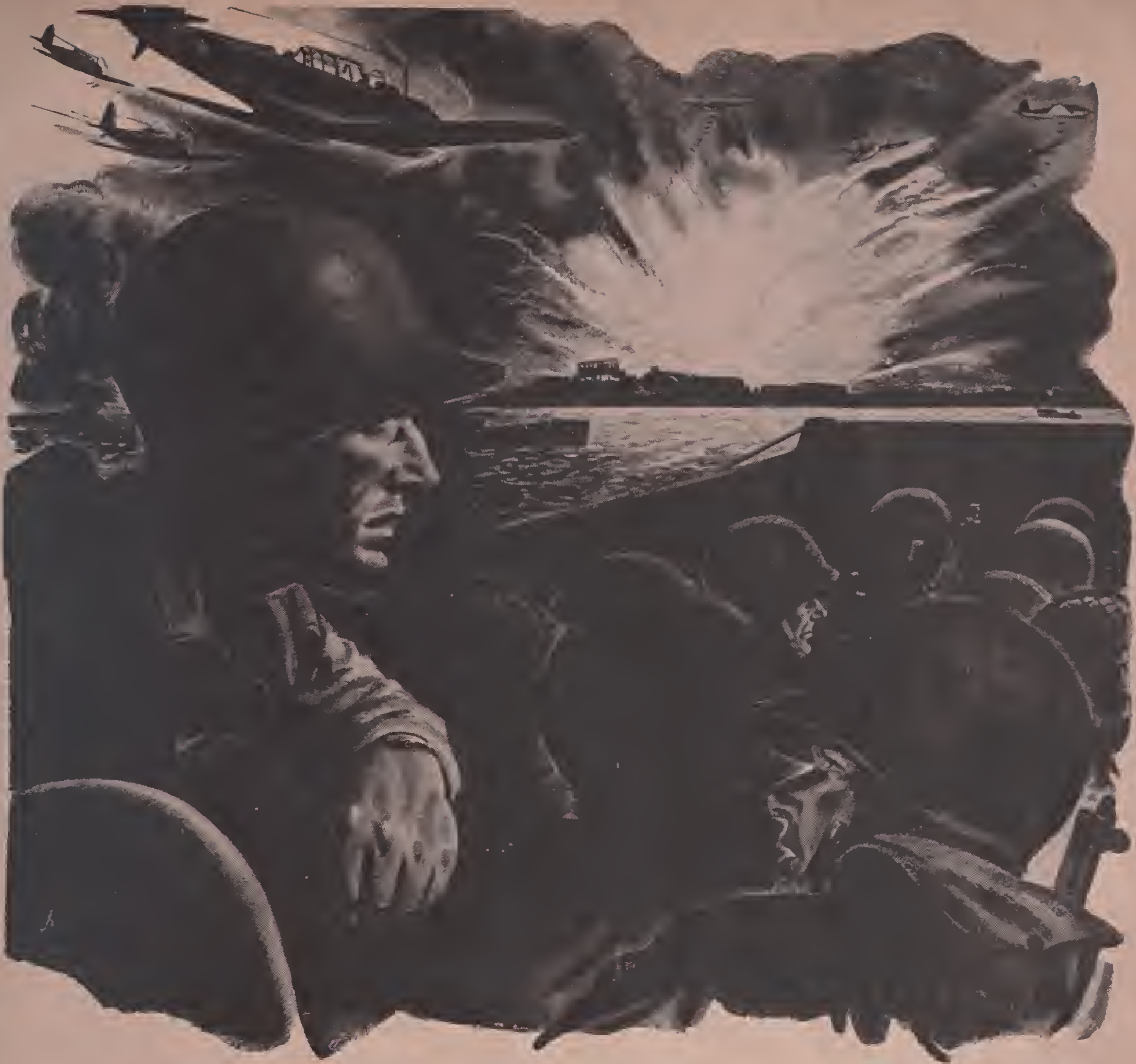
10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf On arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
☐ Send C. O. D. ☐ I Enclose $1.69. Postage Paid. 2 for $2.98.

Name ....
(Please print plainly)

Address ....

City.................................... State..........



In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN TEN MORE MINUTES they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What *more* can I do today for freedom? What *more* can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"

* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

* * * *

To the great broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain Latakia.

* * * *

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

* * * *

Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.

Lucille Ball, a red-headed steam roller, plays the star who crashes the school prom and sets the campus on its ear.

* * * *

William Gaxton does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

* * * *

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our leonine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

* * * *

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

* * * *

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

* * * *

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan.

* * * *

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

* * * *

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finklehoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

* * * *

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that light up the horizon.

* * * *

You'll like "You're Lucky," "Alive And Kicking," "Buckle Down Winsocki," "The Three B's," "Wish I May," "I Know You By Heart," "Three Men On A Date," "What Do You Think I Am," and "Everytime."

* * * *

Technicolor.

* * * *

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.

* * * *

TONIC
BEST
FOOT
FORWARD

If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young it makes you a baby.

* * * *

We're teething.

—Leo

MOVIELAND

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

VOL. 1, NO. 8 SEPTEMBER, 1943

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BEST FOOT FORWARD

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S MUSICAL HONEY!

starring

LUCILLE BALL

with

WILLIAM GAXTON
VIRGINIA WEIDLER
TOMMY DIX · NANCY WALKER · JUNE ALLYSON
KENNY BOWERS · GLORIA DeHAVEN · JACK JORDAN

HARRY JAMES
and his Music Makers

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe
Book by John Cecil Holm
Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane
And Produced on the Stage by George Abbott

Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

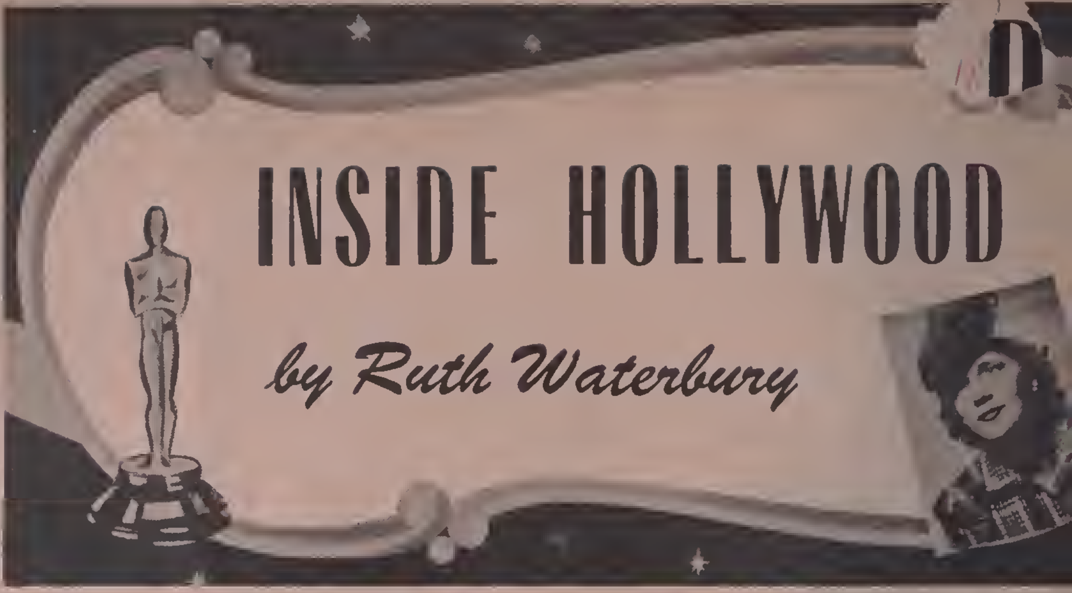
IN TECHNICOLOR

It's the picture that was picked for a WORLD PREMIERE at Broadway's famed ASTOR Theatre, scene of the screen's greatest hits!

Recording an important moment in Hollywood history: Miss Shirley Temple, now fifteen, affixes her signature to a contract with David O. Selznick, that fine producer and demon star maker who has done all right with the careers of Joan Fontaine, Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones, and Joseph Cotten. Shirley's first "grown up" picture is "Since You Went Away."

Movieland's staff photographer, Nat Dallinger, stops a recently married couple on the floor at Ciro's. He's the only photographer who was present with his camera at the Sterling-Sothern wedding. See pictures on page 24 of this issue.

Surprise twosome of the month: Ann Sheridon and George Raft cutting up on the Mocambo floor. That's something!



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

THE SADDEST MAN ABOUT TOWN

These evenings it's Helmut Dantine, now that his marriage to Gwen Anderson has broken up.

When newly-married Gwen Anderson went into the Broadway play, "Janie," neither she nor Helmut expected the show to have much of a run. Neither did Helmut expect to be kept working so busily by Warners' that frequent trips to New York would be impossible.

Even as it was, Helmut did rush to New York at every opportunity. Sometimes he had only time for a few hours with his wife as a reward for the six-thousand-mile journey, made under the discomforts of wartime.

Twice "Janie" threatened to close, and on those occasions Dantine was very happy. But it didn't close. Miss Anderson became steadily more important theatrically, just as Helmut rose in the movie world.

When the divorce rumors first began circulating, Helmut hotly denied them. His few but close friends believe that he himself did not want to believe them.

Like the Raft-Grable situation, here again it's the man who's carrying the torch.

Still Helmut is very handsome, and there are some thousand-odd beautiful young things about Hollywood very eager to console him.

VERY SAD NEWS

Teresa Wright, having given up her role in "North Star" for motherhood, now isn't going to have her baby after all.

She's being very wonderful and brave about it all, and the whole heart of Hollywood has gone out to her.

IT'S THE SAME EVERYWHERE

Just as in every town in America, the war cuts more deeply into Hollywood life with every passing day.

Each month finds more established male players gone into the service . . . currently George Montgomery, Glenn Ford, and Cesar Romero have left . . . and a few returning.

Hollywood's first war hero, Craig Reynolds, who never got quite started on the screen despite his handsomeness, comes back from Guadalcanal . . . Craig is invalided back under his true name of Hugh Enfield, Captain Hugh Enfield of the Marines, and marries Barbara Pepper, who looks very naughty on screen, and who is actually very nice . . .

Frank Albertson gets an honorable discharge from the Army, signs a new contract with Paramount, and marries Grace Gillern with whom he's been in love for some time . . . Huntz Hall, of the Dead End Kids, is dropped by Uncle Sam because of bad eyesight, while in the Army young Bill Orr gets his lieutenant's bars.

In our town, just as in your town, the baby boom is on . . . Gene Tierney settles down in a small Kansas

HAPPY SONGS! HAPPY SONJA! HAPPY HILARITY!..
IN THE HAPPY PLAYLAND OF THE NORTH!

Hotter than a snowball in Hades... with romance, rhythm and revelry. It all happens on ice... and it's happiness all the way!

SONJA HENIE

Wintertime

with
Jack **OAKIE**
Cesar **ROMERO**
Carole **LANDIS**

and
S.Z. Sakall • Cornel Wilde
WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by John Brahm • Produced by William Le Baron • Screen Play by Arthur Kober, Lynn Starling and Lillie Hayward • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown • Dances Staged by James Gonzales and Carlos Romero • Musical Sequences Supervised by Fanchon

Watch for these other big ones from

20th CENTURY-FOX

The Biggest figure in entertainment!

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" ★ "SONG OF BERNADETTE" ★ "JANE EYRE"

Surprise shot of the month: Those ex-es, Judy Garland and David Rose, appear on the dance floor together. But they don't look happy—and they were not happy. Each was out with someone else, Judy with Van Johnson, Dave with a blonde.

On the set of "Wintertime" Cornel Wilde gives Ruth Waterbury some autographs for visiting soldier boys. Wearing a deep yellow makeup to make him appear tanned, Cornel said, "Don't let those guys see me. They'll think I'm a Japanese spy."

Gail Patrick and Freeman Gosden (of Amos and Andy fame) say they are not married. Many of their closest friends insist that they are, nevertheless.

town, so that she can be near Oleg Cassini, her husband, when her baby is born, and insists that she is going to live on Oleg's corporal's pay the while . . .

On occasional evenings you may find quite a few stars out in the night clubs (as witness page 72 in this issue) but, by and large, our nicest people . . . like the nicest people in your town . . . are staying home quietly, tending their Victory Gardens, raising their children . . .

However, some characters do not change . . . nothing apparently can change them . . . they remain amusingly, even annoyingly, themselves . . . as for example, Miss Veronica Lake . . . or for another example, Bruce Cabot . . . or for a third, Howard Hughes, the millionaire movie maker . . .

VERONICA LAKE AND HER SECOND BABY

This is hardly violent enough news to blow your hat off, but the manner of Miss Lake's breaking it to her studio is a story all in itself and magnificently characteristic of her.

Miss Lake was midway in production on "Sullavan's Travels" when she told Paramount about the expected arrival of her first baby.

This was more than a shock to the Paramount officials. They didn't even like the idea of their pocket Venus being married, much less a mother. Besides, it costs a mint of money to shoot a movie around a girl and conceal her figure throughout every foot of film. However, there was nothing else they could do, in this case, but they decided to guard against the future. When they renewed Miss Lake's contract, they wrote in a clause regarding her having to go off salary for several months prior to the event if she should again essay motherhood.

Thus a few months ago she was cast in "The Hour Before The Dawn." Ronnie looked a bit plump, whereupon a few of her closer studio friends asked her a couple of blunt questions.

"For heaven's sake, no," said Veronica.

The picture went into production, and Veronica got plumper. The newspapers began asking questions, the cast began asking questions. To one and all Veronica gave the same reply.

"I am not going to have a baby," said Veronica.

It wasn't until she was so deeply into the role that she couldn't be dropped without a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, that she told the truth.

The baby is due to arrive about the time you read this.

WHEN IT COMES TO BRUCE CABOT . . .

When he's from the Army, he's up to his old romantic routine. Still Errol Flynn's closest friend, he spent his entire recent furlough in the company of Annie Sheridan, always holding Ann's hand hotly in his, always dancing looking deeply into her eyes.

Annie was right in there pitching, too, but from the looks of other events it didn't mean a thing in her newly gay life. For the week before Bruce was in town, she was everywhere with Cully Richards, and the week after Bruce left, she was quite a few places with, of all people, George Raft. That is, except for the evening that she was out with no less a personage than George Brent, her ex, who is still visibly carrying a torch tall enough to knock him over.

AS FOR HOWARD HUGHES . . .

He has got around to Ava Gardner. Or vice versa.

That actually makes me sad to see. There is no more beautiful young creature in the movie colony than Ava. She and the Mick made such a cute couple. They were young and enthusiastic together.

Now Mr. Hughes is a distinguished human being. He's rich, he's charming, he can fly like Jimmy Doolittle. (I suppose it is his nearly total deafness that bars him from service.) But he consistently for the past fifteen years or so has dated

(*Continued on page 78*)

He tried to divide his heart...

...and Broke Theirs!

WARNER BROS.

NOW PRESENT THE MOST UNUSUAL LOVE STORY IN YEARS AND YEARS

CHARLES BOYER ★ JOAN FONTAINE

Another Academy Award Role for Joan!

AND ALEXIS SMITH

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

THE MOST EXCITING "OTHER WOMAN" YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

with CHARLES COBURN
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

PETER LORRE · BRENDA MARSHALL
DAME MAY WHITTY · Screen Play by Kathryn Scola from the Novel and Play by Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean · Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT
PICTURE THAT
YOU SIMPLY
HAVE TO SEE!

"tra-la-la"– soon you'll be seeing Irving Berlin's "THIS IS THE ARMY" (with colors flying in Technicolor) watch! wait! wheeeee...

It's a
BIG PICTURE

One of the Great Musical Westerns of All Time... Coming Back to Thrill You!

Cheer Gene Autry—now a sergeant in Uncle Sam's Air Corps—as one of the best pictures he ever made returns to the nation's screens in response to the demands of millions! Autry songs! Autry romance! Autry thrills!

Gene Autry in
MEXICALI ROSE
A RE-RELEASE WITH
SMILEY BURNETTE
and NOAH BEERY
LUANA WALTERS
WILLIAM FARNUM

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

SONGS
El Rancho Grande
Mexicali Rose
You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven
and more

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

Quick picture guide

MR. LUCKY (RKO Radio)

Somewhere in the middle of this, a good idea got lost. The basic plot concerns a professional gambler who rather than be drafted adopts a dead man's name and card. Penniless, he decides to fleece a bunch of silly society women out of the money they are assembling for a war charity. He calls in his henchman, stages his crooked games, birdcages and the like, only to have his better nature get in his own way, when he falls for the prettiest society girl of the outfit.

Cary Grant labors hard to make this both exciting and romantic. Laraine Day is very chill but pretty as the girl. It is good entertainment most of the way, but not up to the standard that you associate with the Grant name.

HITLER'S MADMAN

This is the story of Lidice, the Czechoslovakian town murdered by the henchmen of Heydrich, Nazi "Protector" of the country.

It is too bad that such a subject, which could have been made into an immortal motion picture, was made into such a poor one. The acting is bad, the direction worse, and the dialogue so unnatural that it would not convince a child.

Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison provide the love interest, John Carradine does what he can with the role of Heydrich, and such worthy actors as Edgar Kennedy and Ralph Morgan are completely unconvincing.

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON

A train wreck, somewhere in England, proves the means of escape for an American seaman trying to give the slip to the police. On the same train there's a beautiful girl whom the seaman takes along as a hostage.

That's the basic situation of this exciting adventure melodrama, which gets into romantic and hazardous complications before its very satisfactory conclusion.

Alan Curtis, giving far and away his best screen performance to date, and Michele Morgan play the couple, and the remainder of the cast—such worthies as C. Aubrey Smith, Barry Fitzgerald, Dooley Wilson, and Laurence Olivier's young son, Tarquin, ably support them.

This is fun.

THE KANSAN

Harry Sherman, that producer of swift action, outdoor epics, ladles out another honey in "The Kansan." It's as uncomplex and as pure as peppermint stick candy, but if you go for cops and robbers on horseback, you'll enjoy this mightily.

Into a little sagebrush town rides one John Bonniwell, a handsome guy with a quick trigger finger. He keeps the James boys from robbing the local bank, even though he has to go to the hospital after the fray. There, to his surprise, he discovers he's been elected town marshal. When he's up and well again, he realizes there's something very crooked about the town boss, and he sets out to uncover this villainy and give the townspeople peace and order.

Richard Dix plays the worthy John. Albert Dekker is the no-good smoothie. Victor Jory is excellent as a sacrificing brother, and Jane Wyatt is the charming heroine.

SEE OTHER MOVIE REVIEWS ON PAGE 44

FLASH FOLLOW-UPS

(on films previously reviewed in Movieland)

AERIAL GUNNER
What happens when two ex-pals, one a baddie, meet at the same training field.

ABOVE SUSPICION
Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray in comic and scarey adventures as English spies.

CABIN IN THE SKY
All-colored musical. Terrific tunes, dances, Ethel Waters, and Lena Horne.

CONEY ISLAND
Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero in a colorful old-time musical. Typical triangle plot. Swell tunes.

CRASH DIVE
Tyrone Power's farewell picture for the duration. Loaded with submarine, battle action. Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter also present. Great!

DuBARRY WAS A LADY
Daffy but delicious romp starring Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey, about a hat check boy who dreams he's King of France.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO
Exciting make-believe about an English soldier who outwits Rommel. Stars.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM
Roz Russell, Fred MacMurray in romantic air film.

HAPPY GO LUCKY
That, and a bit more, with Mary Martin, Betty Hutton, Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell, an inconsequential plot, saucy songs, and dances. Okey-dokey.

MISSION TO MOSCOW
A provocative preachment on modern Russia seen through the eyes of a former American ambassador. Very worth while.

MY FRIEND, FLICKA
A wild horse teaches a sensitive young boy responsibility. Very fine for all ages.

PRESENTING LILY MARS
Judy Garland, Van Heflin in a young love musical about a stage-struck girl and a bored producer.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN
The super-duper entertainment bargain of all times with 72 stars, 6 bands, 15 musical numbers. Don't miss.

THE HUMAN COMEDY
Best and most original picture of the year. Mickey Rooney stars.

AMERICA'S WOMEN ARE ON THE

WAR PATH!

TO U.S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

EVERY WOMAN IN A VITAL CIVILIAN JOB IS A SOLDIER IN THIS WAR!

Every day, hundreds of men are leaving important civilian jobs to join the Nation's Armed Forces. In their places, women are "carrying on"... doing work that *must be done* to keep America's war program going at top speed.

These women are soldiers, too... doing their bit by doing a job that is helping America win the war.

And like so many of their "buddies" in khaki and blue, these busy soldiers on the vital home-front find delicious Beech-Nut Gum helps rest and refresh them while they work.

Naturally, the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces come first of all. So, if your dealer's supply of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times, we know you will understand the reason why.

The need for women to replace men in necessary civilian jobs of all kinds is an unusual opportunity for patriotic women everywhere to serve their country. Investigate at your nearest U. S. Employment Service office . . . even though you have never worked before!

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TO OPEN USE TAB
BEECH-NUT CHEWING GUM
MADE OF GUM BASE, SUGAR, CORN SYRUP, FLAVOR AND SOFTENING INGREDIENTS

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

One night at the Hollywood Canteen we asked Nat Dallinger, that staff photographer of ours, to train his camera on girls who were dancing with the boys in service. And look at some of the pictures he found!

Marjorie Reynolds beaming happily as she and her guest slowly moved around on the crowded floor.

Little Gracie Macdonald giving a guy from Headquarters her complete attention. Wonder what he was telling her!

And Anne Shirley—she'd just kissed this sailor and was carefully wiping off all the lipstick from his pretty crimson cheek.

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

■	1	2	3	■	4	5	6	7	8	■	9	10	11	12
13				■	14					■	15			
16				■	17					■	18			
19				20				■	21	22				
■	■	■	23				■	24			■	■	■	■
25	26	27				■	28				29	30	31	32
33			■	34		35			■	36				
37			38	■	39		■	40	41	■	42			
43				44	■	45	46			47	■	48		
49					50			■	51		52			
■	■	■	■	53			■	54				■	■	■
55	56	57	58			■	59					60	61	62
63				■	64	65				■	66			
67				■	68					■	69			
70				■	71					■	72			■

ACROSS

1. Edward Arnold's guide in "Eyes in the Night."
4. Monty Wolley.
9. He resides in the White House.
13. Prefix: half.
14. Where "Gentleman Jim" fought.
15. - - - - O'Brien-Moore.
16. "Lucky Jordan."
17. Movie players like good ones.
18. "It - - - - Hay."
19. "The Immortal - - - - - - - -."
21. Ty Power in "The Black Swan."
23. Nelson - - - -.
24. Old movie actor in short.
25. "The - - - - - - of the Light Brigade."
28. "Penny - - - - - - - -."
33. He is in "Panama Hattie."
34. "Gunnar Brogge" in No. 20 down.
36. Locomotive.
37. "So - - - - Our Night."
39. She is in "This Above All' (initials).
40. He came to dinner in No. 70 across (initials).
42. Musician's baton.
43. Close by (poetic).
45. Projecting piece on a cap.
48. Feminine suffix.
49. "Journey for - - - - - - - -."
51. "Peggy Evans" in "Slightly Dangerous."
53. "- - - Gentleman from West Point."
54. Poetry goddess.
55. Rosalind Russell in "Flight for Freedom."
59. Walt Disney's "highbrow symphony."
63. On the ocean.
64. Greer Garson received this.
66. "Pride of the Yankees."
67. "The Thirty-Nine - - - - s."
68. Miss Montez.
69. "- - - -'s Irish Rose."
70. "- - - -s of Manhattan."
71. Bowie-knives: snicker - - - - - -.
72. Greek letters.

DOWN

1. In printing: remove.
2. Persian poet.
3. "Kitty Foyle."
4. John and Susan lead the - - - - - - - - in "Hit Parade of 1943."
5. Covert sarcasm.
6. Raw hide.
7. Compass point (abbr.).
8. Large crater.
9. "Journey into - - - -."
10. In which No. 23 across displays his talent.
11. Fluff.
12. Poker stake.
13. "Forever and a Day" - - - many stars.
20. "- - - - of Darkness."
22. Sum entered.
24. "Pepita" in "Ladies' Day."
25. Cosmetic.
26. Hollywood redheads go for this.
27. Viper.
28. Consequently.
29. "- - -, Voyager."
30. Once more.
31. She was in No. 28 across.
32. Barbara is the - - - - - of "The Gay Sisters."
35. "The - - - - -" read in "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe."
38. Incline from the horizontal.
41. Large circular halls.
44. Grade.
46. "- - Comes Up Love."
47. Become dull by inaction.
50 Butts again.
52. He is in "Desperate Journey."
54. "Oui, Oui, - - - - -" is sung in "For Me and My Gal."
55. "Star Spangled Rhythm" has a large one.
56. Canine movie actor.
57. Movie short.
58. Red - - - -.
59. Grade A pictures are usually very good film - - - -.
60. He is in "Arabian Nights."
61. "Kitty" in "Ladies' Day."
62. Affirmative vote.
65. Pale.

(For Solution See Page 80)

MOVIELAND SUCCESS STORY

When Michele Morgan married handsome Bill Marshall, everyone in Hollywood raised their eyebrows. The vivacious Michele could have had her pick of any of the top glamour boys in town at the time, and yet she picked the relatively unknown actor, without a job at the time. She was in a difficult spot with her career, and everyone said it would hurt her box office appeal to marry.

It is now nearly a year. Michele and Bill have moved out of the small apartment he rented for them; they have a beautiful home in Beverly Hills; she is doing two pictures practically at the same time. He has a contract with Twentieth and will have time to do about two pictures before he is called into the Air Corps.

Here are two people who dared to defy all movieland set rules and marry for love, and it has paid dividends.

Incidentally, all Bill wants to take to the service with him is a certain picture he carries in his wallet, carefully covered with cellophane. It is a picture of him kissing his bride on the steps of the First Methodist Church in Hollywood, right after their wedding.

Dinah Shore steps up from the dance floor to ladle out some of her dreamy tunes at the Hollywood Canteen.

IDA COULDN'T TALK

Ida Lupino was one of the momentarily relaxed war wives in Hollywood recently when she received word that Capt. Louis Hayward of the Marines had arrived safely overseas. Ida had heard no word from him for almost five weeks, and the news of his safe arrival permitted her to deal firmly with the gossip accompanying her mysterious trip to San Diego just that long ago.

The gabbers gabbled that Ida had really planned to go to Mexico to seek a divorce, but changed her mind at the last moment. The story started when Ida had interrogated Ann Sheridan on obtaining a divorce in Mexico.

In denying the whole thing, Ida said, "Yes, I talked to Ann Sheridan at length about Mexico. I'm a diabolically curious person, and Louis and I want to own a ranch in Mexico. But my real reason for being in San Diego was to spend a few last hours with my husband. I was sworn to military secrecy, so I had to let the rumors run rampant until now."

Randy Scott's newest date is very new Ella Raines, who is his leading woman in "Corvettes in Action" at Universal.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

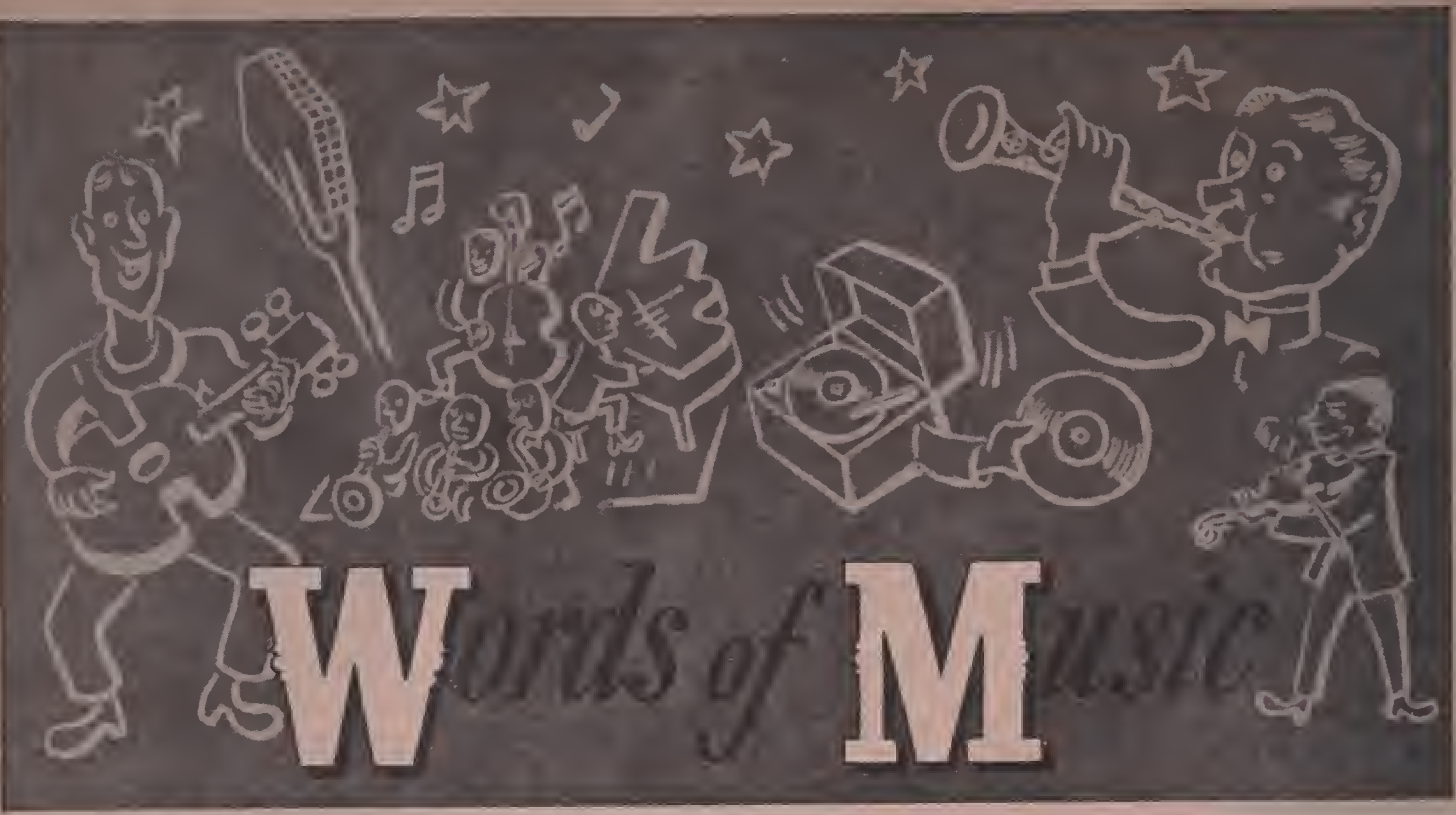
The strangest love letters in movieland are those sent to Mrs. Will Price, whom you know as Maureen O'Hara. They are filled with instructions on how the garden should be planted, the roses trimmed; and the last one from Marine Officer Candidate Price ended, *"You should put a new row of carrots in every other week. It is time to replace the two rows of peas with squash—you can store this during the winter. Love, darling, and let me know how the tuberous begonias are standing the heat. Will."*

FURLOUGH FROM ACTION

Captain Gene Raymond, on furlough from overseas with the Army Air Force Combat Command after almost a year, took a brief flyer into town. Outside of a sharp, serious look in his eye, a few deep but attractive lines in his face, a crisp, military manner of speech; and an almost complete absenteeism of his personable grin, Gene hadn't changed much. The gentleman had seen and been through plenty of action, but had little to say on the subject, except that the boys "over there" can use plenty of letters from home and all the nice shining equipment that comes from bond buying.

RKO studio chiefs made it plain that they were keeping Gene's dressing room lights there burning brightly for him, and all the execs brought out their best cigars at the reception tendered him.

A six-foot tall girl finds an escort to whom she's just a tiny creature—Bunny Walters dances at the Mocambo with six-feet-four Laird Cregar.



Words of Music

by JILL WARREN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On account of Movieland believes there is a whole new world opening up in movies—the world of living music—we are herewith starting a new department.*

It used to be Broadway and Tin Pan Alley that dominated the music business. Today it's Hollywood and the Big Bands on tour, in the movie houses, and on the radio. Tin Pan Alley has moved West, and the best tunes of all don't come from Carnegie Hall, pals, but from the screen. The handsomest band leaders are on the screen today, more and more, together with the smoothest senders.

But to get news of just where the big band leaders are—those same lads who often sell a half-million copies of one record, for instance—to find out what they are doing where is not so easy.

Not so easy, up to now, that is. But here's where this department comes in. Every month, from now on, Movieland will report to you the best news, the flash news, the romantic news about the movie music makers.

The girl doing the reporting on all this is, we warn you, a hep cat terrific. She is also the hottest jitterbug at the Hollywood Canteen. (She got a prize for that.) She's sung with bands. To find out more about her, turn ahead to Page 74 this issue.

But right now, I'll let her talk for herself. R. W.

Hi, gang. Since I'm the chick who's elected to let you know what cooks on the Hollywood musical scene, I'll waste none of yours or my time, but go right into my tooting.

THE TUNEFILMS: The Twentieth Century-Fox lot was really jumping last month. Woody Herman and his crew were making rhythm for Sonja Henie's "Wintertime," and Benny Goodman's band was doing the same thing for "The Girls He Left Behind." Benny, who has always been reticent to do much singing, really gives out with the voice in this one. Of course Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda are in there pitching, too.

Charles Spivak and his orchestra started rehearsals for "Pin-Up Girl," the new Betty Grable film.

Vivian Blaine, the singing lead in "Jitterbugs," the Laurel and Hardy musical, is a newcomer to watch. She does three tunes in the picture, one of which you're sure to be hearing on the Hit Parade, "The Moon Kissed the Mississippi," by Lew Pollack and Charles Newman. In Vivian, the Fox big-wigs believe they have a new singing star.

Out Universal way they are all excited about Johnny Long in "Hit the Ice." Johnny and his band have been clicking nicely in the East for a long while, but his personality is really socko on the screen, and if he isn't careful, they will make him an actor for good.

Vaughn Monroe is another handsome baton-man who will try his luck in the flickers. He has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and his first film will be "Meet the People."

The grapevine preview gossip has

it that Dinah Shore will be a bigger star on the screen than she is on the air after the public has seen her in Warner Brothers' "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

In "Stage Door Canteen," Lanny Ross, the radio favorite, really comes through with a song called "We Mustn't Say Goodbye."

Paramount's "Riding High" has Cass Daley riding high with a super comedy tune, "Willie the Wolf." Cass is the girl who was so funny in "The Fleet's In."

You'll want to get a load of all these tunes.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC: With the record ban still on, there aren't too many new releases, but what we do have is good. First on the list is "Ellingtonia," a Brunswick album in the Collectors' Series. And it's the Duke at his very best. Most of the tunes are reissues of his early recordings, all instrumental, and they include such oldies as "Birmingham Breakdown" and "Black and Tan Fantasy."

David Rose's new album for Victor contains all the hit songs from big musical pictures from 1934 to 1941, and it is one of the finest albums ever pressed by any recording company. Bob Carroll and Pauline Byrne do the vocals. Pauline will be remembered as the "Miss" from the "Six Hits and a Miss."

Capitol Records have a platter that is as sharp as they come. Johnny Mercer swings "Waitin' For the Evenin' Mail" on one side, and Ella Mae Morse and Freddy Slack do "Get On Board Little Chillun" on the other. It's a solid sender.

EARMARKS OF HITS: The Vine Street boys really have their hands full with all the new songs in the air—and good ones, too. One of the prettiest ballads of the season is "May in Mexico" by Allie Wrubel.

"In My Arms" by Ted ("Praise the Lord," etc.) Loesser really got popular in a hurry. It sold ninety-six thousand copies in two weeks.

Meredith Willson, the radio conductor, who had great success with his first two songs, "Two in Love" and "You and I," has a new one which is destined to be greater than either of those. It is "Ke-Toky-I-O"—sort of a "K-K-K-Katy" of this war, and so cute.

Hoagy Carmichael's latest love song, "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts," has a most interesting story behind it. The five-word title was written on a scrap of paper which was found in Stephen Foster's coat pocket when he died in a charity ward of New York's Bellevue Hospital many, many years ago. Carmichael was welcome to use the title because it was in Public Domain, meaning no copyright difficulties, you understand.

Lionel Newman and Charles Henderson wrote a swell rhythm ditty called "As If I Didn't Have Enough On My Mind." One day Lionel played it for Betty Grable, and she liked it so well she had him play it for Harry James. Harry liked it so well that he had an arrangement made for his band, took it to New York with him, and introduced it on the air. And it's got a good chance of becoming a hit.

Be on the listen for "You Could Hear a Pin Drop," a newy from Republic's "Tahiti Honey."

At the Hollywood Canteen the other night, Bobby Worth played and sang his latest, "A Fellow on a Furlough," and if applause means anything, he can look forward to its being another "Do I Worry."

JUNE-MOON TWOSOMES: They do say that Kay Kyser has gone overboard for Georgia Carroll, the beautiful blonde model turned vocalist on Kay's commercial radio show. And it looks like Georgia likes his attention—they are seen everywhere together . . . Lee Wiley and Jess Stacy are readying the shoes and rice routine. They have been romancing off and on for ages. Several years ago Lee was a big favorite on the air, and can still sing with the best of them. Jess, of course, is back with Benny Goodman, dishing out his famous brand of piano . . . David Rose has been gadding about with Margaret Whiting, Freddy Slack's vocalist . . . ditto Gloria de Haven, MGM contractee, and Gene de Paul, talented composer of "Mr. Five by Five" fame . . .

JAM NOTES: There is definitely no truth to the rumor that Pat Dane, Tommy Dorsey's bride of a few weeks, is going to sing with Tommy's band. She is still under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and although they have big plans for her, Pat's biggest plan for herself is to be just Mrs. Tommy Dorsey and accompany him on his tours.

There is a very strong possibility that by the time this is printed Dinah Shore will be on her way overseas to entertain the Armed Forces. As it is worked out now, she plans to visit every front where our boys are fighting. The servicemen really go for Dinah, having heard her often on "Mail Call" and "Command Performance" broadcasts.

(*Continued on page* 74)

News about Dinah Shore is that she's trying to get overseas. And maybe boys in uniform don't crave for her!

below—Woody Herman opened at the Hollywood Palladium. Some customers!

Jack Pyle, photographer

UTTER MADNESS

That Is What Hedy Lamarr and John Loder Call Their Marriage

"BOTH Hedy and I have been married before; I once, Hedy twice. We know the pitfalls, mistakes, and dangers of married life. Neither of us is looking for adventure. We have traveled extensively. Each of us is familiar with the gay life of peacetime Europe and the United States. We do not need any of that artificial excitement. More than anything else we both want real happiness and a home. We know life well enough to appreciate the real thing when it comes along."

It was John Loder speaking, and there was no mistaking his earnestness and sincerity.

"Both Hedy and I feel that, in spite of the fact that each has had our share of the good things of life, until now neither of us has ever felt wholly content. Always there was something lacking. Now that we are wed to one another, for the first time in our loves, we are completely happy.

"Never before has either Hedy or I found anyone who was entirely sufficient to the other. Bright night spots, gay companions, and dinner parties are no longer necessary for us to escape boredom. Nor do we need to keep open house so callers can brighten up long week ends and dull evenings. Since Hedy and I have had the best times when we are alone, we spend most of our free time just that way—with each other."

The fact that the tall, handsome Englishman John Loder and the Viennese-born Hedy Lamarr are opposites, as far as temperament, acts as a balancing wheel between them, as well as making their marriage both interesting and amusing.

When perplexing people or trying problems start Hedy expostulating and dramatizing, John's quiet amusement and witty remarks soon break her up. Immediately thereafter she is ready to sit down and talk things over. Her sense of humor and the fact that she never takes herself seriously soon saves the situation.

"Hedy's volatile nature, her energy and vitality, are just the right stimulus to keep me from settling into a too complacent, contented existence," says John. "Her fiery spirit and liveliness give me the mental prodding that I need."

Hedy and John had so much fun on their first date New Year's Eve that both are still trying to figure out how they possibly could have missed discovering each other's real personalities on the two previous occasions when they met. The setting was the Hollywood Canteen. John was carving a turkey for the boys, Hedy was serving coffee, together with autographs. They looked up, these glamour two, taking the measure of one another's unselfishness for being out "doing their bit" that night rather than merely amusing themselves. Only when their stint at the Canteen was done did they go out to see the New Year in at a night club.

"The time passed so swiftly and our minds clicked so perfectly as we dined and danced that I didn't want it to end," said John. "And I, who had sworn I had had enough of marriage, found myself saying to Hedy, 'Now if ever we got married, which of course is utter madness . . .' and Hedy laughingly interrupted, 'Well, I must say you are not very flattering.'

"As time went on 'utter madness' became our favorite expression. Only last night, when I sat contentedly smoking my pipe in my chair by the radio, Hedy came over to me and whispered, 'Utter madness, eh?'

"Lady Luck was with us with the New Year for neither of us was working. Day after day we saw each other, until we found it had become a habit that we wanted to continue forever.

"It seems incredible, but our desires are so much the same that each of us often anticipates an unspoken wish of the other. Take, for instance, the other morning when I wanted to go horseback riding. Hedy appeared in riding togs before I had time to mention it. It has become so usual for one or the other of us to get up and turn on the radio station that the other has been on the point of doing, that it is an old story.

"Once while driving to Big Bear, Hedy suddenly said, 'What happened to that English friend of yours?' Now I have, at least, thirty English friends in Hollywood. But I didn't even bother to ask her whom she meant. I knew she was refering to Richard Frazier, whom I had mentioned casually about two weeks before. 'He's signed a contract with Universal,' I said. Later I thought how strange that we both knew to whom the other referred without mentioning names. I could go on recalling similar incident after incident.

"Music, books, walking, riding are the things we enjoy most. As we can have all of these at home, we seldom feel the urge to go out.

"While Hedy's house, where we are now living, is charming and comfortable, we plan to move as soon as I can afford it. In the first place, the distance to our respective studios is too far for gas rationing. And the house is too small for the children we expect to have. We are agreed on that. There will be at least two.

"Both of us want a Dutch style house. A large roomy, two-story dwelling with the first story faced with big gray stones and the second painted white. There must be several wide fireplaces, plenty of deep comfortable chairs, nice pieces of period furniture, and lots of brass and pewter and tile.

"We prefer to live in Beverly Hills, as it is conveniently located for all the studios. The grounds must be deep enough so the house can set well back from the street and still have a spacious garden in the rear. If we achieve this, it will be much like the country home my parents still own in England. It will be a place that always brings memories of happy living. It will be a home for children, as well as adults.

"My wife is one of the few stars who sincerely wants to retire and have children. If my career continues to go along as promisingly as it is now doing, she will leave the screen when her present contract is terminated. As that will be in a little over a year, it won't be too long to wait.

" 'We will have fun when I am no longer a motion picture actress,' she says. She is truly embarrassed when people stare at her and follow her about.

"When we take dinner out, as we usually do when we go to a movie, it's amusing to watch people when they recognize Hedy. They become so intrigued that they forget to talk. Often they stop eating. The stillness is appalling. It is then that we start speaking in French or Austrian."

John Loder learned to speak German and French during the first World War. The youngest officer at the front—he was only seventeen—he had seen active service three years before he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans. After the war, his work in the Intelligence Service, which took him to France and Austria, as well as throughout Germany, made it imperative that he speak these languages fluently. Hedy, who grew up in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, naturally spoke several languages.

"Travel will be the one temptation that will lure us away from home for any length of time," said John. "That is something we are both looking forward to doing a lot of. Our first trip, which will be a second honeymoon, and which we hope to take soon, will be to Mexico City. We also plan to go to New York as soon as possible. After the war it will be England, South America, China—the world.

"Both of us like to travel simply and lightly. While clothes are not especially important to either of us, each thinks that the other has excellent taste and wears clothes well.

"At home Hedy usually wears peasant dresses or a skirt and sweater. I like slacks and soft shirts and tweed jackets. When we go out, we like to dress according to the occasion.

"I have never known any woman who could dress as quickly as my wife. She never uses makeup at home, except lipstick, which she puts on in a second. All she does to her hair is run a comb through it.

"The mornings I drive her to the studio, which I do when I am between pictures, she is ready before I am. I tell her it's because she does not have to shave.

"I'll never get over the joy of having a wife who doesn't always want to rush out to some gay spot at night or forever have a lot of people around the house," he continued as he slipped his wedding ring back on his finger.

"Another great comfort is that both of us agree upon no visiting each other's sets. We think it is very disturbing, not only for ourselves, but also for the people with whom we are working.

"We never tire talking about how near we came to meeting each other in Paris, Vienna, and London. For years, we just missed one another by the smallest margin.

"For instance, in 1935, I was in Vienna on location for a British picture. Time hung heavy on my hands. The only people I knew, I now discover, were friend's of Hedy's. Hedy lived only two blocks from my apartment, yet somehow we never encountered one another.

"Again in Paris, I lived around the corner from Hedy's hotel. The night I went to the theater where she was playing, a last minute invitation to a party stopped my going back stage to meet her.

"If only we had met then, we wouldn't have lost all these years nor would we have made the mistakes of other marriages. But possibly it is a good thing we didn't meet. At that time neither of us had the tolerance and understanding that we now have. In the long run, our life together will work out much better for having waited.

"The fact that Hedy is so beautiful made it easy for me to fall in love with her. That would be easy for any man. But I have one advantage. I have learned that no matter how beautiful the woman you marry is, in a few weeks you find she is either a very nice person to live with, or she is not. Hedy is as beautiful spiritually as she is physically, which is a rare and wonderful thing indeed.

"Right from the start Hedy and I were together so much that it wasn't long before we knew each other's faults, as well as virtues. It is only after people relax and stop being on their best behavior that they really get to know each other. When we were married, we knew we liked being together—that we liked each other. You have got to like a person, as well as love, if you expect a marriage to be happy.

"It was during our week's honeymoon in a friend's mountain cabin at Big Bear, where we went directly after we were married, that Hedy and I found out how well we hit it off together. During the week we didn't see a soul or speak to a person, but each other.

"We did all the work. While Hedy made the beds and dusted, I swept and carried in armfuls of pine logs for the fireplace. We cooked and washed the dishes together. While Hedy tidied up the kitchen, I carried out the garbage.

"During the day we took long walks through the woods, rode horseback, or went fishing. In the evening, we sat in front of the blazing fire and listened to the radio or took turns reading aloud to one another.

"The more we saw of each other, the more we wanted to be together. Both of us feel we could have been happy living up there—or anywhere else on earth—alone the rest of our lives."

THE END

THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE BETTY GRABLE-HARRY JAMES MARRIAGE

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

SCOOP! But really! We literally held the presses for this on-the-spot, exclusive coverage of the Grable-James marriage. Here it is, direct from Las Vegas to Movieland.

☆ ☆ ☆

LET it be said to their credit that Betty Grable and Harry James tried to keep their wedding ceremony dignified, private only to themselves and their necessary witnesses.

The union was solemnized at four o'clock in the morning of July fifth in Betty's suite at the Last Frontier Hotel at Las Vegas, Nevada.

The reason for the unorthodox time and the honky tonk setting for that blissful scene . . . well, shooting schedules beset movie stars even in their most romantic moments.

Two days previously, Mrs. Louise James had secured a Mexican divorce. On the morning of the sixth of July Betty was due back on the sound stage at Twentieth Century-Fox and on that same Tuesday Harry had to rehearse for his radio show, "Broadway," for three days and then report to MGM on Friday.

So only by meeting mid-way, Harry rushing via streamliner from New York and Betty rattling up on a milk train from Los Angeles, could they meet in Las Vegas, be married, and have a one-day honeymoon together.

Harry and Betty even had the naive idea that they might be able to slip into Las Vegas, be married, and not have any one the wiser for a week or two.

They were wrong. For two days preceding the wedding, Twentieth Century-Fox had Betty's own press agent on the job up at Vegas, trying to protect their box-office queen from the crowds they knew would most certainly otherwise rush her. Strict orders were given out that no photographers were to be present, and absolutely no reporters.

A small church, called The Little Church of the West, was hired for the service. The county clerk stood by, waiting. The Reverend Dr. C. H. Sloan waited to read the vows. The sun boiled in the sky and the temperature hung at 118 in the shadowless roads . . . and all the while more people kept on arriving. Photographers came. Reporters came. The press agents and the hotel management tried to shoo them off. They wouldn't shoo.

Down in the hotel kitchens, Doc,

Harry gives out with a kiss—and what a kiss!—and Betty cuts the cake after their wedding ceremony.

the personality chef, toiled over a personality wedding cake. In the dance hall, Emil Coleman's band practiced "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and the James signature. In the little church, with its small pews, the flowers began to wither and the old frontier hanging lamps which lighted it flickered in the hot desert wind.

The trouble was that Betty's train, supposed to take eight hours to make the trip, was four hours late, and Harry's super-duper train was an hour behind schedule.

Betty finally arrived at about eight in the evening, took one look at the throng gathered to see her, and got the jitters. But she insisted upon going down to meet Harry's train alone when it finally came in—around three in the morning. She was wearing a close-fitting dress of ice blue crepe and her golden hair, hatless, hung in a long bob around her face. Dark circles of fatigue showed under her excited eyes.

Harry had no hat, either, when he and Betty finally arrived at the hotel. His hair was tumbled and his suit was creased. It was a dark blue suit with a pin stripe.

By the time they got back to the hotel, the crowd was even larger. The forbidden photographers had taken their stance along the second-story porch of the hotel. The forbidden reporters were popping out of parked cars.

Betty gasped. "Not the church," she whispered. "Not the church! Let's go to my room."

Betty had brought with her from Los Angeles Mrs. Edith Wasserman, the wife of Lou Wasserman, Harry's agent. Staying at the hotel . . . and ironically enough, getting a divorce, was Betty Furness, the ex-starlet. The two ladies, together with Manny Sacks, who runs Columbia Records, the firm for which Harry does his discing, were the witnesses.

The Betty the public sees in contrast to the Grable Hollywood knows—one the cute kid with the many-faceted figure, the other the sensible, sensitive girl who says she's now in love for the first time. Betty's next picture is "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

The young man with a horn himself—Harry James, King of Jive.

While the flowers continued to die and the lamps to flicker in the small church, the lines were quickly read in that crowded hotel suite, the answers quickly given.

Harry and Betty had identical wedding bands, narrow and plain in yellow gold. "Because we want it to be an old-fashioned marriage," Betty said. Betty has never had an engagement ring from Harry because, while they have known each other for several years, they fell in love so swiftly . . . and because almost to the moment of their marriage they were uncertain as to whether or not Harry could get free to marry this girl who loves him so completely.

You can't be with Betty two seconds without realizing that she's head over heels, plain out of this world about him. Betty, that rare exception among stars, a girl who does not talk much about herself, bubbles over on the subject of Harry. It is the same thing with James about Betty.

And yet, the amazing thing is that Betty, for the first time in her life, admits that this love is the real thing. There are no question marks and uncertainties as there were about Jackie Coogan or even with George Raft. Ask Betty how she knows this is the real thing, and she replies with that level-headed common sense that is as much a part of her make-up as her Petty Girl appearance:

"Because I am completely myself when I am with him. I am not attempting to be what someone has advised me to be or expects me to be or hopes that I am. I am natural and relaxed in a way I've never been before. I am just Grable, the kid herself. That is because we speak the same language."

If Fate itself had played Casting Director, where, I ask you, could it have found more perfect co-stars for a real life love story than Betty, the dancing darling of the screen, and James, the Pied Piper of the Jive World?

They are cut off the same pattern, off the same material of modern life. If you are the bright Quiz Kid you should be, you probably know Betty's story by heart. She fought every step of the way, first ignored by Hollywood and then zooming to the top as the Box Office Queen of 1942. There have been many rough spots along the way for her, but she has surmounted them all. There is not much about Hollywood or about the shams of life anywhere else that will ever fool her again. When she isn't tapping her beautiful feet on the screen, they are planted firmly on the ground.

James' story—or the early part—is less known, except by his almost fanatical followers. He was born in the entertainment world—to be exact in a little town in Georgia about twenty-seven years ago, while his parents were traveling with a circus troupe. His mother was a bareback rider, his father a band leader. At four years of age Harry was a contortionist with the troupe. At six he joined the band as a "drummer." At eight his father taught him to play the trumpet . . . and it has been his life ever since.

With Betty and Harry it took their paths a long time to cross, but in many ways they have come along the same road. Their worlds are the same—the world of night life and of hard knocks and of Hit Parade tunes. Both of them, by the sheer dint of delivering to the public wants in entertainment, have soared to the top of their fields.

The surprising thing is not so much that they have found each other and are in love but that they did not fall in love at first sight seven or eight years ago when they met. If they had recognized then what they have found now, it would have saved them both heartaches. For Betty has known heartaches. Harry has known them, too.

I happen to know that they did meet those years ago in Chicago before either of them had clicked in a big way. In fact, both were at a low ebb in their lives. Betty's marriage to Jackie Coogan had gone on the rocks, and at that time Hollywood looked upon her as just another blonde cutie with Gorgeous Gams, which come a dime a dozen in movieland. Betty had gone out on a personal appearance tour—almost always a sign things aren't going too hot in Hollywood—and in Chicago she met James.

Wide World Photo

Betty and Harry had cocktails at the Stork Club in New York before their marriage.

Jack Pyle, Photographer

One of those times when the King won a jitterbug contest with "comer" Nan Wynn.

He, too, was far from the top of the ladder that was these days to find his secretaries sending out twenty-thousand fan photographs a week, that was to bring out seventy-five hundred jitterbug addicts at eight a. m. before the doors of New York's Paramount Theater the day he opened there, that was to find him drawing down five thousand dollars per week on the radio and netting a cool half million in 1942 as the Dream Prince of the Rug Cutters.

In fact, when Betty and Harry were first introduced, he was in somebody else's band, just an exceptionally good trumpet player who was beginning to get the idea that the swing addicts could be weaned to something less hectic in music. (How right he was is proved by the sale of his records—over a million copies each of the sentimental "You Made Me Love You," "I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby," and "I Had the Craziest Dream.") But the serious, reserved, tall young man wasn't making a dent with his ideas then.

Betty, still in her teens, was one of his "public." She still is. That is what makes them so perfect together. On her recent trip to New York to see him, sought after by dozens of important men, by night club proprietors, by Broadway producers, she spent her entire vacation on the Astor Roof, watching and listening to Harry like his widest eyed fan.

Let it be said here that Betty honestly doesn't realize her own importance. She's humble enough to regard herself as "luck." She doesn't see why people run after her or why there are such great demands on her time. She is, therefore, as impressed with James' being in love with her as a small town girl might be. She hasn't yet considered that Harry is undoubtedly more impressed with her being in love with him.

Even back in those dark days in Chicago, Harry could set Betty's educated toes to tapping and start her to humming under her breath. She thought Harry was wonderful the way more mature fans were thinking Clark Gable was wonderful. Harry regarded Betty as a cute kid and a nice youngster, but that's as far as it went.

Several years later he met and married Mary Louise Tobin, a pretty little singer with Benny Goodman's band. Meanwhile, Betty clicked on Broadway and had come back to Hollywood, which had awakened to the fact that she was much more than a cute blonde. In three short years she zoomed to the top . . . and then there was George Raft in her life.

Much has been written about the Raft-Grable romance and parting. It doesn't need review here. Betty was grateful to George for his thoughtfulness and his consideration. She wanted to be in love with him. At one time she certainly would have married him if he had been free. Despite her dizzy appearance, Betty is no flirt. She is as different from Lana Turner's uncertain temperament, for instance, as love is from hate. During the three years Betty went with George Raft, she never looked at another man romantically—that is, not until the day when Harry James strolled casually back into her life, when he was imported with his band to fit into the new Grable picture, "Springtime in the Rockies."

By this time, jive was burning up the theaters and ballrooms of the country. Exhibitors were crying for hot name bands on the marquees. And young American jive hounds were wildly going James mad.

During the making of "Springtime in the Rockies," the James marriage was beginning to hit the rocks. Harry and his singer wife separated, reconciled, separated again. The hopeless tangle of George Raft's marital status was beginning to get Betty down. They were quarreling, making up, quarreling again.

Betty and Harry found themselves reminiscing like a couple of old friends. They talked records and music and careers. They made those wonderful discoveries about personal tastes in common that people always discover when they are falling in love. But I do not honestly believe they then knew they were falling in love.

When the picture was over, they went their separate paths. But this time they didn't, or couldn't, forget one another.

James started playing a sensationally successful engagement at the Palladium in Hollywood. Betty was still being seen with George.

But for the first time it was noted that Betty was having dancing dates with men other than Raft . . . and always, it seemed, at the Palladium. One night, for the fun of it, and also for the cash customer value, the management announced a jitterbug contest to be run off between swing band maestros, themselves, and their partners . . . and who should win it but Betty and Harry James?

That was the first linking of their names together . . . but far from the last. When Betty finally broke with Raft, there were few Hollywood "insiders" who did not believe it was because she knew that she had fallen in love with Harry James. But once again Betty's good sense kept her from going overboard. Harry left for a New York engagement. Then one morning Louise James talked to Los Angeles newspaper men and said that she was planning to file a divorce suit against Harry soon.

The first thing Harry did when he got that news was to put in a long distance call to Betty in Hollywood.

The first thing Betty did was to catch a train to the big town to see him. The weather was hotter than the proverbial hinges all the time she was there, but every night the most famous James fan of them all sat quietly at a little Astor Roof table, one as close to the bandstand as any table could be placed, and waited till Harry finished his work.

During the day, while he had to sleep, eat, rehearse, catch up on the thousands of details of his band which is now "big business," Betty sat in a hot hotel room playing his records over and over, singing with them and to them.

Make no mistake about it—Betty is deeply in love and now the whole world knows with whom.

She says, "I have never been in love like this before. I have thought I knew what love was . . . but it hasn't been like this. When I met and married Jackie, we were both kids, too young to know our own minds or hearts. I never want to say anything that will hurt George Raft. I will always be deeply fond of him. But now I want to be married forever, to have my own home and children, at least two of them. If that means giving up my career, why okay. Maybe the way you know love is real is when you realize that nothing in life is important to you except preserving that love and making it more perfect and everlasting."

Thus on the morning of July Fifth in Las Vegas, Betty and Harry pledged their love. There being no escape, they posed for the waiting photographers, signed the autograph books, hastily sipped the champagne that had been iced.

Outside, the car was waiting to take them back to Beverly Hills, via another slow train, back to the house that Harry has rented for Betty.

Betty has turned her Bel-Air estate over to her mother. When the war is over, the James will see about building, will see what they can do to arrange their individual careers so that they will not have to be separated. They know now that they must part soon, when Harry goes into the army in October. That is one reason why, right now, they are jealous of every moment. They have so few of them in which to be together.

The dawn was just breaking as their car disappeared down the lonely desert road.

It looked like the beginning of a beautiful day.

It looked like the dawn of a wonderful life for Harry and Betty.

THE END

"TERRIFIC"

That's what the critics said about John Ridgeley in his role as "Irish" in Warners' "Air Force." For years John has been around Hollywood, trying to sell the studio biggies on giving him a change, and now . . . one smash hit, he's terrific! Want to bet you'll be seeing him again soon?

It was just as rushed and wacky as thousands of other weddings all over this country, where a boy's on furlough and a girl's in love

BY BRENDA COMPTON

The Wartime Wedding of ANN SOTHERN and BOB STERLING

"DO YOU, William, take Harriette to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"Do you, Harriette, take William to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

When the "I do's" were pronounced to these questions by two beautifully modulated voices, they culminated a romance that had kept Hollywood speculating for the last two years.

The setting was the picturesque Community Church in Ventura, California, some seventy miles outside of Hollywood.

Today, Harriette Lake, known to you as Ann Sothern, and William Hart, otherwise known as Robert Sterling, are the happiest couple the film city has seen in many a honeymoon.

The events preceding the scene enacted a warm Sunday when Southern California blandly lived up to the Chamber of Commerce reports, were as hectic as any romance dreamed up for the pair by the cleverest scenario writers.

The couple first met two years ago when the studio wardrobe girl casually introduced Ann to her new leading man. The picture was "Ringside Maisie," but neither Ann nor Bob knew at the time that Cupid was planning a knockout. Bob was comparatively new to the business. Ann, a star in her own right, found genuine pleasure in giving him the benefits of her wealth of screen experience.

On the set it was only a casual friendship. There was no indication that it would ever be more until one now-memorable night. Ann was on her way to visit Hedy Lamarr. Bob, whose home was adjacent to Hedy's, was out for an evening stroll. The two met. It was then Bob mustered courage to ask Ann for their first date. It was the first time they had ever seen one another outside the studio. They went dancing, and they had a wonderful time.

The news cameras clicked, and from then on, columnists, quick to scent a romance, were on the trail. The flush on Ann's cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes told more than she ever did in words. Ann is no girl given to quick emotions. Maybe she knew all along that she'd be Bob's some day. But she plans things sincerely and with dignity, does this girl who isn't like Maisie at all in private life. Ann and Bob went out with no other dancing partners from that first date on. More than a year went by and then came 1943, which has proved a year that is no respecter of plans, romantic or otherwise. Eventually the same thing happened to them that has happened to couples all over the world. One morning Bob announced that he had enlisted, and Ann, like all the other girls in America, never questioned a Fate that made such things necessary. She knew Bob was right and was proud that he wanted to serve.

It was no movie parting that took place the day Bob was to report for duty. There were no tears, no hysterics. Ann and he said goodbye as any two sensible young people would.

Bob was stationed at Santa Ana for his pre-flight training. For eight weeks his and Ann's only communication was via telephone. A few precious moments that meant to Bob a good hour's wait in a long line of other khaki-clothed cadets, as anxious as he to speak to their loved ones.

During those weeks, at home, Ann sat by a phone nightly, her mind in a muddle. She missed Bob desperately, but she wanted to be sure. After all, these were uncertain times. Her common sense told her, "Wait until this is over. Wait until you and Bob can be man and wife with a safe and sane world ahead." But her

Here come the bride and the groom, smiling on the world, smiling on their fans—but ah, the trouble they went through before they got there!

ILLUSTRATED WITH INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAT DALLINGER, THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHER TO COVER THE WEDDING

Look closely and you will see the two wedding rings that made a fearful amount of difficulties.

It was a kiss like this, before the altar, that made Mrs. Ray Milland hiss, "Break it up."

Even an hour before the ceremony was due to start, fans waited, like this, around Ventura's pretty little Community Church.

Alone, at last, in their car after the service.

heart said, "Perhaps we shouldn't. Perhaps we should take what we have now. No one really knows about tomorrow."

Bob finished his pre-flight training, only to be stationed farther away from Ann, at Thunderbird Field in Arizona. He wasn't yet entitled to furlough. Ann was busy with "Swing Shift Maisie" and "Cry Havoc," so they still had to depend on letters and sadly brief phone calls, and no one seemed to be winning the mind vs. heart argument. No one ever really does. But, as Ann says, "Something outside always happens to swing the decision one way or the other." Something did in this case. It was a bad appendix.

"Hello, honey," Bob's voice said to Ann one night, and the moment she heard it over all that distance, she knew instantly that something was wrong. "Don't get excited, but I'm going to the hospital tomorrow. Just my luck, only fifteen more hours and I'd have finished primary. I've tried to hold off, but the doctor says 'no.' Now I'll have to begin all over again. Don't worry, honey, I'll call you as soon as I can."

Bob's voice was gone. He had said, "Don't worry." Ann tried—and failed miserably.

Exactly ten days later she met him at the station. Cadet William J. Hart had been granted two weeks sick leave (his first furlough in eight months).

The moment he stepped off the train, Ann knew the answer to her problems. Her heart had won. War or no war, Bob was right. There was no use to wait.

Now, they had both wanted ample time to prepare their wedding. It was to be quiet and simple, with no fuss or confusion. Just their families and a few close friends. But true to Hollywood, Ann had just started work in "Cry Havoc" and here was Bob with only two free weeks!

It was an unscheduled "day off" for Ann that started things rolling. The couple made tracks for Ventura to establish their license. Ann concealed her hair beneath a scarf. Bob, in his uniform, looked like any other personable flyer. They thought it was all a carefully guarded secret. Who tipped off Louella Parsons is still a mystery, but Ann and Bob's plans for a "nice, quiet little ceremony" went up in smoke with the first edition of Louella's column next morning.

By the time the twelve o'clock whistle blew on the set the next day, they realized that since the secret was out—why wait at all? Ann's portable dressing room was the scene of their conference. They agreed on the next afternoon for the big event. The place would have to be Ventura, where the license was obtained. Bob went to telephone, and five minutes later he was back, beaming with happiness.

"Everything's set," he said. "Tomorrow at two. Before I even mentioned names the minister inquired if it was for us. I wonder how he knew?"

From that point on, time went crazy for Bob and Ann. Bob raced out of the studio to purchase a wedding ring, tell his family the news, order flowers, notify his best man, get a hair cut, sandwich in four important business appointments, and comply with a studio request for pictures of the two.

Ann raced to her dressing room to have her hair done, make out a reception guest list, phone home for dinner arrangements, study her lines for the afternoon scenes, and order a wedding ring for Bob. This latter proved a larger order than even a movie star could cope with. War marriages have caused a shortage of plain gold bands. Frantic calls were placed to all nearby jewelers, and they came rushing to the studio suggesting silly substitutes. In the meantime Bob was having similar trouble. He, too, discovered wedding rings were at a premium.

At the height of the excitement there was a knock at Ann's dressing room. Margaret Sullavan, who had overheard the conversation, stuck a pert, Dutch-bobbed head through the open door.

"I have an offer to make . . . that is, if you aren't superstitious," she said. "I have a perfectly good ring in my jewel box at home. It's just the kind you're looking for. You're welcome to it if you can't find what you want before the stores close. It was the one William Wyler gave me. It didn't work for me, but it might work for you."

But Ann was superstitious.

Bob phoned. He had found her ring—a three-band design, diamond flanked by gold. A jeweler came to Ann's dressing room. He had just one ring, brand new, but it needed a bit of stretching. This couldn't be accomplished overnight. As a result a "stand-in" ring was procured.

It was six o'clock that evening before Ann even had time to think about the thing that most brides consider first. What should she wear? A new dress was out of the question. Time marched on—on the double.

A survey of her wardrobe resulted in the choice of a two-piece ensemble. Softly tailored, it was fashioned of navy blue crepe, and was Bob's favorite among her dresses. It also was definitely the "something old and something blue" all brides have to have. Ann selected a new pair of fuschia gloves to match the white and fuschia orchid corsage Bob brought her, and borrowed a white lace handkerchief to tuck in her bag. That completed the "something borrowed and something new."

At high noon the next day, May 23, the wedding party assembled at Ann's home. Plans were to leave at twelve-thirty. It was one o'clock when the cars finally pulled away.

Three blocks from the house Ann made a startling discovery. The stand-in ring had been securely slipped over her gloved finger when she left. Now it was gone. A quick search revealed it was only hiding behind the seat of the car. Mrs. Ray Milland, who is Ann's closest woman friend and who was to be matron of honor, became custodian of the ring for the remainder of the three hour trip.

"Guess I'm not very dependable," Ann remarked. "Darling," she turned to Bob, "after two o'clock

The charming Rev. Theodore Henderson who unintentionally forgot to unlock his study door.

today I'm never going to make another decision. I'm going to be strictly a clinging vine and let you do the thinking for both of us for the rest of my life!"

The car rolled on down the highway. Twenty odd miles clicked away. The sun shone. The birds sang. The fragrance of orchards in bloom sweetened the air. Bob had suddenly become unusually silent. Finally he spoke.

"Dear," he said, in a very small voice, "do you have the license?"

Ann didn't. The car pulled to a sudden stop before a country drug store. Bob bounded out and placed a call to a friend in Los Angeles and waited frantically while the friend, on another wire, called Ann's home. Ann's maid said she would wait for him on the curb, license in hand, and then he was to make tracks down the Coast Highway. One of the cars in the party would turn back to meet him and then rush on again to the church.

It was on the way out of the drug store Bob spied a rack of greeting cards. One caught his attention. It was inscribed, *"For Your Golden Wedding."*

Today this card is among Ann's most treasured possessions. On it, in Bob's handwriting, are the following words:

"And I forgot the license . . . but I love you."

The envelope was addressed to Mrs. Robert Sterling.

It was two-thirty when the wedding party finally arrived at the Ventura Community Church. The entire population of the town had arrived hours before. Ann and Bob tried to make a dash through the crowd, but the door to Reverend Theodore Henderson's study was, unfortunately, locked. It seemed like hours before the bridal party managed admittance.

The excitement of the crowd was equalled only by that of Bob and Ann. As Reverend Henderson began the ceremony, Ann began to cry. When the time came for the couple to exchange rings, Bob extended his right hand instead of his left, which completely mixed them up for a minute. The kiss that sealed the ceremony exceeded any screen attempt on the part of either. It was Mel Milland's quiet whisper, "Break it up!" that brought the lovers back to reality. That and the fact that a breathless messenger was now racing down the aisle waving an envelope with the license.

Ventura children crowded the church balcony. They had remained since Sunday school. But Ann and Bob were too happy to disappoint them. Not only did Ann and Bob brave the crowd in the church, but they left by the front door so that they could exchange greetings with the throng of well-wishers outside.

Finally, safe inside their car, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sterling headed back for Los Angeles.

The "quiet, peaceful ceremony" of their dreams was over, but their dreams of a beautiful life together were just beginning.

The wedding was followed by a reception at the Beverly Hills home of the Ray Millands. It wasn't one of the guests that met them at the door, but Milland's four-year-old son, Danny.

"Hi, son," Bob said as he lifted the baby up in his arms. "I hope that some day we'll have a dozen like you."

If Mrs. Sterling has anything to say about it . . . they will. It has long been her belief that there's no substitute in the world for a happy marriage and a child. Fame, money, and adulation cannot take the place of a home with children.

"When any woman attempts to make a movie career take the place of children," Ann says, "she is asking for heartache."

THE END

Their first meeting, and the first scene they ever played together was this— Bob and Ann in "Ringside Maisie."

Mrs. Ray Milland, Mel to her friends, Annie, Bob, and Henry Wilson, who was best man.

THE RUSSIAN CYCLE

above—Movieland runs this picture just because we think it is one of the most charming stills ever taken, and completely captures the mood of innocent childhood. If you must have facts, the little girl is Anne Carter. When we asked Anne what she did in the movie she said, "I get strafed"—which is just what does happen to her.

above—Jane Withers plays her first serious role in her eleven-year-old movie career, as a peasant girl who becomes a guerrillo fighter in defense of her country. Janie and Farley Grainger, off screen, are most aware of each other.

right—Fine actor, Dana Andrews, plays a Russian flyer. Dana seems to be moving into that spot Spencer Tracy was occupying for so long, of being the guy who never gets the girl—on screen. He gets nothing but tragedy in "The North Star."

AFTER a flood of Norwegian-background films, Hollywood has now discovered Russia as a spot for drama. Warners', as is their habit, beat out the other studios with their "Mission to Moscow," but MGM has "Russia" itself in the work, and Samuel Goldwyn has "The North Star" nearly completed. The scenes herewith are from this latter film.

"The North Star" concerns forty-eight hours in the life of a Russian village, the day before and the day after Germany's invasion. The young lovers of the film are Anne Baxter, who took over the role Teresa Wright sacrificed for motherhood, and Farley Grainger, a California kid of seventeen, making his movie debut. Their change of moods, reflected here, shows the keynote of the movie, the contrast between laughter and the sadness of separation, when war comes.

All this and Cretonne Too!

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

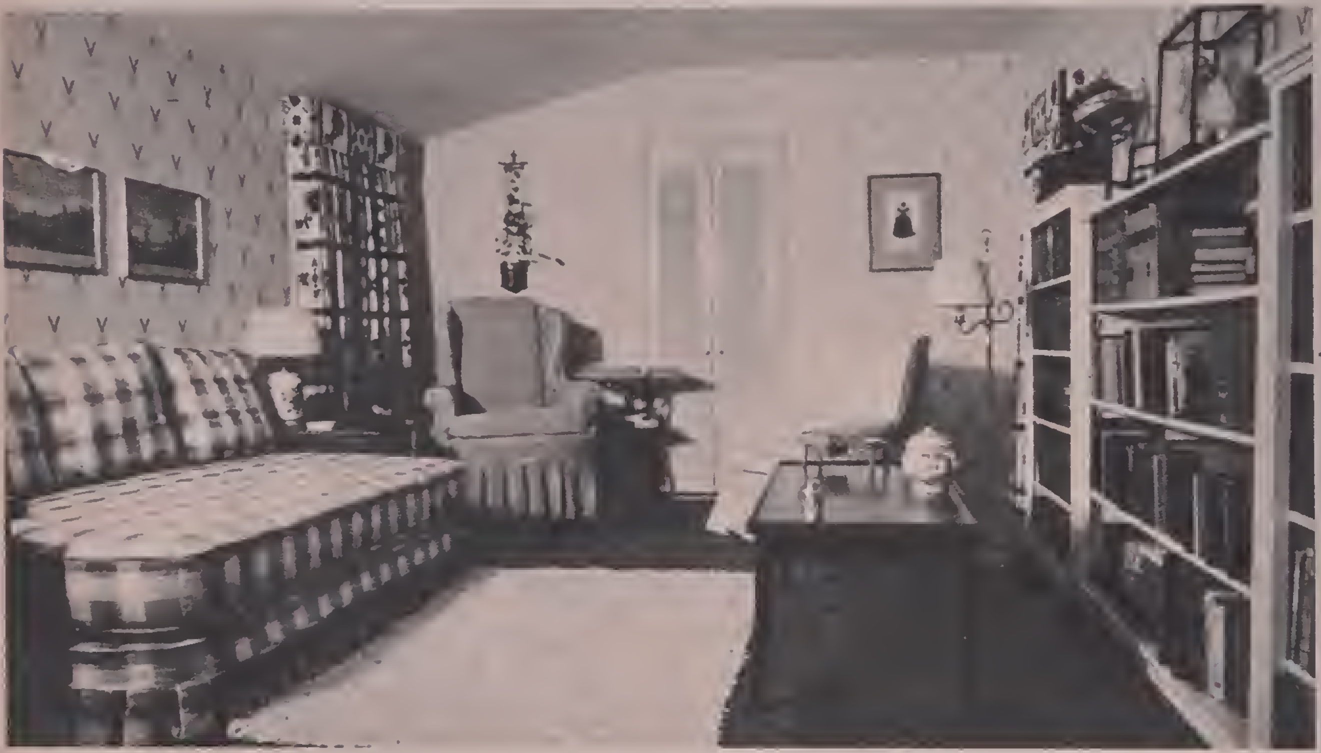
VERY often that harassed look on the face of your favorite film star is not what you think it is. It does not come of a bad script, a temperamental director, servant problems, or a fruitless love affair. Nine times out of ten it is because he or she is doing over a house.

Stars who live by day in the glitter and grandeur of studio sets often find that their homes suffer greatly by comparison. The very essential qualities that should make their home livable, charming, and unusual, often appear strangely absent. Furthermore it is nothing that money, average good taste, or a few half-hearted suggestions from friends can put right.

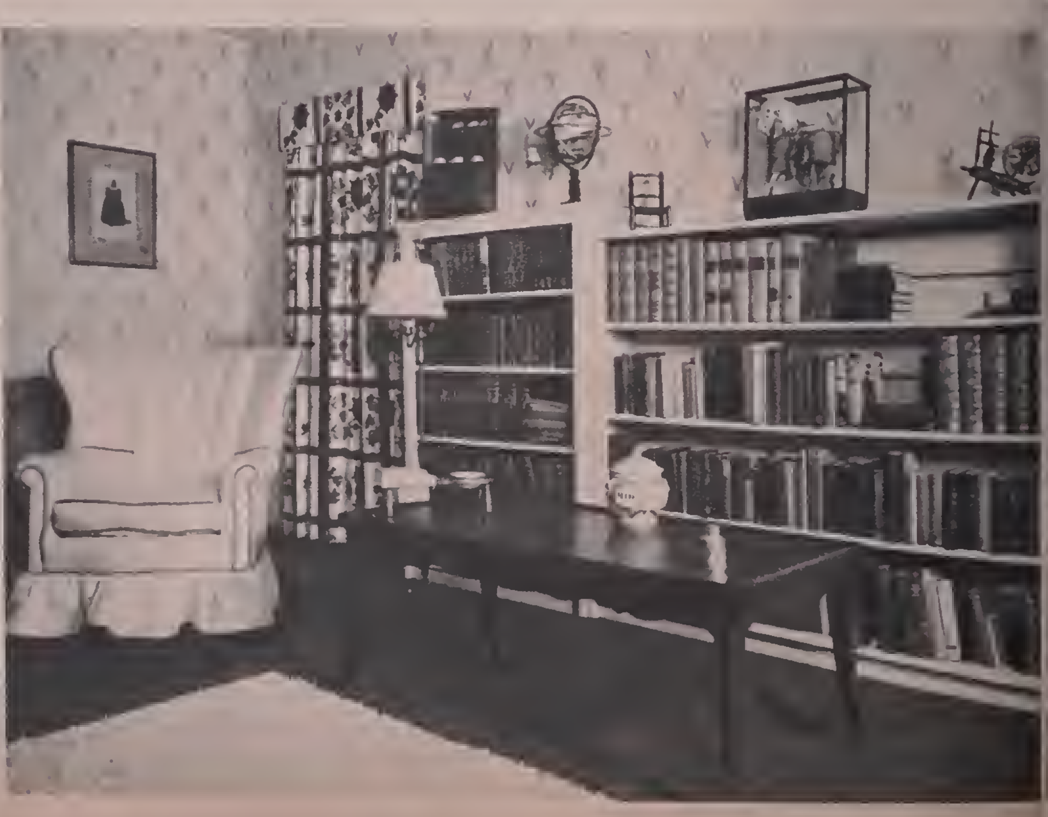
The short periods between pictures is hardly time enough to remedy the wrongs of a graceless, discomforting, and sometimes slipshod abode. After all home was not built in a day, and that is where the interior decorator comes in.

It wasn't always thus. In the earliest movie days, it was sheer horror. That was the era of houses which looked like Moorish temples, the Palace of Versailles, and home very much on the range. Often these frights were side by side on the same street. Their furnishings rarely, if ever, had anything to do with the architectural style of the dwelling, but ran pretty exclusively to Spanish shawls draped over grand pianos which were seldom played and to mechanical doves that kissed over the front doors of honeymoon cottages.

Those days are gone forever,

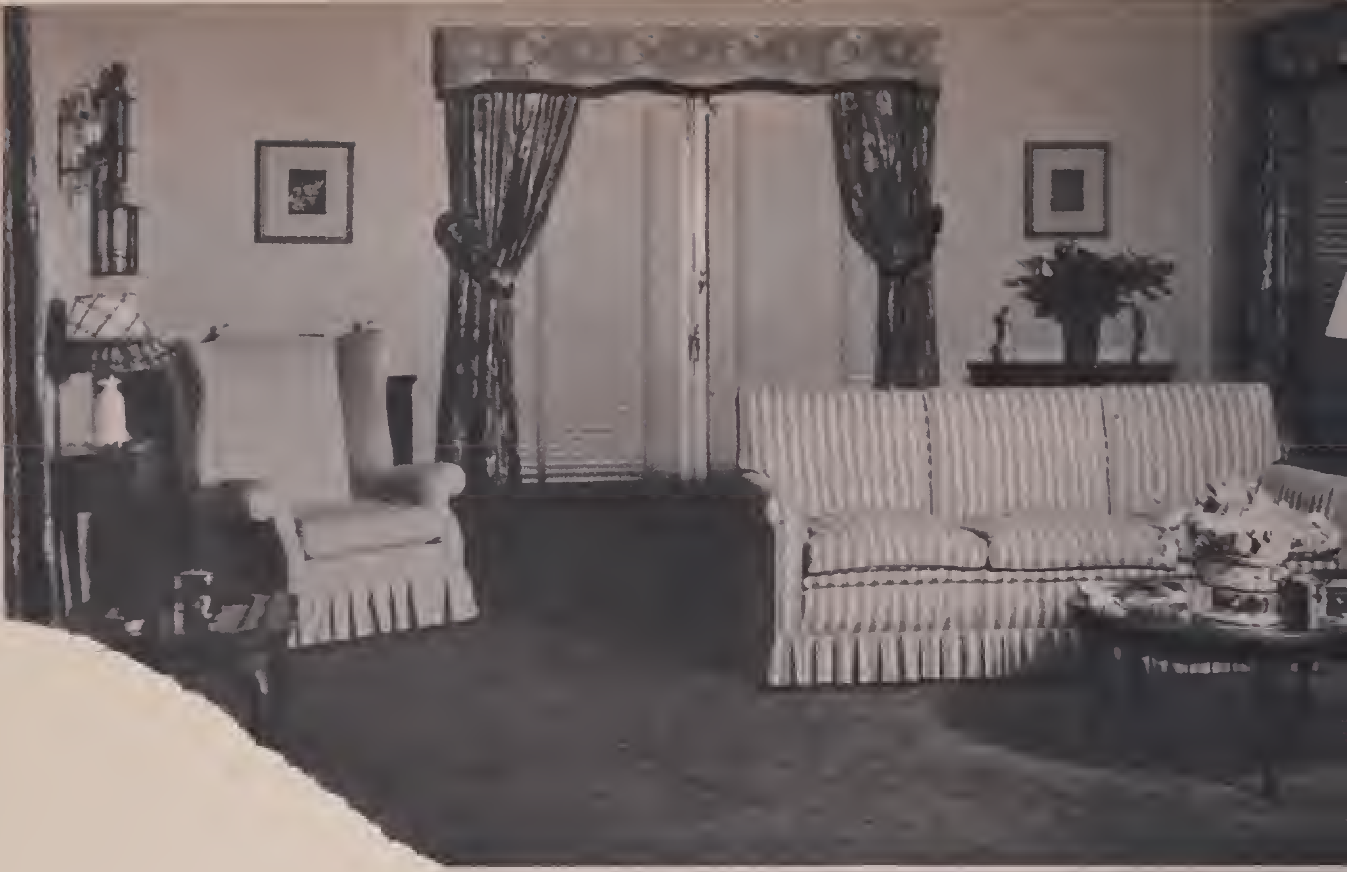


Red, white, and blue were the gay colors chosen by the author of this article for Myrna Loy's den. The draperies are of hand-blocked chintz in blue and white, the wing chair has a practical slipcover in battleship gray with red piping, and the throw rug is of looped string made in Puerto Rico. The comfortable-looking couch in red, white, and blue plaid is merely a mattress and springs on legs and serves the useful purpose of an extra bed. Photograph by Taplitt.



Another view of Myrna Loy's den shows her great love of unusual antiques. Among the accessories, without which no room is ever complete, there is a miniature French Provincial dresser, a Colonial spinning wheel, and a rare Celestial globe. An Arab steed in all its primeval splendor stands in the center of the simple bookcase. The old mustard jar from France, on the coffee table, holds cigarettes. Photograph by Taplitt.

AN INTERIOR DECORATOR GIVES YOU THE INSIDE LOWDOWN ON MANY A STAR'S TASTE



's living room a rather unusual color combination of deep dusky and white produces an atmosphere of luxury and repose. The French, between Provincial and Louis XV. The lamp bases s, the shades of plaid taffeta and rug yarns repro- In this room music is always playing, the fire d white striped couch is hardly ever un-

William Haines and Joan Crawford.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., when a husband to the lovely Miss Crawford, became very much devoted to a large red leather chair. It was a comfortable, masculine chair, but it did not fit well into any of the very artistic rooms that Bill Haines designed as a beautiful setting for Joan. Therefore Bill would continually try to get Doug to give up that red chair, and Doug would consistently refuse. The chair moved from living room to playroom, from playroom to Doug's bedroom, but it was always highly visible wherever it lodged, very red, terribly oversize.

When the news broke about the Crawford-Fairbanks divorce, Haines gave a sigh of relief. "Now I can get rid of that blasted leather chair," he exclaimed.

All in all, interior decorating for the stars provides a great deal of excitement. It has all the elements that come from reading a good detective story—everything hangs in the air until that last moment when the ends are pulled together, and everything fits into a neat and satisfactory pattern. The suspense is there, too, because you never know when the body will pop up.

Sometimes it is a very alive body in the form of a relative who knows better what your client should have or what you think she should have. That he or she stays alive is attributed only to the placidity and patience of the decorator. But in the end you win, and the body that lies in the closet is bad taste. Very, very dead. If you can't do that, then you're no decorator.

At the end of five years of decorating, my favorite client remains Myrna Loy. For one thing she knows what she wants, and her preferences always stay well within the small confines of good taste. She had a trick which both amused and depressed me.

My assistant would arrive with a bunch of say a hundred materials, well-folded and strung together. Myrna would pick out one material from the whole batch by flicking the edges and running through them like a pack of cards. She was never wrong. It was always the perfect choice with the texture just right for the particular piece of furniture for which it was intended, while the color would blend with everything in the room.

Myrna Loy, now married to John Hertz, Jr., and dividing her time between New York and Miami, has always lived in enchanting houses, and it is because of her remarkable sense of color, her taste for good pictures, and her flair for picking just the right accessories that they all came off as beautifully as they did.

That Myrna knows what she wants, and how to go about getting it, is evidenced by her New York apartment which transcends any of her former domiciles. It is smaller than anything she has ever had, but it is lovelier, much more livable, and is the final graceful accomplishment of a woman who has had many homes and finally found the one she's going to hold on to.

If Greer Garson had not been an actress she might very easily have been an interior decorator. She is very adept with a pencil, and what she can't put into words appears like magic on the back of something.

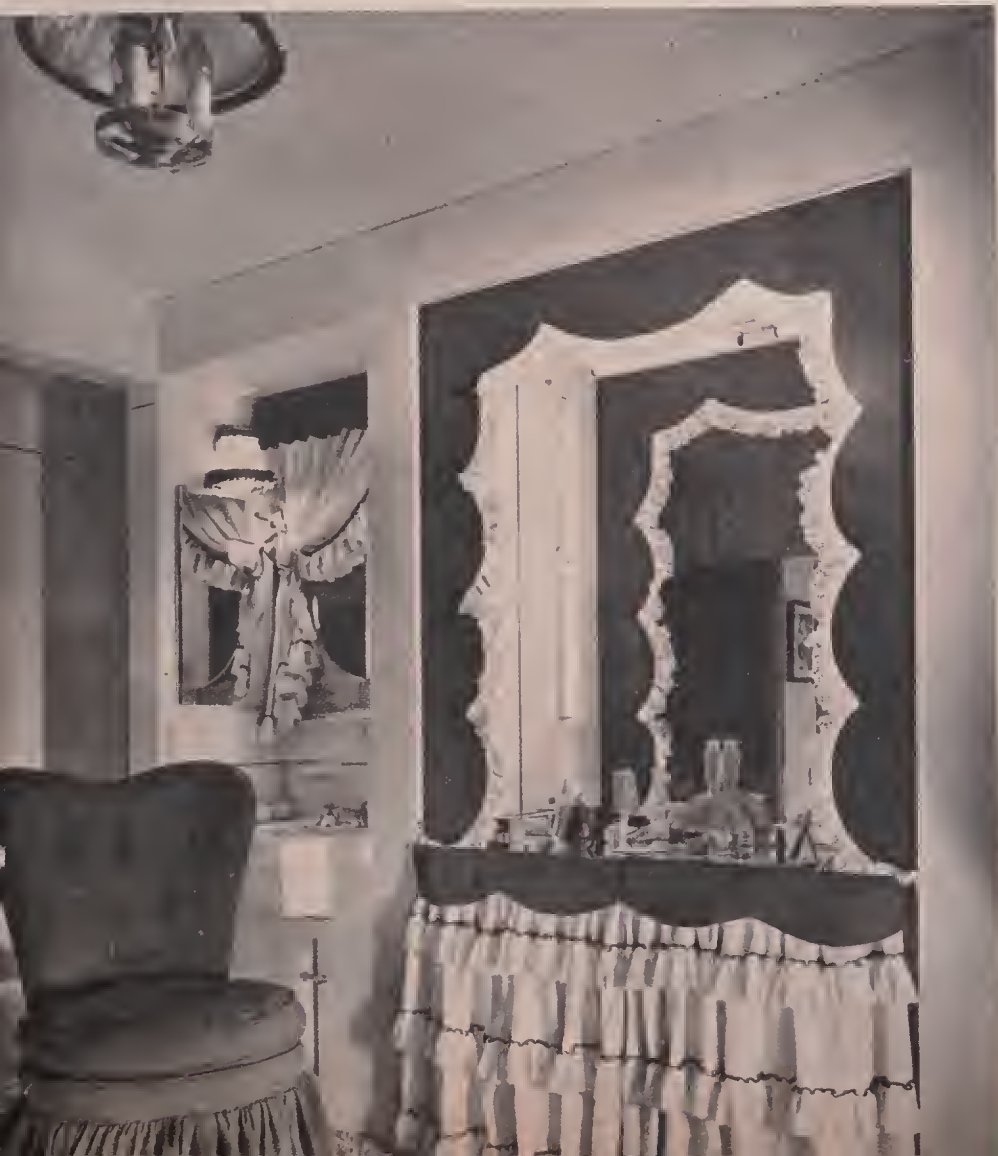
It was on a magazine cover that she drew a very professional-looking sketch of the dressing table she wanted me to make for her. It was very simple, and unusually effective. An oblong sheet of heavy glass supported by two white fluted pillars in which she would keep her cosmetics and perfumes. There was to be a lock to the little doors with silk tassels instead of knobs.

I shall never forget the day I delivered these exquisite white fluted pillars. Because she was in a hurry to get them, I had brought them in my own car. I had just finished unloading them, and had rung the bell, when the door was opened by Miss Garson's Welsh maid. Without a word she turned and raising her voice loudly said, "Miss Garson, a man with garbage cans is here!" Our poor white fluted pillars!

Working with Rosalind Russell is another pleasant experience. She is perhaps the most efficient star of them all, financially, artistically, and technically. Either she likes something from the very beginning, or she doesn't like it at all. No amount of talking will make her change her mind.

With her mind set on one thing, whether it is an old antique desk, or a set of wine glasses, or half a yard of hand-woven fabric to cover a small lamp shade, nothing on earth will deter her from getting her own way. Furthermore, she knows exactly how it should be made, when it ought to be ready, and just how much it is going to cost.

I don't think Rosalind Russell has forgiven me yet for letting her put a striped wallpaper in her bedroom. Apparently at night the stripes would come to life like the gay, serpentine streamers of a Mardi-Gras; as if that weren't



Barbara Barondess MacLean, former movie actress, and now a Hollywood decorator, did this dressing-table affair for Jane Wyman. The sweetheart chair in American Beauty red, is cunningly petticoated in the same eyelet-embroidered lawn that trims the rest of the room. The red polka-dot wallpaper enlarges the room, and a red and white shaggy rug provides comfort for slipperless feet. Photograph by Maynard Parker.

enough, they were never still, always fluttering and twisting themselves into knots, as some striped wallpapers sometimes do. To this day I can still hear Rosalind Russell's reproachful voice, "What have you done to me, Michael Sheridan?"

IN THE delicate matter of home decorating, Hollywood has become more color conscious than ever. Whereas before many a star would think that a few carefully chosen antiques, some new lamp-shades, and perhaps some different draperies would brighten up the house, now it is a case of spending the money on the walls, the ceilings, fabrics, and dyeing the rugs and draperies. This demands a firm and extensive knowledge of colors, the parts they play, and the havoc that can be wrought in choosing them carelessly. At the moment there is a great preference for pastel shades, and the more delicate and gay they are the better. Walls instead of being painted are now merely tinted, and the paint shops who put out a paint to go over wallpaper are doing a landslide business.

Hollywood, more than any other city in the country, has always used color extravagantly. The climate has a lot to do with that. Client after client has said to me, "I want you to bring the garden into this room," or "I would like the sun to always shine in this room," or "it's my beach house, and I want to feel the sea and the sand and the moon in here."

In New York I never found anyone who wanted to give an effect of clouds, rain, or terrific heat to the interior of their home, nor did I find in London an occasional dowager likely to scream, "For the Empire's sake, bring in the fog!"

So in Hollywood we have color and more color. Those who don't care for pastel shades go in for deep, dramatic tones. The lavish greens of the Williamsburg restoration, or the dazzling reds of Empire memories, and the striking whites of the Syrie Maugham epoch of English decorating; they all have a play in the movieland scheme of decorating. Barbara Stanwyck Taylor's living room is a riot of red and green, dramatically and magnificently combined.

Talking of color, I shall always remember Ethel Water's black and silver living room in Harlem, Carole Landis' persimmon and white living room, Ian Hunter's red, white, and blue beach house. Gaiety in color in most of my decorating has been a predominant requirement, and I have acquiesced gracefully and sometimes feverishly. But often I am quite sure that the great painters of the past would not have approved.

There have been many amusing experiences in the course of doing so many houses. And some very sad ones. There was, for example, the woman star who called me up in the middle of the night with a strange request. She was about to have a nervous breakdown. Her doctor had advised one of two things: three weeks at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, or a complete change. Would I please come over right away!

When I arrived, she told me that instead of going away she had decided to re-do her house. First of all she wanted everything thrown out. She wanted to start from scratch. What did I think? Frankly, and as much as I wanted to do a house for this charming person, I couldn't see how it could be improved upon. It was as nearly perfect as any house a good decorator can produce with plenty of money and able to work without interference.

It didn't take me long to find out that the lady's new arrangement was going to be the same, only in reverse. That is, without money and plenty of interference. And yet I went on with it. I went on getting the job done. I acceded to all of her requests. I had to; it was a question of her health or mine.

By the time I was finished, I was a much sicker person than she was, and wouldn't you be with a ping-pong table in the living-room, a motion picture projector in the master bedroom, and a Victorian card table where her husband could play poker? Wouldn't you?

But it was not always like that. There was the fun and excitement of doing William Wyler's house with cherished French Provincial antiques, with the added reward of always a prompt check and a nice smile from the lovely Margaret Tallichet, his wife. There was the brilliant and always beaming concert pianist Artur Rubinstein who, one day in moving some furniture with his beautiful wife, fell suddenly on his cherished hands. They were crumpled up beneath him on the stone floor. However, the amazing Mr. Rubinstein merely got up and with his usual good-natured smile said softly to his wife, "Dear, don't you think we should call somebody from the storage?"

Marlene Dietrich hurrying in for an unusual gift for Jean Gabin; Andrea Leeds as excited as a child over some old Georgian silver; Franchot Tone lost in rapture at a painting by Vlaminck; Alfred Hitchcock shivering ecstatically at sight of the same painting; Barbara Stanwyck and her love of old china; these were all moments that made the rest worthwhile.

In the course of decorating, almost any member of this much criticized profession is subjected, at one time or another, to some queer requests. A mere love of pets sometimes leads to extravagant demands upon the decorator.

Recently one of the more masculine of the movie stars wanted a comfortable darkroom in which to develop his efforts at amateur photography. He was carried away by such enthusiasm that it ended by having enough in that darkroom to furnish a small house. There were large sprawling couches, antique tables, valuable paintings, embossed rugs, handsome draperies, everything but a space in which to develop pictures!

Philip Dorn, when I did his house, insisted on a radio in practically every room. Also a specially-built cabinet had to be made for each radio. The strange part about this request is that Philip Dorn, being one of our actors most in demand, works at the studio all day, spends his evenings reading and studying manuscripts, while what little time he has left for relaxation finds him puttering in the garden.

On the many occasions I have visited him after doing his house, I have never heard any of the many radios playing. Also I have a grave suspicion that, should anyone be so thoughtless as to turn one of them on, Mr. Dorn would be considerably ruffled.

Yet, all in all, I have found that most of the Hollywood stars profess a genuine and sincere desire to have comfortable, livable, and charming houses, not at all like the ones you see on the screen even now.

Thus the Hollywood homes today rank in beauty and good taste and dignity with many of the finer homes in the older parts of the country, and that is because synthetic glamour, cheap tricks, and sheer expensive impracticability no longer have a place in movieland's new pattern of life.

THE END

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

Scene, Mexico City. Place, a night club, very late.

Dennis Morgan and Errol Flynn, two of movieland's happiest practical jokers, were in the below-the-border-city on a good-will jaunt for their studio. They met a charming and pretty Mexican girl from an excellent family. The girl didn't speak a word of English so they set out to teach her a few phrases.

Imagine the surprise of one pompous gentleman in the Warners' party when he came up to the table to be introduced to the charming girl, whom he had been eyeing all evening.

She smiled at him and in acknowledging the introduction said, "You look juss like Donald Duck."

P.S. He did.

Roz Russell discovered that she was just plain lazy.

His brother's anger liberated Charles Laughton.

Dorris Bowden found a super turning point in her life.

THE TURNING POINTS IN THEIR LIVES

Like yourself, the stars have moments when Fate steps in and alters all plans

By JESSIE HENDERSON

COMES a moment in life when Fate takes you by the scruff of the neck, gives a twirl, and whoosh! things are never the same again. You know? A turning point. Or Fate sliding a banana peel into your path. It may be a complete somersault.

This happens to film stars, too.

But to film stars it generally happens in a more spectacular way or with more spectacular results. In them (we may as well admit it) Fate has more spectacular material to work with. Take, for instance, Bing Crosby. His turning point was an axe.

When Bing went to Gonzaga University, which is in the state of Washington, the shadow of celluloid had never crossed his outlook. Indeed, far from yearning to be a singing film star, Bing didn't even want to be a singer. What he wanted, and he wanted it more than anything else in the world, was to play professional baseball. On the college team he had developed into a dandy short-stop.

During vacation, however, Bing took a job in a lumber camp. Full of enthusiasm for the beautiful Northwest woods, the free life and whatnot, he swung his axe gaily. And almost at once he cut both his legs at the knee.

The cuts were deep. Bing not only had to give up his job in the logging camp, but he had to give up his dream of professional baseball. He could never run fast enough to play short-stop again.

Things looked pretty indigo but, had he known, it was only the midnight blue before the golden dawn of Bing's real career. He sort of liked to sing, and he began bursting into song in a casual way with an amateur college orchestra. He sang and sang, though people told him he could never become an A-1 singer because of a defect in his vocal chords that made his voice wobble.

That's how Fate built Crosby a career out of a couple of accidents. If he hadn't practically cut his legs in two, he'd never have taken up singing; if there hadn't been a lump on his vocal chords, he'd never have become the world's most famous crooner and top flight movie star. Some difference, incidentally, from playing baseball!

IT was an insult that made Barbara Stanwyck a success. A nasty, catty remark that was meant to slap all the ambition out of her.

When Barbara was a chorus girl on the New York stage, she danced so well that the stage manager always gave her a good spot in the

It was an axe that changed Bing Crosby's life.

front line of girls. Another chorine, fiercely jealous of Barbara, happened to sit beside her in the dressing room when they were putting on their makeup one night. Barbara mentioned something about a difficult dance step, and how she'd practiced it until she thought she could do it in her sleep.

The other girl stared at her, lids narrowed in contempt. "Stop kidding yourself," she sneered at Barbara, "you'll never make the big time! You're not the type." And she turned insolently back to the job of applying eye-shadow.

Instead of discouraging Barbara, the taunt aroused all her Irish stubbornness, of which she has a-plenty. In a flash, as things do sometimes happen, her amiable ambition to be a good dancer hardened into an unbreakable determination to be a success. If only for spite.

"Is that so?" Barbara blazed. "You wait a while, and I'll show you!"

As it turned out, there was only a little while to wait. Not long afterward, Barbara got a role in a stage play called "The Noose." The role was fairly important; more than that, it was Barbara's first good chance to show what ability she possessed, and she went for it like a terrier for a rat.

Day and night she worked on her lines with terrific concentration. She would go to the theater for rehearsal, and stay afterwards far into the night; practicing her dialogue in the dark auditorium when the only other sound would be the squeak of the night watchman's door, as he started out on his rounds. Now and then it would seem to her that she must drop on the floor from sheer weariness, but then the words would ring in her head, *"You're not the type. You'll never make the big time,"*—and, fightin' mad, she'd rehearse the scene once more.

In that role in "The Noose," Barbara made her first hit. And whenever during her career she's felt discouraged, she has thought of that girl in the dressing room, and her Irish streak has leaped up and at 'em as ardently as before. Barbara says she owes her success to an enemy whose name she's forgotten, a girl whose whiplash remark proved a bigger help than a pat on the back could ever have been.

AS for Charles Laughton, if his brother hadn't got mad at him, Charles wouldn't have been an actor at all. He'd have been a country hotel keeper in England.

Laughton's father owned three hotels and, in accordance with English law, Charles, as the older son, inherited all of them. This considerably burned up his brother, who liked the hotel business and knew that Charles didn't.

To tell the truth, Charles already had a leaning toward the theater. As a pudgy boy, he used to bribe the chambermaids in his dad's hotels to watch him perform "King Lear" in a sheet and pillowslip. He was so fascinated by the stage a few years later that once when serving a dreary term as clerk in a London hotel, he saw one Gilbert and Sullivan operetta fourteen times.

Aside from his love of drama, another thing made Charles impatient of the unexciting life led by a country hotel keeper. He had seen combat in the front line trenches during the first World War; after this, the assigning of rooms to guests and checking the market list were a deadly routine that made him bite his fingernails.

Arrived a fateful hour when, unable to bear the triple dullness of his three hostelries, Charles went for a long walk. Upon his return, he found things in a splendid mess. The cook had given notice at the first hotel, the laundry hadn't returned the linen at the second, the roof needed mending at the third . . .

And Laughton's younger brother was in a dither. He met Charles with a biting tirade, reproaching him for neglecting the hotels and for lacking interest in the management. Whereas he, the brother, doted on hotel keeping, knew precisely what ought to be done.

Charles listened a while, then flew into a rage. Slamming his fist on the table, he roared, "You can have the damned business! I'm going on the stage!" Then he snatched his hat, caught the next train for London, and that was that. Within two years Charles was among the most famous actors in England. P.S. The three hotels did all right, too. Neither Charles nor his brother ever regretted that lucky quarrel.

IT was a magazine, picked up in an idle moment, that jolted Rosalind Russell out of the lethargy that held her back from making a go of things. She's never been lethargic since.

Rosalind roamed New York at the height of the depression, hunting for a part in a stage play. Her daily route took her to an agency or two, and subsequently she would drop in at a Times Square drugstore where many of the theatrical out-of-works congregated. There she would drink a soda, and agree that the depression certainly was dreadful.

But on a certain morning, in the outer office of an agency, Roz chanced upon a magazine article with the caption, *"Are You Really Trying?"* Roz thought, "Am I?" It struck her like a lightning bolt, "Why, I'm just stalling." That day and the next she visited every agency, instead of giving up after one or two.

"The third afternoon, by glory," Rosalind says, "I landed a job!" It was with a summer company that performed in a tent through the countryside . . . but it was a beginning. Roz had learned the power of persistence, though, and a beginning was all she needed.

JOHN LODER has had an extraordinary life, with more than one turning point in it. In fact, there's been a complete about-face in his personal life, and another in his career.

As a very youthful British Captain—aged eighteen—Loder and some of his men were captured by the Germans in the first World War. The officer who took them prisoners, sentenced them to execution by a firing squad. Loder and his men were lined up against a wall, facing the German rifles, and resigned to death . . . when along came a German officer of higher rank than their captor.

It was a tense and terrible moment. But the new officer, seeing German wounded lying nearby, ordered the English prisoners to carry them to a field hospital. Afterward, Loder and his men were held in a German prison camp for nine months—they had escaped death by five minutes.

The war over, Loder remained in Germany and opened a pickle factory (of all unlikely things!) in Potsdam. The business folded. Loder had no money, but he did have a good dinner suit, so he applied for work as a dress extra in a picture Alexander Korda was making. Korda took him, and it was pickles to pictures in twenty-four hours. A fellow extra—and it happened to be her first picture, too—was a girl named Marlene Dietrich.

BUT it was Dorris Bowden who met up with the goldarndest turning point you ever heard. Dorris even remembers the date: September 14, 1938. She wasn't getting anywhere as a stock actress at 20th Century-Fox studio, so she decided to make the rounds of all the producers on the lot and beg for a small part in a film.

She waited three quarters of an hour to see Nunnally Johnson, to ask him for a role in "Jesse James," only to find that the feminine roles had already been assigned. Johnson gave her the old line about "keeping her in mind" and she went away thoroughly discouraged.

He did keep her in mind, all the same. Two days later, he invited her out to dinner. That day—September 14, 1938—proved the turning point in Dorris Bowden's private and professional life. In the afternoon, she won the lead in the Johnson-produced "Grapes of Wrath"—the forty-fourth actress tested for the part! And in the evening, she became engaged to Johnson. They were married at Nyack, New York, almost eighteen months to the day from the time Dorris first entered Nunnally's office. Their baby daughter was a year old last February . . . and mother is back on the screen again in "The Moon Is Down."

This is among the nicest turning points Fate has ever handed out.

The End

ROY ROGERS' Little Buckaroo

BY DORA ALBERT

ROY ROGERS chuckled. "No, I didn't pace the hospital corridors for hours before the baby was born. Want to know the truth? Art Rush, my agent, and I sat in the fathers' waiting room, playing gin rummy. I won seven dollars and twenty cents. We started playing gin rummy Saturday afternoon, went out for dinner, then resumed our game. No, we didn't sleep that night—just went on playing gin rummy most of the night and into the wee hours of the morning."

If you don't know Roy, that might sound like a gay, modern, almost indifferent father speaking. When you do know Roy and his wife, you realize how far from the truth this is, and how much both of them wanted the baby. The arrival of that baby was a dream come true.

The story properly begins one day, several years ago, when Roy was visiting an orphan asylum in the East. Because he's devoted to kids, Roy always responded promptly to any request to entertain children in a hospital or in an orphan asylum.

He enchanted this particular group of children with his playing of a guitar and with his singing of their favorite songs. Then the time came for him to leave. Most of the youngsters said goodbye politely. But one little girl threw her arms around him and began to sob her heart out.

"Please don't go," she begged. "Please don't leave me." The tears cascaded down her cheeks. For almost an hour Roy tried to stop her tears and to get enough courage to go. When he finally left, he couldn't tear out of his mind the picture of the little girl who had sobbed.

When back in Hollywood, he told his wife about it. She said, "I've noticed how children always seem to love you, honey. And I know how you feel about them." Her hand was in his, and his hand was gripping hers tight. She said, "We'll have kids of our own some day."

But somehow the children they both wanted so much didn't come. It's been printed that a doctor told Mrs. Rogers that she could never have any children.

"That's not true," she told me, smiling. We were talking together in the living room of the rambling

1. Roy and Cheryl have always been playmates. Republic's executives may think they're his bosses, but his real bosses are Cheryl (shown here) and Linda Lou.
2. "You're going to have a baby brother or sister," Roy and Mrs. Rogers told Cheryl, their adopted daughter. At first Cheryl insisted that she wanted only a baby brother, but when a sister came, well—read what happened then.
3. "Gee, it's a girl, and it's beautiful," Roy told Arlene, his wife. Roy was so sure it was going to be a girl that he bet another prospective father twenty dollars on its sex.

1

3

Rogers cottage in Encino, about ten days after the baby had been born. The doctor had told her that she could sit up for three hours that day. Sitting on the couch in her gay pink negligee, Mrs. Rogers was still a little weak, but her eyes were shining.

"No doctor ever told me I couldn't have babies," she went on in her soft voice. "But Roy and I got tired of waiting. We wanted one so much. So when one of our own didn't come within the first few years of our marriage, we decided to adopt that little girl who had clung so to Roy. We went back to that orphanage, but someone else had already adopted her.

"So Roy asked me to visit a children's home in Texas with him. He'd already been there before. A matron began taking us through the wards. Suddenly Roy and I, as though moved by the same impulse, stopped at one little crib. Inside was a little girl with blonde curly hair and the biggest, most appealing brown eyes. I don't know which of us spoke first. I think we both said simultaneously, 'That's the one.'

" 'Don't you at least want to see the rest of the babies?' the matron asked. 'No,' Roy and I said, 'that's the one.'

" 'But she's only six weeks old,' the matron objected. 'We couldn't let you adopt her till she is three months old.'

" 'Then we'll wait,' Roy said. 'We'll come back for her.' "

This is just what the Rogers did. They took a bassinet with them, but they never needed it. For Cheryl Darlene, as they decided to call her, went right into Mrs. Rogers' arms and stayed there. And also, she went right into the hearts of Roy and Arlene.

"We never had any trouble getting used to having a baby in the house," Arlene Rogers said. "We never had the feeling that this was an adopted baby, and that we had to get her accustomed to our ways. She seemed to fit right in from the beginning, just as though she'd been our own baby. And Roy and I started playing with her right away, just the way you'd play with any baby, bouncing her up and down when she was little and taking her for piggy-back rides when she got a little older.

"It was funny, the first word out of her mouth was 'daddy.' 'Mama' came next. Always, she was fascinated by Roy, and still is."

The voice that has thrilled millions on the screen thrilled Cheryl Darlene. She grew to know its cadences as she knew her own right hand. Roy sang to Cheryl from the time she was a little infant, lying on her tummy. As she grew a little older, "Ridin' Down the Canyon" and "Yellow Rose of Texas" became her favorites. When her bedtime came around, it was hard to persuade her to go to sleep unless Roy would stand by her bedside, singing "Yellow Rose of Texas." Even the night he had to depart for the President's ball, he could not leave the house to catch his train until he'd sung "Yellow Rose of Texas" for Cheryl.

Cheryl and Roy were playmates. Anyone could see that. She followed him everywhere. When he went down to the yard to have a look at his pigeons, she followed him, and made absurd efforts to feed them. Sometimes, in a more mischievous mood, she'd shoo the pigeons away from their nests. But when she was tempted to be naughty, one word of scolding from Roy or Mrs. Rogers usually made her behave.

Because Roy had sung "Ridin' Down the Canyon" for her, she had to try to sing it herself. She toddled over to the big piano, began to bang out what she hoped was a melody, and started to sing in her child's monotone the words of the song. Of course, she was completely out of tune, but Roy stood by the piano, beaming as though Cheryl were Lily Pons. At frequent intervals, when she stopped to catch her breath he'd say, "That's wonderful, Cheryl."

Sometimes Roy would take Cheryl to the studio with him. Her big brown blinkers would be larger than ever then, taking in all the sights. Best of all, she liked Trigger. Like her dad, she's crazy about horses. When Roy was between scenes, she'd beg and cajole him to let her ride Trigger. So he'd take Trigger out on the back lot, and there Cheryl would sit on Trigger's back, while Roy humbly and proudly led the horse around.

When Roy and Cheryl returned home, Roy would be the horse. It was quite a sight to see the big cowboy getting down on his hands and knees, so Cheryl could mount his back. Then Cheryl would pretend that Roy was Trigger. "Get up, Trigger," she'd say. Then, "Giddyap, Trigger," and finally "Whoa, Trigger."

Then came the wonderful day when Arlene told Roy that they were going to have a baby of their own. His face melted with happiness. Roy's sisters all have families, and he'd always dreamed of having a family, too. Cheryl was a glorious start, but just having one baby in a home didn't seem right. They'd planned to adopt at least one more child, but now all plans changed.

Arlene asked Roy whether he wanted a son. "It doesn't matter," he said softly. "Gee, I feel great thinking about it." Then he laughed. "We'll be happy, no matter which it is."

Mrs. Rogers thought it only right to tell Cheryl the news, too. She wasn't afraid that Cheryl would be jealous of the new arrival, since the little three-year-old is just as crazy about babies as Roy himself. When her mother told her that there was a baby brother or sister on the way, Cheryl said, beaming, "I wanna baby brother."

Roy said jokingly, as so many fathers have, "Oh, sure, if it's a

"Giddyap, Trigger," says Cheryl, being taken for a ride on Roy's famous horse. Read about the game Cheryl and Roy play when they get home. You wouldn't think Republic's many million dollar asset would submit to such indignities as Cheryl thinks up.

girl, we'll just send her back." The day the baby was born, Roy phoned Arlene's mother to let her know it was a girl. Grandma told Cheryl, who rushed to the phone and cried, "Oh, Daddy, please don't send the baby back!"

The week before the baby came, Roy was supposed to go on location for his new Republic picture, "Silver Spurs."

"But that's impossible," Roy said. "Have a heart, fellows. I can't leave before the baby's born."

Now movie companies are supposed to be soul-less corporations which can't afford to delay a production just because their stars are going to become fathers. But immediately, production on "Silver Spurs" was delayed.

On Saturday morning, April 17, at eight o'clock, Mrs. Rogers was taken to the hospital. Roy was allowed to be with her only till ten that morning. Then the nurses told him he'd have to wait in the fathers' room. That was when the gin rummy game began, while between hands, Roy uttered silent prayers that the baby and Arlene would be all right.

When Roy finally did see the baby behind its plate-glass window, she was as red as could be and wrinkled as all new babies are. But when Roy was admitted to his wife's room, he said, "Honey, it's a girl, and it's beautiful." Arlene smiled. She, too, thought the baby beautiful, with its dark blue eyes and dark brown hair. She thinks that it looks just like Roy.

Arlene's mother took Roy aside. "I think Arlene likes the name 'Sandra Sue,'" whispered Mrs. Wilkins.

"That's quite a tongue twister, isn't it?" laughed Roy. Then he said, "How do you like the name 'Linda Lou?'"

The name is a combination of the names of two people Roy likes very much. Lou Crosby is an announcer on the Lum and Abner radio program. Linda was Roy's leading lady in four of his pictures.

"Let's ask Arlene whether she likes it," Arlene's mother said. So they did, and she did. The name seemed to fit the mite of humanity who slept so peacefully.

Friends and fans of Roy sent all sorts of gifts for the new arrival. One unusual gift was the song which Nat Vincent wrote and dedicated to Linda Lou.

"So far I've just sung Nat's song in the house," Roy told me. "If some day the opportunity should come up, I guess I'll sing it over the radio."

The day after Linda Lou was born, Roy bought a beautiful diamond ruby ring for Arlene. "I wanted to give her something for what she gave me," he says.

They let me look at Linda Lou. She was sleeping on her tummy, as usual. "I want to see my baby doll sister, too," said Cheryl, when she saw me being admitted into the sacred presence. Cheryl has a room full of dolls. She regards Linda Lou as a sort of super doll, much more fascinating than Nanny or even Gabby, the big doll given her by Gabby Hayes.

Cheryl is too young to know that she's an adopted baby, but they're getting her accustomed to the word "adopt." Each time she gets a new plaything, Roy tells her, "We're going to adopt a doll for you" or "How would you like to adopt a kitten, Cheryl?" Thus the word "adopt" is tied up in her mind with things she's loved. When she's old enough for Roy to tell her that she, too, is adopted, the word won't chill her heart. He'll tell her then that he picked her out of a world full of babies.

Cheryl has learned to love Linda Lou with all her baby heart. Ask her, "What did you get for Easter?" and she says, beaming, "Linda Lou."

The day Arlene was ready to leave the hospital, Roy had just time enough to bring his wife and the baby home; then he had to go on location. "Silver Spurs" had been delayed just as long as it was possible.

While he was away, Roy was calling constantly to find out how the baby was. "Now that I'm back home," he told me triumphantly, "I get a chance to watch her eat, and I try to get her to laugh. The nurse won't let me help feed her, and Arlene insists upon being in full charge of the diaper department."

Mrs. Rogers smiled. "Well, I won't sing any lullabies to the baby," she said. "Roy is the singer in the family. He can do the serenading."

So some day if you pass a cream colored Spanish style house in Encino, surrounded by palm and pepper trees and with petunias growing near the doorstep, don't be too surprised if you hear a familiar voice singing a lullaby. It'll be Roy Rogers singing to Linda Lou.

THE END

Roy Rogers and his wife, Arlene, at luncheon in their new ranch home in San Fernando Valley, a few miles from Republic Studios.

WHY YOUNG SOLDIERS LIKE TO BE STATIONED IN CALIFORNIA

Things like this happen: Susan Peters plays hostess to soldiers . . . and the soldiers return the compliment and host her around.

Susan Peters, since her role in "Random Harvest," is considered the most promising young starlet in Hollywood. Recently she invited three soldiers to be her guests at her studio, and conducted them on a tour of the MGM lot.

The boys, working on the theory of "one good turn deserves another," asked Susan to visit them near Beverly Hills where they are stationed. There she learned about their world—one full of fantastic looking machinery and a lingo all its own.

Red Skelton, in costume for "Du Barry Was a Lady," posed with them and Buster Keaton.

On the set of "The Youngest Profession," Virginia Weidler and Jean Porter reversed the autograph procedure.

They took her first to their dugout and introduced her to additional members of their outfit — the mascots.

Having a robust appetite, Susan couldn't wait for dinner (beg pardon . . . mess) to be served. She sampled first.

Susan met the boys at the gate and steered them toward a sound stage to watch a picture in the making. Happy grins?

Second thrill came when they spied Lionel Barrymore on the lot and Susan introduced them to "Dr. Gillespie" in person.

Moseying through a farmyard set, they found an ancient wheel-barrow, and of course Susan had to be given a ride.

Susan was escorted into their camp by her trio of soldiers, plus two more who had put in their bid for a bit of glamour gazing.

From what she had seen at camp, Miss Peters figured the boys worked hard enough. So she played waitress.

The day ended with a group photograph taken as the sun was setting. Susan told them, "I bet I had more fun than you did."

Movieland Selects Five "Best" Pictures This Month

BATAAN

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

"BATAAN" is a very worthy tribute to the courage of the Americans and Filipinos who held the Philippines from the Japs for ninety-six precious days. For film purposes, the story here centers around one particular patrol of men, (during the evacuation of Bataan) which is assigned to blow up an important bridge in the jungle in order to retard the Japs' progress and to hold the surrounding ground.

Sergeant Bill Dane is their leader, and the men themselves are straggling remnants from different outfits, even including a sailor. It is perhaps the most realistic war picture yet made. The uniforms are tattered, the faces are dirty and hardly distinguishable behind the beards. There are no pseudo heroics. The men act as men would in such a grim situation, realizing it is hopeless, but staying on to do what they can.

"Bataan" necessarily is not a cheerful picture, though it has its moments of laughter. It has no "plot," no love story. It cannot be classed as escapist entertainment and will certainly not take your mind off the war. It again brings up the argument about war films and whether they should be shown as entertainment. For ourselves, we think the very truth of it, the terrible, vivid drama, the honest portrayals of very typical American boys, facing inevitable death, raises "Bataan" to heights greater than mere entertainment.

Robert Taylor as Sergeant Dane has never been as fine as he is here. Lloyd Nolan is superb as a cynical private. Newcomer Robert Walker as the gum-chewing young sailor is true stellar material. Also in the picture, and not to be minimized for their performances, are Lee Bowman, an Army captain, and George Murphy, an Air Force lieutenant.

DIXIE

(Paramount)

BING CROSBY in new tunes and old hits.

Do you have to have more than that for your money? We wouldn't.

But for pure luxury in entertainment, we list some additional items for you:

1. Dorothy Lamour, Marjorie Reynolds, Lynne Overman, Billy de Wolf (new and so amusing), Eddie Foy Jr., and scores of others.
2. There are the most gay, colorful settings, and clothes by the very talented Raoul Pene de Bois.
3. There is Eddie Sutherland's shrewd direction.
4. There is nostagalia heavy as perfume all over the film—that nostagalia that most of us feel these days for anything as peaceful as the old South with its charm, graceful manners, and romantic gaiety.
5. And it's technicolor throughout of course.

Specifically, this is the story of Dan Emmett, the dreaming Southerner who quit his job as a feed store clerk, picked up his five hundred dollar inheritance so he could start a minstrel show, because all he wanted to do was act and sing, and the minstrel show was all he could put on with practically no funds and a lot of happy-go-lucky players.

It is also the story of his two loves, the girl whose sultry beauty nearly destroyed him (that's Dottie) and the girl who won his pity and protection (that's Marjorie).

Compounded of songs, laughter, and pathos, the picture moves lazily and enchantingly. Throughout it all Bing sings, Bing clowns, and even dances. He's never been the star more completely in possession of his own type of vehicle as he is in "Dixie."

Perfect for the whole family, this one.

MR. BIG

(Universal)

GATES, this is it, the jivinest, singinest hoop-la we've seen in months. It stars young Donald O'Connor, and if you haven't yet caught him, go get a load.

"Mr. Big" is young as a puppy and satisfying as a double-dip malt and concerns itself strictly with a bunch of kids and a bunch of bands and a hatful of songs and dances, all of which are keen.

The Davis School of the Theater teaches drama and serious arts to teen-agers. But around the corner from the school Ray Eberle and his band are pounding it out. Donald, ringleader of the school, persuades the gang to go and gives Ray a listen. The bunch all totter over, even including Penelope, a nice little girl whose Aunt Mary gives the Davis school huge donations. Auntie is a super-highbrow, and the mere idea of jive makes her shudder.

Auntie, going out of town, orders the school principal to have the kids whip up a Greek drama for their graduation play. Donald stirs the kids up to the thought of putting on a musical comedy instead. Auntie comes back the night of the show and all - you - know - what breaks loose.

You may not think that plot's so original, and you're so right. It isn't original, but Donald O'Connor, very ably assisted by Gloria Jean, Peggy Ryan, Robert Paige, and Elyse Knox, makes it all seem fresh as a new morning.

The O'Connor is really terrific. He's got the Rooney technique, without either Mickey's heartpull or some of his annoying mannerisms. We aren't prophesying that he'll crowd the Mick off the bench, but he may knuckle in alongside.

You'll really have a swell time at this—and you might just as well see a new star in the borning, too.

BOMBARDIER

(RKO Radio)

THIS has for the spectator all the thrills of learning bombardier training . . . and none of the discipline or discomforts.

Starting before Pearl Harbor, Major Chick Davis tries to persuade the conservative Army heads of the value of precision bombing. His best friend is a pilot who opposes the idea of bombardiers ranking above pilots in actual combat, and their mental feud, as well as the conversion of the Army heads to Chick's point of view, gives the background for the story.

Against it, a group of recruits are changed from happy-go-lucky boys to intelligent, eager bombardiers, willing to sacrifice their lives in preference to ever giving up the secret of our most guarded bombsight. One of them is tempted by an enemy agent. Another gets very much involved with love. Another is amusingly pursued . . . and caught . . . by an amorous girl. One finds it almost impossible to conquer his fear of heights. But the lot of them emerge, each triumphant in his individual way.

All of this adds up to an exciting, frequently romantic, and always informative production. And that, to us, sounds like one of the best balanced pictures of modern times.

Pat O'Brien is a pleasant blend of toughness and humor as the Major. Randolph Scott is his usual persuasive self as the pilot. There are two new guys who are very much worth watching. (Incidentally, we warned you about them several issues ago.) Anyway, they are Walter Reed who is most handsome and Richard Martin who strolls off, amusingly, with every scene he's in, as a Mexican named Rafferty. Anne Shirley flits about as the girl they all most admire.

You really should put this down on your must list.

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

(Warner Brothers)

HUMPHREY BOGART'S first picture since "Casablanca" is no romantic companion piece.

"Action in the North Atlantic" is the grim re-enactment of the life of our Merchant Marine heroes these days, those quite unsung heroes who dodge U-boats and Nazi planes to get the cargoes through to our allies. Its scenes are so truthfully portrayed that except for its fine actors, it seems more like a documentary film than a regular feature movie.

It concerns itself with a crew of very average seamen torpedoed in the Caribbean who promptly signs on again to join a convoy sailing for Murmansk. Their captain is Steve Jarvis (Raymond Massey), their chief mate Joe Rossi (Humphrey Bogart). The chief mate is as cynical as the captain is religious.

Their ship, the "Seawitch," runs into fog almost at once, gets into a battle, has to leave the convoy, dodges a sub by night and fights by day, finally escapes by a clever ruse that the chief mate works out.

Most of the action is spine-tingling in its intensity. The torpedoing scenes stand out as some of the best we have ever seen. But it must almost be confessed that there are episodes . . . particularly the thin romantic ones . . . that drag. They seem to be thrown in to fill certain requirements of a good all round movie rather than because they have a direct bearing on the plot.

The infusion of United Nations propaganda when the "Seawitch" joins the convoy, when men of the Allied Nations meet and sit together to plan out their common destiny, is impressive beyond description.

Newcomer Dane Clark stands out particularly, and Massey and Bogart give their expected strong performances. Julie Bishop, in for a very few scenes, suffices.

Movieland's BEAUTY PARLOR

COME on in!

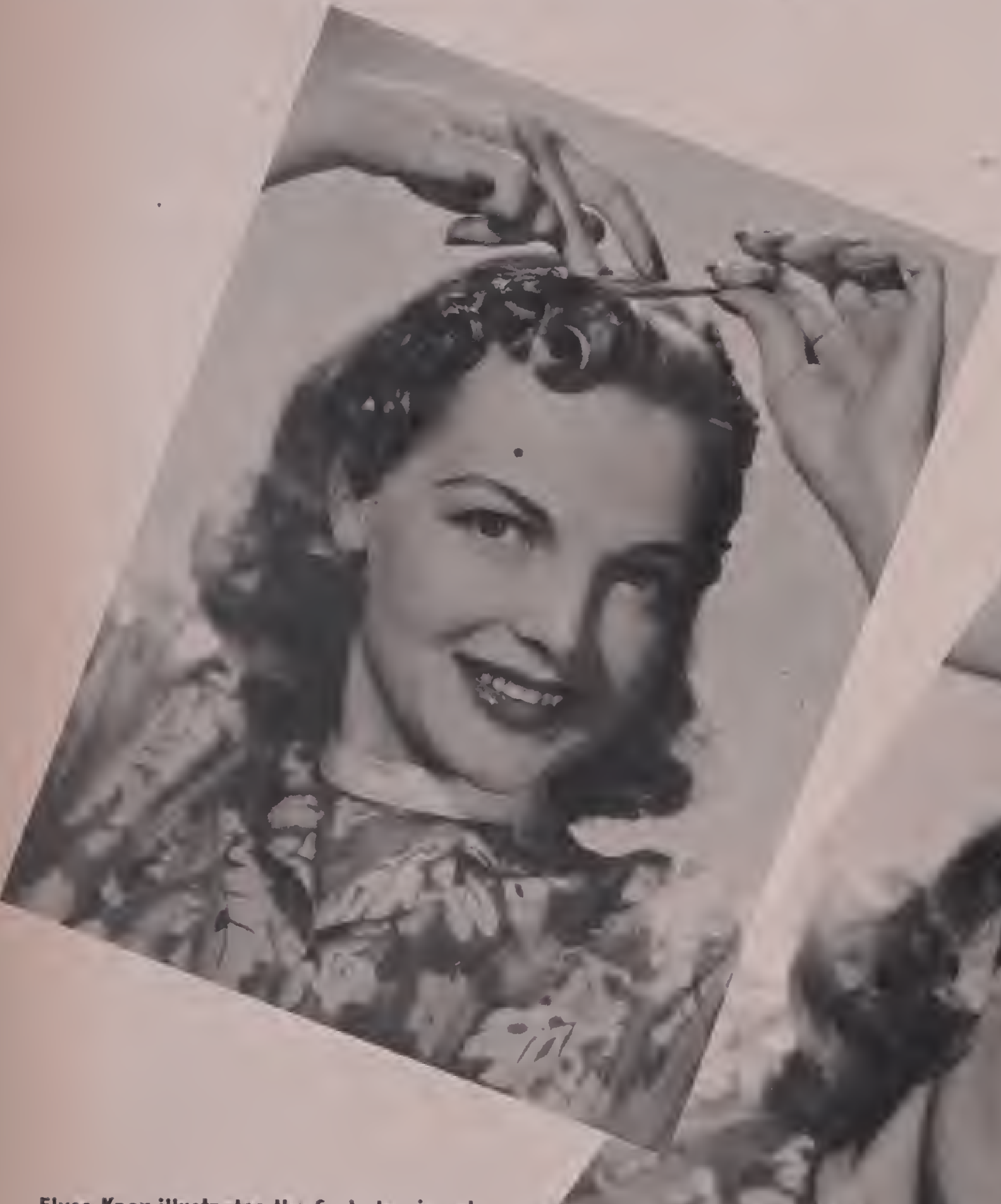
Through Movieland's Beauty Parlor henceforth, we are going to bring to you beauty facts and foibles from the palace of beauty—Hollywood. No place in the world knows as much about beauty than does that of the motion picture capital.

It isn't hard to understand why, either, since beauty is a commodity sold in the theaters of the world.

Do you know what would happen if you saw your own face in close-up on the screen? It would be magnified two hundred times! Every little freckle, blemish, and fault would step right up and smack you in the eye; and you'd probably be the most discouraged little wren in captivity! It's this very fact that has made Hollywood make-up artists tops, because they can see at a glance what needs to be done to glorify Jane Doe.

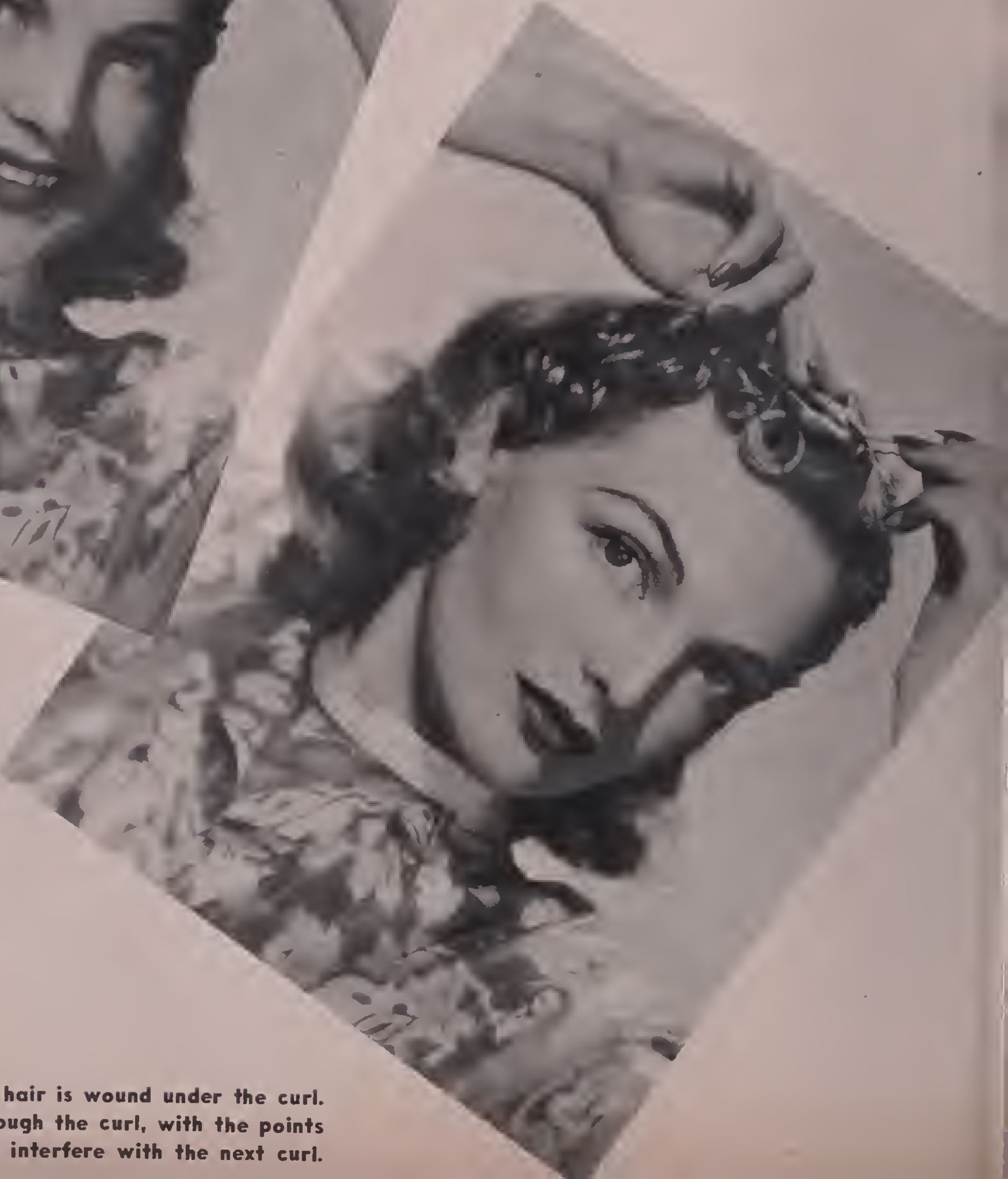
There's no reason why you shouldn't benefit from all this knowledge. Consider these pages, then, the booths of a beauty parlor—a beauty parlor that brings to you for free all of the past, present, and future beauty rules of Hollywood.

Every month, you can walk with



Elyse Knox illustrates the first step in setting a pincurl. Elyse has selected a small section of hair and dampened it. Placing the middle finger of her right hand under this strand of hair, she grasps the ends with the left hand and brings the strand around the tip of right middle finger very tightly. She continues winding this strand around the tip of the finger, lap upon lap, until the very end is reached. Notice that Elyse protects her frock with a transparent beauty apron.

★



right—The end of the dampened strand of hair is wound under the curl. Then an X is formed with two hairpins through the curl, with the points of the pins toward the face so they won't interfere with the next curl.

us down the corridors, meet Hollywood stars, observe their beauty problems, and learn their solutions. Take a good look, and listen well.

One of the first things you'll notice about Hollywood beauty is the wonderful quality of shining cleanliness and neatness, both in hair and make-up. Cleanliness of face, body, hair, is dinned into feminine ears here morning, noon, and night. So, for Pete's sake, if it's that important to Hollywood, why should you be the lone, rugged individualist who neglects to remove the day's make-up before hitting the trundle bed; who disdains the use of face cloth, soap, and warm water; and thinks of a brush only as something with bristles? Make this your credo: You can't have beauty without cleanliness!

The second quality is neatness—neatness of make-up and hair. Make-up for the street shouldn't be applied as if you were making a finger-painting. A finger-painting sometimes shows budding genius, but a face with cosmetics applied on the same, daubing principles clearly points the way in the opposite direction. Has your man ever said, "I see you've got your war paint on?" If he has, mend your ways, and quickly. He wasn't flattering you, not by a long shot. It's his way of saying your make-up is obvious and without talent. Make-up should appear natural.

Now, as to neatness of hair: Along with countless others, we've been having a good many thoughts on the subject of woman's crowning glory, especially in relation to feminine wage earners. Keeping hair neat when you have a heck of a time squeezing in a beauty parlor appointment once a week or so is a major problem. You know it; so do we, and so do Hollywood's actresses. Don't for a minute think they spend part of every day under the tender ministrations of an operator. They don't. Time is important to them, too. But never do you see a glamour girl with a hair out of place!

Thinking along these lines, our

below—After the pincurls are thoroughly dried, they should be combed and brushed.

below—Having completed the setting of pincurls around her face, Elyse uses a small hand dryer for quick drying. You can buy a hand dryer at any drug store.

below—The finished product. Elyse, whom you'll see in "Oh, Doctor!" highlights the headdress with a pair of blue bachelor buttons.

mental processes led straight to pincurls, and pincurls in turn led to two questions: Why don't more women make use of this quick method of hair grooming? Why do Hollywood stars take advantage of this at-home beautifier while the average girl does not?

We were surprised to find that the majority of girls either don't know how to set them or think they are difficult!

Pincurls are easy, dry quickly, and give results—pre-supposing, of course, that you have a permanent or naturally curly hair. Best of all, there is no danger of hair breakage, no matter how often you do the trick. (Your old friend, the curling iron, does plenty of damage in splitting ends each time you take advantage of its supposed help. Give it to the scrap drive, and you'll have rid yourself of a prime hair saboteur!)

Because it's a work-a-day world for us women today, whether we're in war industries, office work, or in branches of the services, we are all rushed for time. It's this same rushing that's the enemy of hair neatness and the cause of up-springing, unruly locks. Usually, these little locks develop along the front hairline, and nothing gives you such an all-over straggly feeling and appearance.

If your present headgear is a war factory turban, under which your little gray cells are busily planning an after-work date, hurrah, take before-work time to put in a blueprint of pincurls. Now, wrap on your turban, and settle down to your riveting, letting the pincurls dry on the job. Comb them out at shift's end, and you'll look fresh out of the beauty parlor.

If you're one of the lucky mortals with a loose bob and heavy hair, you can set three or four pincurls where they'll do the most good. Over them, comb a camouflage of dry hair, and settle back to let nature take its course.

Or, if you're an office worker with plans for an evening's romanticism, but with no time off for beauty, take the first five minutes of your lunch hour, set your curls, clap on your hat, and let them dry during the luncheon routine.

One of Hollywood's most consistent addicts of the home pincurl is Universal's Elyse Knox. Not only is she not hard to look at, but Elyse keeps her hair in that shining state of neatness we mentioned somewhere along the way. With her help, we've given you the way to do it. Just read the directions under each picture.

Exercise of the Month:

Hollywood girls are firm believers in exercise. After all, there is nothing under the sun that keeps a gal on the qui vivre like a circulatory system that's perking one hundred per cent. So each month, our beauty parlor will give you one outstanding exercise that's good for you. Lesson No. 1 comes from Julie Bishop, who is featured in Warner Brothers' "Action in the North Atlantic." La Bishop's daily beauty routine begins with lessons learned from her cat. Watch your own household feline, and you'll soon understand why stretching is one of the finer forms of exercise.

Why not start off, like Julie, by planting your feet wide, raising your arms straight above your head, and grasping one hand with the other? Now, place your feet together and start revolving from the waist; first right, then left. Swing while stretching—high, wide, and handsome—forward, to the sides, and back.

If you're a beginner, start off with five minutes, gradually increasing the time to fifteen.

After this exercise, train yourself like a Spartan to alternate hot and cold showers with a needle-fine spray. We guarantee, as does Julie, that it'll send the blood racing through your veins. Besides lifting the spirits, it acts as a cleansing agent for the skin. And you don't know what you've missed if you haven't experienced the after-shower rubdown with a heavy bath towel that has been dipped in sea salt (a pharmaceutical preparation) and has been dripped dry.

If your circulation doesn't break all speed records at this point; if you don't feel as if you have a new lease on life, then it's time to consult your doctor!

UP, UP, UP!

Surely, you've noticed that hair is going up — unobtrusively, quietly, simply—a la natural, or with the use of switches, crepe hair, and other contrivances that will bemuse and confuse the poor male.

Actually, it's a story that begins at least three years ago, because it was that far back that Hollywood's hair stylists and feminine brigade began going in for the up-do in a big way. The rest of the country's women have been a little slow in following suit—again, we have a hunch, because they thought such hairdresses couldn't be achieved without outside help. And again, we're here to tell you it isn't so. You can use crepe hair and switches along with the best of 'em.

To digress for a moment, we're going to retrace our steps to the subject of cleanliness.

Southern California, blessed in so many other ways, is also favored with little dust in the air, and no soot. You probably think at this point that we're way off the beam. If so, stop and take a good look at your own noggin and a quick one at those of your friends. Maybe you live in a clean climate, but maybe also the glance we suggest will reveal dusty hair. "Dusty" is what we said and is what we mean. Dust and soot do collect on the hair, obscuring any natural tendency to shine, making it look dull and lifeless.

Right here is where that little instrument of health, the brush, comes in. Brush, brush, brush, from the scalp outward, morning and night. A comb will not combat dustiness. See, too, that you use a clean brush. It's smart to have more than one on hand and to alternate. It's a great way of combating the dead-hair look between shampoos.

If you're introducing yourself to an up-do via the use of crepe hair, it's doubly important that this aid

to nature is kept clean. Don't leave it lying on your dressing table to collect face powder and fine particles of dust. Keep it in a drawer when not in use. Cleanse it at least once a week in a good, dry cleaning fluid, spreading it apart with the fingers as you remove it so that it can regain its resilence. Place it in the sun to dry. Remember, too, that because crepe hair (which is nothing more or less than wool crepe) nestles close to the scalp it absorbs more than its share of oil. If that doesn't move you to keep it in spick-and-span condition, then we give up!

If you're using a switch, let it be cleansed at least as often as your own hair is shampooed (best to let your hairdresser handle the switch); in the meantime, don't forget to brush it as often as you do your own hair.

Having digressed for something more than a moment, we'll tell you of one of the loveliest up-do's we've seen recently. It's worn by Greer Garson for her role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Madame Curie." A word to the wise, however, should be sufficient: Before you copy it, be sure yours is a face that takes a center part and can stand trying simplicity.

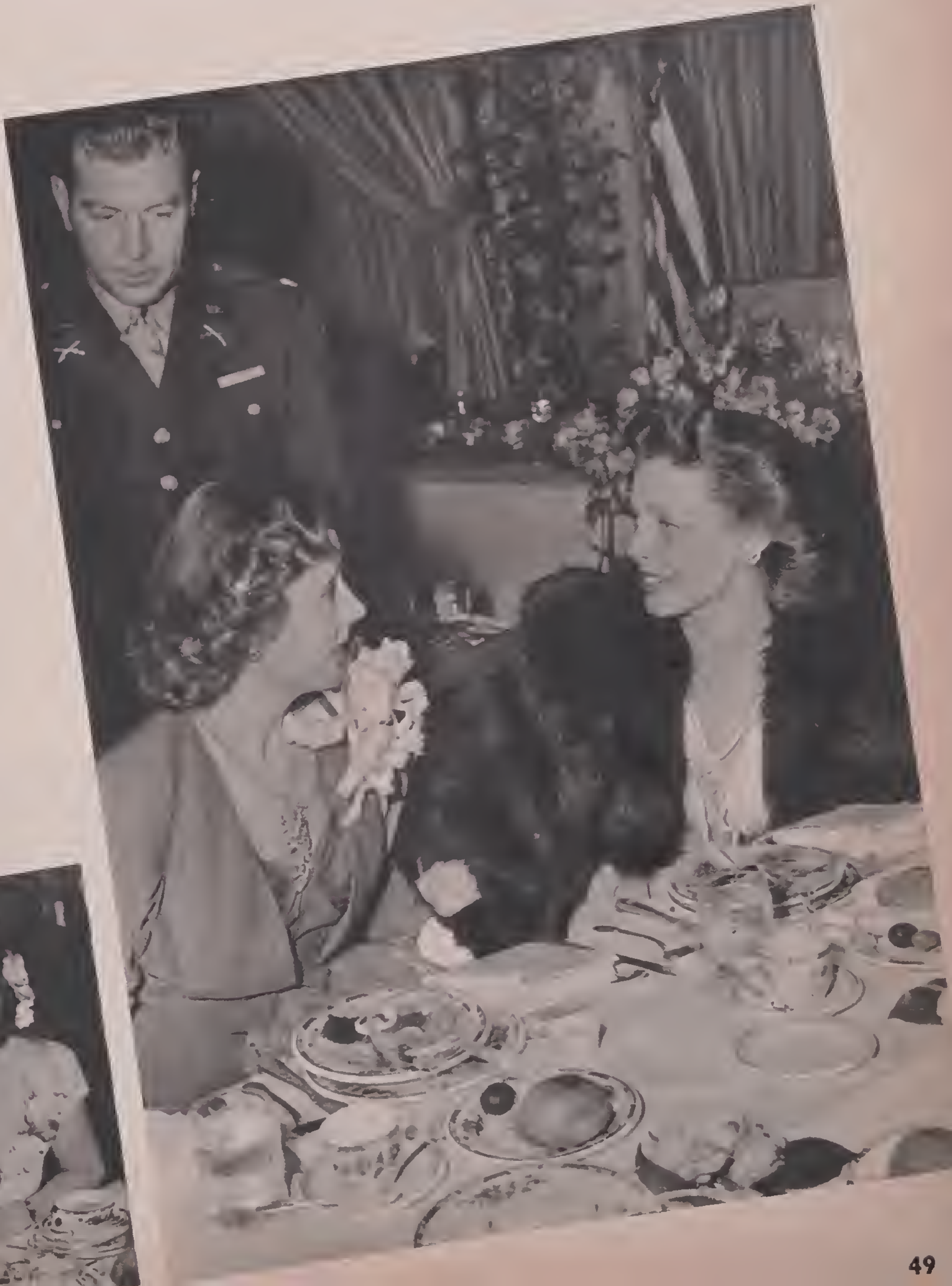
Greer's hair is parted in the middle and waved softly back, to be piled in a big, figure-8 knot, UP on the back of the head, revealing the nape of her neck.

Beauty Chatter:

As in all beauty parlors, we bring snatches of beauty gossip—short, compact, tricky, practical.

For instance, Ann Sheridan tells us she gives herself a once-weekly facial scrubbing with salt applied with a soft complexion brush . . . Judy Garland saves expenses on perfume by substituting bath oil; rubbed gently into the skin, it doesn't come off on your clothes, and the scent stays and stays and stays . . . Judy, too, thinks there's nothing better than her old-fashioned hand lotion of lemon juice and glycerine, half and half . . . Louise Allbritton uses a tiny doll's comb for eyebrow grooming. It gives them that perfect arch, smooths stubborn hairs into line . . . Keeping an eye on elbows, Veronica Lake rubs cream into hers every night before retiring to keep the skin soft and pliable . . . There are lots of tricks with perfume, and Claudette Colbert's is to put perfume over her lipstick to set it and keep it from smearing . . . Those slim and shapely ankles sported by Ida Lupino are undoubtedly due to the fact that she walks once around her house each morning—on her toes! You're right. It's not as easy as it reads . . . And Lana Turner is looking mighty beautiful these days with her hair back to its natural brown. It's hard on the fans, though, who fail to recognize her . . . If you're sporting exposed ears, it's well to follow Grace McDonald's cue and remove that shiny look by powdering behind the ears. Shine on the ears themselves can be removed with a very little bit of powder on a piece of absorbent cotton. Use cotton or your powder brush to remove any excess . . . Hand cream applied before and after immersion in water is the secret behind the lovely hands of Ingrid Bergman . . . Maybe some of those unpleasant childhood memories of castor oil will be shooed away by this little beauty secret: Dolores Moran claims that nightly brushing with castor oil promotes the growth of her eyelashes and also keeps them in proper alignment . . . And so ends this month's beauty gossip. Try them all or not, as you will. Each take so little time; each brings results.

THE END



Hairdresses are highly individual in Hollywood these days, as witness these four different types of beauties at the banquet for Madame Chiang Kai-shek. At left Janet Gaynor Adrian has her hair cut short, curled in short ringlets over the whole head. Irene Dunne parts her hair in the center, dips it softly on either side, moors it above the ears with tiny hair combs. Loretta Young sweeps her hair back severely over a crepe-hair rat, outlines her lovely, long neck. Olivia de Havilland wears a pompadour and a low coil on the back of her neck—roses to match her frock.

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LOU COSTELLO'S FIGHT FOR HEALTH

LOU COSTELLO's getting well! It can be told now, how close the chubby half of the Abbott and Costello team came to that final danger of all. Now it can be told how his family, his thousands of friends, his millions of fans, feared for him. It may also be told now, how only he was never afraid, never worried, but very, very sick.

To the hundreds of thousands of boys in all the camps who have laughed at him, to all the lonely lads whom he reached, almost nightly, by short wave radio, to practically every resident of Hollywood, the news that, at long last, Lou is getting well, comes as very wonderful news indeed. He is actually recovered enough that today as he lies out in the California sun, he can actually think of his next picture, his next broadcast, and camp show.

His six-year-old daughter, Patricia Ann, is convinced that his recovery is due to a holy picture she bought for him at Marymount School. His four-year-old daughter, Carole Lou, is equally certain that Daddy's improvement comes directly through the little medal she bought. Both children saved their small allowances and invested of their own accord for their daddy's benefit. Earnestly, they took their precious gifts to his bedside and assured him that if he kept the items under his pillow all the time, he'd get well.

Bud Abbott, Lou's partner, being more worldly, is of the opinion that Lou's recovery is based on the best service medicine and science afford.

As for Mrs. Lou Costello, she believes it is because Lou is such a good patient.

"I never have to make him take his vitamins, or eat the things he's supposed to eat," she says. "Nobody has to argue with him about not getting out of bed, about resting, about giving up anything his doctors say isn't good for him. He must have steak and liver every day. He must eat at least three vegetables or salad, and he mustn't eat rich desserts or anything fattening. Now he's getting tired of the same meat every day, but he never complains. He just eyes the liver and says, 'Look at that dee-licious lamb chop!' He used to eat the tomato out of his salads and push the rest of it out of the way. He never touched any vegetable except potato. Now he eats every mouthful set before him.

"He listens to the radio a great deal and will say to his nurse: 'If I eat my Wheaties, I'll grow up to be a big strong man. Bring on the Wheaties!' Or he'll sing that song about spinach.

"He says he's going to play it the doc's way."

Well, of course, behind all this, there's the story of a great human being. Lou has never been ill. He had never consulted a doctor before this illness except for insurance examinations, so when he

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You'll Find Inspiration in This Story of a Laughing Guy Who Refuses to Let Even a Germ Keep Him Down for Long

by ALICE L. TILDESLEY

Doctor's orders: no photographs of Lou the day we took the house and family. So this shot was taken before Lou's illness.

was stricken, the "doctor routine," as he calls it, was all new to him. Now the actor in him makes him imitate it. When he has a caller, he takes that caller's pulse and temperature and pretends to take his blood pressure. He is so funny that he and Bud have worked out a "doctor routine" for their next picture, "Harem Scarem."

Lou has had rheumatic fever. No one seems to know exactly what that is, but you have to stay in bed for it. No one apparently knows how or why the fever comes, or if they do, they haven't explained it to Lou so far. It must be a germ, says Lou, and it sneaks up on you when you're a ba-ad boy and won't go to bed with the sandman.

For months before the germ attacked him, Lou had been consistently over-working. He went from one picture to another and put in all his spare time in rehearsals, broadcasts, army shows, bond tours. If he had listened to advice, he would have taken better care of himself, but when you've always been well, you don't heed your loved ones' anxious: "Put on your hat—it's snowing!" or "Wrap up your throat, you're getting hoarse!" or "You have time to lie down for an hour or so now." You just think that's a family for you.

The snow blows in your hair, the fog gets in your throat, you let somebody's cousin bring in his little girl to shake hands, and you put on a show for the kid instead of sensibly lying down. You sign up for more shows, you think up new gags, you run around like a tizzy doing things you could let some other guy do if you stopped to think.

And you wind up with a germ conducting an invasion inside you, a doctor looking at a thermometer, and you saying: "What's the score, doc?"

Lou thought he had a charley horse the night he first noticed the pain creeping up his leg. He and Bud were giving a broadcast. Bud noticed Lou changing position frequently, easing his knee, working his leg muscles, and saw the beads of sweat forming on his forehead, but Lou finished the broadcast without incident.

That night they had intended going on to the Hollywood Masquer's Club party. Lou was president of the club and was eager to attend, but the pains had grown rapidly worse. He called up Bud and told him that, for once, he'd have to carry on alone.

"Have fun," he directed Bud. "I'll go home, stick my foot in a tub, and crawl in the hay. That'll fix it."

It didn't fix it. Next day he couldn't put his weight on the bad leg. That was Friday. In Hollywood, as you may have heard, Friday night is fight night. There never was a greater fight fan than Lou. He couldn't miss fight night. He called the studio—he still hadn't called the doctor—and asked them to send him a couple of canes. "I'm going to make like a cripple," he told them. "You know—stump, stump, stump down the ramp to the ringside."

But by night when the canes arrived, he discovered he couldn't stump even so far as across the room. He listened to the fights on his bedside radio. It was Mrs. Costello who finally sent for the doctor.

When Dr. Victor Kovner told Lou that bed was the cure for his fever, Lou said, "Okay, you're the

1. Swimming pool. Mrs. Lou Costello and the girls. Carole Ann at the paddle, and Patricia Lou in back.
2. Playroom. How do you like the nautical note even on the walls?
3. The front gate. It won't be long before Lou will be swinging on that.
4. That 5-C sign down on the road means something. Can you guess?
5. Lou Costello Jr. When ladies barge in on a man's sleep, what's a fellow to do? (Extra bed is for his nurse.)
6. Another private bedroom. This time we're in the little girls' territory.

doc!" But he didn't sleep very well. Maybe Mrs. Costello reported him. At any rate, the doctor recommended a sleeping pill.

"Nix on that stuff," said Lou, but after an argument he agreed to take one if Dr. Kovner did likewise. Dr. Kovner gulped one down. Lou gulped down another. Lou didn't shake hands with the sandman till midnight, but Dr. Kovner didn't come around to call until 2 p.m. next day. He slept straight through his ten o'clock appointment!

LOU has a miniature screen in his bedroom, and every night he sees a picture on 1t mm film. Major studios, just because they were so fond of the roly poly comedian, arranged to process pictures on this size film especially for Lou. That gave Lou a bright idea. After he saw those movies he directed their disposal among the military and naval hospitals around Hollywood and then out to our eight fighting fronts. Once a week, Lt. Frieda Levenson of the American Red Cross Motor Corps drives up to the Costello home to cart away reels of the film for distribution according to Lou's earnest sugestions.

"Buck Privates," Lou's own first screen hit, was shown to troops in Attu shortly before they chased the Japs off that vital island. Lt. Levenson reported to Lou that the boys in Attu were certain this picture helped with the victory. Remember that scene where Lou is on an icy precipice in constant danger of slipping over the edge? The troops fought on plenty of icy peaks and each time they negotiated one, they thought of the picture and Lou. They pretended to repeat his gags, and they laughed at danger.

Now whenever Lou views a film, he says, "This'll be good down in Guadalcanal!" or "The boys in Africa will go for this!" or "How about this for China?"

He's crazy about cartoon comedies and would like to send his favorites everywhere. The only thing that makes him impatient about his enforced rest is that he can't accompany Bud to hospitals, hand the boys a few laughs in person, and ask them what cartoons they prefer and whether he's choosing the right pictures.

SPENDING his long convalescence near a wide bedroom window, Lou has had an unobstructed view of the antics of a group of P-38's in training flights. They afforded him so much entertainment that he asked Mrs. Costello to invite the pilots in to look at some of his choicest films.

One night when the pilots were on hand, Bud Abbott suggested that they show the comedian's latest comedy, "Hit The Ice." The show began, the guests were convulsed, and the host lay back, well pleased. Suddenly something went wrong with the projection machine, just at the beginning of one of their best routines. Lou motioned Bud, and the two of them completed the routine in person, much to the enjoyment of the pilots.

Back at the swimming pool again. The other side of Donald Duck is a seat, and it also holds the umbrella.

This, Lou and Bud believe, was the turning point on the Costello road back to health.

Next day the airmen put their appreciation of Lou's thoughtfulness in writing—sky writing with vapor "I'm a Bad Boy" right over the Costello ranch.

THE 5-C Ranch, as Lou calls it, (5-C for the five Costellos) is a small acreage in San Fernando Valley, improved with shining light colored buildings grouped on green lawns trimmed with flowers and fruit. Lou had a finger in designing the house, and several fingers in designing play-house, swimming pool, dressing rooms, and other buildings, for "making things" is his hobby.

Now that he's in bed, he continues to pursue his hobby. He's having his former garage torn out, replacing it with a library, and building a three-car garage on the other side of the property. Lou's father is in charge of carrying out his famous son's plans in the library; so far they have built a stone fireplace, assembled knotty pine for interior finishing, hard wood for flooring, and planned a whole wall of windows across the front of the new room.

Lou designed the wing that houses his home movie theater; it doubles as a pool room when anyone wants a game.

But the playroom is his special pride—a huge room, big enough for a dance, designed to accommodate model ships, another of Lou's hobbies. The carpet is sea blue, the walls are painted sea-scapes, chairs have red ship's wheels as backs, as do the high stools at the nautical bar. Lamps are ship's bells, charts are painted on tables in red, white, and blue, and there's an aquarium full of active goldfish. Signs over doors designate the kitchen as "Galley," telephone room as "Captain's Quarters," terrace as "Outside Deck and Swimming Pool." Each model ship has its appropriate setting.

The family likes to gather in the playroom. Lou's mother says it makes her feel as if Lou might be in any minute. Lou's attitude ever since he first went to bed has been

Top above—another view of the playroom. How do you like the steering-wheel chair? And do you have any idea what "Captain's Quarters" means? You'll never guess. Top below—you're in the ladies' dressing room.

that he'll soon be well. Apparently it never occurred to him that his illness could have another ending, or that there was the slightest doubt of recovery. Perhaps that helped.

One of his ideas was to have Mrs. Costello hang a calendar, turned to the month of September, near his bed. By September, he was faithfully promised, he would be up and around again; the calendar gave him a chance to plan things to do in that lovely month.

WHILE I sat getting this story in the playroom, Patricia Ann and Carole Lou made their daily visit to their father. Lou still wasn't quite strong enough to see an outsider like myself, but the little girls came in, freckled faces glowing, ribbons on pigtails dancing. Each of them had twenty-five cents to spend on a shopping trip with their youthful Aunt Pat.

"I want to buy a camera for Daddy," announced Carole Lou.

Her aunt had forgotten where they sell cameras for twenty-five cents.

Patricia Ann was all for parting with five cents at the Brown Derby. The Brown Derby, she explained, was probably so expensive you couldn't spend less than that. Her sister marveled at any place that might refuse a penny. "They could get a marble with it," she pointed out.

They went into a conference then, counting nickels and dimes. They consulted "Uncle Bud" gravely. "Uncle Bud has made a fortune in rabbits," they told me.

"Yep. I started with two, and now I've got fifty," agreed Bud. He discouraged them, however, from investing in live stock, suggesting that something to eat might be interesting.

The little girls gave him a hug and a kiss, inquired the price of ice cream and followed their aunt to the car, comparing flavors. One of them ran back to ask whether they couldn't take some ice cream back home to Daddy.

NOT only do little daughters think of Lou in his convalescence. Brimming mailbags are left at his doorstep every day. Some letters contain home remedies for rheumatic fever. *"Wear a steel ring. It will eliminate fever in a few days,"* reads one.

A woman in Nebraska told Lou to put a potato in his pocket. *"If you don't have a pocket, pin the potato to your pajamas."*

A man in Oregon wrote, *"Slice two dozen onions into a quart of Scotch. Then dig a hole in your backyard and dump in the Scotch and onions. Six days later eat a teaspoonful of dirt from the hole and you'll be cured."*

Other kindly people want to help. Mrs. John Lee of Cambridge, Massachusetts, sent a religious memento that has been in her family for generations. Whenever a noted person has a serious illness, Mrs. Lee sends it to him with a request for its return upon his recovery. Lou is the first movie star to receive the memento.

Champion child baton twirler, thirteen-year-old Irene Ehrlich of Miami, Florida, idolizes the roly-poly comic. Last week she auctioned off an autographed picture of Abbott and Costello at Miami's Exchange Club. She wrote:

"It should make you feel good to know the first offer for your picture wasn't twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars, but a five-hundred-dollar bond. It went to six hundred, seven hundred dollars, one thousand, two thousand, five thousand, six thousand, seven thousand and ten thousand dollars in a few minutes. You rest and take good care of yourself, and I'll keep selling bonds for you with more of your pictures."

The largest letter of sympathy came from a thousand boys in an infantry battalion training near Indio, California. Writing paper being unavailable, the soldiers used the bottom of a paper carton eighteen by twelve inches. The message reads:

"Hurry up and get well, Lou.
Here's hoping that you do.
Bring to us both mirth and joy
And your shy 'I'm a Bad Boy!'"

"How could any guy lie here and pity himself when he has people like these pulling for him?" demands Lou, his moon face beaming. "I'll be out of bed in September, maybe August. Our next radio program begins in October—everything's signed up ready to go—and our next picture goes into work in November. Why, I'm hitting on all cylinders! I'm a lucky Joe!"

THE END

"THIS IS THE ARMY"

—in Hollywood

BY BARRY STARR

WITHOUT fanfare, without publicity, and without trumpets, the Army detrained at Burbank, California, got into formation and started swiftly marching west on Olive Street. The Army was about to make its first feature movie.

Mighty G-2, which is Army Intelligence, has frowned upon any individual publicity for any of the men in the Irving Berlin troupe, so for the purposes of the record, let this be the story of Pfc. Jones, late of New York City, and the only real Jones among the three hundred and fifty who had for more than a year nightly been singing "This is the Army, Mr. Jones." It is impossible, because of regulations, to identify Pfc. Jones beyond his last name. But this is the story of his adventures in Bagdad-on-the-Los-Angeles-River.

Pfc. Jones strode down Olive Street in Burbank, in full field equipment, the full three and one-half miles to Warner Bros. studio. The War Department considered the movement of the organization just as much a military secret as the invasion of North Africa, so while Warner Bros. knew he and his buddies were coming, they didn't know exactly when.

Somehow the impression had got around that the "This Is the Army" company was made up of a lot of Broadway actors, singers, and musicians who had been drafted for the sole purpose of putting on an Army show. That was far from the case.

Many of the men among the three hundred and fifty had been in the Army for two and one-half years before Berlin had ever been approached with the request that he repeat his "Yip, Yip Yaphank" success of 1918. Others were only recent inductees. But all had had regular Army training. And they are still getting it.

Inside the studio Pfc. Jones and his cohorts marched grimly to the main patio before they were given the "At ease!" order. Then they were issued their instructions. The picture would not start for a few days. They would find living quarters for themselves—a list of possibilities had been prepared—as quickly as possible. They would report for duty daily at a designated portion of then vacant land. Then they were dismissed.

"Gosh," said Pfc. Jones, "do you think we'll really get to see how pictures are made?"

"Of course, you dope," answered his next-in-line. "You're IN a picture!"

Well, maybe Pfc. Jones did find out how pictures were made. If he did, however, it is a minor miracle.

For first Jones and his buddies were put to work clearing that piece of vacant property. There they constructed "Camp Tita"—pronounced "Tie-ta" with the initials standing for "This Is the Army." They set up barracks and a headquarters tent. They built an obstacle course, a rifle range, and a boxing ring. They even constructed a small theater where they could

THE MOVIES GO TO WAR

Of course, there's a 1917 sequence in the movie plot, and leading plotters in that are Charlie Butterworth, George Tobias, Alan Hale, and George Murphy.

Top above—The lads who played in the movie version of "This Is the Army" had to live up to regulations at all times. Here you see their morning arrival at the Warner Studio. Bottom above—The actor-soldiers dreamed of glamour —but this is what they got—that old tent routine, even if they were stationed on the Warner back lot.

Here's old Father White Christmas himself, the mighty Irving Berlin, who conceived, composed, created "This Is the Army" and all for Army charity, too.

entertain themselves.

The spot wasn't big enough to accommodate all of the three hundred and fifty actors, singers, and musicians, which was the reason for the order to find living accommodations eleswhere. For the most part these were quickly arranged, and transportation problems solved.

Pfc. Jones found himself established, with three other men from the show, in a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood, priced at seventy-five dollars a month. That made it a tight financial squeeze between the ration and housing allotment that each man receives.

"It worked out comfortably," said Pfc. Jones, "depending upon how many free meals we get invited to." Pfc. Jones grinned. "I didn't do too badly."

He soon discovered that whatever Hollywood and motion picture studios might be to anyone else, they were a mystery and a job of work to him. He was marched to the sound stage on which he was to work each morning. He left it only for lunch. He wasn't allowed on any other stage. He didn't meet any actors. He couldn't even speak to Joan Leslie, who plays the love interest in the story Hollywood wrote to tie "Yip, Yip Yaphank" up with "This Is the Army." He just stood and looked.

He also worked. Camp Tita was no sham or window-dressing. Pfc. Jones reported there each morning not later than eight-thirty a.m., and frequently earlier. The Officer of the Day read the orders: so many men to report to Stage 2 for rehearsals on "I Left My Heart at the Stage-door Canteen;" so many men to report to Stage 22 for pre-recording "Mandy;" so many men to go through bayonet drill for the cameras; and so many men to police Camp Tita.

If they weren't working for Director Michael Curtiz or one of his numerous aides, the Army had plenty of official work for them to do. They did everything from work out on the Commando training course they built themselves to shining three hundred and fifty pairs of shoes.

They also stood guard at night at Camp Tita. Just as at a real Army post. Curious things happened, as things will. For instance, there was the dark and stormy night when a nervous sentry, in full equipment, was standing his post when Cameron Shipp, the Warner Bros. publicity man in charge of the unit handling the show publicity, approached.

"Halt!" challenged the sentry in true Army tradition. "Who goes there, Cameron Shipp?"

The boys had strict orders that they were not permitted to speak to any motion picture actor or actress, they were not allowed to go on any stage except the one on which they were actually at work, they were not permitted to loiter on the studio grounds, and in fact were not even admitted unless they were on call.

Pfc. Jones and his buddies did find one way of talking to Miss Leslie, however. They were pretty steady visitors at the Hollywood Canteen, and Joan makes frequent appearances there. Not knowing of the "no talk" order at the studio, Joan was hurt when some of the boys she had danced with one night declined to give her more than a brief grin of recognition the following day.

Joan was mollified, however, when a lieutenant brought her a note, signed by the entire company, in which the men designated her as the "actress we'd most like to meet." Joan also suspects them of being responsible for sending a bugler to her home at five-thirty a.m. to blow reveille — which aroused the entire neighborhood—the day Joan was to start work in the picture.

Several other actors and actresses worked in the picture along with Miss Leslie. These included Lt. Ronald Reagan, who was given leave from his Army duties to appear in the film, George Murphy, George Tobias, Alan Hale, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, and various others. Kate Smith, Frances Langford, and Greta Neissen appeared to do specialty numbers of Berlin tunes, the redoubtable Miss Smith giving forth with "God Bless America."

Berlin originally wrote this song for "Yip, Yip Yaphank," decided it wasn't very good, and didn't use it.

The lads weren't allowed to speak to Frances Langford or Joan Leslie, while they were working with them.

Kate Smith refused all billing, all pay, for singing "God Bless America" in the film.

Not until Miss Smith asked him, two or three years ago, for a stirring patriotic song, did the world hear it. The rest is history.

Nevertheless Pfc. Jones and his pals had quite a bit of fun in Hollywood, in-between working periods. They hadn't had a furlough in seven months when they hit the film capital. The Berlin show had opened in New York on July 4, 1942, and the men had been either performing or traveling since that date, giving regular shows and two to five appearances in Army camps weekly.

They didn't have a real furlough in Hollywood, but they did manage to squeeze out a few hours for themselves here and there to see the sights. The Canteen was Private Jones' favorite hangout, although he did get to the Derby, Ciro's, and other popular spots once or twice.

"It was sort of disappointing," relates Private Jones. "There weren't many movie stars to look at. Most of 'em are on bond tours or camp shows, or they've only got 'A' gas cards. I saw more swing-shift workers than actors."

Biggest laugh of the picture work didn't happen in Hollywood at all. It came at Fort MacArthur, an Army induction center at San Pedro, some twenty-five miles from Los Angeles, where Director Michael Curtiz took part of his company for some location shots.

Mike wanted some scenes of some new selectees actually arriving in camp for the first time. A parcel of newcomers from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama were just being issued their first uniforms that day.

They were, says Private Jones, slightly awed about their induction. They were completely flabbergasted by the fact that they were to be photographed—and by a real Hollywood film company.

One tall, raw-boned Kentuckian flatly refused to be photographed wearing his G. I. uniform.

"Nothin' doin'," he insisted. "If Maw happened to see this here picture and saw me standin' around in front of all these people in just my drawers, she'd yank me right out of this Army before I had a chance to shoot any Japs!"

Pfc. Jones suffered the comparative hardship of eating breakfast in a neighborhood drug store, lunch in the studio commissary, and dinner where he could find it. All of his two dollars and eighty-eight cents daily allotment went for food and rent.

"Gosh," said Pfc. Jones, "I'd sure like to get back to some of that real Army chow. I've been eating in restaurants ever since we've been on tour. And doing that Commando course on just an omelet on meatless Tuesday ain't fun!"

Pfc. Jones wasn't able to supply his girl back in New York with a picture of himself shaking hands with Humphrey Bogart because he was not allowed to be photographed with any of the stars. He was in production stills in which he actually worked with a Hollywood star, but he usually, then, was just part of the background.

Lt. Ronald Reagan plays a principal role, but the Army won't allow photographs of him published that are taken from the film. This is Ronnie "as is" off screen these days.

Warner Bros, isn't making any profit out of "This is the Army." The show raised about two million dollars for Army Emergency Relief on tour, and the picture ought to get about ten million. Everything above the actual cost of the picture goes to the AER fund. The studio got the film rights to the stage show in spectacular fashion. Many studios were making offers to Berlin for the privilege of putting the show on film. The morning following the New York opening, Jack L. Warner, executive producer at his studio, phoned Berlin long-distance.

"Irving," he said, "what do you want for the show?"

Berlin, a notoriously late riser (he wasn't kidding when he wrote "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"), yawned sleepily and said, "At least two hundred and fifty thousand."

"It's a deal," snapped Warner. "I'll mail the check immediately—and every cent of profit goes to the Army Emergency Relief. All we want is our production cost."

It was mentioned earlier that Pfc. Jones—the unidentifiable unit who represents every man of the three hundred and fifty—was a singer. That's true. Also in the group, you'll find musicians who played with Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and the like. You'll find "Stump" of "Stump and Stumpy" who wanted to know, when he landed in the show, if he could be billed as "Stump Without Stumpy." Then there's the cellist who toured South America with Leopold Stokowski; a ballet expert who danced with Pavlova; not to mention a former bartender, an ex-chiropractor, and an undertaker's assistant. "This Is the Army" is made up of men from all walks of life, just as is the Army of the United States.

Pfc. Jones didn't mention it, but despite G-2, it has become known that there are quite a few celebrities in the cast of "This Is the Army." There is, for example, Ezra Stone, the original Henry Aldrich, who holds a sergeant's rank and who assisted Berlin with the production. Sons of Victor Moore, Ernest Truex, and Joe Cook are in the show. Then there is Sgt. Joseph Louis Barrows—otherwise Joe Louis, world's heavyweight boxing champion—who certainly was more frightened by the cameras than he ever was by Max Schmeling, Max Baer, Lou Nova, or any of the other heavyweights whom he conquered so easily in the ring.

But in "This Is the Army" there are just three hundred and fifty men, assigned to specific duties and tasks. No individuals, no personalities, no stars.

"And I'll bet," said Pfc. Jones, "this is the only picture in the history of Hollywood where every actor knew just what every other actor was being paid—fifty dollars per month, base."

THE END

PIDGEON'S practically

WE'RE SURE YOU'LL SAY SO AFTER READING THIS INTIMATE YARN ON THE WITTY WALTER

BY KITTY CALLAHAN

IN HOLLYWOOD they say Walter Pidgeon is an enigma. They say he is a hermit. They say . . . But what's the difference what they say? Walter Pidgeon is a law unto himself in Hollywood.

Anyone who doesn't fit into the prescribed pattern or mold ordained by the powers that be is an enigma. (Editor's note: see story on Charles Boyer, page 24, line 21.) The pattern for an actor who is star material is, that he be ambitious to the point of striving to get his name in top billing above other actors; that he chafe under inferior parts and be aggressive in demanding meaty roles; and after a time, if his demands are not met at one studio, he may be expected to seek greener fields under the banner of another studio.

Walter Pidgeon never indulged in any of these little subterfuges, but he was no enigma.

He was buried under a ton of highly publicized male stars on his home lot, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was overshadowed by Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney, and Robert Taylor. But it is significant that he was temporarily content to remain in the middle of the stream; that he didn't grouse or grumble about inferior pictures; that he didn't boast he could play a part as well or better than his rival contemporaries if they just gave him an opportunity to show his stuff. Walter didn't resent his place in the studio scheme of things. He made friends of everyone on the lot from the newest grip to the big boss himself. Everyone liked him though they couldn't understand his attitude. That's what made him an enigma to Hollywood.

Of his attitude, Walter says, "I can't take myself seriously, whether I'm a success or a failure. I like to think I have developed a philosophy of life to keep me on an even keel through good times and bad, but it's probably closer to the truth to say that my ego was so completely deflated during the long spell of getting knocked around Hollywood that it's incapable of ever swelling again."

That's another thing Walter's coworkers couldn't understand in him. He has no ego. Self assurance—yes, lots of that. But no ego. It was his own self assurance that kept him on the scene when success seemed to be passing him by.

Walter has his own creed for success. You must work hard, study, practice, be sure you're good; then, when the break comes, you'll be ready for it. He has an unusual quality of take-it-as-it-comes in his make-up. He isn't superstitious. He'll walk under a ladder or stop to let a black cat cross his path, but he does believe that luck runs in cycles, and for your lucky break you must depend on your lucky cycle.

That "long spell of getting knocked around" involved not only being buried under a host of MGM luminaries for four years, but stretched back for seventeen years when Walter was in and out of Hollywood. He was discovered three times and brought to the West Coast to become a motion picture star. But the star never took until two years ago when a rival studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, borrowed him and starred him in "Man Hunt" with Joan Bennett.

On each of those three occasions when Walter was discovered he thought he had hit his lucky cycle, but the cycle never ran its course. It stopped in the middle.

Of his latest and most complete lucky cycle which began in 1940, Walter does not say, "At last they found out how good I am and have given me the parts I deserve."

He says this: "Every other leading man was busy, and I was the only one available. Before that I had settled into a groove that was comfortable if not brilliant, usually being cast as the other man—the one who never got the girl. Once in a while a good role came along, but not often enough to give me delusions of grandeur."

With great roles, superbly played, in two consecutive Academy Award pictures, "How Green Was My Valley" for 1941, and "Mrs. Miniver" for 1942, Walter still has no delusions of grandeur.

Modesty as opposed to boastfulness is another practically unknown quantity in Hollywood and another facet of the Pidgeon personality that labels him different from most actors.

As to the Hollywood legend of Walter's being a hermit, that would imply that he is anti-social. He isn't. He is one of the most social

perfect

guys in Hollywood in his own way. Most actors seek their friends among other actors with whom they have common interests and can talk shop. Walter doesn't. His intimate friends are beyond the pale of the motion picture studios for he has interests that take him far afield.

For one thing, Walter is an accomplished pianist, and though you never hear him sing in motion pictures any more, his early fame was gained singing in musical revues with Elsie Janis. When he signed his contract with MGM in 1936, he insisted upon a clause specifying that he would not have to sing. That clause is another vagary of Pidgeon. It is as though Fred Astaire refused to sign a contract that called for him to dance in a picture.

But Walter had been all through the cinema mill of trying to become an outstanding singing star on his two previous assaults upon Hollywood, when straight actors and leading men got the plums of picture roles while he waited around

Hollywood doesn't know too well the off-screen Pidgeon, and neither does it understand too well the on-screen Pidgeon, who grows a beard for Mr. Curie to

cooling his heels until a suitable singing part was being found for him. Although, offscreen, Walter would rather play and sing than eat, he won't sing in a picture.

He never needs to call upon mood when he's in front of the camera to prepare him for a role, but he does admit that symphonic music is his greatest inspiration while he's working a role out. He has an extensive library of records of all the great symphonic masterpieces, which he plays constantly.

Other motion picture celebrities may bask in the light of cinema society, but when Walter received an invitation to attend the Music Festival at Carmel, the ultimate in social prestige had been reached for him. The Music Festival is an annual pilgrimage made by many of the finest musicians in the land, whose attendance is by invitation only. It might be called a jam session of the maestros. To Walter it was a high spot in his life.

Musing upon it he says, "That music, under the California sky, was enough to make you drunk on the beauty of it."

And upon another occasion, Walter captured one of those never-to-be-forgotten moments when, in Chicago on a rainy day, he happened to be passing the Auditorium and saw the lobby displays advertising Sergei Rachmaninoff's appearance with the Chicago Symphony. The performance had already begun, and Walter knew the house would have been sold out long since. Nevertheless, he approached the ticket window, and his lucky cycle was working. He bought the only seat to be had, a single which had been turned back just before the curtain.

Seated high in the balcony, Walter saw, heard, and drank in the exquisite music of one of the world's greatest pianists playing one of his own great compositions and Walter's favorite — the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 in C minor. Those are experiences Walter wouldn't exchange for the most star-studded, big-wig party in Hollywood, and that sets him apart from the majority of cinema personnel. But he is no hermit.

Another Hollywood myth which Walter Pidgeon blasted is that to get to the top the newcomer must kow-tow to the right people. Walter didn't kow-tow even in the earliest days of his bombardment. Proponents of the idea might argue that Walter would have reached stardom years sooner had he played the Hollywood game, but to Walter that would not have been being true to oneself.

The story of Walter's first assault upon the cinema capital is well known, when in 1926, after a successful tour of the United States and England with Elsie Janis, he was signed to a motion picture contract. The salary was exciting, but during the long delay in finding the right part to introduce him to the public, Walter was restless and unhappy.

Then he went to a party. It was a large party with the guests milling about at the home of the late James Cruze, then one of the industry's top directors. Perhaps twenty were invited. Fifty came. All you had to do in those days of largesse was know someone who knew someone who knew . . . You seldom met your host, and he didn't know you from Adam.

That was in the puttee era when directors wore riding breeches and leather leggings, and bellowed through a megaphone. The director who could bellow the loudest held some claim to distinction, provided of course that his pictures were box-office. James Cruze could bellow—but loud.

Some of the guests were in. The rest were on the fringe. During the evening they put on their acts; showed off their talents like bric-a-brac in an ormolu cabinet. They did their stunts and kept the party going, something like singing for your supper.

Walter sang. He received his modicum of applause then found a deep chair, stretched his long legs before him, lighted his ever present pipe, and prepared to endure the entertainment of the others.

It was then his host, James Cruze, sought him out. Cruze, never one to pull his punches said, "You're everything I don't like in a man."

"Is that so?" Walter quirked an eyebrow, and his mouth curved in a mocking smile.

"Yeah," said Cruze. "You smoke a stinkin' pipe, and you're a vegetarian."

"So what?" challenged Walter.

Cruze, who could admire forthrightness in others as well as dish it out himself, said, "So you can have the lead in my next picture." The picture was "Mannequin" with Dolores Costello.

It is notable that even then, when Walter was hungering for a part, he didn't offer to placate Cruze by apologizing for the offending pipe. And what other directors thought or didn't think of his pipe since then has never mattered to Walter. His pipe collection has grown from a modest few to a cherished four hundred. Off the screen you seldom see him without one of them clenched between his teeth or cradled in his hand.

Nor did Walter justify his vegetarian diet by explaining the reasons for it to the redoubtable Cruze. He is no diet faddist. His vegetarian regimen was prescribed by his

Greer Garson's "Madame Curie." (You saw those whiskers on page 59, didn't you?) But Hollywood admires very much both of these Pidgeons.

brother, who is a doctor, after Walter suffered a severe illness some years ago. As long as he sticks to it, he enjoys glowing health, and Walter does not underestimate that priceless treasure.

He learned the valuable lesson while he was just a youth under training in the Canadian Field Artillery during the first World War. He was crushed between two gun carriages and while recovering from his injuries, complications set in which caused pneumonia and tuberculosis. Walter spent long months in a hospital, being dismissed only one month before the Armistice. Thus Walter will stick to his vegetables as long as they spell health for him, but you have to get the reasons from someone other than him.

There have been other instances when Walter stood pat on being true to his own convictions, refusing to soft-soap the right people, right up to the time of his signing his latest renewal of contract with Louis B. Mayer.

At that time, Walter and his manager, another brother (Walter has four brothers) had been closeted with the MGM head man in Mayer's office. They had dickered for an hour over terms of the contract, and all details were agreed except the actual figures of the weekly stipend.

Finally, in a deadlock, Walter said, "L. B., I don't know whether you know it or not, but you and I attended the same Alexandria school in St. John, New Brunswick. I'll leave it to you to meet my figure or toss you a coin for the difference."

Walter got the salary that he wanted.

Among sports, football is Walter's favorite, and he enjoys squiring his lovely daughter, Edna, to games and watching the envious glances of young blades as they appraise him, not knowing she is his daughter. Their association is very close. Edna's mother died when she was born. Edna calls him Pidge. He calls her Little Pidge.

At a preview of one of his pictures to which he took Edna, Walter watched himself perform on the screen. "He's a handsome snob, isn't he?" he said sotto voce, but not sotto voce enough not to be overheard by the woman next to him.

"Listen, you homely mud turtle," the stranger turned upon him, "if you were half as handsome as Mr. Pidgeon you might get a job as an undertaker."

Walter's equilibrium had almost returned when they left the theater, and he was besieged by women autograph hunters. Obligingly, he stopped and signed the scraps of paper held out to him. Edna waited patiently for a time, standing first on one foot then on the other, until she could not endure it a second longer.

"Daddy, come on," she demanded, impatiently.

The women looked from the suave, urbane Pidgeon to the tall young woman. Walter shrugged, smiled in that lifted eyebrow smile, half amusement, half deprecation, excused himself, and joined his daughter.

As they walked to the car, Walter said, "Why the Daddy now? What's the matter with Pidge?"

"I'll always call you Daddy when you keep me waiting like that. All those women! It's a good thing to deflate you a bit."

Other women may sigh over the tall, dark and handsome Walter Pidgeon, but both the women of his family maintain a sane perspective on his great popularity.

For instance, his role in "White Cargo" with Hedy Lamarr demanded that Walter grow a beard, and quite a beard it grew to be after forty days. Mrs. Pidgeon (Walter married Ruth Walker, a nonprofessional, in 1931) stood his unkempt appearance as long as she could, then announced that she was going to take the long deferred vacation that she had promised herself.

"Your public may be able to take that crop on your face," she told Walter, "but I can't. Let me know when you shave it off, and I'll be back."

Walter has tried to shun the usual publicity which attaches itself to Hollywood personalities. Particularly distasteful to him is the sort of inquiring opinion that purports to reveal his preference on this and that.

On a recent bond-selling tour the question, "Who is your favorite motion picture actress?" frequently put by reporters who interviewed him at the many towns where the bond caravan stopped, made him shudder. Not until he was back at the studio did he find the answer.

While seated in a studio official's office one day, his eye was caught by a framed picture on the wall. That sardonic smile came to his face and he said, "Ah. That's the answer."

"The answer? The answer to what?" the official asked.

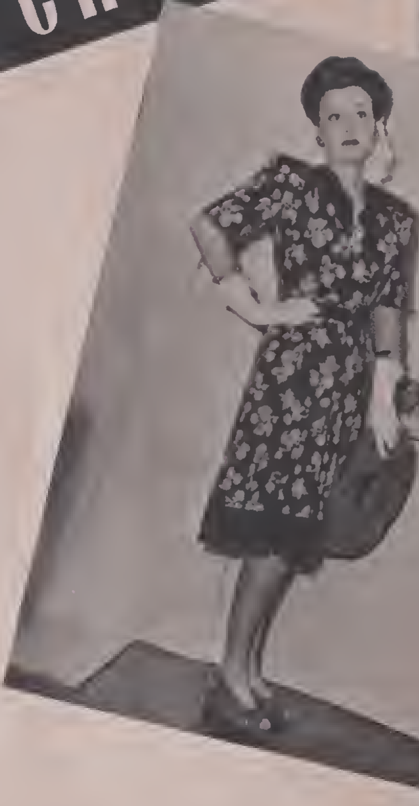
"The answer to 'Who's your favorite motion picture actress?' There she is. Elsie, the Cow."

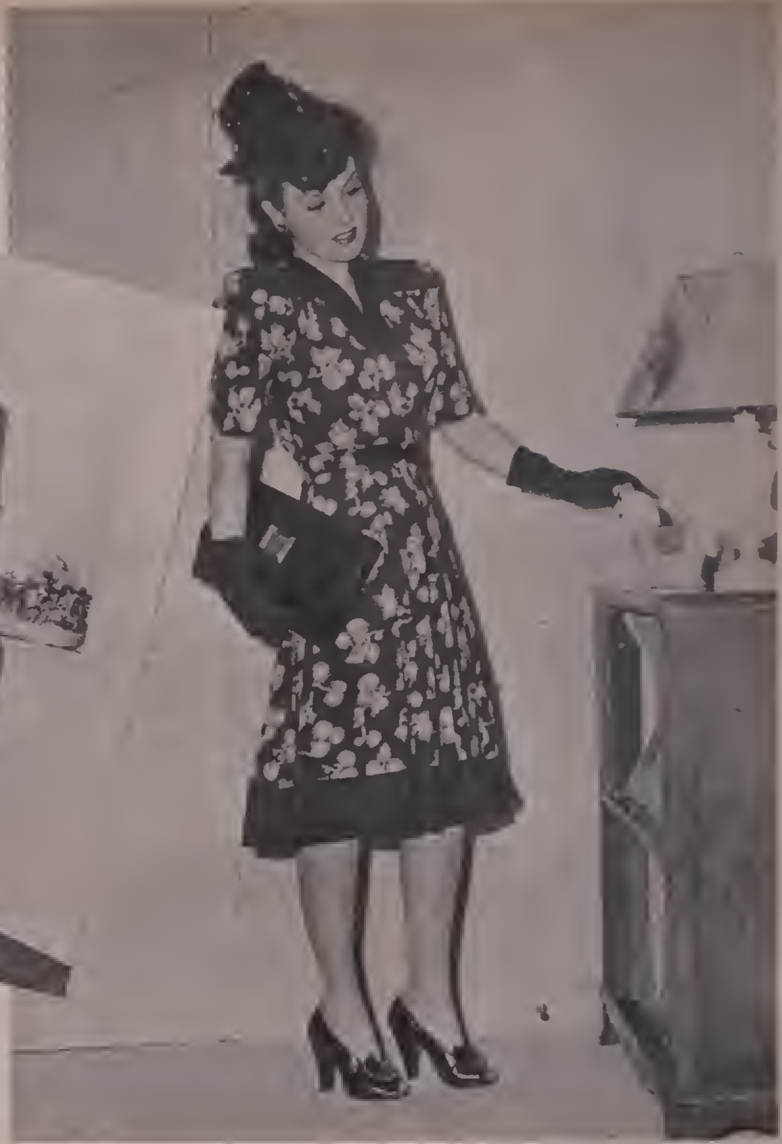
And there you have it—refutation to the challenge that Walter Pidgeon is an enigma; that he is a hermit. He is an individualist. He is the exception that proves the rule; he knew where he was going, and arrived at the top by leaping the hurdles in his own, particular, amused way.

THE END

CHIC OR CHICK

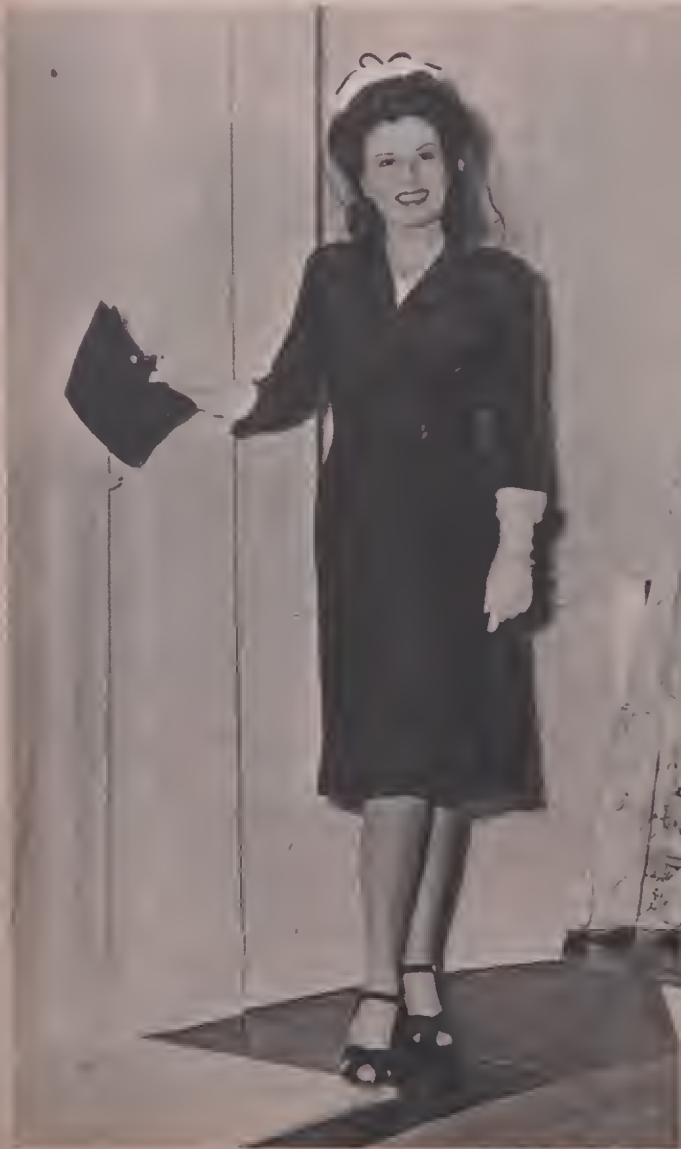
WITH pretty Sheila Ryan as our cooperative model, we set out to prove one of our pet theories. Just as when you haven't been around a lot, you may pronounce chic as though it were short for chicken (only to have some uppity clerk make you feel like dirt by murmuring "sheik" all over the place as though she were a lineal descendant of those boys from Araby), just so you may think it's money that makes you well dressed. The dollars help, all right, but it's your good sense that makes you really dressed.

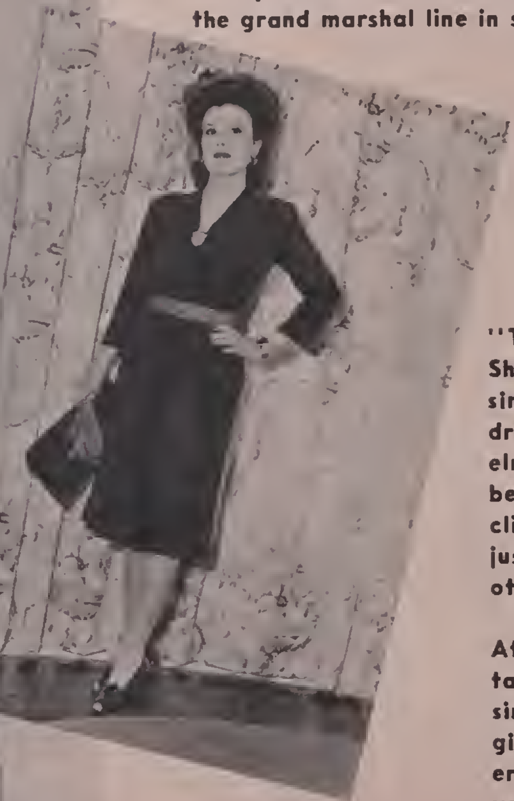




As look here at the above left. Sheila has a perfectly beautiful print spoiled with the wrong accessories, gim-crack bracelets and ring, a snood, good grief! Wedgies and a bag with too big a buckle! "Couldn't be worse," says Sheila—and looks it.

But look to the right of that! A black back-ground with brilliant cerise print, bordered in black, and worn with patent black accessories. Smooth and solid! And the grand marshal line in shredded patent leather hat!

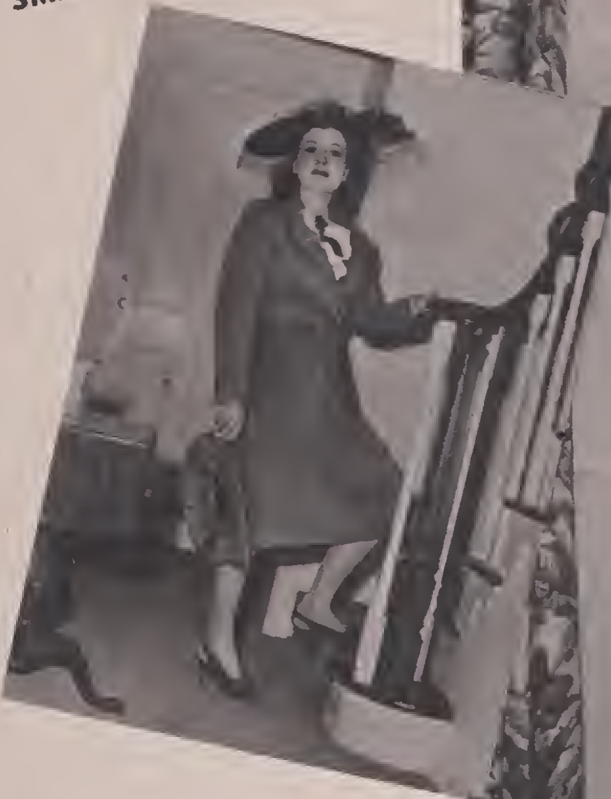


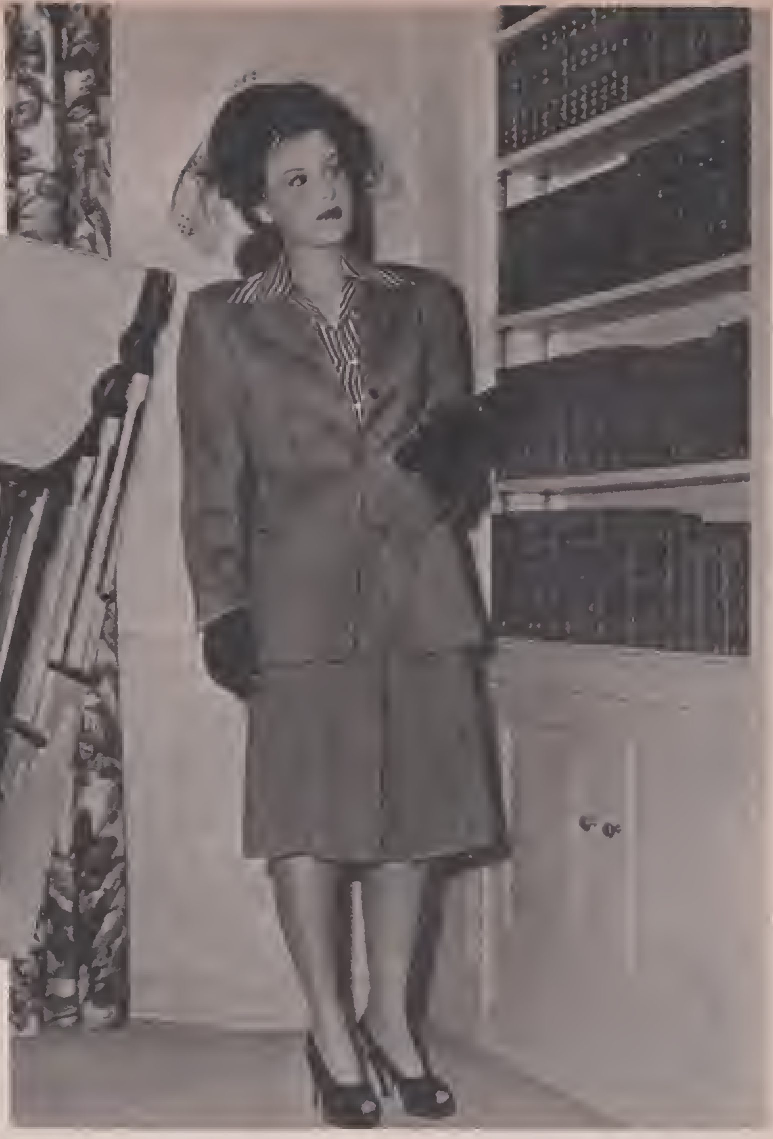


"THIS IS MURDER," says Sheila at the near left—a so simple, beautifully cut black dress all gobbed up with jewelry. Look at the stones in the belt, and then the bracelet, clip, and earrings. The hat just contributes horror to an otherwise overdone ensemble.

At the far left—This is good taste! The same dress with simple accompaniment. White gloves accent the white flowered hat which has a black veil tied with black velvet bows. Pearl bracelet, throat strand, and earrings. Just right.

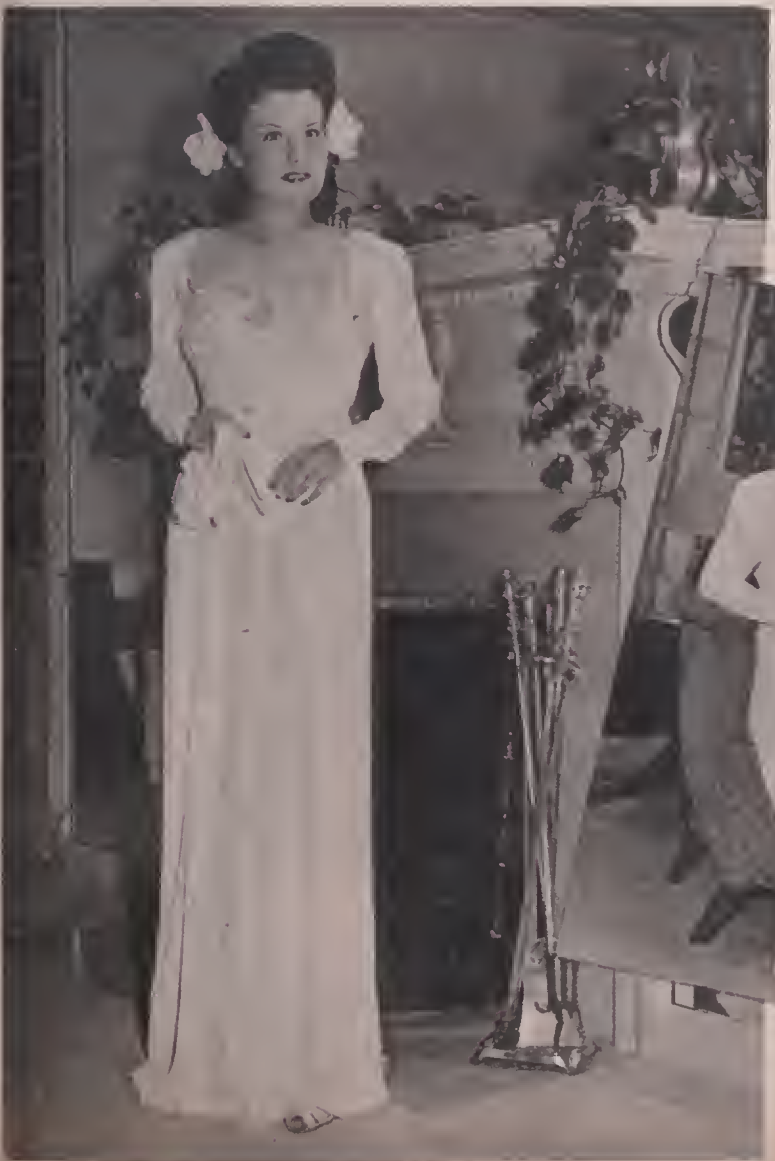
PROVING EVEN THE SMARTEST GOWN CAN LOOK TACKY —IF A GIRL ISN'T SMART, TOO

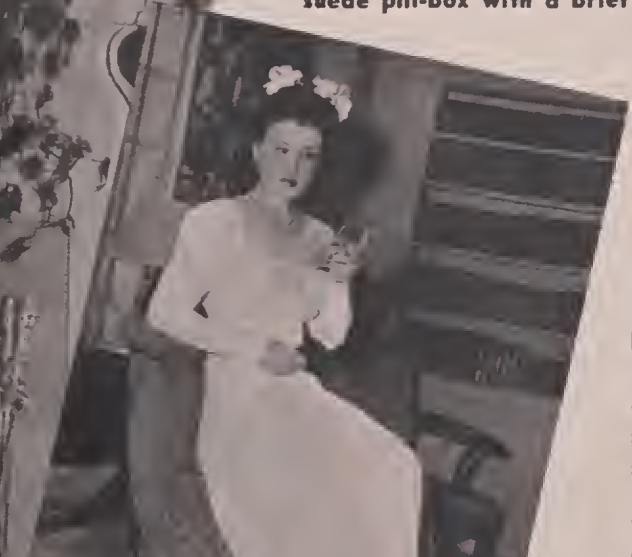




Above left—the sad and pathetic story of a beautifully tailored suit RUINED by wrong accessories. Never that fussy blouse or hat—and horrors the bag and shoes which have no rhythm. And again that hat!

Above—Sheila Ryan in that mole-skin wool gabardine with a chocolate and ivory striped shirt, chocolate suede gloves, bag, and gold-nail shoes. A brown suede pill-box with a brief veil to spell P-E-R-F-E-C-T.





DON'T DO THIS (at the near left)—a wide necklace with a dress as shimmeringly feminine as this one. Besides it spoils the suntan neckline, which is veddy sexy—as everyone can see.

The Right of It is like this: Sheila, lovely in all white crepe with floral applique on flesh-colored net to enhance the bust and neckline. Flowers in her hair, and the right accessories—long white gloves and evening bag. Irresistible.

THE PERSONAL DIARY OF Mrs. Van Heflin

JANUARY 8, 1942.

I'm ashamed of myself. Here I am, Frances Neal, free white and twenty—and red-headed, so I should know my own mind—and I'm sitting here late at night thinking of breaking my engagement just because a stranger told me to! I must be crazy.

I met him at a dinner party tonight at my fiance's house. He's Van Heflin, a young actor at MGM who's thin and blond and tall—much taller than he looks on the screen. But that's beside the point. The point is, he sat all during dinner staring quietly at me out of his gray eyes and stirring salt in his coffee. (Salt is what I said.) After dinner he unwrapped his long legs from around his chair and spoke practically his first words. He asked me to help him make a pot of coffee in the kitchen.

I said, "All right," and we went out there and put some water in the drip pot (and found out later we'd forgotten to put any coffee in it!), and while the water boiled, he asked me all about myself. I told him. I explained that I came from Texas and I'd worked in Chicago and New York, modeling and acting. And that now here I was in Hollywood, acting in the movies and also planning my coming marriage.

"Don't be too sure of that," said this Van Heflin. Then he ran his fingers through his curly blond hair, took a deep breath, and talked for one solid hour. In brief, he said I ought to make sure I wanted to marry before I did it—that I shouldn't rush into things; and above all, that I should go out with other people.

"If you decide to do that, I wish you'd let me know," he said, as if that were the end of his speech.

And I, fool that I am, am all upset over that. I am bothered over a stranger's opinions! What does he know?

But, as a matter of fact, what do I know?

February 1, 1942.

Well, I've broken my engagement. I am now a free agent again. Why, I don't know. Goodnight.

P.S. However, you may be sure that bossy Van Heflin had nothing to do with it!

April 15, 1942.

I've met Van again. After four months. But it's just the same—only more so.

Dorothy and Joe Pasternak asked me out to their ranch for the week end, and we drove out here about six this evening. Neither of them told me they'd asked some one else, too, and when we pulled up by the veranda and saw a loose-jointed lanky blond man sitting there waiting for us, my heart did the funniest flip-over it's ever done in its life. It was Van, all right.

We had a wonderful long dinner, and afterwards we pulled up chairs

Here's Van . . . and the very new baby . . . seen through the eyes of a woman in love in front of the fire and Van started talking, as if he were talking only to me. He talked for hours. He told all about his life—his childhood in Oklahoma City and his youth in Long Beach, California. And how he's always been crazy about the sea. It seems he was a sailor for years between sessions at Oklahoma University and afterwards—on trips to Honolulu, South America, Europe, the South Sea Islands—and then suddenly he wanted to be an actor. So he went to the Yale Workshop and then to Broadway. Everyone knows he played the reporter in "Philadelphia Story" on the stage, of course—and that was what landed him in Hollywood two years ago.

He's thirty-two, twelve years older than I am. He's much smarter than I'll ever be—he knows all about painting and history and literature and people . . . and I think he's perfectly wonderful.

But will I ever know what he thinks of me?

April 16, 1942.

It's Sunday evening and I'm back home at Mother's again in Hollywood, and feeling blue. Oh, today was marvelous—Van and I, riding and walking all over the Pasternak's ranch, having a huge Sunday barbecue lunch, and then driving home, stopping at the Little Troc for dinner.

Van and I found out so many astounding things about each other. (1) Both our fathers are dentists. (2) We lived two doors from each other in New York for two years and never met. (3) We ate breakfast in the same corner drug store every morning there and never met.

above—Van himself. Frances noted down: "He's much smarter than I'll ever be. I think he's wonderful—but what does he think of me?"

left—Frances Neal as Van originally met her. She told him she was about to marry. "Don't be too sure you are going to wed that guy," Van said to her.

above—Wedding day look—"five months and a week from our first meeting."

below—Love in wartime. Van home on a furlough, Frances waiting for motherhood. She begged, "Do you suppose I dare go out to Ciro's for laughs?" Van grinned. "If we meet the Stork coming in at the front door, we'll just make it a threesome," he said proudly.

(4) He was acting in "Philadelphia Story," and I was acting in "George White's Scandals" in theaters across the street from each other—yet we never met.

But the point is: I wonder whether we'll ever meet again. He forgot to ask me for my telephone number until we were on my doorstep . . . and then he didn't write it down. He'll forget it, I know. And the worst of it is . . . I'll die if he doesn't call me.

I know now I'm really in love for the first time in my life.

April 17, 1942.

He did remember the number! He called me at nine this morning and asked me whether I'd be busy tonight. (Of course I wasn't! I'd already broken my date just in case he'd call.) Well, he came for me, and we spent an hour at the Tropics, which is so romantic anyhow, and then we started driving. We drove all the way to Malibu and back—with the top down in the pouring rain, and I didn't even notice it until I got back. He talked steadily about enlisting in the Army—as if he didn't know I was there, but he just had to talk to someone.

When we got home, Mother had a roaring fire going in the grate. We were standing in front of it, trying to get dried out when like a bolt out of the blue, he suddenly asked me to marry him.

Just like that!

I don't know how I ever found words to answer him . . . but you can imagine what I said. Here we've only really known each other two days . . . but it's right. I know it's right. Righter than anything I've ever done in my life.

I can't write any more. I can't even think!

May 13, 1942.

Hysterical is the word for the past month—clothes, parties, showers, everything is in a whirlwind. And of course meeting Van's mother, who is so happy about the coming marriage. She had only one gloomy moment—when she worried about whether Van's and my dogs would get along!

Two very wonderful things happened today—Van found the ring he wanted for me, and I finally found the apartment we've both wanted for us.

And the Great Day is only three days off!

May 16, 1942.

This morning at ten o'clock we were married—exactly five months and one week from our first meeting. Van's mother, my parents, and four friends were with us at the Congregational Church down in Westwood Village, and then we left at once to drive up here to Del Monte.

We're both so intensely happy, and—though I still can't believe it—I'm Mrs. Van Heflin.

September 30, 1942.

I'm writing at my desk in our living room while Van works on the script of "Tennessee Johnson" in the striped chair five feet away from me. I've been married four and a half months. Van sits in that spot for hours, methodically going over every syllable of every word—I can see now why people consider him one of the greatest actors of all time. And looking at him, I know that these months with him have been the happiest months of my entire life. After all the running around both of us have done, we were ready to settle down when we got married, and settle down we did. We've found so much happiness here in our own home with books and records and a few good friends that we don't even want to go out.

We balance each other perfectly. Van's quiet and reserved; I'm as talkative as a parrot. He spends hours straightening out our bank accounts—and then, in two seconds, I get them all messed up. He worries and I don't . . . and the result is that we've been laughing for four months straight. It's been heavenly—and now the news I learned today is all we could possibly ask.

We are going to have a baby!

When I told Van this evening, he stood there speechless, grinning at me. Then he recovered his voice and the demonstration that followed will go down in history! If it's a girl, she'll be Vana, and if it's a boy, he's Van Jr. I've already decided that! We spent three wild hours deciding everything about him (for some reason we are both sure it will be a him). We know that our baby will have the most-in-love couple in Hollywood for parents.

The only worry I have is that Van has enlisted. He's only waiting now for his call into the Army.

November 9, 1942.

Van and I had our first quarrel, and you might even call it the Battle of the Century.

That such a thing should ever happen to Van and me!

It started just before my parents were coming over for dinner last night. I guess it was my fault—I was irritable. Anyhow, we were arguing when Mother and Dad arrived. Van shut up like a clam when the bell rang . . . and then he passed them on the doorsill on his way out, saying coldly, "Frances will tell you why I won't be here for dinner."

He didn't come home again until ten o'clock. (Later he confessed he was only at Chasen's cooling off in a hot steam bath.) Anyhow, I was in bed when he came back, and I pretended to be asleep, regardless of the terrible racket he made. This morning I got up early and dressed. He opened one eye when I put my hat on and said, "Where are you going?" I snapped, "Out!" and left.

It was the longest day I've ever spent. I was determined not to come home until evening . . . and I'll bet I walked ninety miles around the Farmer's Market, killing time until I could go home with my pride. When I got there, Van met me at the door with a telegram in his hand—his orders to be sent to San Luis Obispo. He is now a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

He's leaving tomorrow. I can't believe it. It has all happened so suddenly that I feel stunned. Why did we have that quarrel that meant missing all those hours we could have spent with each other? Time is so short now . . . and I get the most awful lump in my throat when I see Van in his uniform, even though I am prouder of him than I've ever been before.

March 4, 1943.

War months. Lonely months in which I've been a "service widow" and an expectant mother, which added together mean you don't feel too terrific at any time. That's why I've written here so little recently. But tonight's divine. Here's why. I know what my first words to our coming baby will be. "Darling," I'll say, "your father won the Academy Award!"

Neither Van nor I could believe our ears when they called his name from the speaker's stand to come up and get his Oscar. We'd both been so happy when his commanding officer gave him a few days' furlough so he could be here for the banquet . . . but we'd never dreamed he'd be up there in his uniform, getting the Award.

Lieutenant Emit Evan Heflin, U.S. Army, is a remarkable fellow!

June 20, 1943.

It's a girl! Vanna Gay Heflin! She arrived this morning at ten-thirty a.m. and weighed nine pounds and five ounces. I had to have a Caesarian, and I do believe she was just waiting for her daddy to be here before she would make her debut into this world. I'm glad she did wait, even if her being so tardy made me a bit of trouble. I'd gone to the hospital four days previously, thinking I'd have to go through the whole thing alone. Here I'll confess I didn't like the idea. Still, I was planning to be very patriotic about it all. I told myself I was a war wife and a war mother and that I had no more right to ask for a furlough for Van than all the other girls bringing babies into this life while their husbands are away. But Vanna kept stalling, and just ten minutes before they were due to take me to the operating room, Van appeared.

It's too bad Van won't be here to be with his daughter day by day and watch her grow. But to try and make up for it during all the war years when he'll be away, I know just what I'm going to tell Vanna every day. I'll tell her that she has the wisest, kindest, most grown-up guy for a father her mother ever met

HUNCHES THEY CAN'T EXPLAIN

GEORGE BRENT, now mustered out of service and returning to pictures, believes that he owes his life to some eerie intervention to which he cannot give a name. George used to own a plane and was keen on flying it himself. A woman astrologer warned him to give up flying and mentioned a date in the future as especially bad for aviators.

Months later, when George had forgotten the prediction, he all at once had an overwhelming impulse to sell his plane. He did. The new owner took it up next day and was killed.

Afterward, Brent realized with a shock that the day of the crash was the one he'd been warned about.

PRIVATE TYRONE POWER of the U. S. Marine Corps tells this story of several years ago. He wanted to see a play in which Katharine Cornell was opening that night. Instead, he accepted an invitation to a party because he didn't have money for a theater ticket. But then, just before five o'clock, on a hunch so strong it was almost an audible command, he rushed around to the theater in the forlorn hope of wangling a pass.

To Tyrone's astonishment, the manager of the company hailed him into his office and offered him the job of understudying the leading man—a job, by the way, which led to roles that landed Ty in Hollywood. Furthermore, the manager pressed upon Ty two tickets for the opening. And the pay-off: when Ty returned to his boarding house to dress, the landlady handed him a message that had come after Ty went out in the morning. It was from the Cornell manager, asking him to drop by the office before five—tomorrow would be too late.

GRACIE ALLEN has a ghost. Gracie saw this ghost right on a busy street in New York, of all places. At home, in Cambridge, Mass., she had an aged dog named Patrick. Gracie and Patrick were devoted.

Several years later, George Burns and Gracie were leaving the Palace Theater, the first night Gracie ever played there. "And I saw my little fox terrier," Gracie tells you, "right in front of me. I called 'Patrick!' George said, 'Nobody's there, Gracie.' But I said, 'My dog! Patrick!' George stared. He said, 'There's no dog, either.' And suddenly Patrick wasn't anywhere. The next day I got a letter telling me Patrick had died."

HONEST...

by KATHERINE LAKE

BOB HOPE'S private life is centered about his charming and talented wife, Dolores Reade Hope, their two children, Linda three-and-a-half and Tony two, and their spacious home in the Toluca Lake district.

You've probably never thought of wise-cracking Bob in a paternal role, but no less an authority than Dolores says, "Bob's a wonderful father. He is crazy about the children."

Bob's darling is little Linda, an angelic small minx. In her diminutive red cord slacks and blue jacket, a tiny red beret crowning her honey-gold curls, chattering in her baby treble as she chases the cat, she ensnares Bob completely. He isn't a top-flight comedian to her. He's just Daddy, who tosses her into the air as she squeals with delight; who brings her presents when he comes home from his cross-country jaunts.

Two-year-old Tony holds a terrific place in his father's heart, too, but that's man to man. Every evening when Bob is home, thumps and thuds mingled with laughter ring through the house about eight p.m.

That clatter is Bob and Tony playing dive bomber. Bob hardly has his foot in the door before Tony, in sleepers, appears at the head of the stairs, demanding imperiously, "Daddy, le's play di' bomber. Daddy. C'mon."

Bob catches Tony in a big sweep of his arms as he tops the stairs, and the game begins. Tony is the dive bomber and his own sound effects man, zooming and roaring until he's breathless in Bob's arms.

The children are always ready for bed when Bob gets home from the studio. Properly they should be asleep, but those precious moments of play with them are not to be denied. "For an hour after they've had their play, the children scamper through the hall or want drinks of water," Dolores Hope explains. "Bob can't understand why they're in such a state of excitement. But that's the only time Bob has to play with them, so I let them stay up a bit, hoping all that happiness does them good and that they can sleep later in the morning to make it up."

However, Bob never interferes with the children's discipline. That's their mother's province, he

The Hope in repose. And if these pictures don't convince you he has a private life, just read our story. But to get back to business, be sure you see him in his "Let's Face It."

Bob Hope HAS a Private Life

says, though sometimes he is sorely tempted to use the old fashioned hairbrush himself.

One morning childish howls emanated from upstairs, and Bob rushed up, his face a kaleidoscope of surprise, chagrin, and dismay. He was far more flustered than an audience has ever seen him.

"You're wanted upstairs," he told Dolores, fuming and gesticulating. "Linda just bit Tony's finger."

"He was so mad he was sputtering, yet he felt so helpless it was funny," Dolores now tells it. "Mostly he was hurt and shocked that his angel Linda would be such a small devil."

The Hopes have been married for eleven years, and even in Hollywood it seems safe to say theirs is one marriage that will last. Dolores Hope is a devout Catholic to whom the words of the marriage ceremony, "until death do us part" mean exactly that. When they had been married eight years and had no children of their own, they adopted Linda. A year and a half later, Tony was adopted, like Linda, from the famous "Cradle." The Hope family will not stop with two children. Bob and Dolores want a family of five.

Bob and Dolores met when he visited a Broadway night club one evening. Dolores Reade was singing

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope. They met in a Broadway night club when she was vocalist for George Olsen's orchestra and he was the star of "Roberta."

there with George Olsen's orchestra. Bob was playing in "Roberta" at that time. A friend introduced them, and Bob invited Dolores to see his show. Dolores was amazed to discover he was the star of the show. She had thought he was a chorus boy.

Dolores left New York for an engagement in Florida, and Bob burned the wires telephoning her. She waited a whole year, surrounded by his wires, flowers, and letters, before she consented to become Mrs. Bob Hope.

Dolores is one of those rare wives who are the perfect complement for their husbands; beautiful with quiet distinction, gracious and talented and possessing a remarkable capability of her own. Bob and Dolores might easily have combined their talents and worked out an act in which both would have shared the spotlight. But Dolores did not want that.

"Bob does so much and works so hard, he needs a home completely separated from his work," his wife says. "I am sure Bob likes it better this way though he would have been the last person to make me think it was my duty to give up a career to make a home for him."

After eleven years, he's still Dolores' favorite comedian. "Bob is just naturally witty," she says. "The funniest things he says are spontaneous, and he's always popping out with them. On the set of 'Let's Face It' the other day, the make-up man handed him a mirror. Bob stuck out his tongue and viewed himself critically. 'I've seen better coats than that on Crosby,' he commented. That's the sort of thing that just bounces out of him constantly."

However, the brand of humor that makes Bob's radio public hilarious is not appreciated by his wife. "Even though I know it's just to be funny, it makes me furious," Dolores said, "when on the radio they joke about Bob's appearance. He is really handsome. They kid about his being stingy when actually he is the most generous of men. I know it's ridiculous, but when I listen to his program, I boil.

"Considering the pace at which Bob works, you'd naturally expect his home life to bear the brunt of his occasional fatigue, but honestly it doesn't. Bob is the most amiable man. He's really wonderful about that. I know he must be tired sometimes, but I could count on my fingers the times he's admitted it. The trip to Alaska, and those hundreds of trips around the country to the Army camps—he doesn't think he's doing anything. Actually, with all he's doing for the war effort, if he gets one letter from a fan criticizing him for not being in service, he's depressed for weeks. He is past the enlistment age, but he never tells that as the real explanation—which it is. He's amazing about it."

Bob's great reserve of energy is the wonder of all who know him. He does nothing to safeguard it. He loves good wholesome food of the home cooked variety. You are far more likely to run into Bob Hope in Sally's Tea Room or Mary's Coffee Shop than in the finest hotel restaurant.

Bob has a marvelous faculty for being able to separate work from play. When he works, he is completely absorbed, but when he relaxes, he can just as completely forget work. After putting in full days at the studio, Bob works all but two nights a week on the show for his weekly broadcast. After dinner on his work nights, he takes himself to his office above the garage to beat out some laughs for the public.

Another Hope wisecrack goes into somebody's book at the Hollywood Canteen.

The other two nights are for play, that is, if Bob hasn't agreed to entertain workers at a nearby defense plant, or soldiers at one of the encampments in the vicinity. Although Bob likes to have people around him, the Hopes have little time for social life these days. When they do get together with their friends, the group more often than not includes the Bing Crosbys, but their partying is done at their home or the home of friends, seldom at night clubs.

The Hope home bespeaks gracious living. The house is of English farmhouse architecture surrounded by spacious grounds, and by no stretch of the imagination can it be called a ranch. Bob is not the farmer type.

The living room is in the center of the house overlooking the garden in the rear. Deep comfortable divans and broad topped tables cluster in intimate seating groups, with gleaming copper and wood ash trays and bric-a-brac lending a warm, hospitable glow.

At one end of the room, the fireplace is flanked by cozy benches and table where Bob and Dolores indulge in gin rummy sessions. "Bob always wins," Dolores admits. "He beats me at everything."

The opposite end of the room, which leads off to the dining room, contains a small bar with high wooden stools upholstered in red leather. Here, too, is a small studio piano ready if anyone feels inclined to give with music. Altogether it is a gay room and one particularly adapted to fun.

Though Bob's unusual ability to concentrate is one of his greatest assets, it was the biggest stumbling block to the Hopes' happiness in the first years of their marriage. In those days when Dolores spoke to Bob across the room, she received no reply. When she repeated her remark, a little louder, she still met blank silence. To the young bride there was only one explanation; Bob was ignoring her. With injured pride, she froze, and Bob wouldn't know what he'd done to make her angry.

"Today, it seems a trivial thing indeed to have made a fuss about," Dolores smiles, "but in that first year of married life you're both so vulnerable. Yet, it's the most important period of adjustment for both husband and wife. If more girls had no mother to go home to every time a problem arose, more marriages would stick." Dolores still meets that silence—but now she knows it's merely Bob in a creative mood.

The Hopes do not take their happy married life for granted. Seventy-five per cent of the credit for a lasting marriage belongs to the wife, Dolores believes. It is up to the wife to stay married. Love can learn to overlook the small irritations that exist in every marriage.

"Above all, a wife should realize that her husband comes first," Dolores declares. "Yet she must keep her individuality. After all, your individuality was one of the things that made your husband admire you in the first place."

Dolores Hope maintains her individuality by serving as Southern California's A.W.V.S. chairman for Agriculture. Her group enlists and registers women for harvesting those important crops so necessary to feed the world. It is an important job in war work, but it is more than that to Dolores. It is a life-saver, for it helps to dispel her fears for Bob's safety when he is on extended trips entertaining troops. The Alaska trip, for instance, flying in all kinds of weather. Like so many wives today, she stays behind and worries. She doesn't try to discourage him from these trips in line of duty, and there will be more of them to worry about, she knows. That's Bob's public life.

But taking care of the children and keeping the home hearth aflare for Bob—that's his private life, and Dolores is the custodian of it.

THE END

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE . . . . . .

$10.00 LETTER

Dear Miss Waterbury:

The first thought that comes into a Marine's head when the scuttlebut gets around that any notable has joined the Corps is: he'll probably want special privileges or resent being treated as a "boot." Too often this has been the case, and the rest of us resent very much the joining of that type of man.

Therefore, we were definitely put off guard when a tall, blond, agreeable "boot" turned out to be the Hollywood star Stirling Hayden. We were inclined to be sceptical about his ability to "take it."

Needless to say, when the word got around that Hayden was not "salty," that he was bobbed and mugged as the rest of us, that he "hit the deck" pronto when told to do so by his D.I., and that he stood "at attention," referring to himself in the third person when addressed by his seniors, he was admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of Marine fellowship.

Stirling Hayden fired three targets from my rifle while here on the range, and his coach was my bunkie. I don't remember having seen him except casually when he was sitting on the benches waiting his turn to fire, and then I frankly wasn't curious about him because I had my own relays to fire, and our jobs are to teach boots the intricacies of the rifle marksmanship and not to stare at outside celebrities. His coach did say that Hayden was "expert material"—and in Marine Coach lingo, that means a lot.

I do not know what has happened to Hayden since he was graduated into a full fledged Marine, but wherever he is, I am sure he is doing his part to uphold the traditions of which the Marines are so proud.

Corporal C. N. Metcalfe, USMC
Sq. Rm., 2
Rifle Range Detachment, M.B.
Parris Island, S. C.

Dear Miss Waterbury:

I disagree with Pvt. R. F. Stokes' letter in a recent issue of Movieland. He states that fellows in the service who are half disgusted will amount to nothing.

There are quite a number of us here that have been in for a period of six months and have only been allowed to town once a week. During our course at Sioux Falls Radio School we can remember having only two U.S.O. shows. Many a time we were disgusted because we weren't seeing the big shows that go to other camps.

But we had the finest equipment available, and we took advantage of it by learning all we possibly could. The radio operators of Sioux Falls are the best that go out on the line. We are in Las Vegas now studying to become gunners, and we will be lucky if we can see a show given by the U.S.O. or someone else. But we'll try our best to be good men out on the line, even though we do get discouraged at times.

Cpl. R. Fiermuga,
Class 43-21,
Las Vegas, Nevada

* * *

Dear Miss Waterbury:

This is a plea, from the soldiers down here in this last outpost of civilization, to you in Hollywood, who are about the only ones who can find an answer to our problem.

We're stationed down here in a very small town, out in the woods, and the nearest thing to a Hollywood star is a movie or a motion picture magazine. We'd like to get to see just one star before the war is over—in person, I mean. We'd like Betty Grable, Dinah Shore, or Bette Davis, but we'd settle for Vera Vague, Brenda, and Cobina, or Cass Dailey.

We fellows here in Florida miss out on all the shows that hit around the bigger cities. We here at Homestead and Key West even fail to see the few stars who dribble in to Miami.

Maybe we are asking too much, but would you print our plight in Movieland, and maybe some one will take pity on us and drop in on us with a star in tow.

Staff Sergeant Jay Wrinkle
427th Air Base Squadron
Homestead Field, Florida

You Waves, Waacs, and Marines—why don't you write us, too? We know you've seen camp shows and Hollywood personalities. Tell us about them. For the best letters we give five and ten dollars.

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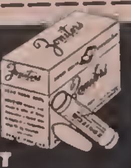

LOVE IN BLOOM

It's getting to be a thing between Ginny Simms and Pat Nearney, the Hollywood socialite sailor. It used to be a thing with Pat and Anne Shirley and before that, it was very intense between Pat and Martha Kemp Mature, Vic Mature's ex. But this, say he and Ginny with greatest confidence, is the real heart throb.

Who it is that Judy Garland most cares for these days nobody knows—probably including little Judy herself. Her escort on this occasion is Baron Polan.

Below—Happy Sue Caral, out for the first time since the birth of her baby, steps out with just-as-happy Husband Alan Ladd. Alan's one of the best dancers in Hollywood, incidentally.

Producer-director Ernst Lubitsch and beautiful writer, Mary Anita Loos, seldom date anyone else, we've heard.

Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman, now in the Navy, don't really belong to "the night-club set." But they appear at Joe E. Lewis' opening at Ciro's.

at CIRO'S

Above—As we tell you in an item back a few pages, the June Havoc-John Payne dating is going strong. Junie is the girl John saw continually his recent furlough.

They are trying to say it's quite desperate between Randy Scott and his newest leading lady, Ella Raines. They do go about . . . but Randy dates all his leading ladies . . . and stays heart whole.

The newest newlyweds, Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, dance sedately as befits a flyer recovering from an appendectomy.

Still the most devoted couple in filmdom are Don Ameche and his charming wife, Honore. They are adopting two little girls to grow up with their own four sons.

WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

A few years back, when Frank Sinatra was the vocalist with Harry James' band, he made a record of "All Or Nothing At All," and the label read *"Harry James and his Orchestra with vocal refrain by Frank Sinatra."* Much has happened since then to both Frank and Harry, and recently, when Sinatra hit the top, Columbia Records decided to reissue that old disc. But here's the amusing thing: The label this time will read, *"Frank Sinatra singing 'All Or Nothing At All' accompanied by Harry James and his Orchestra."* And this is with Harry's sanction and approval. Nice guy, Harry.

Of interest to old Casa Loma fans is the news that Pee-Wee Hunt, jump vocalist and trombonist with the band ever since it was organized, has retired from the profession and gone into advertising work.

Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman's very popular vocalist, has also retired, but for a different reason. She and her husband, Dave Barbour, ex-guitarist with the band, will welcome a "new arrangement" in a few months. While in Hollywood, Benny auditioned several well-known singers to replace Peggy. But there was a hot rumor afloat that Helen Ward would join him in New York when he opened the Astor Roof late in June. Helen, of course, was Benny's sensational vocalist several years ago when he was just beginning to climb the ladder. She has recently come back into the music business and has been working with Hal McIntyre's band in the East. Helen's records are still played wherever there are juke boxes; and she is considered by many critics to be the greatest all-time girl band singer. At his Palladium opening out here last month, Woody Herman prevailed upon Benny Goodman and Buddy Rich (Buddy was on leave from the Marine Base) to come up to the stand and jam a bit. The "bit" turned out to be about twenty choruses of "The Blues," and pretty soon the place was rocking.

Well, kiddies, there it is. You like?

I hope so. And if you want me to answer any questions on your musical favorites, either real or on platters, just drop me a line.

Address Jill Warren, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. I'll appreciate it if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Take notice of what Jill Warren says about the Duke's new Brunswick album.

The Goodman spreads a little jam at his pal, Wood Herman's opening at the Palladium.

JILL WARREN, "WORDS OF MUSIC" EDITOR, SAYS:

I WAS born in Los Angeles on a July 4, and things have been popping ever since. All through grammar school and high school I found myself mixed up in kiddie revues, dramatic societies, and dancing classes. I decided I should also try my hand at writing. So being enrolled in the journalism class anyway, I started a column in the school paper.

I graduated from Los Angeles High School and carried on for two years at Cumnock School For Girls, whereupon I went to work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios as a secretary.

After two years at Metro, I went over the hill to Twentieth Century-Fox, still as a secretary. While working for one of the directors on the lot, I talked myself into a part in "Over My Dead Body." My performance was so gruesome that they cast me in another horror called "Quiet Please, Murder."

My next acting assignment, taking me from the ridiculous to the ridiculous, was that of Oliver Hardy's dancing partner in his new film, "Dancing Masters." In the interim, I have found time to sing with several dance bands around Hollywood. And of course there is my every Wednesday night session at the Hollywood Canteen.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS DEPARTMENT

HE'S Lon McAllister, a Los Angeles kid, not yet twenty. He's in "Stage Door Canteen," playing a romantic guy who's never been kissed and who wants to be sure that when he is, he's kissed right. "Stage Door Canteen" was supposed to make a star of William Terry. Terry was okay, but McAllister walked away with the notices, would be a star except for the war. He's already been called up, but was deferred until late summer. Unfortunately, Sol Lesser, who has him under contract, has no role ready for him in this interval. Lon hopes he'll get back to make good on this first lucky break.

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Before footlights turned to film, the actor's reward was the thundering applause of the audience. Today the stars of the cinema have no way of knowing how you've enjoyed their performances—except by letter.

It's agin the rules to give out with home addresses, but Movieland is listing below for your convenience the gals and guys of Hollywood and their studios. Here are the studio addresses:

Col—Columbia Pictures Corp.
Sunset and Gower
Hollywood, Calif.

DOS—David O. Selznick Productions, Inc.
9336 W. Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.

MGM—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City, Calif.

Mono—Monogram Pictures Corp.
4376 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Para—Paramount Pictures Corp.
5451 Marathon
Hollywood, Calif.

RKO—RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Melrose and Gower
Hollywood, Calif.

Rep—Republic Studios
4024 Radford Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

20—Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

UA—United Artists Studio Corp.
1041 N. Formosa Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

U—Universal Pictures Co.
Universal City, Calif.

W—Warners 1st National Studios
Burbank, Calif.

A

Abbott & Costello—U; Aherne, Brian—Col; Allbritton, Louise—U; Ameche, Don—20; Annabella—20; Andrews, Dana—20; Arnaz, Desi—MGM; Arthur, Jean—Col; Astaire, Fred—RKO; Astor, Mary—MGM; Aumont, Pierre — MGM; Autry, Gene—Rep; Ayres, Lew—MGM.

B

Bainter, Fay—MGM; Bari, Lynn—20; Ball, Lucille—MGM; Barrymore, Lionel—MGM; Baxter, Anne—20; Baxter, Warner—Para; Beery, Wallace—MGM; Bendix, William—MGM; Bennett, Joan—20; Benny, Jack—20; Bergman, Ingrid—DOS; Bishop, Julie—W; Blair, Janet—Col; Blondell, Joan — MGM; Bogart, Humphrey—W; Boyd, William—UA; Boyer, Charles—Para; Brent, George—W; Brooks, Leslie—Col; Brown, John Mack—MGM; Burnett, Smiley—Rep.

C

Cagney, James—UA; Carey, MacDonald—Para; Carlson, Richard—MGM; Carroll, John—MGM; Carroll, Madeleine—Para; Carson, Jack—W; Chapman, Marguerite—Col; Coburn, Charles — Col; Colbert, Claudette—Para; Coleman, Nancy—W; Colman, Ronald—MGM; Conway, Tom—RKO; Cooper, Gary—Para; Cotten, Joseph—DOS; Craig, James—MGM; Crawford, Joan—MGM; Cregar, Laird—20; Crosby, Bing—Para; Crosby, Bob—MGM; Cummings, Robert—U; Curtis, Alan—U.

D

Dantine, Helmut—W; Darnell, Linda—20; Davis, Bette—W; Day, Laraine — MGM; De Havilland, Olivia—W; Donat, Robert—20; Donlevy, Brian—MGM; Dorn, Philip—MGM; Douglas, Melvyn — MGM; Drake, Dona—Para; Dunne, Irene—MGM; Durbin, Deanna—U.

F

Falkenburg, Jinx—Col; Faye, Alice — 20; Fields, Gracie — 20; Flynn, Errol—W; Fontaine, Joan—

DOS; Ford, Glenn—Col; Foster, Preston—20.

G

Gabin, Jean—20; Gable, Clark—MGM; Garbo, Greta—MGM; Gardiner, Reginald—20; Garfield, John—W; Gargan, William—MGM; Garland, Judy—MGM; Garson, Greer—MGM; Gibson, Hoot—Mono; Gifford, Frances — Para; Gilbert, Billy — Mono; Goddard, Paulette—Para; Grable, Betty—20; Grant, Cary—RKO; Granville, Bonita — RKO.

H

Hayward, Susan — Para; Hayworth, Rita—Col; Heflin, Van—MGM; Henie, Sonja—20; Henreid, Paul—W; Holden, William—Para; Holt, Tim—RKO; Hope, Bob—Para; Horne, Lena—MGM; Howard, John—20; Hughes, Mary Beth—Rep; Hunt, Marsha—MGM; Hutton, Betty—Para; Hussey, Ruth—MGM.

J

Jean, Gloria—U; Jenkins, Jack—MGM; Johnson, Van—MGM; Jones, Jennifer—20; Joyce, Brenda—20.

K

Kelly, Gene—MGM; Kelly, Nancy—RKO; Keyes, Evelyn—Col.

L

Ladd, Alan—Para; Lake, Veronica—Para; Lamarr, Hedy—MGM; Lamour, Dorothy—Para; Landis, Carole—20; Laughton, Charles—MGM; Laurel and Hardy—20; Lee, Mary—Rep; Leslie, Joan—W; Loder, John—MGM; Lundigan, William—MGM.

M

MacMurray, Fred—Para; Manning, Irene—W; Marshall, Brenda—W; Martin, Mary—Para; Maynard, Ken—Mono; McCrea, Joel—Para; McDowall, Roddy—20; McKenzie, Fay — Rep; Milland, Ray — Para; Miller, Ann—Col; Miranda, Carmen—20; Montez, Maria—U; Montgomery, George—20; Montgomery, Robert—MGM; Morgan, Dennis—W.

O

Oakie, Jack—20; Oberon, Merle—Col; O'Brien, Edmund—U; O'Brien, Margaret—MGM; O'Brien, Pat—RKO; O'Hara, Maureen—20.

P

Paige, Robert—U; Payne, John—20; Peters, Susan—MGM; Pidgeon, Walter—MGM; Powell, Dick—Para.

R

Raft, George—W; Rathbone, Basil—MGM; Reagan, Ronald—W; Reed, Donna—MGM; Reynolds, Marjorie—Para; Ridgeley, John—W; Rogers, Ginger—Para; Rogers, Roy—Rep; Romero, Cesar—20; Rooney, Mickey—MGM; Russell, Rosalind—RKO.

S

Sabu—U; Sanders, George—20; Scott, Martha—UA; Scott, Randolph—20; Sheridan, Ann—W; Shirley, Anne—RKO; Simon, Simone—RKO; Skelton, Red—MGM; Smith, Alexis—W; Smith, C. Aubrey—MGM; Smith, Kent—RKO; Sothern, Ann—MGM; Stack, Robert—U; Sterling, Robert—MGM; Stewart, James—MGM; Sutton, John—20.

T

Taylor, Robert—MGM; Temple, Shirley—DOS; Tierney, Gene—20; Tone, Franchot—Para; Tracy, Spencer—MGM; Travis, Richard—W; Turner, Lana—MGM.

W

Walker, Robert—MGM; Wayne, John — Rep; Weismuller, John — RKO; Whitty, Dame May—MGM.

Y

Young, Gig—W; Young, Loretta—Para; Young, Robert—MGM.

ATLAS of WORLD WAR II

AMONG the various war activities stars are now sponsoring, Myrna Loy, who is definitely coming back to the screen in the next "Thin Man" picture at MGM, has added a new one. Taking, perhaps, a cue from Wendell Willkie, who is giving all the profits of his book "One World" to China Relief, Myrna is sponsoring the sale of "Atlas of World War II" for the benefit of Greek War Relief. For only a dollar, the book contains dramatically captioned, up to the last headline war maps. It's a grand book, and besides every copy sold aids that gallant little nation that, absolutely overwhelmed, still managed to hold out against the Axis for six fearful months.

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

the newest, prettiest girl in town. He has been doing this ever since the silent days when Billie Dove was the beauty of his attentions. Of all the three score and ten girls of his dates, not one has ever succeeded in holding his interest for very long. Even such stars as Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers thought to marry him. They didn't. Lana Turner is the only girl absolutely known to have done the walking out on him.

Here's hoping that Ava doesn't get hurt.

SAMPLE OF SITUATIONS ON SETS

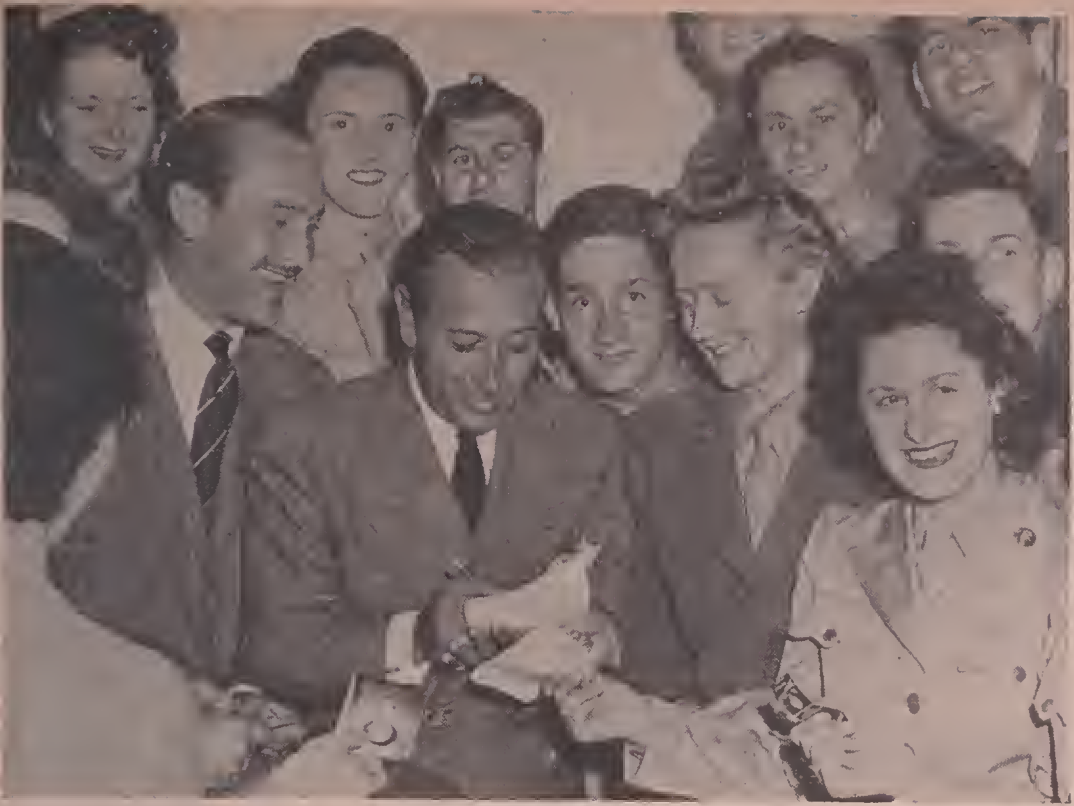
I dropped in on the "Cry Havoc" set on the afternoon that Bob Sterling's leave was up, and he was heading back to Thunderbird Field. Ann Sothern's eyes were big saucers of loneliness.

I'll give you long odds on this marriage lasting. Ann respects the institution of marriage, and was miserable when her alliance with Roger Pryor broke up. She thought over this present marriage long and soberly before she entered into it. Bob Sterling, incidentally, is the most in-love young man I've seen in years. He's a sweet kid who deserves a girl like Annie.

MERCHANT MARINER EMBARRASSES WILDE

Like all people working in Hollywood, I am continually being asked to take some service man around with me when I go calling on players. Recently a friend asked me to take a young ensign in the Merchant Marine. He was sailing that night. If he had the faintest idea of where he was going or when he was returning, he certainly wasn't telling anyone.

Left—The Errol Flynn-Nora Eddington dating has reached that hand-holding very protective stage. And right—Red Skelton, at long last, seems to be getting over his torch-bearing for his former wife. His favorite girl now is pretty Muriel Morris, dancing with him here.



At Fort MacArthur, George Raft and Lee Bowman sign autographs for WAACS. This is the first time the stars have gone out to entertain the gal fighters—and the girls asked only for male stars!

I was headed out to Twentieth Century-Fox that day, so I took the ensign along. We stopped first on the "Wintertime" set because my naval friend wanted to meet Sonja Henie. We waited and waited, but Sonja was dressing. Meanwhile we talked to Cornel Wilde.

I told Cornel about the lad in uniform, his "target" for that evening. Cornel turned white, and I cursed myself for being stupid. For there, of course, he was, in make-up, before that man in blues. I only put this story in to show that fathers face the same problem here in Hollywood that they face everywhere else. Cornel is very much in love with his pretty wife, and he absolutely adores his baby who was born late last spring. He is just getting started in the movie business and isn't yet far enough along to be in that "big money." To go now means giving up all the things that are dear to him. Yet he does want to go.

REMARK FROM OAKIE

Jack Oakie, working in "Wintertime," bounced over when he saw us.

"How long should it take to make a picture like this?" asked the Ensign.

"It should take about three days," cracked Jack, "but I have a six weeks' guarantee, so it will take six weeks, my friend, even seven."

SLATED FOR STARDOM

We topped off our trip by going over to the "Song of Bernadette" set. It was a weird and wonderful sensation. We had walked off the sound stage onto the back lot, away from Twentieth Century into the nineteenth.

The scene was the garbage dump where Bernadette first sees the Vision, the same garbage dump that later becomes the Shrine of Lourdes. Before it, in front of the cameras, flowed a very real and very cold brook into which some fake stepping stones had been placed.

Jennifer Jones, as Bernadette, stood before the shrine, seeing the Vision. We sat ourselves down beside Director Henry King.

He's a handsome and kindly gentleman, this Henry King, and he has been directing stars ever since the days that Lillian Gish, with an unknown leading man named Ronald Colman, made "Romola." (There was a fairly unknown

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villain in that one, too, named William Powell.)

It was a hard scene to manage. The fire had to be just so, and since it was out-of-doors, the fire rather wanted to burn in its own way. The brook had to be just so, too. Again and again, solely because of the fire and the brook, Jennifer Jones had to see the Vision, turn, and run barefooted into that icy water, and not grimace, as supposedly she does not feel its coldness. (Actually she was practically blue with the cold.)

She is a tall, thin girl, this Jennifer Jones, not beautiful in the glamour sense, but compelling looking.

I said to Henry King, "How is she?"

He looked at me. "She is absolutely the finest actress I've ever directed," he said.

Which is really something, coming from one who has directed practically every top star in the business.

ONE STAR MISSING

As we were driving back to Hollywood, the Ensign sighed. "It was all perfect except that I didn't meet Shirley Temple."

Right there, I think, is the reason that David Selznick, over and above her youth and beauty, signed Shirley. She is fifteen now, with twelve years of acting experience behind her and a public that has grown up from childhood to youth right along with her, waiting to see her again.

Selznick has done such a magnificent job with Bergman, Fontaine, and Jennifer Jones that all Hollywood is sitting back to see if he can manage, not Shirley, but her Mama. Mama used to want to do all the dictating on what Shirley should play and how.

The bets are on Selznick to win.

THERE WILL BE NO PLACE BETS

All movieland is watching the outcome of the Bubbles Schinasi-Arthur Hornblow romance. Bubbles, you will remember, is the ex-wife of ex-actor-now-naval lieutenant Wayne

One of Hollywood's largest "tippers," Eric von Stroheim, who has "come back" in Paramount's "Five Graves to Cairo," is pictured in the act of giving a gratuity to a Mocombo waiter. Next to the actor is Maureen O'Sullivan with her husband, John Farrow, right in front of camera.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 10

■	D	O	G	■	P	I	P	E	R	■	F	A	L	A
H	E	M	I	■	A	R	E	N	A	■	E	R	I	N
A	L	A	N	■	R	O	L	E	S	■	A	I	N	T
S	E	R	G	E	A	N	T	■	P	I	R	A	T	E
■	■	■	E	D	D	Y	■	V	E	T	■	■	■	■
C	H	A	R	G	E	■	S	E	R	E	N	A	D	E
R	E	D	■	E	R	R	O	L	■	M	O	G	U	L
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C	A	R	T	E	R	■	F	A	N	T	A	S	I	A
A	S	E	A	■	A	W	A	R	D	■	G	A	R	Y
S	T	E	P	■	M	A	R	I	A	■	A	B	I	E
T	A	L	E	■	S	N	E	E	S	■	N	U	S	■

Morris, and Hornblow is the ex-of-Myrna Loy, now Mrs. John Hertz. This is a romance of about a year's standing and has apparently nothing to stand in its way. However, there is a great stumbling block, Bubbles' mama, Ruby Schinasi, who doesn't approve of the match and arrived in California just the other day.

Bubbles had been living out in movieland for the past few months and had been seen out with Hornblow constantly. Since mama arrived, Bubbles is seen constantly in the company of her mother, and Mr. Hornblow can get his dates as they fall. Odds are even that a marriage will take place and that it won't.

☆

MOVIELAND SALUTES JOAN BLONDELL

The other evening this editor was tending the phone at the Hollywood Canteen. A voice came over the wire identifying herself as Joan Blondell. She asked whether there were any movie stars down there that night and whether she was needed.

As it happened there were seven hundred boys in the Canteen and not one real live movie star. When she was informed of this, Miss Blondell did herself up real movie-star like and came down to the Canteen, served coffee, signed autographs, danced with the boys, and just sat and talked.

She arrived at eight in the evening and didn't leave until the doors were closed at twelve that night. To top the whole thing Joan had just returned from a camp trip throughout the southern part of the United States. Before that she had taken a trip up in Newfoundland to entertain. It didn't matter to Joan that she was tired and needed rest, she just knew those boys needed entertaining, and down she came.

☆

A BIT INVOLVED, BUT FUN

Irene, Metro's super dress designer, is married to Elliot Gibbons, who is a cousin of Mrs. Gary Cooper.. Elliot is now seeing service in the Ferry Command in Africa.

Irene is working very hard at MGM, but just couldn't resist buying the most beautiful and lovable Irish Setter you ever saw. Suddenly, what with servant shortage, Irene was faced with the problem of exercising her dog.. As she lives near the U.C.L.A. campus, she advertised in the college paper for some young man who would like to earn money after school by taking Michael, the dog, for a walk.

Well, Gary Cooper is now walking Irene's dog, and it isn't the actor. That is the boy's name, and everyone thinks it is very funny.

☆

A TRIBUTE TO THE MICK

Mickey Rooney is in the enviable spot of being box-office champ number one. He is one of the largest money earners in the picture business. Mickey has the world by the tail. That is the Mickey whom the public knows, the fresh kid from just around the corner who gets into scrapes.

The real Mickey is the heartbroken boy whose marriage didn't work out. Half of it may have been his fault, half of it wasn't. There was no more sincere or happier person than Mickey when he married Ava Gardner.

However, Ava wanted to be Mrs. Mickey Rooney and a movie actress, too. The two didn't jell.

☆

Like any normal American of twenty-two Mickey wanted to go into the army and defend his country. His studio made a test case of him and asked for a deferment for him so he could continue his acting and entertain. His draft board finally settled the question and declared him unfit for service.

Through all this embarrassment have you heard any word from Mickey? Not one. Just remember with all his fame and money that Mickey has taken it on the chin as few people could. Mickey represents the finest type of American manhood. He is doing what he can to help win the war in his own way, and doing it with a broken heart.

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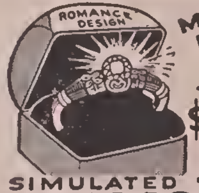

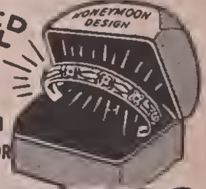

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Just one drop of this rare secret aroma will endure for hours and add a more thrilling irresistible charm to you. ALSO FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS how to use this for greater romance. SEND NO MONEY! Full size bottle sent in plain wrapper. Pay postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send $1 and we pay postage. One bottle FREE if 2 ordered. Money Back Guarantee. VELMO CO., Dept. WH-1, 152 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

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IT HAPPENS IN MOVIELAND, TOO

Pretty Anne Shirley, who is getting smarter looking every day, and agent Henry Wilson were in Ciro's, dining and dancing.

Into the room came June Havoc and Anne's ex, John Payne, now in service. The couples coldly nodded, and took seats in the opposite ends of the room.

There is more than meets the eye to the Havoc-Payne romance. It has been steadily and quietly going on, and June is a pretty fascinating girl.

SUSAN GETS ADVICE

Cute little Susan Peters is engaged to actor Richard Quine. She used to be engaged to Joan Crawford's husband, Phil Terry. Inside story of her present engagement is wonderful and shows why Susan will become a star and hold her place on the screen.

Reason: Agent Levis Green scouting for talent, found not too pretty, or too thin, or too well groomed, and very young Susan Carnahan. He signed her to a contract with his agency and started out to find her a job in a studio. He finally placed her under contract to Warner Brothers, where she played small parts and made test after test with new contractees.

Green not only handled her business affairs, but taught her how to prepare to be a star. He made her take dancing, singing, voice, diction, and coaching lessons. He made her live on her small salary and still save a part of it. He made her buy few clothes, but good ones. He had her go out with the right people, but be in every night at twelve. Between Green's and her mother's training emerged Susan Peters.

Finally Green got Susan a juicy contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now is the time, according to usual Hollywood custom, for Susan to change her agent and start on the glamour road. Not so. Green is in the army, but he still receives his ten percent for handling her. She writes him twice a week about her progress and comings and goings, and when she became engaged, she wrote and asked him whether it was all right.

Susan says that only through the intelligent handling and bolstering of her morale, when things looked tough, did she ever get to be a movie star, and she doesn't care to make any decision of any magnitude unless she can consult the man who was instrumental in her great success.

Mr. Pidgeon cuts a bit of ham at the Canteen. "It comes natural," he says.

Super-pretty Miss de Havilland obliges with an autograph for a Canteen visitor.

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Your LODGE Emblem or Army or Navy Insignia and Name Engraved in 23 K. Gold —Absolutely FREE

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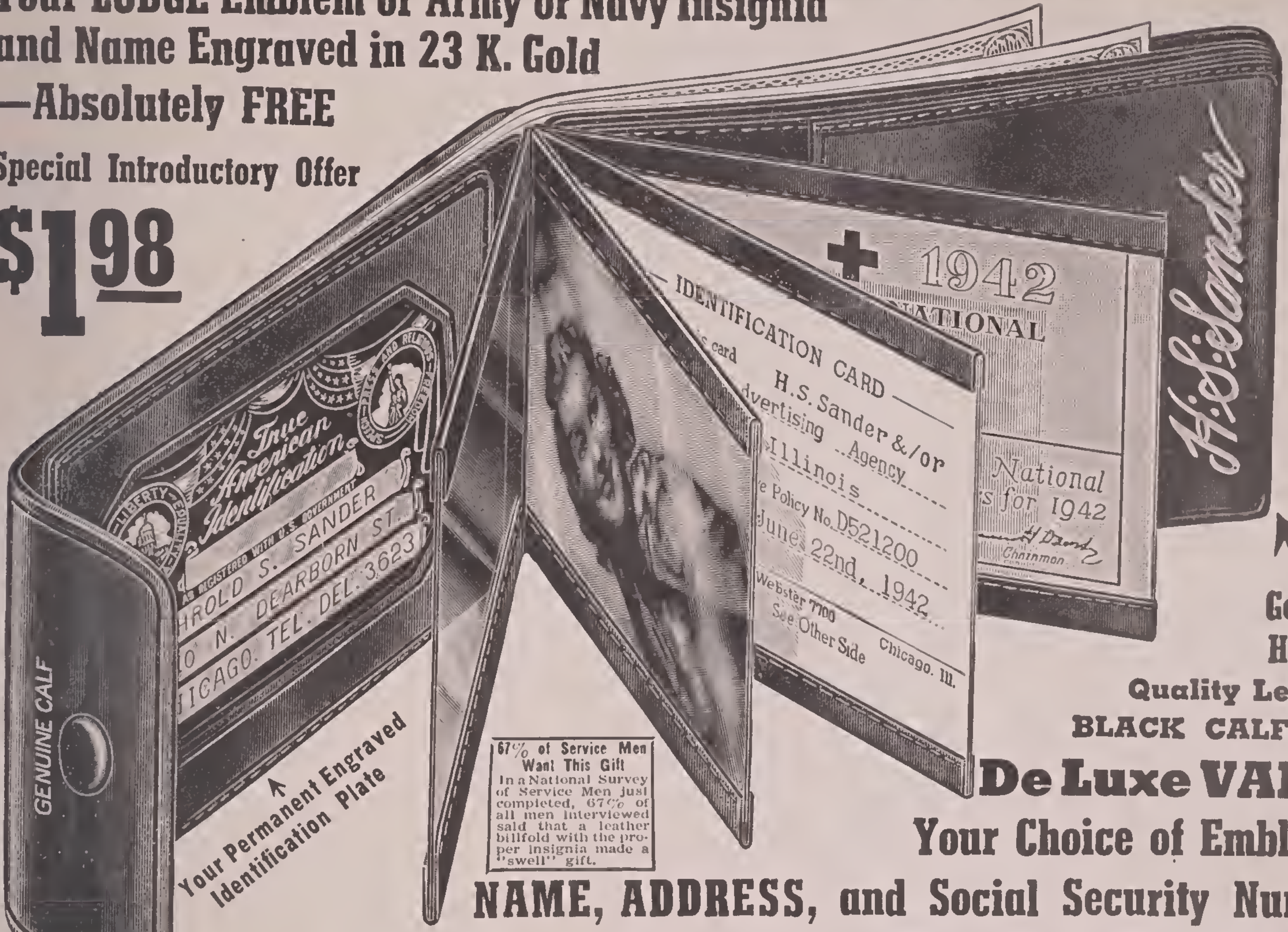
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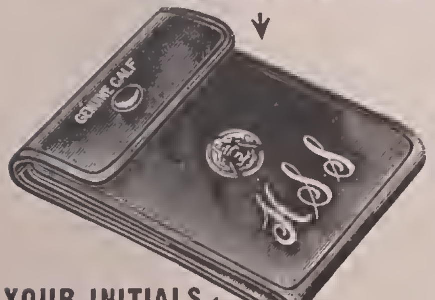
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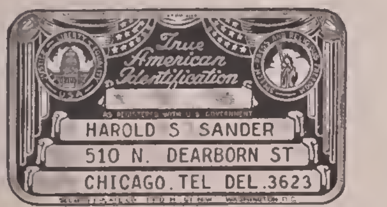
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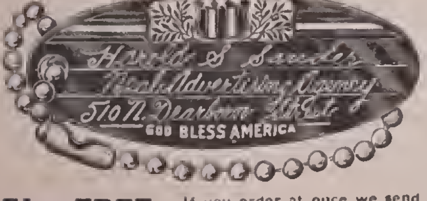
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Also FREE—If you order at once we send you this beautiful Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, hand-engraved with your name, address, city and state. Will last a lifetime.

Here is the ideal gift to send that son or sweetheart in the Armed Forces. Here, without a doubt is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your Lodge Emblem, or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name, you would expect to pay up to $4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine Calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only $1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three color lifetime Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has four pockets, each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, if you send your order promptly, we will include, absolutely FREE a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today without fail, so you won't be disappointed.

Rush This Coupon For This Once-In-A-Lifetime Bargain!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,
Dept. 273-C, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

If you want a LODGE, or ARMY or NAVY Insignia, state name here..

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.98. Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and choice of Emblems, engraved in 23k gold. Include, absolutely free, a life time Identification Plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number, or Draft Number. Also include FREE an Identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand-engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

My Full Name..
(Please print clearly)

Address..

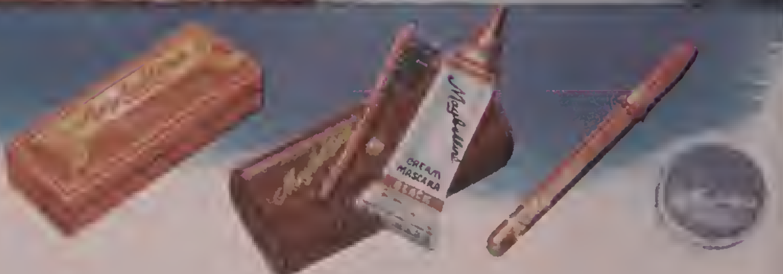
City.. State..

Social Security Number.................................... Army Draft Number..........................
☐ Please ship the above C. O. D. for $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges.

Just as he dreamed
her eyes would be

In moments like this, lovely eyes can say more than any spoken words... Perhaps today, your hero is far from the things he loves most—you, home and the country he is fighting so bravely to protect. Yet you are always near him in his thoughts and in his dreams.

While he's away, he wants those eyes he adores to be bright and smiling. When he comes back to you, your eyes can be just as he pictured them in his fondest dreams. These days more than ever, millions of women are grateful for the soft, glorifying effect of Maybelline eye make-up. You will be grateful, too, once you see what a difference it makes!



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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara makes lashes appear longer and lovelier. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c.

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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, with fine point, forms graceful, expressive brows.

Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accents color and brilliance of eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, OCTOBER

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WHY GREER GARSON DECIDED TO MARRY

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Special Combination Offer, Both for Only $7.95
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Hurry! Quantities Are Limited

Ladies! Men! Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only $7.95.

Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines . . . you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Ray, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Liberty Blue, Camel Tan, Teal Green, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Ray"—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1854
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RAY Jackets indicated below, C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

Name.. **Please**
Address.. **write**
City..............................State.................. **plainly**

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $3.95 Check color wanted	Liberty Blue	Camel Tan	Teal Green	Stop Red

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only $7.95

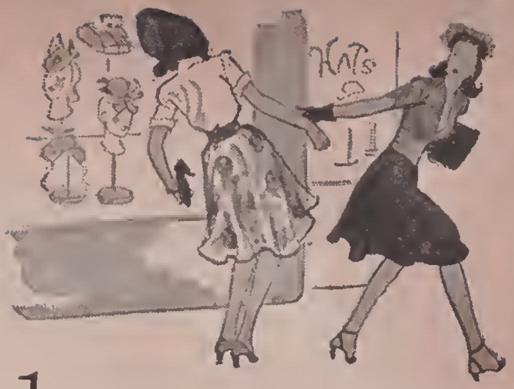
MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95 Check color wanted	Camel Tan with these colors	Harbor Blue	Luggage Brown	Forest Green

CHECK SIZE WANTED

LADY'S 12☐, 14☐, 16☐, 18☐, 20☐, MAN'S 36☐, 38☐, 40☐, 42☐, 44☐
MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: $.................. C. O. D.

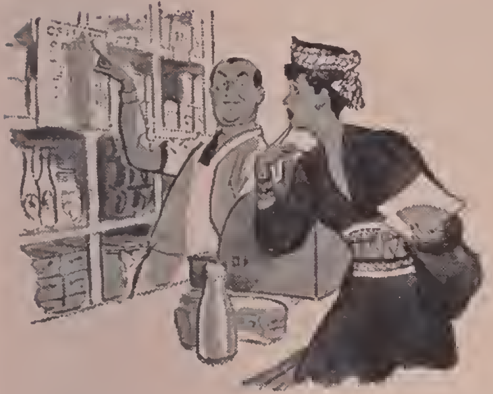
7 things you should do to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:



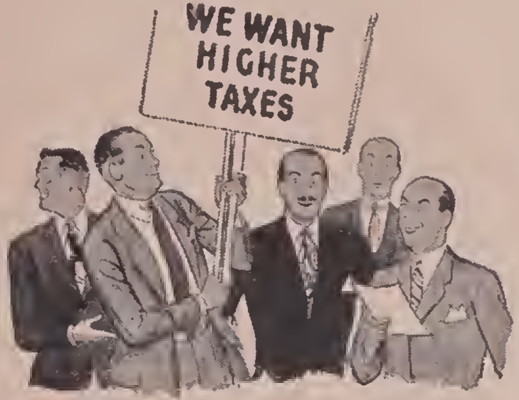
1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Don't buy a *thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."



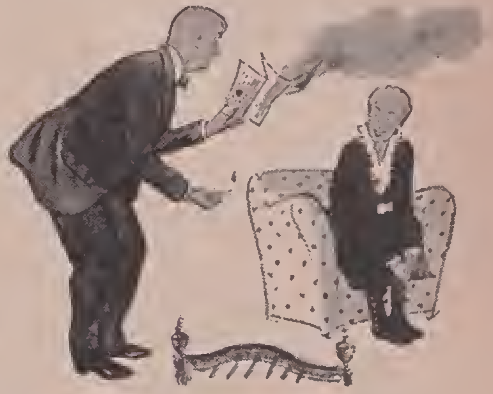
2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.



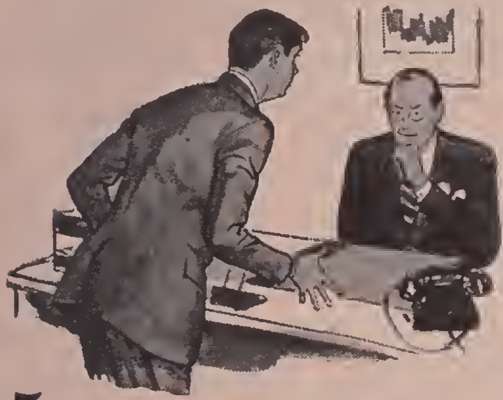
3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.



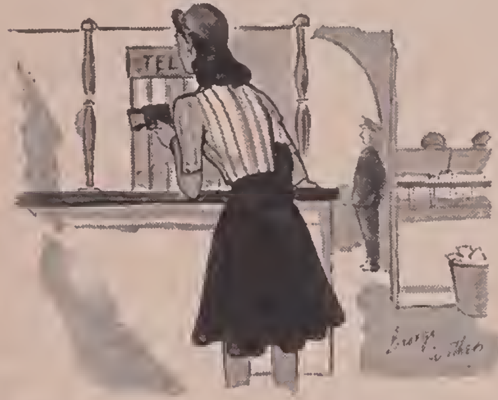
4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid heiling Hitler!



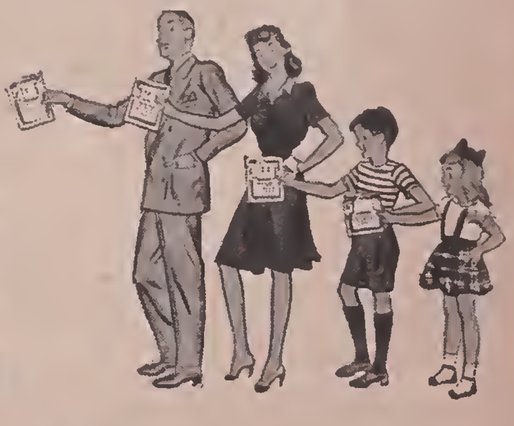
5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.



6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.



7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hold them. Buy as many as you can. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of letting it shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked *this* above all.

★ ★ ★ ★

So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.

It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

★ ★ ★ ★

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer. And Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the broad beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a characterful drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

★ ★ ★ ★

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're just a lion who's putting on the dog.

—*Leo*

MOVIELAND

VOL. 1, NO. 9 OCTOBER, 1943

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Just a boy and his dog . . .

From the pages of Eric Knight's great best-seller (he wrote "This Above All" too, remember?) comes a great drama. No roar of guns, no bombs, no tanks, no planes here . . . but emotion deep, human and intense in a story you'll live and love. The kind of story real people like to pass along to their friends.

M-G-M *PRESENTS THE*
TECHNICOLOR
PRODUCTION

LASSIE
COME HOME

ERIC KNIGHT'S
LASSIE
COME HOME

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with RODDY McDOWALL · DONALD CRISP
DAME MAY WHITTY · EDMUND GWENN
NIGEL BRUCE · ELSA LANCHESTER · LASSIE
Directed by FRED M. WILCOX · Produced by SAMUEL MARX

Screen Play by Hugo Butler
Based Upon the Novel by Eric Knight

(The above advertisement is also appearing in American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Parents' and Woman's Home Companion.)

It's a
BIG PICTURE

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

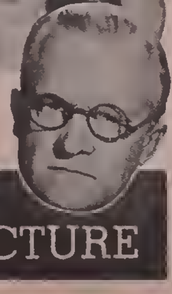
. . . when this gang of radio favorites all get together in a laughter-filled, song-crowded screen show! It's a joy holiday!

HOOSIER HOLIDAY

Starring
RADIO'S POPULAR ENTERTAINERS
THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS
THE MUSIC MAIDS
GEORGE D. HAY as "THE SOLEMN OLD JUDGE"
ISABEL RANDOLPH as "MRS. UPPINGTON"
Courtesy of "Fibber McGee and Molly"
GEORGE "SHUG" FISHER
LILLIAN RANDOLPH as "BIRDIE"
Courtesy of "The Great Gildersleeve"

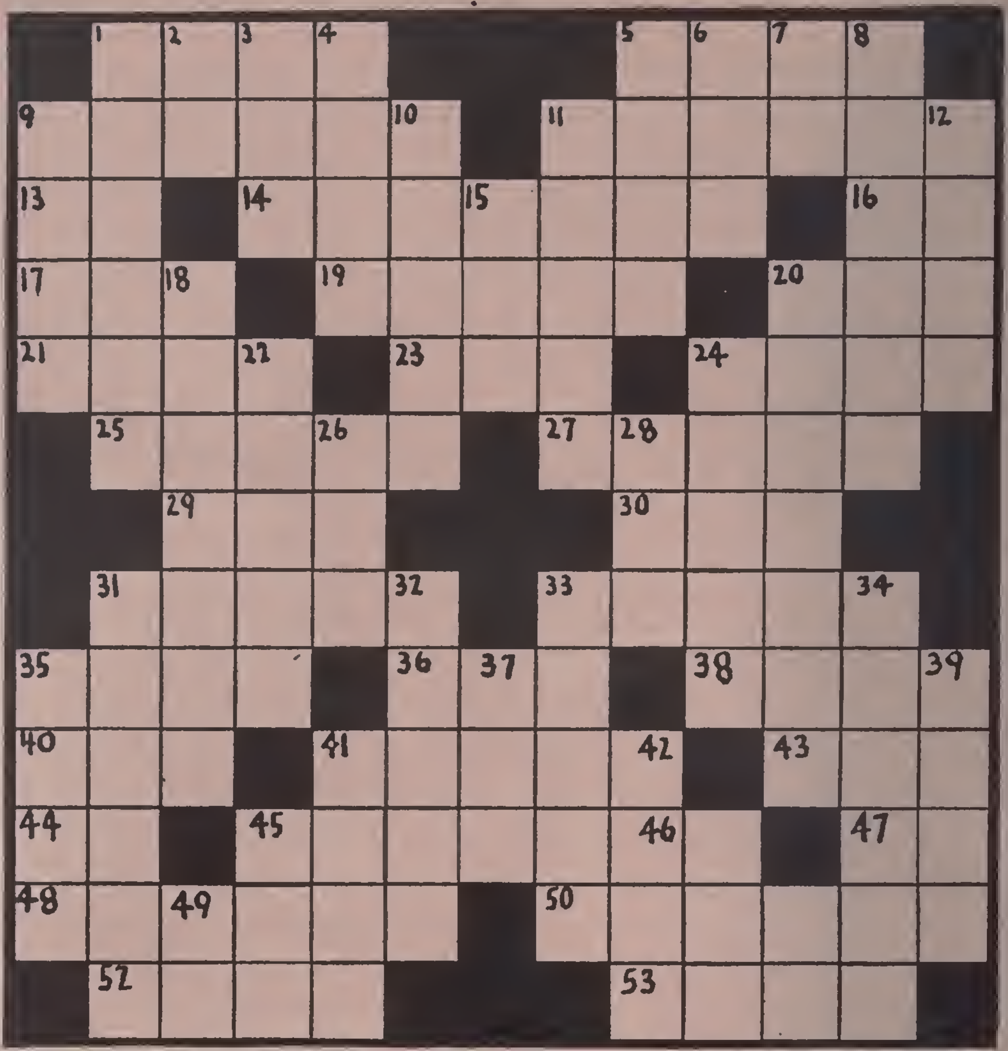
Featuring
DALE EVANS • GEORGE BYRON
EMMA DUNN • THURSTON HALL

Buy War Bonds and Stamps



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1. Yards where movies are made
5. Electrical safety device
9. Article of dress glorified by Dottie Lamour
11. Belonging to a great Jewish priest
13. Article
14. Stage actress of "Sunny", died 1926 (first name)
16. Earth Goddess
17. Advertisement
19. Analyze grammatically
20. Receptacle
21. The "Cover Girl"
23. Edible seed
24. Penny
25. Biblical word
27. Comedy star of "One Dangerous Night"
29. Triumph
30. Unit of work
31. Star of "Now, Voyager"
33. Weaving devices
35. Unstained
36. Former producer of "Our Gang" comedies (First name)
38. Former English poet-laureate
40. What motion pictures are a form of
41. French star of "Cat People"
43. Girl's nickname
44. Veteran portrayer of Dr. Watson (initials)
45. Novelist-author of "The Human Comedy"
47. Proceed
48. First name of 41 horizontal
50. Running courses (suffix)
52. Back of the neck
53. Famous runaway slave (first name)

VERTICAL

1. "The Powers Girl"
2. Correlative
3. Famous cowboy star (first name)
4. Fastening device used on dresses
5. Actress who portrayed Lillian Russell
6. Burial vase
7. Therefore
8. Machine
9. German coal and iron district
10. Chart
11. Race horse, winner of 1942 Preakness
12. Transmitted
15. Wrath
18. Star of "Philadelphia Story," now an army lieutenant
20. Star of "Casablanca"
21. How Frank Buck brought 'em back
24. Great French painter
26. Species of American blackbird
28. M-G-M mascot
31. "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday"
32. County
33. Famous comic star and producer
34. Produced on the stage
35. Containers
37. I love (Latin)
39. Son of Seth
41. Mentally normal
42. Aromatic ointment
45. Soak
46. Correlative
49. Mother
51. Pronoun

(For Solution See Page 80)

"Thanks loads, world, for making me a star!"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN- HOLLYWOOD

YOU'LL LOVE Claudia

The girl of the year in the picture of the year! From coast to coast they'll be talking, loving, dressing, thinking like Claudia!

"CLAUDIA"

DOROTHY McGUIRE
is Claudia...the screen's most refreshing find!
•
ROBERT YOUNG
is adorable David
•
INA CLAIRE
and REGINALD GARDINER
OLGA BACLANOVA
Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Produced by William Perlberg • Adapted for the Screen by Morrie Ryskind from the Play by Rose Franken as Produced for the Stage by John Golden
WILLIAM GOETZ, In Charge of Production

YOU'LL thrill to
SONJA HENIE
Wintertime

YOU'LL never forget
FRANZ WERFEL'S
SONG OF BERNADETTE

YOU'LL sing the praises of
BETTY GRABLE
and ROBERT YOUNG
Sweet ROSIE O'GRADY

YOU'LL cheer
GUADALCANAL DIARY

YOU'LL cherish
ORSON WELLES
JOAN FONTAINE
Jane Eyre

YOU'LL hail all these great coming HITS from
20th CENTURY-FOX

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE AFTER THE WAR

From the most authentic source, to Movieland exclusively, comes some pretty distressing news for Gable fans.

It's this, and it's true. You won't be seeing Clark on the screen again, not during the war nor after the war.

The big fellow, whom everyone in Hollywood worshipped, feels he has found his destiny in the Army. He likes being Captain Gable. He wants to keep on being Captain Gable, even after peace is declared. He says that he will never return to the screen. Naturally, if our government asks him to make propaganda shorts or even feature films, he will do that, though he would prefer not to. But as for regular acting in make-believe stories, that he refuses.

Don't cheer yourself up with the idea that Clark may change his mind. I hope he does, but I'll wager anything that he won't. Gable is not a mind-changer. There's a stubborn streak in him which he inherits from his Dutch ancestors, and when he gets an idea, he sticks to it regardless of arguments. He said after Carole's death that he would never make another picture. He did finish "Somewhere I'll Find You," which was already in production, but he did that rather than let down MGM, his one and only producing company.

Clark really loves every minute of his time in the Air Corps. He has always been a man's man, preferring male society to feminine five to one. He finds England, where he is now stationed, completely fascinating.

He's keeping his ranch in Encino, California, and will live there after the war. He'll never have to think about money again. His salary before he enlisted, had reached $75,000 a year on a flat fifty-two weeks yearly.

The only hope we see for his public is to get Selznick to release "Gone With The Wind" for a yearly revival.

Meanwhile, Movieland salutes Captain Gable, an intelligent and clever and truly patriotic great guy.

(*Continued on page* 10)

With love and thirty-six years difference in age between them, Chaplin and Oona O'Neill his fourth wife, appear at the Macamba.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

The talk of the town now turns to a remarkable picture, FIRST COMES COURAGE, in which a deeply moving romance is blended with the flaring brilliance of Commando warfare. Lovely Merle Oberon and dashing Brian Aherne share the starring honors.

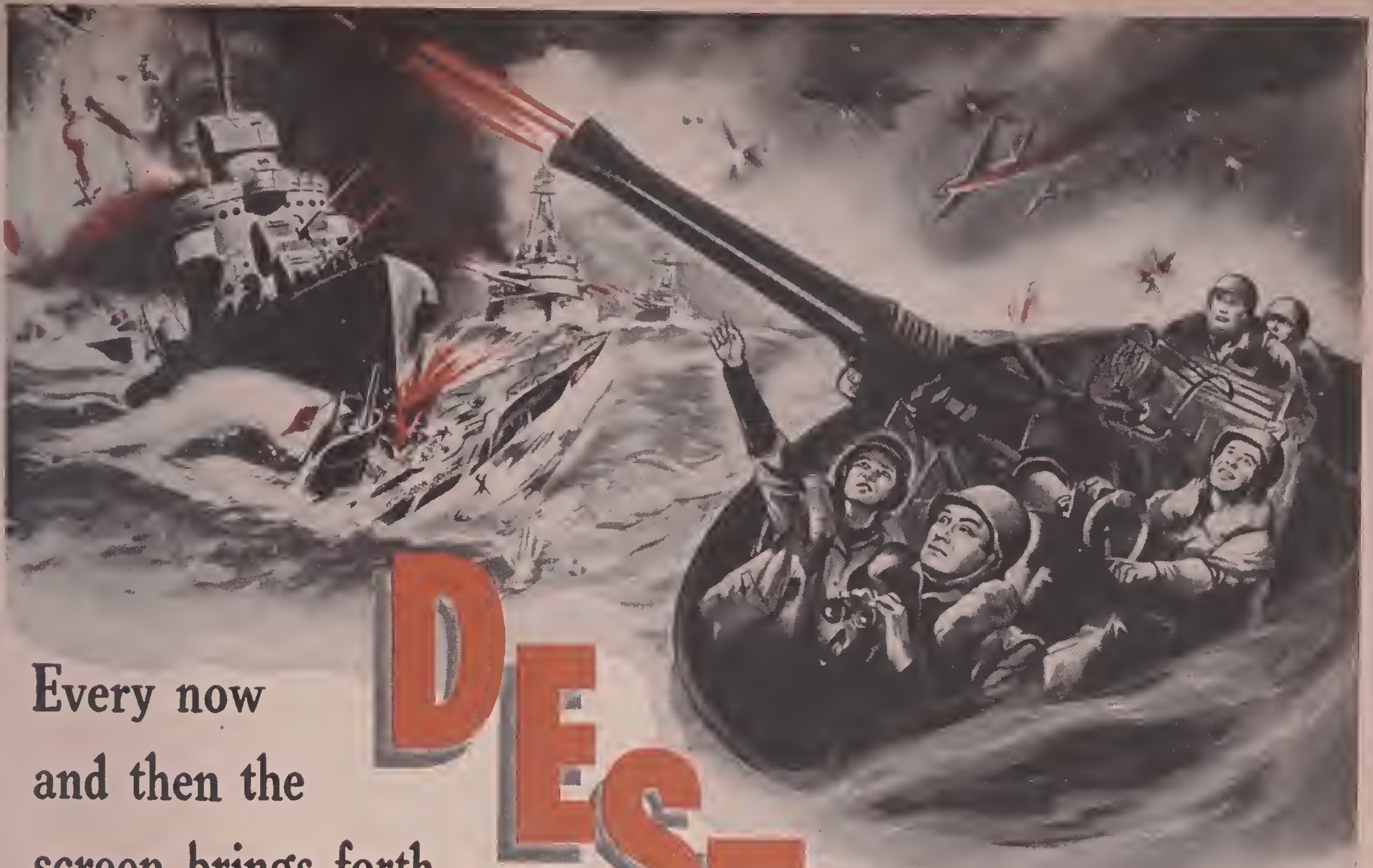
* * * * * *

Tenderness and the warmth that comes from the heart play a big part in thrilling DESTROYER, which stars Edward G. Robinson. Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman share the spotlight with Edward G., when they're not sharing zing-y kisses!

* * * * * *

All you who roared at Charles Coburn as "Mr. Dingle" in "The More The Merrier" will be glad to hear about MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK. In this uproarious hit, Coburn's appearance has been changed, but you can't disguise a DINGLE!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE FOR THESE COLUMBIA PICTURES



DESTROYER

Every now and then the screen brings forth a picture that captures the emotions of all... Just such extraordinary film entertainment is Columbia's "DESTROYER"! It has the tears and sweat...the joy...the heart! It has the story of men and their ship! It has thrill-packed action!

STARRING

Edward G. ROBINSON

with **GLENN FORD**
MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
EDGAR BUCHANAN
Produced by Louis F. Edelman
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Screen Play by Frank Wead, Lewis Meltzer and Borden Chase · Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Intimate Facts Every Woman Has a Right to Know!

Improved New Feminine Hygiene Way gives continuous action for hours!

- Are you risking happiness, even health, because you don't really understand this vital problem? Don't do it! You have a right to know the truth about what modern feminine hygiene can do for you!

You may think you *do* know, but many women who think that still have only half-knowledge. So they rely on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 8001A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name..............................

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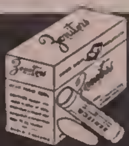
City....................*State*........

Zonitors

~ SO CONVENIENT



(*Continued from page 8*)

BET ON "THE BELL"

Buddy de Sylva, the production head of Paramount, has a terrific bet on with David Selznick, that "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which Paramount made with Selznick's star, Ingrid Bergman, will outgross "Gone With The Wind," which Selznick made with Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh.

"Gone With The Wind" has made almost twenty million dollars so far, being the most successful picture ever produced. Thus de Sylva is betting that "the Bell" will earn more than that unbelievable sum.

De Sylva is a very smart showman and has done a fantastically fine job of turning Paramount productions into vast money makers in the two short years he has been there. Nevertheless, I string along with Selznick on this bet.

Here's why: Great as is "For Whom the Bell Tolls," its story is not centered on the love story of its two stars. It is really the story of a small group of Spanish people, engaged in a civil war against other Spanish people.

"Gone With The Wind" may have been laid against the background of our own civil war, but it was entirely and always the story of the love and conflict between Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara. I can be so wrong, but I'll wager, anytime, that this kind of story will beat the other kind of story in sheer pulling power.

What do you think? I'd be fascinated to know.

AN OFFICER AT HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

One of the most avid entertainers of the soldiers is cute little Jane Wyman.

Just the other night she turned up at the Hollywood Canteen to sing with the band that was playing there that night. She was accompanied by her handsome and smiling Lieutenant husband, Ronald Reagan. Commissioned officers are not allowed in the Canteen. So Lt. Reagan had to spend his time in the kitchen with the ladies washing dishes.

Finally he was called out just to say hello to the boys. Stepping up on the bandstand and not knowing how the boys would take him, Ronnie grinned and said, "I don't know what they feed you boys in here, but it must be good. I have never seen so many faces smiling at an officer before."

The boys broke out in a cheer.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Left—At Ciro's we found that newly engaged couple, Red Skelton and Muriel Morris. Notice how much they look alike. And right—Susan Hayward and Lt. Jon Whitcomb, the "Whitcomb" girl creator.

JAMES CAGNEY

That "academy award" man is coming to town! You'll go for Jimmy as he goes all out for three gals in a jam . . . And William Cagney's production really makes the story tick! C'mon people! This is for you!

JOHNNY COME LATELY

McLEOD'S
FOLLY
LOUIS
BROMFIELD

Jimmy's great picture was taken from this "best seller" by Louis Bromfield.

JAMES CAGNEY *in* "JOHNNY COME LATELY" *with* GRACE GEORGE · MARJORIE MAIN
and MARJORIE LORD · HATTIE McDANIEL · EDWARD McNAMARA

A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION

Directed by WILLIAM K. HOWARD · Screen Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Want to own a new home by 1953?

LIKE TO OWN a new home by 1953? With land enough for a garden and a back yard for the kids? And money coming in every month to pay off the mortgage?

Sure you would. But you never will if you let the good money you're making now slip through your fingers. So start saving. Invest every cent you can spare (at least 10% of your pay) in U. S. War Savings Bonds. Regularly!

War Bonds are the best all-around investment the world has ever seen. They can't go down in price. Ten years from now, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest now. AND . . . money invested in War Bonds is *safe*, even if the bond itself is lost or stolen!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT, NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

This advertisement is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by

MOVIELAND MAGAZINE

Quick PICTURE GUIDE

BACKGROUND TO DANGER (Warner Bros.)

The main attribute of this is the magnificent acting of its cast. Co-starring such chillers as George Raft and Sydney Greenstreet, with Brenda Marshall, Osa Massen and Peter Lorre, the excitement runs high. Plenty of action, suspense.

The plot is a most complicated one, involving international shenanigans going on in very international Turkey. George Raft is the hero, but that's all you do know until the end of the picture, during which you are kept wondering just who is friend and who is foe. It's the old cops-and-robbers theme, pretty well disguised by present-day Nazis, Russians, Americans, Turks, Englishmen and then some. Mr. Raft is continually climbing over walls, hiding in dark corners.

HIT THE ICE (Universal)

Abbott and Costello are hilariously back again. "Hit the Ice" is one of their funniest, happiest pictures, loaded with gags that are howls throughout.

In this one, Bud and Lou are making a bare living as sidewalk candid camera photographers. Three gangsters who are planning to rob a bank hear the boys talking about "shooting" and hire them to cover the robbery. Instead, Bud and Lou get a picture of the thugs as they come out of the bank, and realizing their mistake, the gangsters plot to get the negative and liquidate the zanies. This involves a visit to Sun Valley and a ski chase that's a riot.

Ginny Simms adds to the film with her singing, and Patric Knowles and Elyse Knox provide the love interest.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Here is a larksome idea: an elderly gentleman arrives in the nether world to gain admission to the Devil's group. His Satanic Majesty insists that he must know if the gentleman is wicked enough. So the old gentleman dives back into his past to prove he's a rip.

If you're drama-wise, however, you know perfectly well that he proves himself nothing of the sort. If you're story-wise and realize that Don Ameche plays the lead, you know he is about as wicked as Santa Claus. Gene Tierney as the girl he most loves and the only one he marries is charming and real.

You will get pleasant chuckles. But what was intended to be quite naughty turns out to be as heady as a tall glass of ice-cold milk.

(Continued on page 73)

Flash Follow-ups

of films previously reviewed in Movieland

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

What happens to the swell merchant marine boys who sail these days. Stars Humphrey Bogart, but is non-romantic, all action.

BATAAN

Poignant, courageous, inspiring story of a patrol of American boys fighting to the relentless end. Robert Taylor heads a magnificent cast.

BOMBARDIER

All the thrills of learning bombardier training, plus action, a good love story, neat acting. Pat O'Brien.

CONEY ISLAND

Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero in a colorful old-time musical. Typical triangle plot. Swell tunes.

CRASH DIVE

Tyrone Power's farewell picture for the duration. Loaded with submarine, battle action. Diana Andrews, Anne Baxter. Great!

DIXIE

Bing Crosby, with Dottie Lamour, in new tunes and old hits, set against the magnolia-scented old South in days of first minstrel shows. Super.

DuBARRY WAS A LADY

Daffy but delicious romp starring Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey, about a hat check boy who dreams he's King of France.

MISSION TO MOSCOW

A provocative preachment on modern Russia seen through the eyes of a former American ambassador. Very worth while.

MR. BIG

The jivinest, singing-est, youngest hoop-la, starring Donald O'Connor, who's swell, with pretty little Gloria Jean, Ray Eberle, Peggy Ryan.

MR. LUCKY

Cary Grant portraying a big shot gambler reformed by war and love in the person of Laraine Day. Not great, but good enough.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

The super-duper entertainment bargain of all with 72 stars, 6 bands, 15 musical numbers. Don't miss.

a love like Hers...

a man doesn't
leave it behind... it is part
of his courage whatever
he does, wherever
he goes...

*The play
that won the
Critics' Award
as "The Year's Best"
brought to the screen by*
WARNER BROS.

Bette Davis

The prize performance of her
prize-winning career!... Co-starred with

PAUL LUKAS
in his famed stage role

WATCH ON THE RHINE

A
HAL B. WALLIS
PRODUCTION

GERALDINE FITZGERALD
LUCILE WATSON · BEULAH BONDI · GEORGE COULOURIS
Directed by HERMAN SHUMLIN, who staged it for Broadway
From the Stage Play by Lillian HELLMAN · Screen Play by Dashiell Hammett
Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Lillian Hellman · Music by Max Steiner

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"BUILD THE CRUISER LOS ANGELES"

And Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, spoke at the opening of the campaign at the Hollywood Bowl

1. Sec'y Frank Knox, Edward Arnold, L. B. Mayer, MGM head.
2. New combination in town: Eva Gabor and Ernst Lubitsch.
3. The David O. Selznicks.
4. Our Nat Dallinger (profile) talking to Sec'y Knox.
5. George Burns, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby.
6. Roz Russell and her husband, Capt. Freddie Brisson.
7. Lucille Ball and husband, Desi Arnaz. Notice Lucille's monogram—the size of it!
8. Dorothy Lamour and husband, Capt. Bill Howard.
9. Gracie Allen and Betty Hutton—Backstage at the Bowl.

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CAMPAIGN . . . . .

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10. Allan Curtis and Frances Gifford look up as a flock of P-38's fly over the Bowl.
11. Marjorie Reynolds and husband, Lt. Jack Reynolds.
12. Allan Jones, Irene Hervey, Lon Chaney, Jr.
13. Ruth Hussey and husband, Lt. Robert Longenecker.
14. Regular daters: Richard Derr and Ann Baxter.
15. Corporal Alan Ladd and Mrs. Ladd (Sue Carol).
16. Dinah Shore and Katherine Grays
17. The Eddie Brackens.
18. Roddy McDowall and Janet Blair.

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WORDS *of* MUSIC

By JILL WARREN

From Bach to Boogey Woogey . . . and Jose Iturbi, noted conductor and pianist, finds out it's really fun, especially with Judy Garland to see that he keeps on the beam.

HI, PUBLIC, here I am back again. Things are really torrid in the Hollywood music works this month.

THE TUNEFILMS:

The new crop of Hollywood musicals is one of the sharpest shooting in a long time.

Warner Brothers hit the jackpot with "Thank Your Lucky Stars." The picture has every big name on the Warner lot giving out with song, including Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie, Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson. Of course Dinah Shore carries the biggest load, singing the title song, "Thank Your Lucky Stars," and "How Sweet You Are," both of which she introduced on her air show. She does another number called "The Dreamer" which is particularly suited to her mellow contralto. Dennis Morgan sings a clever tune called "Goodnight, Good Neighbor," which should help the Good Will policy with our friends below the border. When all this gets to your theater I wouldn't be knowing, since Warners themselves aren't sure when they will give us all a look-see, but it should be along about the time you're reading this, and anyhow, it's worth watching for . . .

Over Culver City way, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been making some top-flight musicals. In "Best Foot Forward," Harry James comes through with heretofore unknown terpsichorean talent and does some fancy stepping with Nancy Walker. Of course his trumpet and band are very much in evidence, too. And young Tommy Dix, from the original New York cast of the musical comedy, is nothing short of sensational. He's the original "little boy with the big voice." Only seventeen years old, but he sings the rousing "Buckle Down, Winsocki" like a veteran. Incidentally, they previewed "Best Foot Forward" ten miles out of Hollywood just a week before Betty married Harry, the James, and if you'd ever seen the screen's top glamour girl getting herself into a car pool to get to see that preview, you would have known it was love, all right.

"As Thousands Cheer" finds such rhythmic personalities as Gene Kelly, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, Judy Garland, and the brilliant pianist, Jose Iturbi. But the surprise high spot of the picture is the "Boogie Woogie Goes to Carnegie Hall" number, which Judy sings, with Iturbi, no less, accompanying her on the piano—but in boogie beat. John Conte, the popular singing master of ceremonies on the Maxwell House radio show, does his first non-singing role in this one, a very amusing skit with Frank Morgan. In "Meet the People," we'll meet such musical people as Vaughn Monroe and his band, the King Sisters, and Spike Jones and his City Slickers. Vaughn's band has jumped high in popularity this past year, and besides playing a band leader, he has a dramatic part. They've glamoured Vaughn up, via the make-up department, with the idea of maybe making him a straight leading man if he goes across in this first bow.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC?

Disc delving this month is fun because there are so many goodies on hand. Dick Haymes, former Tommy Dorsey vocalist, has made four sides for Decca which are unusual, to say the least. He has no orchestral accompaniment at all, and instead, is backed up by a choral group of mixed voices called "The Song Spinners." The tunes are "You'll Never Know," "Wait For Me, Mary," "It Can't Be Wrong" and "In My Arms," all ranking favorites on the Hit Parade . . . Columbia gives us a Harry James platter that is sure to be a best seller. Helen Forrest is her usual wonderful self on "I Heard You Cried Last Night," written by Ted Grouya, who wrote "Flamingo" and on the other side is a solid thing called "James Session" . . . Capitol Records have three swell new issues. First on the list is Billy Butterfield's band with "My Ideal" and "Without Love." Margaret Whiting does the vocals, and good, too. Margaret's father, the late composer Richard Whiting, wrote "My Ideal." Billy is the fine trumpet player who gained fame with Artie Shaw. Then we have the "Six Hits and a Miss" with Gordon Jenkins' orchestra on "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" and "Two on a Bike." And last, but not least, is a record which may prove to be a sleeper. It's Ceelle Burke, a talented Negro guitarist and vocalist, with his "Three Shades and Four Dreamers," with "Lovely Hannah" and "From Twilight Till Dawn" . . .

EARMARKS OF HITS:

"Sunday, Monday or Always" from the score of Bing Crosby's new picture "Dixie," is a cinch for a long run on the Hit Parade . . . There are no two ways about the fact that "There's No Two Ways About Love" is going to be a hit. It's a torch ballad written by Ted Koehler for Lena Horne to sing in Twentieth Century-Fox's all-colored musical, "Stormy Weather." Pinky Tomlin wrote a cute thing for the same picture, "My, My, Ain't That Somethin'" . . . Jimmy McHugh, who always has a top tune going strong, is the composer of "Let's Get Lost" which is still being found everywhere. Many of the big bands have been reviving one of Jimmy's early successes, "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and it's featured in Republic's "Dancing Debs," starring Mary Lee . . . "You Rhyme With Everything That's Beautiful" is another new tune that's very listenable. It sounds as if it were specially written for Frank Sinatra—just his type of song . . . "People Will Say

(*Continued on page 69*)

"What do you think I am?" swings June Allyson to Kenny Bowers in MGM's "Best Foot Forward."

Eddie Miller—the fellow who, Paul Whiteman says, is All-American on the tenor sax.

The DISCOVERY of the MONTH

HER name is Katina Paxinou, and making her movie debut in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (see the picture at the left), she walks away with the picture from that fine actor, Gary Cooper, that magical creature, Ingrid Bergman, and a superb cast.

She is neither young nor beautiful, two things that the screen is supposed to demand. She proves both qualities are quite unnecessary if a woman can act. The Paxinou can.

Her personal history is almost as great as her talent. She and her husband, Alexis Minotis, were the greatest stars of the modern Greek theatre before the Nazi hordes conquered the valiant little land.

They escaped the Nazis three times in their own country. They were torpedoed in the North Atlantic, crossing to London. In London the blitz destroyed the house in which they were living, destroying what few possessions they had left. Dauntlessly, they headed toward America in April 1942. Paxinou had one dreary experience on Broadway, then headed for Hollywood, where she tested for Pilar. Alexis Minotis has turned to writing, having already made the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

Paxinou has already completed one other picture, "Hostages." They say she magnificently steals that picture, too.

ROMANCE in the GRAND MANNER

By FREDDA DUDLEY

THIRTEEN has always been the lucky number of Jean Pierre Aumont. His passport to America, when he was escaping fallen France, was issued on the thirteenth of the month; the play with Katharine Cornell which gave him his Broadway break and his break in this country, opened on the thirteenth; he started his most important American picture, "The Cross of Lorraine," on the thirteenth. When he and Maria Montez applied for their marriage license, inescapable statistics revealed that he was 31 (the number in reverse, and wouldn't numerologists have fun with that one). Maria was 23—such a lovely age that it doesn't need necromancy to needle it.

And so Jean Pierre and Maria were married on July 13 to take full advantage of the calendar, the zodiac, and . . . of course . . . Cupid.

The ceremony was performed by Mr. Cecil P. Holland, the same Justice of the Peace who married Hedy Lamarr and John Loder. But right there the resemblance to any other recent romance stopped. This was no rushed affair like the Lamarr-Loder nuptials, nor even the Grable-Harry James marriage of two weeks before. This was a romance with marriage done in a fine, high style as befits two people whose every gesture is colorful. A double ring service was used in which plain gold bands were exchanged. That debonnaire screen lover, Charles Boyer, was the best man (settle

1 Here's the bride next to the groom —Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont.

2 And here's where kissing starts. Pierre kisses Maria, and Maria kisses Pierre.

3 Then Lt. Ronnie Reagan rushes up to kiss Maria. Or was he first after Pierre?

4 Of course the couple give their attendants some honors. Best man Charles Boyer kisses Maria, and maid-of-honor Jeannine Crispin tip-toes to let Pierre plant one on her cheek.

5 With a grip on Maria's hand and an eye on the camera, agent Louis (Doc) Shurr bestows kiss and blessing.

6 Simone Simon gets in on the kissing.

7 And because she caught the bride's bouquet, actress Elizabeth Russell (Roz Russell's sister-in-law) gets a kiss from Maria.

8 The men do it, too, only maybe it's more of an embrace. Anyway, Nadia Petrova (Mrs. Reginald Gardiner) and Maria watch their husbands at it.

down, Aumont fans . . . it's just a term), and little Jeannine Crispin, a very romantic French girl, was maid of honor.

Maria, her eyes as richly brown as maple leaves in October, wore white satin. Over her head she wore an antique lace mantilla, and her only display of jewelry was the gold bracelet Pierre had given her.

Did she wear something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue? Ah yes in the finest of bridal tradition. The "something old" was her pair of white satin wedding slippers, and the very gown itself. This was a white Chanel number Maria had bought some time before and loved. Being wartime, she felt it her duty not to plunge into extravagance, even for the greatest event in her vivid life. Montez is always original, and never was she more wonderfully and rightly original than in this daring, patriotic gesture. The "something borrowed" was the matched set of combs that she borrowed to hold her mantilla in place, from her maid of honor, and the "something blue" was the wide satin ribbon caught about her bouquet of white roses and bovardia.

After the ceremony and the many toasts, Maria set out to assemble all the unmarried girls to act as collective short stop for her hurled wedding bouquet. She circled the rooms and returned with a happy comment, "Practically *everyone* is married! Isn't it wonderful?"

Elizabeth Russell caught the bouquet, so we'll keep track of her for you. A wonderful and weird note on this beauty is that she plays the ghost in "The Uninvited"!

But really, we must tell the beginning of this romance, to the first dance, the first serious glance, the first quickening heart beat ... .

Start with a dolly shot. Which is to say . . . in Hollywood parlance . . . let the camera travel on its cat-feet rubber tires, down an aisle in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. The camera frame will take in a teeming panorama of customers and flying waitresses, and finally will come to rest on a couple in a rear booth. A couple looking passionately into one another's eyes and talking raptly into one another's beautiful (*Continued on page* 68)

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THE STORY OF Lana Turner's baby

Patriotism and a very true love between two young people blend into life's greatest miracle

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

EVEN with the birth of her baby Lana Turner wasn't "let off anything." Lana never is.

As this is written, the seven pound baby daughter born to Lana and Steve Crane, the famous annulment - remarriage baby, has been given its second blood transfusion within twenty-four hours after birth. The doctors say the baby is suffering from an anemic condition rare in infants. They say Lana's condition is excellent except for the mental strain.

The first thing she said to Steve when she heard her daughter had been removed to the Children's Hospital for the special transfusions, was: "She is going to be all right. I know it. We wanted her so much. I know she will fight to hold on." Steve, who had been pacing the corridor all through the hot July night, couldn't say anything except the volumes that were spoken in the gesture of pressing his weary face against his wife's hand.

They called her Cheryl Christina Crane for no reason at all except that they thought Cheryl is a beautiful name. It isn't in honor of Lana's mother or of Steve's or for any distant relative on either side.

They had talked about names a lot in those precious two months after they recaptured their happiness. If it was a boy, Lana wanted to name it Stephen. "It doesn't matter if a boy is named after someone," she said, "because men always carve lives of their own. But if it is a girl I want her to have an individual name—a beautiful name that just fits her and no one else."

After their marriage and well before baby's arrival, Lana and Stephen Crane were snapped this way at the Mocambo by Movieland's Nat Dallinger.

The idea of individuality for women is something Lana has always felt deeply. Even when she was just a kid starting out on the MGM lot, she felt it. One of her best friends was Otto Winkler, the lovable press agent who crashed to his death in that flaming plane with Carole Lombard. They used to have long talks together and once, soon after Artie Shaw had made his oft-quoted comment that Lana would have been a lot happier if she had just married some ordinary guy and settled down to raising a lot of children, she said to Otto:

"I don't suppose he meant to be flattering. But he is right about one thing—the children. I love them. I hope I have a lot of them. But he is wrong if he thinks I would have been happy without a life of my own.

"I'm glad I have been out in the world and had the opportunity to live my own life. I am grateful for everything I've learned—yes, even the mistakes I have made." (And her marriage to Shaw was one of them). "I am glad for everything that has happened to me. And when I have kids—and I will when the right man comes along—I hope my daughter won't be afraid of anything life has to deal out to her."

Philosophers have said the same thing in finer prose—but it has never been said with more sincerity. Otto told me about that conversation when he was trying to explain to me the kind of "kid" Lana is.

"She'll take anything in the world square on the chin—but sympathy," he said. "She can't stand that 'poor little Lana' talk. That kid is one of the rare human beings in the world. She knows she is *living*!"

I tell you that because it explains so perfectly why Lana chose the name of Cheryl—after nobody in particular—for her daughter, the little baby with masses of dark

Once again at the Mocambo—this time chatting with Phil Silvers.

curly hair that she so deeply hopes will grow up to have a life of her own.

Make no mistake about one thing: Lana and Steve wanted that baby more than anything else in the world. It meant far more to them than the average baby because somehow it symbolized the new sane, balanced happiness they have found together. It meant the end of all the old quarrels and misunderstandings and heartaches. The baby meant the end of all that—and the beginning of their life together as just Mr. and Mrs. Family, away from all of the gaudy headlines and the glaring spotlight that has followed them since they met.

Few women have ever carried a baby through more emotional turbulence in their personal lives than Lana was called upon to face. She had known she was going to have a baby for two months when the news burst like a bombshell upon Hollywood, and on Lana, too, that her marriage was not legal because Steve Crane was not free of a former marriage to Carol Kurtz Crane.

There was the agonizing parting of the annulment proceedings with the California Courts granting Lana the slight solace of the legality of her child because she was the "innocent party."

There were the bitter months of misunderstanding that followed. In his heartbreak, Steve just went haywire. Even the best intentioned friends in the world said Lana was well rid of him. That black night that his car mysteriously careened off a cliff and he lay in a hospital not caring much whether he pulled through or not, Lana's friends thought it best that she issue a statement that they were through.

"Steve and I will not be remarried," is what she said—and what it cost her to say it no one will ever know. For at that time no one knew how very much Lana and the tall, good-looking playboy of the night clubs loved one another.

There were a great many things Hollywood did not know from that point on. At a time when other women in her condition are being spared as much emotional strain as possible, in the sixth month of carrying her child, Lana made the most important decision of her life, and she made it alone. She and Steve were remarried, once again to the tune of blaring headlines and the even more blaring arguments from outsiders about whether or not she had made the right move toward her happiness.

Her only explanation was: "We love each other. We always have. Soon, Steve is going into the Army. I want him to go away knowing that his family is waiting for him when he comes back."

And because the little Turner girl is never let off anything, she knew the cynical attitude Hollywood was assuming toward her remarriage. She knew they were saying: "If she couldn't be happy with him once—what makes her think they will be happy now?"

She made no explanation publicly, but to the few friends close to her and Steve, she said: "He's a different person from the boy I married. I know I am a different person from the girl he married. For the past few months Steve has been up at Fort MacArthur in the Army, and the life he has lived there has completely changed him. He has new ideals. He has made new friends. All the old restlessness that used to make people call Steve a playboy has gone out of him. He has his feet on the ground, and he is happier and more contented than I have ever known him to be. He's just a different person from the boy he was when we first met."

You had only to see them together when Steve came down on leave from Fort MacArthur to know how truly Lana spoke. Steve had been twice rejected by the Army doctors, and put himself on a health regime for months until finally he could pass his physical. Lana was never the kind of expectant mother who treated herself like a glamorous invalid while she was carrying her baby. She belonged to the school of young moderns, healthy, well, and strong, who scoff at the idea of pampering themselves.

When anything important came up, when she was asked to appear for any worthy cause, she didn't beg off because of her condition. She could have so easily—but she didn't.

When Madame Chiang Kai-shek made her momentous visit to Hollywood, Lana was asked to serve on the reception committee at the Hollywood Bowl. All the important stars of Hollywood were there, but there was something especially gallant about Lana to me, hugging an enormous fur coat in front of her, sitting in the hot sun for hours, her eager face turned up avidly to every word spoken by the great lady.

And when Steve was in town, you could see them shopping in the little stores of Beverly Hills and Westwood in a car with the top down, Lana's hair blowing in the breeze.

If anyone suggested to Lana that she take things more carefully she said, "Why? I feel wonderful. I never felt better in my life."

AND so the time came when little Lana, who is never let off anything, went to the hospital to have her baby. It should have been in the cards that there would be no more worries for these two—Lana and Steve. The baby arrived, a beautiful little thing, so perfect that when Steve saw her he said, "Why, she looks just like a miniature of Lana—only her hair is darker."

But even in this moment that should have been all theirs the headlines crept back into their lives when it was learned of the infant's rare ailment.

The doctors say it is responding to treatment so courageously that it is all right for Steve to return to camp. And even those people who used to wonder whether Lana and Steve were right for each other are not being cynical any more.

They *are* right for each other. They are wholeheartedly and beautifully in love. They have earned this happiness.

THE END

They were Mr. and Miss when this picture was taken—Greer and Richard—in fact, it was before Ensign Ney went off to the Aleutians.

WHY GREER GARSON DECIDED TO MARRY

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

At six forty-five of a midsummer afternoon, before the altar of a small church in Santa Monica, California, one of the world's finest actresses and one of the bravest and handsomest of U.S. Navy officers stood exchanging the vows of holy matrimony.

The date was July 24, 1943. Their names were Greer Garson and Richard Ney, but at that moment they were not thinking either of fame or the future. They were, for that instant, exactly like thousands of other lovers everywhere, a fellow in uniform and his girl, rushing their wedding during that little interval of leave from the fighting front.

It was, in fact, for Greer and Richard Ney the next-to-the-last day of his ten-day leave. The headlines the next day were to say that Greer and Richard suddenly made up their minds to marriage, that he had conquered Greer's desire to wait until victory for the wedding. This is not true.

Greer grins impishly and says, "We would have been married eight months ago when we first got our license if it hadn't been for the existence of the three day California marriage laws. Eight months ago Richard's leave wasn't long enough for us to get the license and wait those necessary three days. When Richard left that time, we were determined that if he got back on another leave, then we would have the ceremony."

There were in those intervening months, however, several problems. As the dramatic queen of the movie box-office, Greer knew that if she announced that she would be married at the first given opportunity, her life would have been made miserable by the constant inquiries as to when the great event was to take place. The telephone would ring every fifteen minutes with inquiries from friends, reporters, and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Greer wisely therefore said nothing at all and let reporters guess what they would. But when Richard Ney did get a leave that brought him to Hollywood in mid-July, the course of this very true love did not run smoothly. Instead of being exquisite romance, it insisted upon being a comedy of errors.

AFTER eight months' service, mostly in the Aleutians, Richard came back to Hollywood a much more mature, gaunt young man than when he left, but with his eyes shining at the sight of Greer's beauty. They planned to be together every moment, and for their very first call, they went to visit Sidney Franklin, Greer's producer and the man who had originally introduced them to one another. They had met in Franklin's office when "Mrs. Miniver" was being cast. They had immediately been very aware of one another, the titian-haired Irish-English girl and the tall, subtle American actor making his movie debut, and they fell more and more in love during the weeks that they worked together. Sidney Franklin has produced all the Garson pictures since then, "Random Harvest" and the just-finished "Madame Curie," and he has always felt like a godfather to the Garson-Ney romance.

THUS on his first day of freedom from action, Richard felt he must call on Franklin. "So what happened?" says Greer. "It was a very hot day, and Sidney's swimming pool looked wonderfully inviting. We quickly changed into suits. We quickly plunged in. We had a wonderful time, marvelous. And then I went home and developed the worst cold I've ever suffered. I ran such a fever that the doctor put me to bed for four solid days. He wouldn't let anyone come near me, and quite right, too, for I was a complete hospital of cold germs. So Richard spent all those four days taking out my mother!"

By the beginning of the next week, however, Greer was up and around, and very secretly she and Richard decided upon Saturday for the wedding. They told no one, not even Greer's mother. They went out dancing together. Dancing is one of their great bonds in common. Richard is an extraordinarily fine dancer, and Greer loves music and rhythm with an absolute passion. The fact that they made no announcement, coupled with the fact that just before Richard's return, Greer had been seen out once or twice with Benny Thau who had been her devoted suitor before she met Ney, threw Hollywood completely off the trail.

Saturday finally dawned. Everything looked perfect. Too perfect. MGM called. Miss Garson was needed at the studio immediately for some added scenes on "Madame Curie."

The lovers groaned. Greer knew if she revealed her plans the studio would put off the retakes, but in that case, they would want to give out publicity on the forthcoming event and then, immediately after the wedding, they would undoubtedly want to finish up the film. Greer quickly made her decision. She'd do the added scenes, and be married, too. She would this way, at least, have privacy for a little while and a brief scrap of an undisturbed honeymoon.

SO ALL that very warm late July day, Greer was busy on "Madame Curie." To those on the set it was all studio commonplace. Blazing lights, streaming make-up, frayed tempers, just another of those awkward anti-climaxes when a great picture is all but finished and the mood of it all a little gone from their blood.

Richard Ney was just another set visitor, but a welcome one. Richard Ney who was older and rather tired looking with lines under his eyes. Richard Ney who had been in the headlines himself with his experiences under fire in the Aleutians. Thoughts of what he had gone through in that campaign made working on the set that much easier. The thought of bursting shrapnel, choking mists, and infested foxholes mocked the general studio discomforts. No one noticed that Greer and the tall, handsome young Ensign were strangely silent, almost subdued.

It was not until they were safely back in the hall of Greer's home, greeted by the gracious white-haired Nina Garson, that their quiet reserve gave way. Greer threw herself into her mother's arms and Richard started to laugh. It was the first real, unrepressed joy that the moment which had been uppermost in the minds and hearts of both Greer and Richard for almost a year was at last at hand, something concrete and real and beyond further postponement. The rest was a quick trip to the church, but even then not as quick as Greer wanted it.

After Greer and Richard returned from the studio—but you'll have to read about that afternoon just before their marriage.

"For one thing," she says laughingly, "I had nothing to wear. That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? A woman with marriage uppermost in her mind all these months, with nothing to wear. But it's true. I haven't gone out a lot since Richard was away, and work on my last three pictures had been really so hard that when I got home, I was glad to stay there. Week-ends and evenings I'm always pottering in the garden and for that I've accumulated a glamorous wardrobe of gardening hats, denim overalls, and play suits. But those are hardly the things for a wedding."

But by this time excitement had taken hold of the entire household. Mrs. Garson with one hand was busy rummaging in the closets for suitable clothes and with the other was frantically calling Santa Monica and the Rev. Richard Irving. Finally the Rev. Mr. Irving signified his agreement, to say nothing of his pleasure, for a wedding to take place that evening at the Presbyterian Church. And the closet gave forth an orchid crepe dress, a length of lime green net adorned with white shells as a snood, and shoes of the same color for the bridal feet.

With Richard giving himself a close shave in one room, Mrs. Garson now looking for something to wear herself, and Greer too happy to say or do anything but pace up and down the living room, the excitement soon crept into the kitchen. There the butler and his wife Gizella exchanged a knowing look, took down packages of cake flour and turned on the stove.

The ceremony was the simplest possible one, lasting only a few minutes with Mrs. Garson the only witness. The Rev. Richard Irving said, "It was just another wartime wedding, without pretentions, and very real. Instead of the bride being one of Hollywood's most glamorous actresses, she might have been just any ordinary young woman marrying her sailor." And that was exactly the wedding Greer wanted.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ney returned to the two-storied English house in Stone Canyon, so like the house in "Mrs. Miniver." Decorated throughout by Greer herself, who by the way is very good at that sort of thing, the house is typical of the homes you see in the cool, green English countryside. In English Tudor style it has been done inside for comfort and not effect; it is furnished so that a man might enjoy it as much as a woman.

Here the beaming servants were waiting for them. Halmos, the butler, who is an accomplished pianist besides, went to the piano and played the Wedding March, while his wife brought forth a tray of drinks and the hurriedly-baked cake, a wartime wedding cake a bit short on butter and eggs and guiltless of icing—not that anybody noticed. Finally Greer and her new husband and her mother sat down to dinner. "I've no idea what that was," Greer says, "just whatever happened to be in the house at the time."

The last day of Richard Ney's furlough they spent alone together, mostly in the garden. After the ice and terrible winds of the Aleutians, the Southern California garden seemed like heaven to the new groom. Richard preferred to talk about the future, the distant far-off future when the war is over. He is not certain that he will continue to be an actor. Writing is very much in his heart.

A graduate of Columbia University, he wears a service bar indicating action in the Pacific and Asiatic seas. Although he has written a book of his adventures under fire, he is not too prone to talk about what happened, or what the book is about. He only hopes that, when it is finished, Washington will approve his submitting it to publishers. Greer, herself of a fertile and inventive mind, would like to be married to a writer.

As for Richard, his only thought now is for the war's end and the beginning of his life with Greer. For them the fact that they were both married previously lies in the dim, hazy past.

Like all war-time couples they are idealists believing love is stronger than battles, stronger than distance, the greatest truest thing in the world.

Two days after their wedding Ensign Richard Ney, U.S.N., left to rejoin his unit. And in the garden, Greer, like other Navy wives, waits and dreams and prays.

THE END

Below—a scene from "Mrs. Miniver." That's when their fates began to run into the same channel, you remember, that finally led to their recent marriage.

Below—Young Greer, the university graduate in cap and gown.

The Case of the Curious BOGART

By GEOFFREY HOMES

ILLUSTRATED BY EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS BY MOVIELAND'S NAT DALLINGER, STAGED UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF MR. GEOFFREY HOMES HIMSELF.

1

2

Left—Our author enters the Bogart mansion to find our hero completely surrounded by daggers, guns, and even picture cutters. Above—For no reason whatsoever our hero, together with Mr. Homes, gets up and brings in Mrs. Bogart to study nothing at all.

3

Below—Mr. Homes suggests they might find a clue to something down on the floor by flashlight so the Bogarts, no fools, look up in the other direction.

Being a strictly unorthodox interview in which the author of those best selling mysteries, "Forty Whacks," "The Street of Crying Women," and many others, examines the evidence against his best pal and finds him guilty of a couple of things

THERE I was staring into space, trying to figure out why there was a thousand-dollar confederate bill and a potted geranium in the dead woman's purse and what was the butterfly tattooed on the sole of her left foot for, when the phone rang and a dame named Waterbury wanted to talk about the mystery of Humphrey Bogart.

"The only mystery I know is why women like to look at that puss of his," I said. "Maybe you can tell me why a woman would carry a potted geranium around in her purse?"

"It would have to be a very big purse," said Waterbury. "Let me ask the questions."

"Shoot," I said.

"Are you Bogart's best friend?"

"I married him."

"What do you mean, you married him?"

"I was a little mixed up," I said. "There I was walking up the path to the spot where the judge and Bogey stood, and the organ started playing 'Here Comes the Bride.' Only it wasn't Mayo Methot coming, it was me. They had to start all over again."

"Do you and Bogart own an angle worm farm together?" asked Waterbury.

"Where did you get that?"

"I have his biographical file right in front of me. It also says you are co-owners of a flea circus."

"Pay no attention to that file," I said. "Hang up and let me figure out this problem, and after awhile I'll send you all the evidence I have on the man."

"All?" asked Waterbury.

"Well, almost all," I said.

A LONG time ago I was sitting in the publicity office at Fox studio when in walked the saddest looking cow-puncher you ever saw.

"This is the end," said the sad cowhand. "I hate horses. I hate guns. I hate chaps and spurs and big hats. So what do they do with me? They make me a villain in a horse opera. I'm through. I'm going back to New York." He let out a couple more moans, then departed dejectedly.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Humphrey Bogart," I was told. "He's a juvenile we signed for his work in 'Cradle Snatchers.' Upstairs they don't think much of him so they are putting him in westerns."

If I remember, they put him in only one western, and after he had fallen off his horse a few times, he doffed his ten-gallon hat and went back to Broadway. Anyway, I didn't see him around Hollywood for quite a while. Nor did I hear his name mentioned. As a screen actor, Bogart was washed up. Then along about 1936 rumors began drifting West about a tough guy playing Duke Mantee in "Petrified Forest," and pretty soon there were the Warner Brothers, rolling out the plush carpet for Bogart, handing him contracts, giving him what is known in publicity circles as the business. As unit press agent on the film version of "Petrified Forest," I inherited Bogart. He was my baby. I was to build him up. I was to make his name a household word, something to frighten the children with on off days.

Some stars are sensitive about the stories you write about them. Take Pat O'Brien, for instance. He still resents—and bitterly—an item some imaginative fellow wrote about the ship that was tattooed on his chest and how Pat had the skin removed and made into a lamp shade. Bogart never—well, hardly ever—resented anything.

According to our publicity stories, Bogie inherited railroad stations from obscure relatives in France. He donned a beard and played a bull fiddle in a small orchestra. (His beard-wearing, bull-fiddle playing pal was sick that week and Humphrey subbed for him, we said.) The gateman didn't recognize him. He saved the lives of sixteen leading women by pushing them out of the way of falling sun arcs. He was the first on the list of the ten meanest men in the world. Incognito, he spent two weeks in jail to get in character for his next role. All this and more, according to us.

As a matter of fact, Bogart aided and abetted the publicity boys. Handing out an annual award to the best animal actor in pictures was his idea, though at first he insisted on giving the award to a young leading man on the lot. And making a trip down the Los Angeles river in a dugout canoe was also his idea. (He never did it—he wrote a piece about it.)

Only once were his feelings hurt. That was when a story came out about how he registered agony in a scene. He put his left shoe on his right foot and his right shoe on his left foot and his feet hurt so much he couldn't help but look pained.

"I'll get even for that," said Bogart. He did.

I HAD retired, temporarily, from press agenting—if I remember, it had something to do with a story about a beautiful star who cured her sore throat by gargling hot beer—and was in Fresno writing "No Hands on the Clock" when my clipping service began deluging me with items about the Bogarts and their friend, Geoffrey Homes.

The Bogarts, it seemed, were heading north on their honeymoon and every time they met a reporter they told him about Homes. Homes lived in a tree house and they were going to spend a week with him. They were demanding an accounting on the profits of the two Bogart-Homes ventures—an angle worm farm and a flea circus. Homes collected safety pins from the diapers of babies that became famous—like Thomas

This wounds Mr. Homes, who explains that if they don't pay attention, he may cut his throat.

Hardy and the Duke of Windsor. Homes was secretly in love with Olivia de Havilland and had spent three years with a cold chisel carving her face on a big rock.

If the campaign had sold any books, I wouldn't have minded. It didn't. It ran up my clipping bills, got my name on all the sucker lists in the country, reminded a newspaperman named Lionel Moise that I owed him fifty dollars, and had my wife looking down her nose at me every time she thought about Miss de Havilland.

I sent him a wire to desist, that he was even. He sent me back a huge slab of redwood with greetings from the Bogarts to their friend Homes burned into the wood. The trouble was he sent it C.O.D. and the charges amounted to seven dollars and thirty cents. A week later he sent me a lamp made of abalone shells, also C.O.D.

I didn't see him again for a year or so. I went East, and he stayed in Hollywood and made faces at the camera and somehow convinced the Warners that his talent was an everlasting flower, something to be cherished under a seven-year contract.

One snowy night someone rapped on the door of the joint I was occupying on West 56th Street in New York. It was Bogart, and he had two bottles of scotch under one arm, a chessboard under the other, and a battered prize fighter at his heels.

"Mayo's mad at me," said Bogart. "She doesn't like prize fighters."

We drank the scotch and played something approximating chess, and the prize fighter went to sleep. After a while we decided something should be done about Mayo, out there in the snow storm. She wasn't at 21, she wasn't at the Stork Club. She wasn't in Bleecks, which is sometimes called the Artists and Writers Club, and is the hangout of guys like Bogart, Dick Watts, and Howard Barnes of the Herald Tribune, Robert Benchley, Wolcott Gibbs of the New Yorker, and Stanley Walker. Bogart decided it was too cold to look for Mayo any more and that the thing we should do was write a play. We started one about a saloon in Stockton run by a slattern with an idiot son who sat through the whole performance with a spittoon in his lap. In the second act a girl came downstairs carrying a man's head under her arm.

"No use," said Bogart. "It's too grim. Let's write a mystery. It opens on a river. There's a guy living on a barge in the river, and he sees a rowboat floating downstream upside down. He turns it over, and there's a dead woman stuffed in it. In her purse there is a thousand dollar confederate bill and a potted geranium. She has a butterfly tattooed on the sole of her left foot."

"Go on," I suggested.

"That's your racket," said Bogart. "Anyway, we haven't time. We have to find Mayo."

We stopped at a couple of other places, but she wasn't there. But a girl who sold big stuffed Scotty dogs was, so Humphrey bought one, and we took the dog to the Algonquin Hotel where the Bogarts were staying. Mayo wasn't in their suite.

"That's gratitude for you," said Bogart. "I bring a beautiful dog and what happens? She isn't home. I won't stay here." So he got another suite, and I left.

I didn't find out for three months how that row came out. Next morning I left town for some spot where a man could figure out, in peace and quiet, why the dead woman had the potted geranium in her purse. I discovered when I saw them again, that it—the row—came out all right. Mayo had come back to the room and finding it empty had, in high dudgeon, taken another suite on the floor above. She was awakened next day by the maid pushing the stuffed dog into her bedroom.

"I forgave him," said Mayo. "That is, I forgave him until we got a bill for three suites. Imagine his doing a thing like that."

"Did you get the mystery worked out?" Bogart wanted to know.

I handed him a copy of "Forty Whacks." That book opens with a guy on a barge who sees a rowboat floating downstream, turns it over and finds a woman's body in it.

"You left out the best part," said Bogart. "What about the potted geranium and the thousand-dollar confederate bill and the tattooed butterfly?"

I told him I was saving those items. I am. One of these days I'm going to corner the guy. I'm going to get him out on his boat where he can't get away and let him worry about them.

I guess though maybe I've solved why dames like to see him on screen and why Warners keep shelling out that hard money to him. The camera's got an eye sharper than an antique dealer's for anything phony, and the Bogart comes up real. If he ever went in for any kind of faking—which I doubt—he's long since been at the place where he's strictly himself all the time, and you can take him or leave him, Joe, but that's the way it is. He likes acting, and he knows how to do it, but he no more puts on a beard about it than does the plumber who comes up to the house to fix the hot water heater.

It looks like I find him guilty of being pretty regular, which crime is one you can't accuse too many actors of.

THE END

This offers only one solution to Bogie and Mayo. They go away, out of their own house, leaving Geoff alone to his story. And is he stuck with it!

Miss CHRISTINA CRAWFORD-TERRY ENTERTAINS the VERY YOUNGEST SET

The occasion was Christina's fourth birthday. The setting was Miss Crawford-Terry's Brentwood estate (oh, okay Joan Crawford and Philip Terry's place, if you insist). 'Tina has twenty of her most intimate friends—the very cream of the kindergarten crowd, my dears.

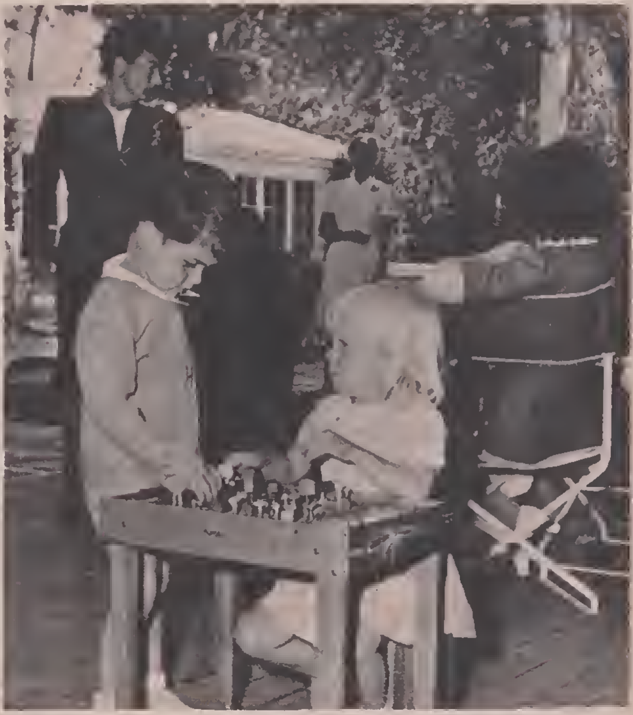
Above—At four one is simply keen for Shetland ponies, particularly when one's papa helps you into the saddle. Right—Naturally if Tina took a ride, new baby, Philip Terry, Jr., had to go aloft the pony, too, while Mama Joan hung on like crazy.

Above—Three fascinating young ladies all with the same profile . . . left to right, Brooke Hayward, Margaret Sullavan Hayward, and Bridget Hayward.

Miss Personality of 1943, or Miss Melinda Nolan, very busy daughter of Mr. Lloyd Nolan, who has personality, too.

The hostess chats with the sandbox set, left to right, Jo Anne Lang, Gene Guilaroff (son of Metro's hair stylist de luxe), Roger Converse, Susie MacMurray (Fred's adored), and Brooke Hayward ("Book" to the kids).

Miss Nolan, Mr. Converse, and bland Mr. Guilaroff play, too.



Danny Milland, also four, takes up a game with Bridget Hayward.

Tarquin Olivier, son of Laurence Olivier, has to show everybody just how strong he is. Christina's mama then shows she's strong, too, by picking Tarquin up in the air.

Nat Dallinger Informals
Exclusive to Movieland

The festive board, the paper caps, the creamed chicken, the ice cream, and the birthday cake! All wonderful. Tina seated her guests thus: at her right and down the line are Joyce Converse, Tarquin Olivier, Brooke Hayward, Bridget Hayward, Howard Long, and Joan Converse. At Tina's left are Linda Macauley, Danny Milland, Roger Converse, Maria Cooper, Sharon Macauley.

This is a really terrific moment for little Tina—and pretty exciting for Mama and Papa, too, it seems—when the presents are opened.

When outdoor games tire, there is nothing like coming into the playroom for a screaming round of Tail on the Donkey.

But some people don't easily tire of outdoor sports, as for instance, Susie MacMurray and Tarquin. And we just had to show you at the far right that the fatal young Mr. Milland proves he inherited almost as much beauty from his lovely mother, Mal, as he does from his dashing dad, Ray.

Tap, above—Everybody's watching Danny Milland, sunk so deep in the safa (and aut af the picture) that he almost didn't get ta pin the tail. Everybady's Susie, her nurse, Mrs. Gary Caaper, Mrs. Ray Milland, and Ja Anne Lang. Bottam, abave, Tarquin grapes his way taward the dankey.

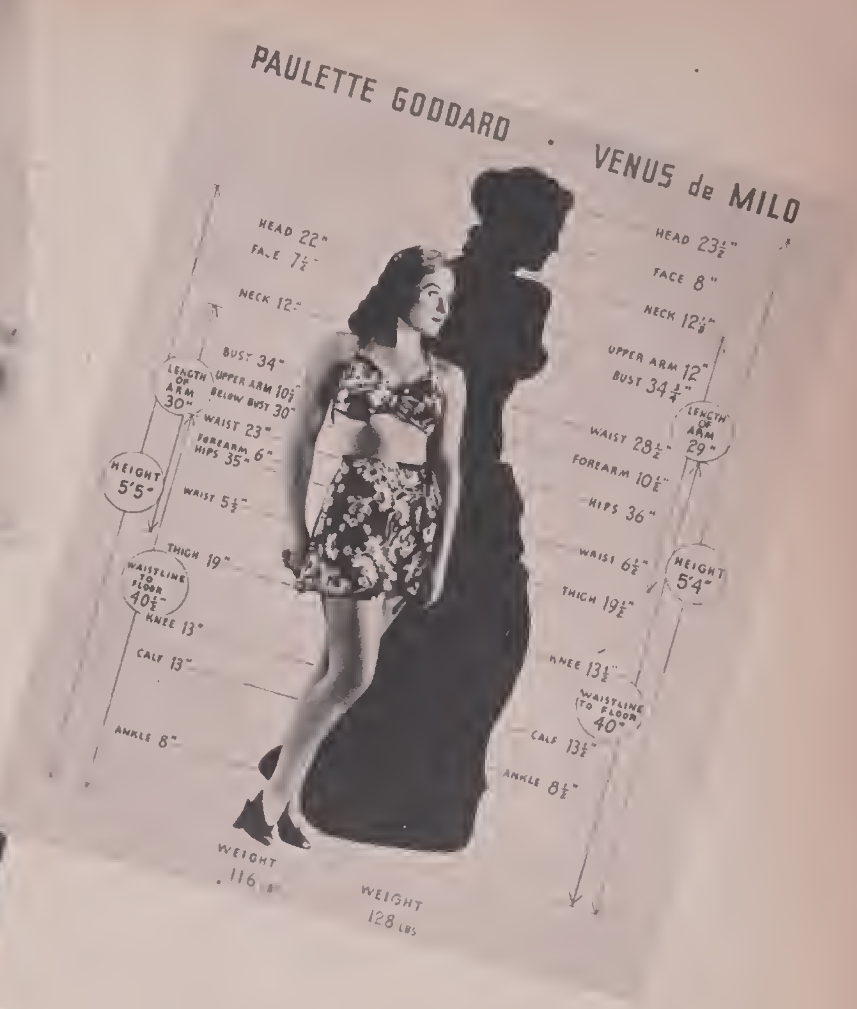
The winner af the tail an the donkey contest—Tarquin Olivier. (His prize was a twenty-five-dallar war bond in stamps, and did he have a fine time licking thase stamps and shawing them ta his mather, Jill Esmand.) Tina threw her arms araund him and tald the crawds, "Tarquin is my best friend." Said Tarq, very male and uncamfartable, "Awwwww!"

Mama and Papa, having the idea that little girls should nat anly receive but give an their birthdays, Tina hands twa twenty-five-dallar bands ta Miss Waterbury ta take ta the Hollywaad Canteen and have raffled off far twa lucky service men in Christina's own name.

GODDARD GOES IN FOR CORN

By CONSTANCE HUNTER

For Chickens, Too—and She Makes Them Both Pay Off


PAULETTE GODDARD • VENUS de MILO
HEAD 22"
FACE 7½"
NECK 12"
BUST 34"
LENGTH OF ARM 30"
UPPER ARM 10½"
BELOW BUST 30"
WAIST 23"
FOREARM 6"
HIPS 35"
HEIGHT 5'5"
WAIST 5½"
THIGH 19"
WAISTLINE TO FLOOR 40½"
KNEE 13"
CALF 13"
ANKLE 8"
WEIGHT 116 LBS
HEAD 23½"
FACE 8"
NECK 12½"
UPPER ARM 12"
BUST 34¾"
LENGTH OF ARM 29"
WAIST 28½"
FOREARM 10½"
HIPS 36"
WAIST 6½"
HEIGHT 5'4"
THIGH 19½"
KNEE 13½"
WAISTLINE TO FLOOR 40"
CALF 13½"
ANKLE 8½"
WEIGHT 128 LBS

Paulette is convinced that girls are going to have to take care of their cars themselves—so she's taking a course in auto mechanics at the Paramount Studio machine shop. She attends "school" two hours each week-day evening. Teaching her what makes a motor tick is mechanic Wes Haight.

PAULETTE GODDARD, the girl on Movieland's cover this month and the most sophisticated young woman in Hollywood at anytime, has gone back to the soil. She has become a farmer. We mean in person, not a picture. This newest enterprise of hers reveals much about her as a person.

Some glamour girls have been farmers' daughters, but Paulette, by cracky, is the farmer herself! This may come as a bit of a shock to you. If ever there was a girl who doesn't seem to have even a touch of blue denim in her nature, it's Paulette. Michael Arlen, sophisticate among scribblers, says she is the most civilized lass in Hollywood. And a less famous, but equally observing gentleman recently remarked after he had met up with her on the Paramount lot that she always looks exactly the way a motion picture actress should look. But rarely does.

The most supercilious head waiters just naturally hover behind Paulette's chair. Those grand ladies who deign to sell merchandise in smart shops never snoot her. She's unmistakably labeled important.

Nevertheless, Paulette bought a farm a few months ago. And she's making it pay. How she is making it pay! We'll go into that. Miss G. owns a tidy seventy acres near Suffern in Spring Valley, New York State. It is called the Camp Hill Farm. The new mistress did not choose the name. It has been known as Camp Hill for one hundred and fifty years, ever since the main house, which still stands solidly dominating the landscape, was used as headquarters by "Mad" Anthony Wayne. The old Revolutionary Road goes close past the front door.

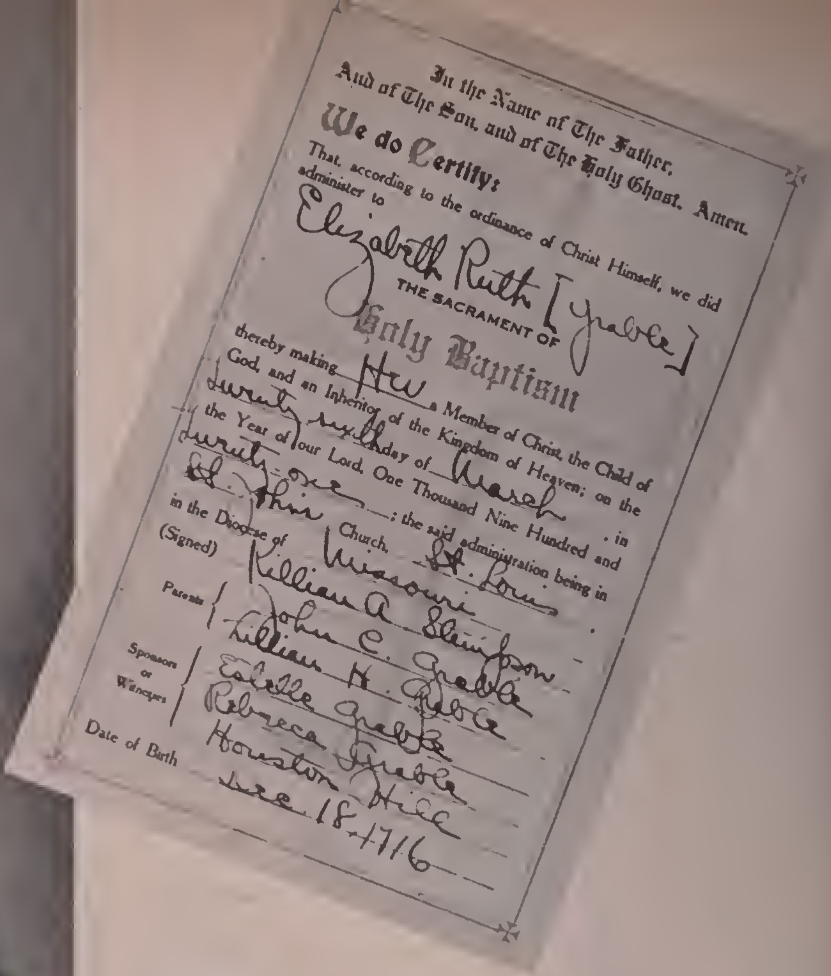
It is a handsome house filled with fine antique furniture. All Paulette has added are some paintings (her latest hobby is collecting works of art) and the flat silver. The way she got the silver fits into her plan of operation for the property and will be dealt with in due course later in this report.

Paulette bought the place as it stands, together with the outlying acres, from Burgess Meredith. There have been romance rumors about these two, but Hollywood has never taken them seriously. Miss Goddard is distinctly a career girl, and Burgess now is serving in England as a lieutenant in the Air Corps. He acquired the farm for its beauty without thought of making it pay for itself. After all, it had been a luxurious country estate for thirty years.

But, strange as it may seem to those who think of all motion picture stars as pretty dolls who never use their brains, Paulette is a business woman. Moreover, Paulette is patriotic. She believes fallow ground is a crime against the body politic these days. So when she bought the farm, she decided to make it produce and profit.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Above—Miss Grable today. And to the right you see the vital statistics in black and white.



In the Name of The Father,
And of The Son, and of The Holy Ghost. Amen.

We do Certify:
That, according to the ordinance of Christ Himself, we did administer to
Elizabeth Ruth [Grable]
THE SACRAMENT OF
Holy Baptism
thereby making Her a Member of Christ, the Child of God, and an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven; on the twenty sixth day of March, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and twenty-one; the said administration being in St. John's Church, St. Louis in the Diocese of Missouri.
(Signed) Killian A. Stimpson
Parents { John C. Grable
Lillian H. Grable
Sponsors or Witnesses { Estelle Grable
Rebecca Grable
Houston Hill
Date of Birth Dec 18-1916

The Pictorial Life Story of

The Grable smile at three and a half.

At the age of ten as she appeared in a "Kid Revue" in a theater in St. Louis, Missouri, on Christmas.

Posing for leg art at fifteen.

BETTY GRABLE

Betty at the left with Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) and another chorus girl in 1929. They were all in a picture for the old Fox Company where Dixie was a star. Betty made "Let's Go Places" there and was a chorus girl in "Whoopee," starring Eddie Cantor.

With two chorus girls in "Kiki" in 1930.

She did "Nitwits" with Wheeler and Woolsey in 1934 for RKO. She had been signed by RKO in 1932 and was way in the background of Ginger Rogers' "The Gay Divorcee" that year. Even when she played the lead in "Nitwits," no one expected her to get anywhere.

In 1936 Betty was free lancing, but she was becoming known around Hollywood. At Fox she made "Pigskin Paradise"; Judy Garland is the drab little girl at the left.

Paramount signed her in 1936. She made "This Way, Please" with Buddy Rogers.

With Leif Ericson in "The Thrill of a Lifetime."

Betty and Hank Luisetti as they appeared in "Campus Confessions." She did a flock of these campus cuties, displaying her classic chassis.

In 1937 she married Jackie Coogan. Here they are at the wedding reception at Betty's home November of that year.

It wasn't a happy marriage. Betty and Jackie separated. Betty left Paramount and Hollywood and went to New York. In the winter of 1940 she became the toast of Broadway in "DuBarry Was a Lady." Hollywood called her back. Alice Faye was ill, and Betty took her place in "Down Argentine Way." Overnight the whole town knew their cutie had grown up and that a real star was born.

La Grable and Bert Wheeler at Jackie's 21st birthday party at the Knickerbocker Hotel.

Followed "Tin Pan Alley," co-starring with Alice. Betty held her own.

Followed "Moon Over Miami," "A Yank in the R.A.F.," "Hot Spot," "Song of the Islands." Grable was at last acclaimed a real star.

She began being seen with George Raft, her first serious beau since her divorce.

In 1942 and 1943 came "Footlight Serenade," "Springtime in the Rockies," and "Coney Island." Betty became top box-office girl of the whole movie industry.

Below—Comes love and Betty's marriage to Harry James on July 5, 1943.

At home, Harry carries her in across the threshold.

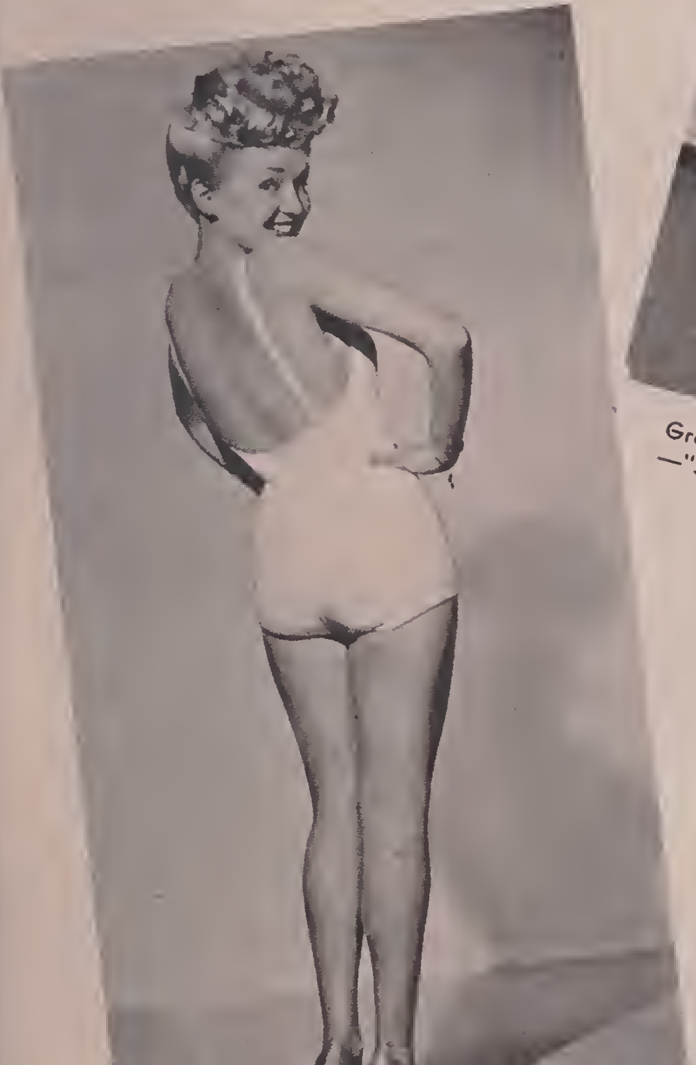
They kiss!

Love's dream.

More love's dream.

The home Betty bought for herself and Mama in swank Bel-Air.

Grable's next picture to be released—"Sweet Rosie O'Grady."



The most famous shot of Grable ever taken (yes, we know we ran it before!!) was entirely an accident. Grable was posing for bathing suit art in the 20th Century-Fox gallery. Director Irving Cummings, entering, called to her. Grable looked over her shoulder to answer and pop! went the camera man. Within a week of this particular photo's publication ten thousand service men (truly, by actual count) write in asking for it. Twentieth sent it out. They still send out approximately a thousand a week of these—their bit for the war effort.

Her newest (and only recent one with a modern setting) is "Pin Up Girl"—now shooting.

William Boyd and Topper—and maybe they haven't shot through a lot of scenery in Producer Harry Sherman's "Hopalong Cassidy" series.

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE IMMORTAL WESTERNS

IF YOU want to get rich in Hollywood, get a dozen horses, some cowboys, cattlemen, villains, and assorted colorful characters of the West, a Robin Hood of the range and a heroine-in-distress, and shoot a Western picture.

Said picture doesn't have to be good, though it doesn't harm it if it is. It should not be original. But regardless of what it is, as long as it's a Western, it will coin wealth immediately.

In all the forty years Westerns have been made, not one of them ever lost money. The first "Hopalong Cassidy" picture, which Harry ("Pop") Sherman made nine years ago, is still playing to capacity crowds in South America, Mexico, India, China, and Australia, still bringing in money. Sherman just finished his 50th "Hopalong Cassidy" picture ("Riders of the Deadline") which should bring in money until 1952. You can't speak with such surety of any other investment in these uncertain times. This same set-up applies to all Western movies, but the "Hoppies" are a perfect example.

To crash New York's Radio City Music Hall, which is the summit of movie "show cases," a Western has to be disguised as a Saga of the Old West or an Outdoors Epic. "The Covered Wagon," "Dodge City," "Jesse James," John Ford's "Stagecoach," and de Mille's "Union Pacific" did crash the big cities. But take, for instance, "Union Pacific": eliminate the railroad-and-Irish-laborer sequences, the love scenes and most of the dialogue, and what have you got? A good, old-fashioned Western with all its ingredients of action and shooting, of hard-riding Indians and hard-fighting U. S. Cavalry men, with a terrific chase and the cloppety-clop sound of horses' hooves.

Hollywood's attitude toward Westerns has been one of arrogance mixed with embarrassed jealousy. But Hollywood cannot ignore the facts. The facts are that Westerns are continuously played in fourteen thousand, five hundred out of the nation's eighteen thousand movie houses. Westerns are seen by more people than any other group of pictures. Theater-men all over the country reluctantly agree to play an "arty" highbrow picture, provided they can get a good Western that fills up the theater.

In South America and the Far East the most popular American stars are Bill Boyd and Gene Autry, and not the Academy Award winners. This is almost equally true of our own small towns. Westerns have outgrown the Saturday matinee stage; outside the large cities they are seen by all the members of the family, not merely the small boys in grammar school. Fifty per cent of Gene Autry's fans are women.

Contrary to popular opinion, the Westerns were not born in America. The first Westerns were made, forty years ago, in Southern France by a group of enterprising movie producers who figured our famed West would make a swell movie background. None of those gentlemen had ever set foot on American soil and their ideas of the Wild West were strictly on the fantastic side. They dressed their cowboys in flash satin blouses and silk trousers which would not have survived a single cloudburst; the horses were all dolled up; and the ladies-in-distress were musical comedy queens, wearing high black stockings.

In 1916 Harry Sherman became one of the first producers of Westerns in this country. He insisted on realism. He wanted real scenery, real outdoor settings; his cowboys wore their cotton (not silk) shirts open at the neck; the horses were real ranch horses. The actors were real cowhands, and their dungarees were faded by sun and rain. Audiences slowly got used to authenticity, and the success of the Westerns has been phenomenal ever since.

The story formula is still the same as forty years ago: the ridin', ropin', shootin' hero arrives just as the lovely, helpless heroine is being threatened by a gang of sinister villains, who steal her father's cattle, or want to throw him off the land. After a noisy period of fighting there is a climax and a terrific chase, the villains get killed or arrested, and the heroine waves to the Robin Hood of the range, as he slowly rides out into the sunset.

There are the same bits of dialogue, used over and over again. "I'll give you one hour to git out o' town, Jim. After that, you'd better start reachin' . . ."

"Law? (Derisive belly-laugh) There ain't no law in this here town but me!"

Those words appeared as titles in the silent era; now they are being spoken; but otherwise nothing has changed. Throughout the decades, boys from seven to seventy, and girls as well, have paid billions of admission money to see their Westerns. Those people can't be wrong.

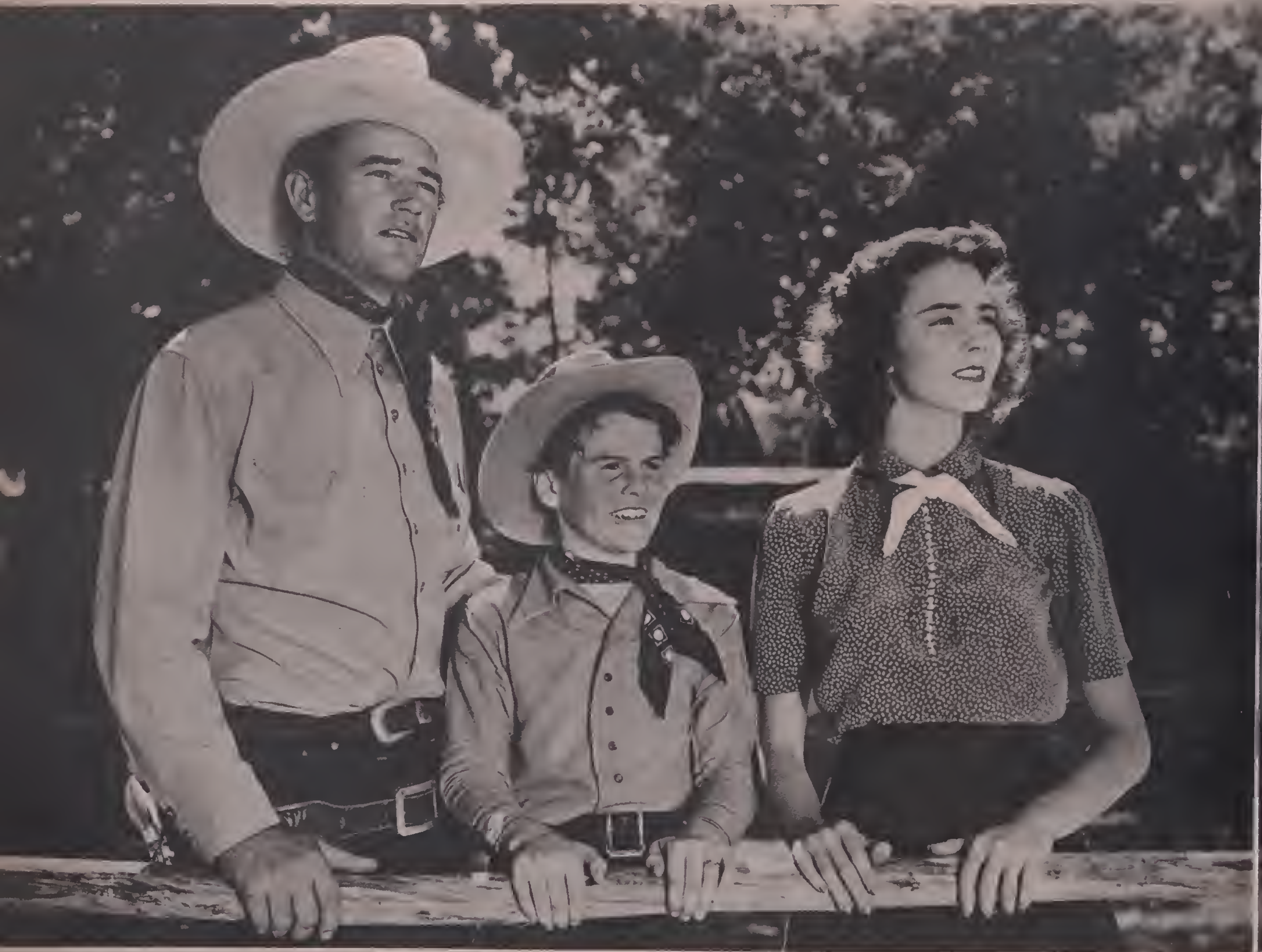
Of the three kinds of Western pictures, the "quickie" is the poorest. It's made in less than a week; once it cost ten thousand dollars, and even today its budget never exceeds thirty-five thousand dollars, in contrast to "major" productions costing between one and three million dollars each. There is only the skeleton of a story, few horses (never more than seven), since horses are expensive. Frequently there is no money for horses at all; the riders come into a room, take off their hats and pretend to be breathless, uttering, "What a swell ride we had!" In quickies, location trips are out of the question; everything is done on the stage. The actors display a remarkable versatility, impersonating the good men as well as villains. As good men they stand behind the hero, kind hearted and smiling; then they put on villainous mustaches, mumbling dark threats against the hero. Such pictures please mainly the little American boys and natives in faraway countries.

The other extreme is the epic saga of the West, a super production from five hundred thousand dollars up, featuring colorful backgrounds, big names, a rather pretentious story rich in historical flavor, impressive disaster, lots of horses, and armies of extras.

Group three is the real, straight Western, action and reality. Pop Sherman's "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures are among the best liked in this group. Their titles—"Secret of the Wastelands," "Sheik of Buffalo Buttes," "Timberwolves," "False Colors"—reveal their spirit. They have clear plot, fast action, a minimum of dialogue, plenty of shooting, superlative outdoor photography. The first six "Hoppies" cost seventy-five thousand dollars each, grossed one and a half million dollars.

Today their budget runs around one hundred thousand dollars; shooting time fourteen days, seven of which are spent on location. Since the war, Sherman shoots two pictures at once, saving on time, gasoline, tires, location trips. He takes the same crew and cast for both pictures, and a different leading lady for each. Careful research is done; regional newspapers of the period in which the story takes place are studied in order to give historical background detail. Bill Boyd wears the same simple dark blue, menacing outfit in all his pictures. "Cowboys don't own an elaborate wardrobe," Pop Sherman says. Boyd is accompanied by Andy Clyde ("California Carlson"), the bewhiskered hungry cowboy sidekick of Hopalong; and Jimmy Rogers, who plays Hoppy's protege and the romantic lead. Bill is always the Knight Errant, or the champion of the wronged. There is a different leading lady in every film; some of them (Lola Lane, Frances Gifford, Barbara Britton, Margaret Hayes) have attained fame outside The Range.

A new note was brought into Westerns when Republic found a cowboy with a good singing voice by the name



A still from an oldie—Republic's "New Frontier" away back in 1939. But it shows John Wayne, who does both Westerns and big features (he's in "A Lady Takes A Chance" with Jean Arthur), Sammy McKim, and Phyllis Isley, who's now Jennifer Jones in "The Song of Bernadette."

of Gene Autry and started making musical Westerns. Old time Westerners reluctantly admit that some musicals ain't bad; but they are, they insist, a fad. They view with suspicion the appearance of night club scenes and dude girls in a Western; they don't trust a cowboy who sits on a fence and sings. Bill Hart, that first great screen cowboy (strictly from the East) would hardly have recognized the Old West as presented in a musical Western. The old time villains—horse thieves, cattle rustlers, desperadoes, half-breeds, and "foreigners"—have now been replaced by the more topical bankers and businessmen. Right now, singing cowboys are doing most of their fighting against the dirty tricks of crooked capitalists.

Songs are never used for the sake of singing—the fans would resent that—but in order to advance the plot. In "Mexicali Rose," for instance, a group of wicked oil promoters hired Gene Autry to sing on the radio. Gene uncovered the fraud and sang the exposé. Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys, Republic's super-hero, uses his voice for similar pertinent purposes.

All Westerns, from the quickest quickie to the most elaborate saga, are dominated by taboos. They run down sex. Their public admires Bill Boyd and Wild Bill

Read what Dick Foran says about a hero in a good Western. And say, if you want to know about the private life of merely one Western star, turn to page 52, and look at John Mack Brown's home.

This is the guy that put tunes in the great open spaces! Gene Autry alongside Champ.

Remember Republic's "Carson City Cyclone"? There's Bryant Washburn, old time star, on the left, and Roy Bancroft on the right. In the middle is Don Barry, that fast-ridin', quick-shootin' Western hero.

Elliott because they can ride and rope and shoot; they would bitterly resent their hero spending his time with such utterly silly things as girls. The hero never makes love to a girl, never hugs or kisses her unless it is part of a plot to ensnare the criminal—in which case the reason will be made perfectly clear, otherwise sixty thousand enraged fans are apt to write in. The hero doesn't drink or smoke. If he is forced to step into a bar to pursue his gallant activities, he asks for a soft drink; if the villain (who drinks all he wants to) serves him hard liquor, the hero pours it away.

"Then the hero has always got to be good to his horse," Dick Foran explains. "Every picture has to point to a moral, and it's good business to have your horse save you at least once in every Western. Once the hero draws his gun, he never misses. If the hero and villain shoot it out, the hero gives the villain a break on the draw."

Western heroes, off-screen, are most sincere people in Hollywood. They live their screen life. Unlike some of the screen's tough guys who change at close sight, the Western men can stand the test of their fans. If an admirer of Boyd, Rogers, or Elliot would step into his hero's house, he would find that they don't drink or smoke. Most of them don't own regulation street clothes. They raise horses and cattle and work on their ranches, and dress in purely Western style, the same off-screen as on. In the world of Hollywood, where so many things are phoney, they are a refreshing sight of sincerity, devoid of any pretense. They talk about horses and fishing and hunting; their hobbies consist of collecting fishing tackle, rare saddles, and horseman's trophies. They play themselves on the screen; Autry is always Autry, Roy Rogers always is "Roy Rogers," and Bill Elliott appears as "Wild Bill Elliott." Even Bill Boyd has lost his identity and is called "Hoppy" by everybody.

Cowboy stars on the set display the same forthright, quiet attitude that has made them the heroes of the range. Sophisticated debs who wouldn't sit through a Western for anything in the world, have been visibly shaken when they were greeted by Wild Bill Elliott. ("The cowboy always takes off his hat when talking to a lady," Mr. Elliott says. "He is gallant, looking into her eyes.")

Each of the leading Western stars has his own distinctive personality. No fan will ever confound them; which is another smart move of the Western makers. Bill Boyd, who likes to call himself a "character actor," got his first break in the early de Mille pictures before he became "Hoppy"—a silent, strong man, who never draws a gun unless he really means business. Republic's Don Barry is the old fast-ridin', quick-shootin' Western hero, hard as nails and the terror of all outlaws. Wild Bill Elliott is a "peaceable, law-abiding citizen," but when the heavies get his dander up, they had best make for the nearest exit.

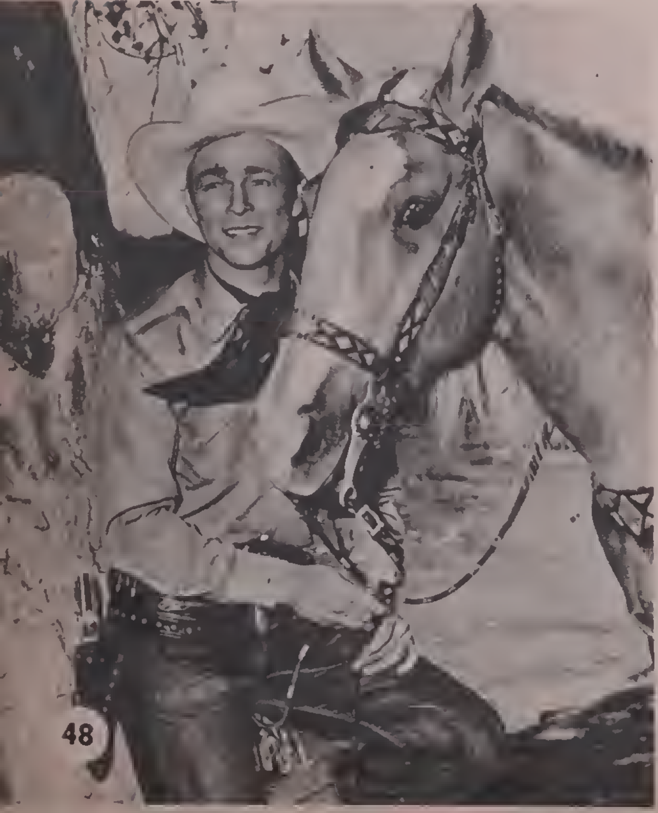
Elliott's career is typically colorful. At sixteen he appeared in rodeo events of the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City. Hollywood casting directors turned him into a swank, drawing room type, and it took him seven years to get the kind of screen work he wanted to do.

Roy Rogers is in a special class. He picked peaches as a migratory worker in California, drove a sand and gravel truck, danced and sang in mining towns, was an entertainer at the Grand Canyon lodges, and formed his own cowboy band, "Sons of the Pioneers," before he crashed the movies. He still goes on hunting expeditions, using bow and arrow; when he bought his estate from Martha Raye, he converted the swank swimming pool into a hay storage bin for his horses. His famous Palomino horse, "Trigger," can count to ten, open and close doors, pick up a gun from a holster, roll a barrel with his nose. Trigger gets equal star billing with Roy, as his contract demands.

Western stars have a tremendous following. Roy Rogers' records sell at the rate of six thousand a week; Bill Boyd's fan mail runs about five thousand letters weekly; Gene Autry received twelve thousand letters a week before he went into the Army, more than any of our glamour heart-throbs.

Western stars know that they have to live up to their fans' ideals. They go out on long, nerve-wracking per-

You'd better not miss Roy Rogers and Trigger in another Republic picture—"Silver Spurs."



EVEN A
DUMMY
THE
SERI

About Bill Boyd and Harry Sherman and the "Hopalong Cassidy" series—after the fiftieth "Hoppy" they had a party, and has-beens and still-ares of the series came along. We caught a foursome at the cake. Barbara Britton on the left, who started in a "Hoppy," and Jane Wyatt, between Bill and Sherman, who is now in one of them.

sonal appearance tours, visting orphanages, schools, giving talks at Rotary luncheons, over the radio, at the local theaters, letting little boys touch them (often the boys write after many months, "Remember, when you were there and I touched your guns?"), living for weeks almost without sleep, lunching on popcorn; always dashing, smiling, friendly, always eager to give their public what they expect.

"When I go out on a thirty-day tour," says Smiley Burnette, the two hundred and thirty-pound cowboy comic, "I take thirty suits of underwear with me. I know there'll be no time for laundry, believe me. There will be the dreary dressing rooms of local movie houses, with the plaster falling from the walls. I always carry newspapers and put them on the walls—upside down, so I won't go crazy reading the papers."

But there are compensations. Western stars work only three or four months a year. For example, Bill Boyd makes six pictures a year, doing them all in twelve weeks, spends nine months on his farm.

Cowboy heroes have the most sincere following on earth. They don't have to worry about being washed up this year or next. Westerns have been in style for a long time, and it looks as if they're here to stay.

"If a cowboy doesn't let his public down," Gene Autry once said, "he is good for fifty years if he can only live that long."

THE END

"The cowboy always takes off his hat when talking to a lady." That's what we heard from Bill Elliott in Republic's "Wagon Tracks West."

Movieland Selects Five "Best" Pictures This Month

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

(Paramount)

A GREAT story, a superb cast, a very great director, a magnificent production and one of the finest musical scores in years. All these unite to form "For Whom the Bell Tolls," a picturization of Ernest Hemingway's tale about an American college professor fighting with a small band of guerrillas in the Spanish civil war.

Robert Jordan's mission is to blow up one small bridge. It is closely guarded by the enemy, in a mountain district strange to him. He has to secure the aid of the guerrilla chieftain, Pablo, and seeking him out, Jordan finds Pilar, Pablo's woman, and Maria, a beautiful girl, just recovering from the horror of seeing her parents killed, her home destroyed. She herself has been a victim of a lust-maddened horde.

There are only three days for Robert Jordan and Maria, days into which they pack the emotions of a lifetime. Their idyllic love is menaced, not only by war and the swiftly approaching enemy, but more immediately by Pablo. The ending is tragic but exalting.

Running for three full hours, there are, unfortunately, dull, slow passages. The dozen assorted accents of the large cast will make understanding difficult for many audiences, yet Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman are tremendously moving as the lovers. Akim Tamiroff is very touching as the bewildered, bedeviled Pablo. Mikhail Rasumny is enchanting as a Spanish gypsy, Joseph Calleia very sly as El Sordo, and Lilo Yarson heart-pulling as Joaquin. But the high point of the acting is Katina Paxinou as Pilar. Here is one of the most powerful portrayals the screen has ever revealed—and that from an actress making her movie debut!

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

(Paramount)

IN this war, women are fighters, too, and no women are giving their services more gallantly than our women nurses. "So Proudly We Hail" excitingly and poignantly tells the story of three such women on Bataan in those dark days when our outnumbered troops were fighting their very desperate delaying action.

A group of gay girls, well trained in their profession, they start out on what they think will be a pleasant assignment in the Philippines, not dreaming of the horrors that will await them in the Islands.

One of them, Claudette Colbert, is the intelligent, sensible lieutenant, daughter of an Army officer, scorning romance but finding it in the person of George Reeves. Another, Paulette Goddard, is just the opposite type, the flirt incarnate, until a big, tough, bewildered marine wanders in. The third, Veronica Lake, is a mystery girl, difficult, irritable, taciturn, but it is she who proves the bravest of them all.

Once again, Hollywood produces living history as you see the way these girls meet their different destinies. The Lake role is the smallest of the three leads, giving no opportunity for the usual Lake glamour. Claudette Colbert brings all her subtle showmanship, her beauty, and her charm to the exacting role of the Lieutenant, but it is Paulette Goddard who is the surprise of the production. She is amorous, then serious. She is saucy and then compellingly dramatic. This sets Goddard's stardom.

Sunny Tufts, as the Marine, is an interesting new type. George Reeves, now in the Army, is very handsome and authentic as the soldier who finds his great love right on the brink of death.

BEST FOOT FORWARD

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

GAIETY from beginning to end. Apart from Lucille Ball and Broadway's William Gaxton, the majority of the cast consists of kids, new to the screen, and all of them turn in refreshing performances.

Winsocki Military Academy is planning its senior prom, and festive preparations are being made by the cadets for the long awaited arrival of the girls, or pardon us, the "quail." Tommy Dix is the cadet in a tizzie because the motion picture star, Lucille Ball, has accepted his written invitation to be his date for the evening. He's unhappy about the whole thing, as he wrote the invitation for fun, never expecting the star to take him up on it. Besides, he's in love with his girl, Virginia Weidler, who is naturally expecting that she'll be his date.

Thus when Lucille turns up (she has come only for the publicity), Tommy informs her that no one knows she's coming — that he's turned in his girl's name and will she be so good as to go under said name to the prom?

Gaxton, as Lucille's press agent, tells Tommy that Lucille will do no such thing, and Tommy writes Virginia that he has the measles. Of course, Virginia comes to the school anyway, and from then on it's a riot of wacky confusion.

Several of the youngsters, including Tommy Dix, were imported from New York where they had been appearing in the stage play. Nancy Walker contributes many howls with her new brand of antics as the girl who can't get a date. It's full of swell songs and dances, and last and most wonderful, Harry James and his orchestra.

Much fun for everybody all the way through.

CONSTANT NYMPH

(Warner Bros.)

OUT and out love stories are astonishingly rare on the screen, but "The Constant Nymph" fits most poignantly into this exclusive category.

The story of a composer, his relationship to music and to two women who love him, may appear a little dated to you in times of air raids and submarine sinkings. Yet its central theme is one that always exists, the bewilderment of a man whom two women love simultaneously and from whom he gets contrasting aspirations: one to be creative, the other to be a rich pillar of society.

Charles Boyer portrays Lewis Dodd, a moody composer who seeks escape from his own failure by visiting the Sanger family, a brood of motherless young girls being brought up in Switzerland by an intelligent if drunken father. The girls run wild, but are alive to all artistic values. Tessa, the "middle" Sanger, though little more than a child, understands and loves Lewis completely.

When Papa Sanger dies, the girls' wealthy upper class English relatives take over their upbringing, send them to a fashionable school. Thus Lewis Dodd meets Tessa's aristocratic cousin, Florence Creighton, falls instantly in love with her and marries her. The battle of woman against woman is on from that moment.

Boyer is a little too old, very literal and heavy handed as Lewis, but Joan Fontaine as Tessa and Alexis Smith as Florence, such very different types, are individually perfect. Charles Coburn as a down-to-earth Englishman, is a humorous joy to behold. You can depend upon the Fontaine performance, sensitive, sincere and tear-compelling, to be an Academy nomination next year.

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT

(20th Century-Fox)

THIS is a "Western" picture only in the fact that its scene is in the old West and the majority of the characters are cowhands. But don't expect the usual riding and shooting. The theme is a study of mob psychology and the tragic things that can happen under its spell.

The story unfolds for us through the eyes of Henry Fonda as the cowhand who comes into town and hears at the saloon that rustling has been going on thereabouts. A wild-eyed youngster bursts in with the news that Kinkaid, one of the ranchers, has been murdered. Desire for revenge is immediate, and a posse is formed to hang the culprit.

Harry Davenport, the white-haired storekeeper, pleads with the men to wait for the return of the absent sheriff, as this is a mob headed only for vengeance without legal authority. They will not listen and leave, under the leadership of Frank Conroy as Major Tetley, a power crazed veteran of the Civil War. A short way out of town the mob finds three men asleep, surrounded by cattle bearing the brand of Kinkaid's ranch. Despite the fact that the trio plead their innocence, Conroy considers the cattle sufficient evidence of their guilt. Only Fonda, Davenport, and a few others believe in their innocence, and they are the minority.

We won't tell you what happens after that, but you can be sure it will remain in your memory for a long time. This is a grim and thoughtful picture. Its characters are unforgettable; the domineering Conroy, his weak-willed son, and Dana Andrews as the leader of the men who are lynched.

It was a decidedly "different" picture, with superb direction and acting throughout.

AH, THE ROUGH, TOUGH LIFE of a COWBOY STAR

Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown at the entrance of their hilltop home. English architecture, yes—and inside are some rare Americana and antiques.

This lovely bedroom is known as the Washington room. Does it remind you of the last time you visited Mount Vernon?

A kiss in the clouds for some people—a kiss on top of the world for four-and-a-half-year-old Cynthia and John Mack Brown, her favorite star and daddy.

Just look at all those books on the shelves! No, you can't see half of them in this picture. The library is circular, and it holds about two thousand volumes.

A very sweet and good little girl says her prayers. John Mack Brown has attended this ritual with his children faithfully since the time they were old enough to talk.

John Mack Brown, his home and family. Just to review the facts for you—Johnny started as a football player, became an "A" picture leading man at MGM, then moved over to Universal to star as a cowboy. When Buck Jones died, Scotty Dunlap, Buck's producer, hired Johnny away from Universal to take Buck's place at Monogram.

Photography by Nat Dallinger

Almost any evening after dinner you'll find the Browns like this in the living room. At the desk, that's Janie; then Cynthia sits on Pappy's lap; and Lachlan shares the paper with his mother.

This is frankly a posed picture, but we just had to show you a part of the drawing room. If only we had space to describe all of the furnishings in it! Beautiful room . . . and beautiful family, too.

Janie looks slightly bored with the general idea, but Lachy's handstand on Papa's knees has Cynthia and Mrs. Brown all agasp.

Came the war, and the servants walked out for defense. So Irene stores away all those trays that meant breakfast-in-bed.

Nowadays the stellar Mrs. Griffin plans her meals carefully with her "plain cook." She's discovered, she says, that every single day has its dinner that must be planned and prepared.

HOUSEWIFE.. starring IRENE DUNNE

by CHASE HERENDEEN

MISS IRENE DUNNE, as you very well know, is a movie star of great importance. She is that very rare movie lady who can free lance, demand and get per picture a greater sum than the President gets per year, and seldom picks herself a poor role. But she also provides with this professional life of hers, the happiest kind of private existence. She is that Hollywood exception, a star who has had only one husband, a husband to whom she has been happily wed for many years. She is, also, a devoted mother.

But right now, to her own surprise, she is also a housewife. It is the war. It is the no-servants problem. It is also a revelation to a naturally luxury-loving woman.

"It's probably a judgment on me," Miss Dunne laughed, explaining all this. "I used to say, and I honestly believed, that anyone (meaning me) could manage both a career and a home with one hand tied behind her.

"It was merely, I pointed out, a

THIS NEWEST ROLE IN WHICH IRENE FINDS HERSELF CAST

Irene doesn't just say what she wants and then sit back, however. She also checks exactly what's cooking for herself, the Doctor, and Missy. (Missy is Mary Frances, who is seven.)

Meals are now served "family style" in this busy household with no further business of things being passed by starchy maids. All three of the Griffin-Dunne menage eat together.

question of time and energy budgeting. You know, the 'nothing-to-it-just-take-seventeen-minutes-night-and-morning' sort of thing. But now that I'm having to run my own household, I will eat every one of those brave, foolish words. It took exactly one week of running my house myself to show me where the credit of my well regulated household belonged. It belonged to my capable pre-war staff. During that first dizzy week at the helm, I lost both a lot of face and a lot of weight. Five whole pounds subtracted from one hundred and fifteen are a lot of pounds."

Now this domestic reorganization of the smooth life of Irene Dunne Griffin happened all at once. She had been away on a bond tour and upon her return her entire domestic staff, who had been listening in on her stirring words, let her know how they had persuaded them. They asked Miss Dunne what she thought about their leaving en masse to help out the war effort.

What could Irene do then but say yes? So her treasured cook, butler, parlour maid, gardener, etc., etc., departed; albeit a good deal worried about how she would manage.

"One way I have managed," says Miss Dunne, "is to pack all my charming breakfast tray sets away for the duration. I have always waked up early. Now I get up early, and there's quite a difference. Everyone marvels at women plane ferriers, riveters—and of course, they are wonderful. We regard them as something quite new, these women who work. But what about women who merely, as we say, 'merely' run a house! That I submit is real work, too. My hat is off to the old-fashioned housewife who is never out of soap chips or a great big smile for that unexpected guest."

Now, Miss Dunne loves her house which, since she and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, built it right after a happy tour of France, turned out not the Southern Colonial mansion of Irene's girlhood dreams, but French Provincial. For it, Irene and her husband chose a spot above Hollywood in Holmby Hills. And here they installed their personal treasures collected in out-of-the-way places from Brittany to the Riviera. The rugs were all hand woven abroad, made to order to fit the floors. The foyer, the rose and turquoise drawing room, and yellow dining room—though gracious and inviting—are on the formal side; as is the French card room with its beautiful inlaid floor and exquisite game table. But the panelled library lends itself with esprit to the family's simplified war-time living.

Miss Dunne's own suite consists of a small bedroom and typically French boudoir. "I had a field day when I planned it," she says, "letting myself go as to closet space and hat and shoe compartments. I even designed a built-in bin like an overgrown honeycomb, for stockings.

"Another thing I longed for—and got—was our friendly terrace. I wanted a formal rose garden and

BY WARTIME IS ONE MANY A GLAMOUR GIRL IS NOW FACING

Here's our writer, Chase Herendeen, gazing over the svelte Dunne shoulder at the slick Dunne menus planned a week ahead in every detail.

begonia garden," (she has them both and very beautiful they are) "but I wanted the terrace to be the quintessence of informality." (It is.)

"All of this added up to the kind of a house I flattered myself, in my ignorance, that I could run in seventeen minutes daily. Then came my servant-less period to wake me up. I think it's too bad when simplified living slacks down to camping out. To avoid this, when war forced one into being sensible, I tried to evolve a system. I discovered then that one life-time habit of mine stood me in good stead—list making.

"I have always been a jotter-downer, the name of a book I wanted to read or an important concert date. So I just enlarged on the idea and bought little pads for the new 'plain' cook I hired. I have asked her to keep a daily log, with suggestions for simplifying the work, notes of needed equipment, etc. Now, when I come home from the studio, instead of being greeted verbally by the day's problems, I can at my leisure, read all about the vacuum cleaner needing a new part or that leaky faucet that needs fixing. Or I can throw the memo away!

"I've discovered that the role of housewife calls for plenty of self-discipline. For instance, I perfectly hate to think about food in the morning, especially right after breakfast. My former cook had spoiled me nicely by doing the planning and ordering. All she needed to know was whether guests were expected and how many. Of course, if her favorite film celebrities were coming, I had only to murmur their names to get the most delicious results! Now, although we entertain very little, I find that every single day has its dinner. And one can't just run one's hand across one's pompadour and dream up a whimsical menu. Because . . . yes, rationing.

"That means fancy cooking hasn't the appeal it had. Finesse has gone with those vanished egg-whites. It means no more parfaits calling for a quart of whipped cream or crepe suzettes demanding butter the size of six walnuts. Nor can I vaguely say to an eager-eyed cook, 'You think up something nice!' She enjoys a conference and deserves one.

One person who is completely happy about the new order in the Griffin-Dunne menage is Mary Frances, the seven-year-old daughter. The first morning when her mother joined her and her father at breakfast, she exclaimed, "Oh, let's always live like this!"

Mary Frances (also known as Missy) was fortunate in having an exceptionally fine Nana who was with her six years, and who, although she loved her charge dearly, never let her affection prevent her from making it clear that Daddy and Mummy came first. Thanks to wise Nana's handiwork, Mary Frances hasn't found it the least bit difficult to make the transition from nursery life to a more adult way of living. In fact, just to make sure there would be no renewal of her discarded youth, she was heard to introduce the new maid as "My mother's nurse."

Irene sometimes fails to make a point of discipline stick because Mary Frances' type of humor is so similar to her own. For instance, when table manners were about to become an issue, Missy countered with a tall tale to the effect, "Why, Mummy, at school we stand right up on our chairs and spear the bread across the table!"

Missy is a note-leaver too. Sometimes these notes are of a very personal nature and are stuck to her bathroom mirror with the earliest known stickum. One such note read, *"Dear Mummy, I washed my neck."*

"I found I couldn't go through with making Mary Frances practise after school," Irene confesses. "The sight of that tense little back made a spot between my shoulder blades hurt with an ache remembered from my childhood from long hours at my piano. Luckily, the Sisters at her school have been able to dovetail Mary Frances' practise hours into her school program.

"I try to hold myself in check about buying her too many clothes. It isn't easy because I love to dress her up! She's so streamlined and graceful. We think she has a swimmer's build. Perhaps I've overdone the clothes rationing because the other day my husband inquired rather wistfully whether Missy couldn't have a new coat and hat. Nevertheless, when she described a little friend's family as 'having only one car,' I decided I was on the right track.

"My daughter isn't the least impressed about my being an actress. She thinks all mothers go off to work at something. She has seen only four motion pictures in her life and didn't enjoy 'My Favorite Wife' because she said Cary Grant was mean to me."

Apropos of changing values, Miss Dunne suggests that not only children are undergoing the straightening out of values ordeal these days. She spoke of the form of snobbery in the film industry whereby prestige has been rated by salary brackets. All of which she says is pretty absurd, what with income taxes and so many top flight actors prouder than ever before in their lives of a salary of fifty dollars a month!

As for women's place in this modern world, that is something Irene Dunne knows about at first hand. Woman's place, she feels, is in Romance, whether romance arises in the home or the factory.

"One airplane plant I visited has given up employing women on the graveyard shift simply because, as the early morning hours pass, the bonds of sympathy between men and women workers become so strong. A man looks at the tired woman next to him on the assembly line and begins to long to buy her a cup of coffee. Comes the dawn. He buys it. And then on to waking up a kindly clergyman!

"And all," exclaims this sympathetic observer of her sex, "despite the perfectly hideous uniforms the women have been made to wear. They wear drab slacks or overalls. Yet what happens? The girls (and I've seen them) take a bit of string," here she demonstrated with the incomparable Dunne pantomime, "and make a neat little waistline. Then they undo a button at the throat. Or maybe two buttons and make a neat little V. V for Romance! V for Victory!!"

THE END

One of Anne's dates you've heard about is Pat Nierney. Here they are snapped at the Macamba. But one thing you haven't heard about is that Anne makes different rules for service men than she does for mere civilians. Do you know why?

The Most Dated Girl in HOLLYWOOD

By DORIS CHASE

Surprise! She's Not the Expected Glamour Girl. She's Anne Shirley, and You Can Learn About Getting and Holding Dates from Her

SHE is not the most glamorous girl in Hollywood. She is not the most beautiful.

She is not the most famous, nor the richest, nor the most intellectual . . . but this girl, Anne Shirley, is what any girl in any spot wants above anything feminine to be.

Anne Shirley is the most dated girl in town.

While hotcha glamour numbers sit home by a silent telephone, the Hollywood columns daily report where Shirley has been and with whom. And the "whom" are very scintillating.

There was John Payne, that handsome hunk of stuff, whom Anne divorced. There is Eddie Albert. There is Pat Nierney. And there are scores of others whose names you wouldn't know, but who are very handsome, nice fellows.

Now what makes Anne Shirley pack such a load of come-hither when other pretties sit at home, gnawing their best manicures?

I decided to find out, so I went and asked Anne. Just like that. Anne countered by going into a discussion on man-hunting (and man holding) strategy.

"If you want him," said Anne, meaning any man, "don't call him. I mean," she said, "if, when a girl is waiting for a call from that Dream Man whose voice or shoulders are haunting her, if—the moment she hears his voice on the phone—if, right then, she'd hang up, the chances are she'd get him."

I suggested this sounded like double-talk.

"No, no," protested our five-foot-two authority, "it's sense. When a girl finds herself drifting fast toward the nearest telephone, she should stop and ask herself two questions: (1) Do I want to see him so terribly that I'll take the risk of just seeing him once and (2) Do I want to see him so terribly that I can wait for him to call me, knowing that, if he does, Fate will be writing the beginning and not the ending of something?"

"Ah," I exclaimed, "you mean that old, old truth that men hate to be pursued?"

"Uh-huh," sighed Anne.

A moment's silence fell upon our table, perhaps in honor of various dream men lost by our lack of finesse.

"But maybe . . ." I began. Anne laughed her infectious laugh.

"I know those maybes . . . all of them! 'Maybe he hasn't called because he hasn't my number—it's unlisted' (but of course he knows people who know it) 'or because he is so busy.' One thing a girl must get through her pretty little head is a man can always find time and a way to do what he wants to do. Truly, she shouldn't call him. Just stand by with a healthy listening attitude!"

"But mightn't he want to know whether he has a chance for a date—to find out whether he made a dent the other night?"

"No," said Anne. "Why, I know a man who saw a girl at a party—didn't even get a chance to meet her—she was just leaving. He spent days trying to arrange to meet her and finally he did!"

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know that, but I got a V letter."

I tossed in a stick of dynamite. "Do you mean that any wolf with initiative and enterprise could date you?"

"Heavens, no," said Anne. "Just because a right guy will pursue—if given time—doesn't mean that every pursuing male is a right guy."

I was impressed. "Who taught you so much about men?"

"Men," said Anne.

"Do you think they know what they want in a girl?"

"I wouldn't go that far," grinned Anne, "but they know what they don't want."

"Such as . . . ?"

"Well, they don't like a girl to work at being something she's not. A girl should be herself, even when her line doesn't seem to be currently box-office. For instance, if a man starts the evening with an off-color story and she doesn't happen to enjoy that type of humor, she should let him know where he stands. I don't mean strike an attitude of outraged virtue. But she can handle the situation with a 'Sorry, I don't go in much for that sort of mirth." Far from such a policy wet-blanketing the evening, the man will probably admire the girl for (a) standing her ground and (b) objecting to needless vulgarity. He may even get a kick out of being gently told where to get off.

"And apropos of first dates, in answer to that inevitable 'What would you like to do?' a girl should have an answer ready. She should let the man know what her ideas of diversion are. Merely mumbling sweetly, 'Oh, whatever you think' doesn't make things easier for him—only harder for her. For she runs a good risk of winding up at a picture she has seen and he hasn't.

"I don't mean to sound preachy, but a girl can conserve her energy and get just as far along the road to popularity without feeling bound to be a 'good sport' on all occasions. I mean if 'live wires' are popping into the swimming pool right and left with all their clothes on and a gal feels like staying dry and comfortable, she should stay dry and comfy. Even alone. She won't be alone long because while all the dizzy aquacade girls are having to take time out to mop up their dripping tresses, the boys will drift over to that only girl sitting there waiting. And speaking of hair, if a girl has just had hers done and her date turns up all merry and Tarzanish with the top down, she needn't necessarily string along to the extent of letting two and a half dollars worth of finger-wave go to windward."

"That wouldn't be one of your worries with that cute Victory cut," I said. "How come you parted with the glamour of your long bob? Aren't men supposed to dote upon long, slinky locks?"

"I think most men dislike the conventionalized hairdo's that long hair leads to," said Anne. "It seems to me they go for a nice straight side part and well-brushed, well-kept hair. I've found that men are hipped on the subject of clean, shining hair. Maybe because they are so aware of their own. Haven't you noticed how most men can't resist running a hand over their hair passing a theater lobby mirror or a plate glass window? Of course, lots of men think they dislike short-short hair and froth a bit at our tampering with its natural color but—I wonder." Anne ran her fingers through her own three-inch curls and added in a lower tone, "Believe me, it wasn't born this way."

(*Continued on page 82*)

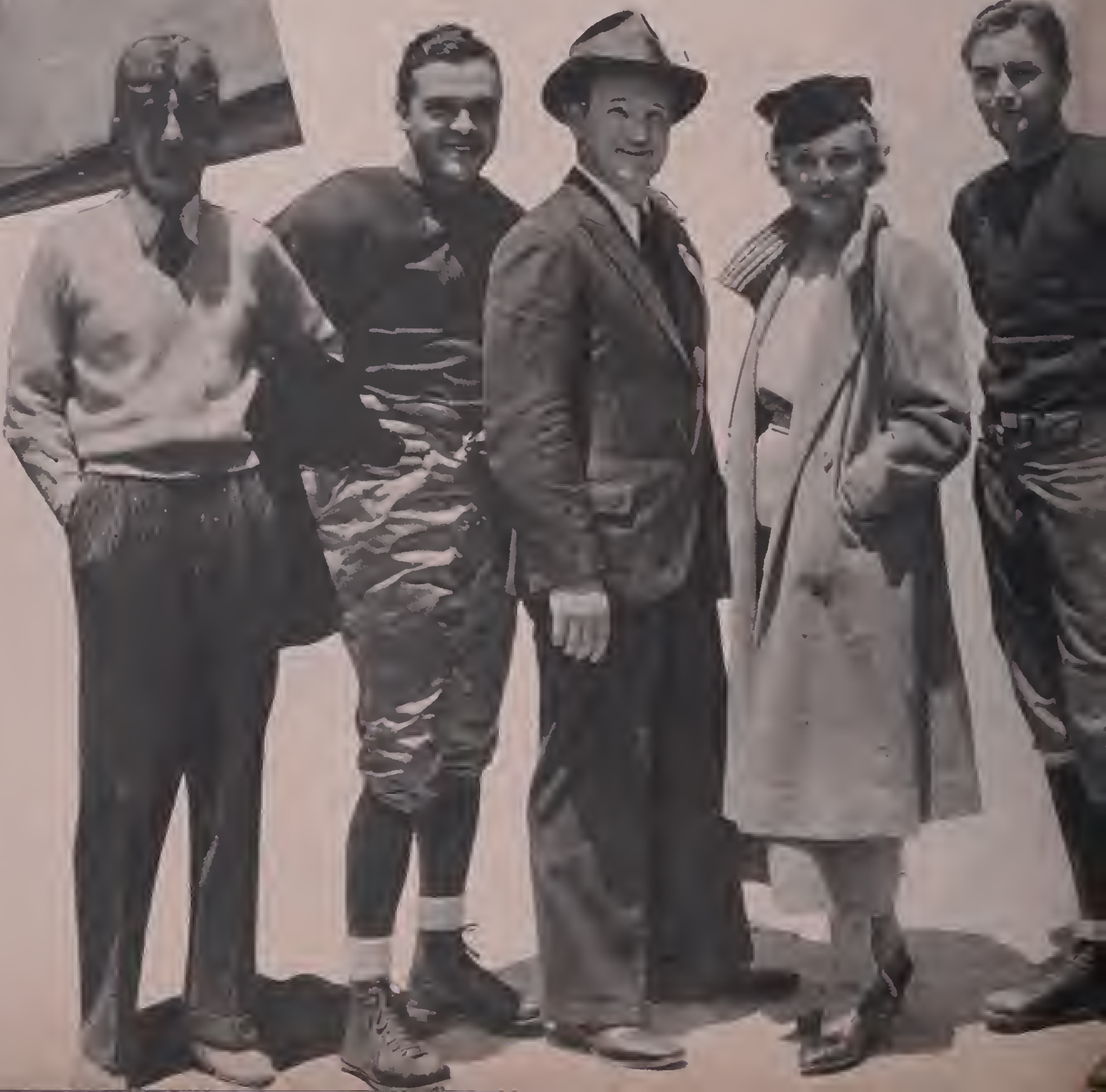
As you see here, Anne can be a good sport, just Miss Somebody, and also glamorous. By the way, have you seen her in RKO's "Bombardier"?

45 MINUTES FROM FAME

One of the best "talent scouts" yet discovered is the famed Pasadena Community Playhouse, which only forty-five minutes away from the studios, has become an incubator for fledgling stars

Gilmar Brown is the founder and director of the Playhouse. He no sooner discovers star material than Hollywood's Flesh Peddlers lure it away.

Through these portals have passed talented amateurs, later to emerge as stars. Here's Louise Albrittan, at Pasadena Players until last winter and now slated for stardom at Universal.



Here is just one group of Pasadena Playhouse discoveries. Do you recognize them?. Left to right, comedian Sterling Holloway, now in the army; Craig Reynolds, who was under contract to Warners' and is now a lieutenant in the Marine Corps under his real name, Hugh Enfield, and was recently invalided home from Guadalcanal; Joe Sauers, the bad man of many a picture; Gloria Stuart, Universal star, who went to New York for the stage and is now returning to films; Robert Young, MGM's pride and Joy; Lois January, who was in Hollywood musicals and now is an Broadway; Houseley Ormond, a character actor and Onslow Stevens.

Laird Cregar was merely Sammy Cregar at Pasadena, but he was always a fine actor.

They call him Preston Meservy at Pasadena. You call him Robert Preston. Bob's another service star.

This one should slay you. It is the one and only Mature in his first stage appearance.

At night in Pasadena he was Washington in "Valley Forge." By day he jerked gas in a filling station. Now he's Twentieth Century-Fox's own Dana Andrews.

Edgar Buchanan, that wonderful judge in "The Talk of the Town," was, only a few years ago, a Pasadena dentist, acting for the fun of it.

The play was "Montezuma." The first two knights were, right, Vic Mature, and George Reeves, who is now Claudette Colbert's leading man (and he'll soon belong to Uncle Sam).

When Florence Bates appeared in "Rebecca" Hollywood said she was an amateur, which wasn't quite true. Miss Bates had studied law in Texas, came to visit Pasadena. There she played the leading role in "Evening Star." Then Hollywood captured her.

"CLAUDIA"

That hit of the magazines, books, stage, and radio, has now made her successful way into movies. Pert-faced Dorothy McGuire, a Selznick discovery, who played the role on Broadway makes her film debut in the role of a silly young wife. Robert Young, Mr. Reliable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was borrowed by Twentieth Century-Fox to play the husband. It ought to add up to a super comedy.

REMEMBER when mothers in movies were always portrayed as women of approximately fifty? Well, here's the McCoy, a real movie mother, cute Jane Wyman, wife of Lt. Ronald Reagan, mother of extra cute Maureen Reagan. Janie, next to be seen in "Princess O'Rourke," is anxious to change her screen type. Warners' have the Life of Helen Morgan all in script form. So here's Janie, made up like the famous torch singer herself. Jane wants that role, and we know that she could play it magnificently.

PORTRAIT of a very wise lady, Jean Arthur to you, Mrs. Frank Ross to Hollywood. With other stars going in for art, occupied-countries themes, war stories, Miss Arthur went in first for comedy in "The More the Merrier." Now she's going in for comedy again, but to underscore the success of it doubly, she's going in for comedy against a Western background, and has chosen no less a Western star than John (the Duke) Wayne as her co-star for "The Lady Takes a Chance," released by RKO.

With all of the necessary materials at hand, Betty Rhodes, appearing in Paramount's "Salute for Three," starts the procedure of mending a broken nail. Having already removed all of the old polish, she uses a nail brush and warm, soapy water to wash the nail and remove all traces of nail polish remover.

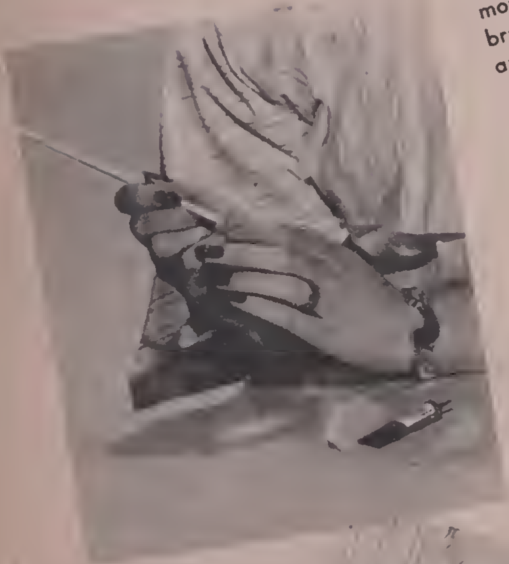
MOVIELAND'S *Beauty* PARLOR

HELLO, again!

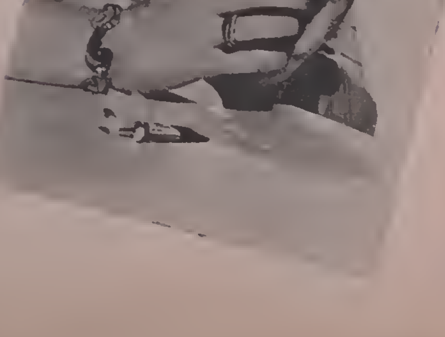
Autumn's here. Most of your Victory Garden vegetables are harvested. But what about your hands that helped you to that result—and which probably took a beating thereby.

Any hangnails? How's your cuticle? The callouses are from the Victory Garden hoe, we suppose. But look at the chipped polish! And —oh, oh—look at that broken nail!

Keep away from those nail scissors! And you're not going to pull



Left—The flat end of the orange stick is covered with patching glue and is forced very gently between the break. The broken nail is then pressed together until the edges adhere. Lower left—Betty tears off a small piece of tissue and covers both sides with glue. Using the orange stick, she lifts it and places it over the nail break and smooths it out. The remainder of the tissue Betty pushes under the edge of the nail with the orange stick and smooths it out to hold the break from the underneath side. Lower middle—After the glue-covered tissue is thoroughly dry, Betty applies a clear base. Lower right—After the proper drying interval for the clear base, Betty is ready for the application of her favorite shade of polish. She holds her hand steady and works from the base of the nail to the tip. Avoid having the brush too heavy with polish, she advises, and strive for an even application.



that nail off, either. You're going to stop right now and learn about nail salvage.

We couldn't think of anybody better to come into Movieland's Beauty Parlor to help in giving you lessons on hands . . . and fingernails, in particular . . . than Paramount's starlet, Betty Rhodes, who took time out from her work on "Salute For Three" to assist us. Frankly, we chose Betty because to us, she has a pair of the most beautiful hands in Hollywood. What's more, she knows how to use them.

Every Hollywood girl knows that hands are a definite part of beauty and personality. So you might as well wise up that way, too.

There is nothing more distressing to your friends or your particular big romance of the moment than to glance at your hands and find them mucky with neglect. Your hands are give-aways to character. They tell at a moment's glance if yours is a meticulous nature. Nine times out of ten, if your hands and nails look slovenly, that's true of the rest of your get-up. And don't think hiding them in your lap is going to help. Hands are an adjunct to expression and personality. They aid in telling a story, your story, to the world. So keep them well groomed and learn to use them gracefully.

Naturally, if you're a war worker, you won't wear your nails as long as Betty's, but whatever the length, the same rules apply.

Heaven forbid that you are a nail-biter! By now, you're old enough to know better. If you still hang on to that habit, remember that regular manicures will do much to discourage it.

Here are two important "don'ts". Don't use sharp, steel instruments to push back cuticle or to clean undersurfaces of your nails. It is too easy to break the skin and encourage infection. For the same reason, don't bite or pull at hangnails.

If you have callouses, remember that a little warm olive oil massaged into them nightly is a marvelous remedy.

Remember, too, that when cuticle is allowed to adhere to the nails, growth of the nail is retarded. Massaging the cuticle nightly with the same warm olive oil over a period of time will aid in correction. Help the process along with a bit of oil-soaked cotton on an orange stick, pushing the cuticle gently back from the nail. Above all, don't be impatient and force it. Easy does it! It's taken a long time to get that way, and it's going to take a little time to get it back to normal.

Hangnails should be lifted gently with the tip of your nippers and clipped as closely to the tissue as possible. If your cuticle is ragged and worrying you, don't attempt to use nippers or nail scissors on it yourself. See a good manicurist. More times than not, your efforts will only make matters worse.

Fingernails give away health secrets, too. If they're brittle, split, and break easily, if their color is unhealthy, it's usually a sign of internal upset. Your doctor can give you the answers.

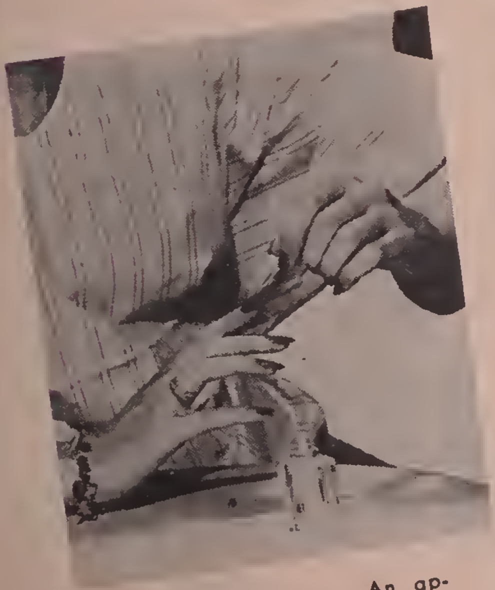
We don't think it necessary here to go into that old standby, "How to Give Yourself a Manicure." If you haven't learned by now, you probably never will. We do want to get back to the tragedy of that broken nail and how to save it. It is worth saving.

In the accompanying photographs Betty Rhodes shows you how.

Like Betty, have your materials at hand before you begin. You'll need a bottle of polish remover; soapy, warm water and nail brush; absorbent cotton for drying. Other

(*Continued on page* 81)

Below—And here Betty Rhodes proves conclusively that it's well worth the effort to patch your broken nails.



Above—The final step: An application of sealer.

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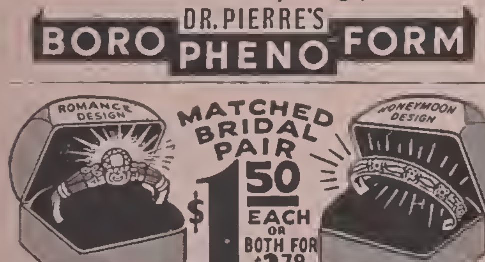

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Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire in sentimental, orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, yellow gold plate in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

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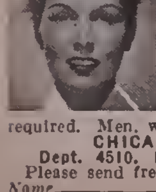

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Romance in the Grand Manner

(*Continued from page* 21)

teeth. His accent is unequivocally French. Hers is inescapably Spanish. He is slim, blue-eyed, and blondish in the manner of a Boulevardier. She is sloe-eyed, dark-haired, vivid, brittle as the click of castanets.

We introduce the characters, to wit, the girl: Maria Montez.

The man: Jean Pierre Aumont.

The innocent but fascinated onlooker: this writer.

The theme of the story: love.

This must be true love because it doesn't run smoothly. The pair is arguing somewhat heatedly over an important technical point. "My vocabUlary," (accent placed exotically on the third syllable instead of the conventional second), "is excellent. I know all English words that I know Spanish words," is the announcement of Maria.

Pierre beams upon her. "But," he adds gently, "sometimes, your accent, it is in the wrrrrong place."

Maria is willing to concede this point. "A writer that I know, she make me veree happy becose she said in her story that I must be born in Brooklyn becose I have aaboslUTely no oxcent!"

Pierre finds this delicious. "Remember the trouble," he reminds her, "you had with the name of Nijinsky's celebrated dance?" The two of them go off into gales of mirth. It seems that Maria, in an energetic attempt to translate "La Spectre d'une Rose" announced that it was "A Ghost of a Rose." Which is okay, except that Americans do not usually pronounce "ghost" to rhyme with "frost."

This introduction should bring home one point to you: that one of the merriest, maddest loves is that between the Leetle girl from the Canary Islands, and the sophisticate from Paris.

Maria still remembers the first time she ever saw Pierre Aumont: it was in a French motion picture, seen in the Canary Islands when she was a sub-deb. Her father was Spanish consul to the Islands, which explains her presence in this exotic locale.

The picture was "Hotel du Nord," starring Annabella. Pierre enacted the role of the young lover who made a suicide pact with Annabella, shot her and ran away without fulfilling his part of the grim bargain. Maria enjoyed the picture extravagantly.

Somewhat later, after Maria had married and moved to Belfast, she attended a house party in London and saw another Aumont picture. Lord Louis Mountbatten, now head of the celebrated Commandos, was among the audience that night. When years later and after said first marriage had been abrogated, Maria told this story to Pierre, he brightened perceptibly. "What did Lord Mountbatten say about me?" he wanted to know.

Maria dimpled at him, her eyes sparkling with deviltry. "He thought you were good," she admitted, sparing the adjectives so as not to spoil the man.

The third time Maria saw Pierre—this time, the first time in the flesh—it was at a party in Hollywood. They chatted briefly, very briefly. Maria now confesses impishly, "That night, Jean Pierre, you failed to sparkle. You struck me as being uninteresting. You were, I hate to say it, my sweet, without color."

So assaulted, Jean Pierre resorted

(*Continued on page* 70)

The night after their wedding—Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont. Like the hearts on Maria's dress?

(*Continued from page* 17)

We're in Love" seems set for a popularity run. It's a haunting thing from the excellent score of the Broadway success, "Oklahoma" . . . Gene de Paul and Don Ray have turned out some swell things for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer super-duper "Broadway Rhythm," the cutest of which are "Solid Potato Salad" and "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet" . . .

JAM NOTES:

Frank Sinatra's first picture on his new R.K.O. contract will be "Higher and Higher" and he co-stars with Michele Morgan . . . Kay Thompson has been signed by Metro as vocal coach and arranger. Before his untimely death in an airplane accident, Ralph Rainger composed a song called "Lucky Cowboy" which is considered by some who have heard it to be his best. Paramount Pictures, where Rainger spent many years writing hit songs for their musicals, is paying him tribute by dedicating a musical short to him, and the title of it is "Lucky Cowboy" . . . Warners are starring Ann Sheridan in "Shine on Harvest Moon," the story of the life of Nora Bayes. It will be a big musical and Annie will sing all the famous old songs that Nora Bayes made popular.

The next band to hit the big time will be Eddie Miller's. Eddie himself needs no introduction to swing fans because he has long been rated the best tenor saxophone man in the music business, having been named all-time All-American by no less an authority than Paul Whiteman. He was the spark of the old Bob Crosby band and many of his musicians were also in that outfit. With musicianship dispensed by such top-notchers as Nick Fatool, Nappy Lamare, Matty Matlock, Floyd O'Brien, Doc Rando and Clyde Rogers, Eddie can't miss. The band has been drawing large crowds to the Hollywood Palladium on Monday nights, broadcasting over C.B.S., and was featured in Universal's click musical, "Mr. Big" . . . Listen for colored singer Dolores Williams. She is the girl who has been packing them in at the Trocadero in Hollywood, and the first night club attraction since Lena Horne who can make blase Hollywoodites sit silently in rapture at her singing. The studios will get her before long . . . Stan Kenton's band opened big at the Palladium, and the rumor was hot that he would be on the Bob Hope show in the fall . . . "In My Arms," the gayest of the war songs, has been purchased by Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer for their picture version of "See Here, Private Hargrove." The writers of the song cooperated with the Office of War Information on the paper conservation program when they published their tune. Instead of having a picture in color on the cover of the sheet music, as is usually done, they had a little squib saying "Paper Shortage Getting Worse—Here Is Where We Start the Verse" and then proceeded to start the music right on the cover page. Many publishers are following suit now, because it saves space, dyes, etc. . . . When Harry James was ill for three days during his New York Paramount Theater engagement, Frank Sinatra pitched in and took over for him, refusing to accept any salary from Harry. So Harry presented him with a thousand dollar bond, which he had to take. After all, it isn't patriotic to return them . . .

GEE-MAIL DEPARTMENT:

What don't you know that maybe I can tell you about? Address Jill Warren, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, with your questions. I'll send the answers. Yours till next month . . .

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(*Continued from page* 68)

to mankind's unfailing weapon. "I remember you clearly. I was horrified by your . . . er . . . hat, if one could name it that. It was feathers . . ." he indicated half a frame with a sweeping gesture . . . "over one eye. And feathers . . ." he completed the circle by drawing a forefinger under his chin . . . "beneath your face. The feathers I could not forget."

With feathers on his mind—a habit of all gay birds—M. Aumont went to New York. And there, by odd coincidence, also went Senorita Montez. They met one night at "21." It was, mirabile dictu, the 13th of the month, Pierre's fatal date. Maria happened to be crossing the foyer when she noticed her girlhood movie idol, looking somewhat more scintillant than he had at the recent Hollywood party. She walked directly to him, spoke, and asked him to light her cigarette, please.

"Will you do me the favor of having dinner with me tomorrow night?" he asked before the match was extinguished.

"I speak no French; you speak no Spanish, yes? Then I think each of us will be good for the other. We shall improve our English together," was Maria's way of saying yes.

They dined. They conversed. They made a date for the next day and the day after that and after that. So successful was this new method of learning English that in no time they had learned to say "I love you." Of course, the verb "to love" is the first taught in any language. Know why? Because love is the easiest of all lessons to learn, and the most difficult to forget.

At the end of two weeks, Maria was called back to her studio, so Pierre decided that it would be absurd for him to remain in the yawning loneliness of that desert, New York. He made reservations on Maria's train. There is no place like a train for the enhancing of love; there is also no place like a train for the holding of an informal, day-long quiz program.

Maria and Pierre developed a game entitled "Capitals." Maria secured, at one of the stops, an atlas on which were marked the capitals of each country in the world.

"I will bet fifty cents, Pierre, that you do not know the capital of Korea," Maria said.

"That must be Keijo," Pierre said.

Maria glowed. "That," she stated, "almost everyone knows. Here is the fifty cents. The next will not be so easy. I will bet twenty-five cents that you do not know the capital of Surinam."

Pierre's eyes brightened. "Paramaribo," he said. Somewhat apologetically, upon noticing the straight line of Maria's mouth, he added, "I was there once."

"You travel too much," observed Maria, not without a certain bitterness. "Do you know the capital of Honduras for ten cents?"

Triumph had a way with the corners of Pierre's mouth. "That would be Tegucigalpa." Maria threw the atlas at him.

By the time they had reached St. Louis, Pierre's computation on the back of an envelope informed him that his geographic savvy had netted him seven dollars and fifty cents. Proving, with true French acumen, that intellect should always run tributary to the senses, he sank the seven-fifty in a bottle of "Moment Supreme" for Maria. She began to take a more charitable view of the world and its divers localities.

It was probably around Kansas City that Maria asked, from the depths of a magazine she had been reading upside down, "Pierre, what did you first notice about me?"

Pierre applied a censorable look to

(*Continued on page* 72)

Capt. Martha Raye relates a few to Lionel Stander while her fiance, Nick Condos, listens in, too.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE . . . . . .

$10.00 LETTER

Many people—strangely most of them are civilians—are prone to underestimate the importance of training camp barnstorming tours by screen stars of the male species.

Those, who are not downright critical and not clamoring for a shotgun induction or a lynching from the nearest tree, challenge the value of these visits on psychological grounds. Appearance of screen celebrities earning fabulous salaries, they maintain, rankles the soldier in uniform rather than entertains him.

In the interests of serving the truth, I would like to tell you about the reaction of this training camp to a visiting movie star whose face and antics have been familiar to military posts the length and breadth of the nation. I refer to Bob Hope.

When the announcement came that he was coming to Camp Wheeler, it broke as big news. It was the lead story on page one of the camp newspaper. The local daily newspaper played it up on page one. In the ranks, the men spoke of Hope's scheduled show with the awe and enthusiasm with which you might expect them to greet the unconditional surrender of the enemy.

Soldiers are indifferent to these personal appearances. A strange indifference that finds a camp obliged to issue two tickets to a platoon to be certain that seats are distributed without discrimination in as representative form as possible. A strange indifference which finds soldiers fighting for these tickets—free, of course. A strange indifference which forces Hope to repeat the show after the broadcast for those who were unable to obtain seats during the first performance.

Laughs were reverberating all over the camp hours afterwards. His jokes were repeated at hikes days later. He unquestionably gave a shot in the arm to morale.

Pvt. William Tusher,
Co. D,
13th Training Battalion
Camp Wheeler, Georgia

$5.00 LETTER

I am more than happy to have this opportunity to express to you Americans what we English boys think of you all.

Naturally, this being an R.A.F. station, we have no movie personalities stationed here, but I spent one of the most enjoyable furloughs I have ever had in Hollywood.

Until then I had often wondered what you Americans were really like. I can assure you, I shall go back to England with nothing but the very highest praise for the swellest people I ever hope to meet.

I was treated as a king. I was privileged to meet such stars as Betty Grable, Hedy Lamarr, Carmen Miranda, Tyrone Power, Joe E. Brown, Irene Dunne, Cesar Romero, George Montgomery, Jane Darwell, Trudy Marshall, Cary Grant, Marlene Dietrich, and many others. I had the greatest thrill of my life talking to them. They treated me in really American style, and only those who have visited the States can appreciate what a grand style that is.

Hollywood movie stars, the citizens of Los Angeles and indeed ALL Americans, you gave me such a wonderful reception it will live in my memory forever. You made me happy. I have never met such kind and friendly people. You certainly have left no stone unturned "to serve the services."

L.A.C. Bert Parri,
R.A.F. Station,
Sidney, B.C., Canada

☆ ☆ ☆

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the actors and actresses in Hollywood for the work they are doing. Kay Kyser, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Humphrey Bogart and many others. They are everywhere to welcome us and make us at home.

I would also like to take a minute to take my hat off to Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Henry Fonda, Alan Ladd and many men who are in the service and a fine bunch of fellows. To Hollywood I say they are doing more than their part in this war.

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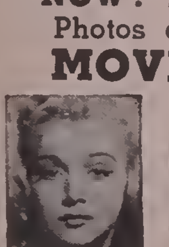

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(*Continued from page* 70)

the lady. He said, "I liked the way you walk. You are very graceful; you have about you the sway of a willow in the wind."

By the time they had reached Albuquerque, Pierre's acquaintanceship with the world had won him a little more cash, so he decided to invest it in the typical sterling silver and turquoise jewelry available at the Indian House. Maria, suspecting some such enterprise, caught him just in time. She had never seen Indian work before, so it seemed a trifle too primitive. "No, you must not buy a thing for me," she cautioned Pierre. "If you do, for sentiment's sake I will have to wear it forever, and that I could not bear."

From Albuquerque to Los Angeles, Pierre might have been discovered, in lone moments, constructing designs on miscellaneous bits of paper. He had a beautiful idea for a ring. Maria had told him, "I want to be engaged formally, with a ring and everything. I want it to say in the papers, Miss Maria Montez is engaged to M. Pierre Aumont. It should be properly formal."

The completed ring, designed by Pierre, looks like half an emerald world, set in a wide gold frame across which lies a ribbon of diamonds. Having been so successful with this invention, Pierre whipped up another little number: a lapel pin done in gold and jade. The gold forms a miniature flower pot from which spring golden stems on which grow cactus pads of jade. Thus far, no one has been able to extract from either Pierre or Maria the esoteric meaning of said cactus plant.

No love affair as profound as this ever progresses without fireworks. One evening Maria and Pierre were invited to be dinner guests at the home of a mutual friend. The night before, they quarreled. They exchanged hot words in even hotter French-Spanish—some of which, luckily, neither understood. They decided never to see one another again. So, the following morning, Pierre telephoned the hostess and explained that Maria would be unable to be present that night because she was "out of town" on studio business. However, he promised that he would be a guest.

At approximately the same moment, Maria was consulting her astrologer. Yes indeed, she had a personal astrologer who appears to be fantastically accurate. Having scanned his charts, he scolded Maria. He said that her horoscope indicated that she was in no mood to alter the course of her entire life at that time. Pierre, the stars said, was an ideal mate, so what was her big idea "flying in the very face of Venus. Don't be a silly little girl," counseled the star specialist. "By all means, go to the party."

So Maria telephoned her hostess to say that she would be present, but surely, that evening. "But," gasped the bewildered hostess, "Pierre just rang me up to say you were out of town."

"You know picture business," chirped the resourceful Maria, "one minute you are out of town. The next you are *not* out of town. No one is to blame."

The result was, of course, that they met at the party, rushed to one another's arms, and you now know with what happy results. Pierre, incidentally, sets small store by any astrologer, however certified. Having fought for France, having escaped after the French Armistice was signed, having built a new career in this country in order to have some money to support his family when he rejoins the Free French, Pierre is inclined to believe in personal initiative as opposed to relying on phophecy.

Even his love for Maria is not great enough to swerve him from what he feels is his duty to his free countrymen. As soon as all the necessary retakes for "The Cross of Lorraine" are finished, Pierre will report to General Charles de Gaulle in London. Maria, with "The Cobra Woman" and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" safely caught on celluloid, hopes for permission to do an entertainment tour in England and thus be near Pierre for a little while at least.

Meanwhile, until Pierre sails, the Aumonts are like millions of other newlyweds—counting the hours till the war parts them, counting the weeks till peace restores them forever to one another.

THE END

QUICK PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

COLT COMRADES

Hopalong Cassidy and his pals invest their money in a ranch and decide to settle down and lead a peaceful life. This rosy dream vanishes when Hoppy discovers that the guy who sold them the ranch controls the water supply of all the ranchers in the valley. This villainous landlord, Jebb Hardin, cuts off the water so that the cattle die and the ranchers can't pay off their mortgages.

Hoppy wants to straighten the matter out, but Hardin frames him as a rustler and "proves" it to the other ranchers. With a price on his head, Hoppy is forced to hide out in the hills, but he manages to get incriminating evidence against Hardin. Interwoven is plenty of ridin' and shootin' and several chuckles afforded by Andy Clyde as "California."

Recommended to Western fans.

HERS TO HOLD

They really should do better by our Deanna. As a romantic comedy with songs, "Hers to Hold" is okay—but it should be more than that, if it is meant to be an adequate vehicle for one of the brightest talents in movies. Even with the added talents of Joseph Cotten as the man in Deanna's heart, the film can't quite hold its place in the first rank.

Story trouble, of course. It's that oldie about a very rich girl and a fresh guy, in this case a flyer temporarily on leave, and how the girl loves him adoringly despite his not being the marrying type.

Deanna is Penelope Craig, a spoiled heiress until she meets Bill Morley at a Red Cross Blood Bank. She is just another smooth conquest to him and when, in order to see him, she takes a riveting job at an aircraft plant, he's more irked than intrigued. The more Bill tries to shake her, the more she clings until finally patriotism gets both of them.

Deanna, in wonderful voice, sings several numbers, the standout of which is "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There."

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Goddard Goes in for Corn

(Continued from page 37)

So she hunted out the man who farmed the property three decades ago and hired him as a tenant farmer. Through him she got some hired if rather aged farmhands. Then she proceeded to put about seventeen acres under cultivation. There will be more. But it takes time. The rest of her land is heavily timbered.

Crops to date consist of potatoes, corn, strawberries, raspberries and feed for the livestock. Eggs are the major source of revenue, however. One thousand flourishing Rhode Island Red chickens now dwell at Camp Hill. Paulette started with five hundred chicks. She ordered them by mail, and she also ordered the construction of a hen house. That was on one of her periodic trips to the scene of operations. Mostly Paulette farms by long distance, on account of she still works in pictures, too. Before the poultry was delivered—also by mail—she had to rush back to Hollywood for another opus. The star tells the rest of that particular story with true dramatic emphasis.

"I got a frantic wire from Constance," she explains. "The chicks had arrived. The hen house wasn't finished and what on earth was she to do with them? She positively refused to sleep with them herself. Well, there was the guest house. Why not? They seemed to me mighty important guests. I told Constance to bed them there.

"Those chickens had a beautiful start in life. They lived in my guest house for two weeks."

Constance, it should be explained, is Constance Collier, grande dame of the theater. She and Paulette are close friends. They worked together for a time as coach and pupil respectively. They still do, whenever Paulette does radio shows emanating from New York. Miss Collier makes her home on the farm. But the idea of her acting as coach to five hundred baby chickens, is whimsical, to say the least.

Having established the productivity, we come now to the marketing. Paulette is as advanced as tomorrow's headlines. She believes in barter.

"I began by trading a dump truck for a cow," she announces proudly. "Then I dickered with the grocery store, the meat market, and the gas station in Suffern. They all agreed to exchange their goods for my farm stuff. In other words, we get the things we need and can't grow or produce for the things we can, without any financial transaction involved."

It is shrewd Yankee trading on both sides, you can bet. And that isn't all. There is much, much more. Paulette went farther afield. She got a wholesale grocery house in New York City to harvest as well as buy her potatoes, after she found out the big city was begging for potatoes. Again she took credit for future supplies rather than money.

There is in New York a restaurant consistently patronized by celebrities called "21 Club." As a matter of fact "21" seeks the celebrities as much as the celebrities seek "21." Nobodies aren't cordially received. Unless the doorman recognizes you, you're apt to get a cold and fishy eye. It would be that place of all places that Paulette tied up on a barter deal. They've agreed to take all the eggs she can spare, or corn, or anything she may decide to raise in exchange for her entertainment bills there and supplying her with theater tickets.

Another Goddard farm item is

Out for the first time since his accident, Van Johnson takes Marsha Hunt to the Mocambo. Marsha's husband, Jerry Hopper, is in the service.

worth mentioning. When winter blankets Camp Hill acres with white, under which the seeds of future profit sleep, Paulette's tenant farmer plans to round up neighbors, who are glad for piece work, and cut the timber. There are enough trees to last a long time with discriminate logging—enough to keep on paying the taxes. Remember the silverware introduced earlier? Oh yes, that was acquired by barter too. Paulette took it in payment for her talents on a radio show.

The girl is wonderful. The former owner, Burgess Meredith, calls her "Enterprise, Inc." He gave her a painting of the house for Christmas and for a while there was a comedy of errors about that. He intended to surprise her with the gift, naturally. Paulette was in California. Burgess arranged to have Waldo Pierce, a foremost American artist and a next-door neighbor at Camp Hill, do the painting.

So far, so good. But came to Hollywood another of those wires from Constance! *"The outside of the house is being painted."* Upon receiving it, Paulette hit the ceiling. She'd had the house painted in the summer. Calling Constance by long distance telephone, she gave orders that such extravagant foolishness be stopped. Always vague, Constance remained vague on this occasion. She neglected to explain that only one lone painter was sitting on a camp stool some distance away from the front stoop, putting marks on canvas.

Waldo Pierce, foremost American artist, was kicked off the premises. Burgess had to reveal the truth to Paulette after he had soothed Pierce's ruffled feelings. Even so, when the finished painting, a lovely study of the front view of Camp Hill House with bare, wintry trees in the background and snow covering the foreground lawn, was delivered, a note from the artist was attached. It read: *"I practically froze to death before I got the boot and nobody even offered me a cup of coffee!"*

Of course, the Goddard acumen is not all limited to soil tilling these days. She's doing right well with her screen career. Capturing the only comedy role among the three starring parts in "So Proudly We Hail," Paramount's film story of heroic nurses on Bataan, she played it to the hilt. Reward was quick. She now has a juicy plum as co-star with Fred MacMurray in a farce comedy about life in densely crowded Washington called "Standing Room Only." After it will come a Mark Sandrich production written especially for her and Sonny Tufts, the exciting newcomer who was her romantic team-mate in "So Proudly." Most of the picture will be filmed in San Francisco.

Just prior to these engagements, word was bruited around Hollywood as how La Goddard was getting a slight run-around. She seemed to be stuck with pictures nobody else wanted. Those who knew her propensity for getting whatever she wants wondered why she took them. Finally the rumors reached Paulette herself. Her own explanation is admirable. "I wasn't ready for the better ones," says she.

Her West Coast home is a five-room bungalow up Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills. It is attractive, but not pretentious. Right now Paulette and her mother are doing their own housework.

The house leans into a hillside. Recently Paulette decided to pave the lower garden terrace with bricks. Accordingly she bought a sizable load and looked around for brick layers. The only ones she could find were a couple of kids in the Penrod stage. They spent most of their time on the job building temporary forts. They devoted only odd moments to laying bricks. The pattern they chose for paving was strictly from indolence. What there was of it looked gosh awful by the time their employer came to the conclusion that the whole project was a mistake.

Now the average Hollywood citizen in the same spot would have licked his wounds and remained saddled with a mess of unwanted bricks. Paulette called up the studio and asked whether they could contact a contractor in the market for bricks. It was a cinch. There happens to be a current brick shortage. She unloaded.

All this threatens to make her sound too darned efficient for walking with ordinary mortals. Well, there have been occasions . . . The business of the spare tire for her midget automobile, for instance.

Paulette owns an English Crosley. She had it shipped back to the farm because it will go an unbelievable number of miles per gallon of gas which, as everybody knows, is scarcer than teeth on her hens in the East. The last time she was there, she drove it into the village of Suffern one night to go to the movies. When she parked her car, she remembered there was no way of locking the spare tire. Miss Enterprise, Inc., knows all about the danger of tire theft in these troublous days. She wasn't going to be robbed. No sir. She carried the spare into the theater over her arm and deposited it under the seat for safe keeping. Only, when the show was over, she forgot her precious possession and walked out with nothing over her arm. The tire has neither been seen nor heard from since.

Then there was the time she undertook to weed the front lawn of her farmhouse. It was the day before she left for Hollywood to begin "Standing Room Only." Clad in shorts and innocent of garden gloves, she pulled up parasites with determination and righteous indignation. Presently two small boys strolled down the road, paused to watch her curiously. They paused so long she asked them why didn't they come in and help her instead of just standing there.

"Oh, no ma'am," spoke up the larger of the two. "We couldn't do that. We catch poison ivy if we touch it with our bare hands."

Paulette, who had been blissfully unaware of the nature of her weeds, "catches" it too. She came down with a spectacular case on the train back to Hollywood.

THE END

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP

Jeanette MacDonald tells me that her recent comment in Movieland on insomnia, "I defy anyone to mention a cure I have not tried," has provoked an avalanche of sleep aids in her mail. One woman wrote, *"Do at least ten somersaults back, and ten forward; soon you'll tire and fall asleep."*

A fan from Wisconsin advised Jeanette thusly: *"Before you retire at night have two pails of water beside the bed—one hot, the other cold. Put one foot in the cold and one in the hot water for five minutes, then alternate feet and water until sleep comes."*

"What worries me on those," says Jeanette, "is that sleep might catch up with me when I'm in the middle of a somersault—or still dangling my feet in the buckets."

GOING TO GET MARRIED SOON?

Movieland always tries to give you the news before it happens so that you will feel that you are part of our Hollywood chatter circle.

The over-the-back-fence gossip is that Lynn Bari has purchased a charming bungalow from George Montgomery, who has just reported to the Army. The gossips say that Lynn purchased the house for a honeymoon cottage for herself and test pilot Sid Luft.

The truth is that Lynn's divorce from agent Walter Kane will not be final until next November, but Sid is helping her with the decorating of the new home, and there is one bedroom as yet unfurnished that Lynn says won't be completed until next November.

Perhaps you can put two and two together like the rest of movieland and get that answer to that with ringing bells.

Albert Hitchcock, great director, gave a party at the Macambo for his daughter, Patty, on her fifteenth birthday. From left to right above, we show you 1) Papa and Patty, 2) Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten, whom Papa invited because Mr. J.C. is Patty's particular

PARENTS PROTEST HOPE'S PICTURES

Children are the cause of more revisions in motion picture scripts than most any other factor. Western motion picture makers have realized this for years, but few producers of major motion pictures have ever taken it into consideration. Amazing as it may be, Bob Hope, that delightful zany, is the first to take it really seriously. Reason is that irate parents have been burdening his mail carrier with countless letters protesting his "bad influence" on their children.

In a recent picture, Hope was pictured drinking coffee from a cup from which a spoon had not been removed. At the point where the spoon kept hitting Bob's eyeball, he carefully took the spoon, bent it in half, and replaced it in the cup. Gleefully, the younger generation started bending spoons. One bellicose father went so far as to send a bill for three bent spoons to Hope. Now, in "Let's Face it," Hope has convinced his bosses that material of this sort has got to be eliminated. Result: The script was rewritten in part, and you'll see a model Bob Hope on the screen.

☆

MARGO AND GOOD NEIGHBORS

Margo, back in Hollywood after New York and Washington, D. C., where she has been working with the Committee on Inter-American Affairs, has been attempting to convince anyone who will listen (and most especially motion-picture makers) that the truth should be told about her beloved Mexico and South America.

On the set of "The Leopard Man" where she is working, she told about one producer who said he was in complete agreement with her attitude.

"Then," said Margo, "he told me of plans for a picture on Mexico. 'I want to show the United States some of the romance of our neighbor,' he said very gently. 'Some of the things I saw like the peasants in their colorful white nightshirts with loads of sticks and wood on their backs!'"

"That," admitted Margo, "is Hollywood's attitude. In the first place the peasants don't wear nightshirts—that's their way of dressing. And in the second place, what's so romantic about a man with a load on his back?"

Margo has been working closely with Vice-President Wallace on his work for betterment of international relations with our southern neighbors and will probably return East for a radio program which has his blessing.

☆

crush, 3) Teresa Wright and her devoted husband, Niven Busch; Tereso is Pat's speciol pal, and 4) the big moment when Mr. Cotten did a very long and sentimental woltz with her. Wouldn't it be fun to be oble to call up a few stars for a birthdoy party?

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THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE

☆

One of the great Damon-and-Pythias friendships of our time is the one between Jose Iturbi, the concert pianist, and Mortimer Snerd. Iturbi met Mortimer at a recent show given by Edgar Bergen for the army quartermaster corps. The pianist was so fascinated by Mortimer's somewhat shuffled features, he could scarcely drag his eyes away from the dummy during the performance. Now Iturbi calls Bergen frequently so he can hear Mortimer's voice.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

☆

Guy Kibbee was lecturing his son, Guy Junior, on saving money.

"Remember son," said Guy, "as you grow older you will discover that money talks."

Said Junior, "All mine says is 'so long.'"

GOING ARE THE WHARF WENCHES

☆

Ida Lupino, who made such a to-do about going natural a couple of years ago—from blonde to her own brunette hair, from penciled eye-brows to her own high arched ones—has had another change of heart; or of personality.

Ida's become a red-head, cut her hair short, and calls her new titian bob, "my military rare-cut." She wears it up with a Gibson girl swirl and velvet bow a-top, and says it's her own subtle strategy to induce Jack Warner to assign her a dramatic love story for her next vehicle.

Ida is determined to bury the wharf wenches and neurotics for a spell. Well, it worked before. The little Lupino got her first dramatic role in "The Light That Failed" by looking the part intensely.

BEAUTY IN A BATHING SUIT

☆

The handsome Richard Derr is the heartthrob of many of the younger film players and the constant beau of Anne Baxter.

During the shooting of "North Star," Anne gained weight until she was a real problem for the cameramen. It came to Derr's attention. He took Anne to the beach one Sunday for a swim. They walked the length of the whole Santa Monica Beach colony with Dick keeping silent. Finally Anne asked him what was the matter. Dick admitted it was because he thought her less beautiful in a bathing suit. Anne went on a diet pronto and now once again is her pretty self.

Nobody around town would be surprised if these two marched to the altar before Dick reports for service.

This is a real re-union! Tim Holt—who now prefers to be known as Lt. Charles Holt, which is his real name—and his wife at the Players'. Once the Holts were actually separated; now they are reunited in marriage but separated by war, between leaves, of course.

At the same time that brother Tim and his wife were out dancing, sister Jennifer was celebrating with her romantic flame, Dennis Day of Jack Benny's radio program.

GOOD FELLOW—TYRONE POWER

When Ty Power left Twentieth Century-Fox for the Marine Corps, he was presented with the keys to his private dressing room, and was told no one would be allowed in it until he came back to claim it. Ty had used his dressing room on the lot as his office also, and it was filled with all his private papers.

When Joan Fontaine reported to Twentieth for "Jane Eyre," she was assigned to the beautiful dressing room of Sonja Henie. Right then Miss Henie came back and raised not too charming what-have-you about this situation. It was most embarrassing to the studio to have to ask Miss Fontaine to move, but they had no choice, and no equally fine suite to move her to.

Mr. Power, then at the Marine Base in San Diego, heard about the rumpus and sent the keys to his Annabella, who in turn personally presented them to Miss Fontaine, thus avoiding a very embarrassing tizzy all around. Give credit to Miss Fontaine—she didn't demand either dressing room, and would cheerfully have moved into any little hole.

It was just Ty's way of cooperating with his studio, although he is no longer there.

AND THAT IS GRATITUDE!

Handsome, hospitable John Mack Brown played "sucker" this month to a guy with a Southern accent who arrived on Johnny's Bel Air doorstep with the story that he was from the actor's home town in Alabama, and would he loan him some money until "Tuesday."

Johnny wrote him a check, and the "grateful guy" forged four of them, besides cashing the original, within four days!

CUT OUT THAT SWIMMING!

There is a price to every girl who wins stardom. The wackiest one is that now being paid by Esther Williams. Even though she was a swimming champion, Esther loves to swim for the mere fun of it.

When she made a hit in her first picture at MGM, they began at once to groom her for real stardom. Willingly Esther did everything they told her, but thought her regular thirty-minute swim in the morning would help keep her figure in the measurements to the studio's liking.

Imagine her surprise when she received a personal note from one of the studio heads requesting her to give up so much swimming. It seems that swimming develops just the muscles that they think won't do on the screen. So little Esther is beached and becomes one of the regular movie stars who pose in bathing suits but don't go near the water.

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BITS ABOUT LUPE

There is one really giddy person in movieland. That is the unpredictable Lupe Velez. First she stole Erich Remarque away from Marlene Dietrich. Now her best beau is top Mexican star, Arthur de Cordova.

That Lupe! She fights and fights, and poor Mr. Cordova doesn't know whether he has a girl or not. Only after many overtures do they make up and generally clasped in his right hand Mr. Cordova will have a pair of diamond earrings as a making-up present.

Lupe is going to be a lady producer in Mexico City. It is quite fashionable in movieland at this time to take an interest in pictures being made below the border. Lupe will be the first lady producer, and we'll bet she'll be the one who gets the most done.

LOVELY IS THE WORD FOR NORMA

Miss Norma Shearer walked into her favorite hat shop in Beverly Hills the other day. She was seated in a fitting room partitioned off from the rest of the shop. As she was sitting there she heard a voice from the next room saying, "I want to look as lovely as Norma Shearer did when she played 'Juliet.'"

What woman could resist peeking? Miss Shearer couldn't, and discovered in the next booth Jeanette MacDonald fitting Juliet caps for her costumes when she makes her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. Norma sat and supervised the fittings from there on.

LOST—SEVERAL POUNDS

Pat O'Brien looks so much more attractive since he lost all that weight that he'll portray Major Cavanagh in "The Iron Major" at RKO just eight years younger than was originally planned in the script.

"Now," says Pat, "if I can just wear that checkered golf cap I bought eight years ago, without Eloise screaming!"

QUIP BY POWELL

Bill Powell is so famous for his quick wit that I'll just have to let you have this one.

On the set of his picture, "The Heavenly Body," a troupe of Russian dancers had been practicing their routine for hours. Several minor casualties had occurred. One girl had sprained her ankle. Another had fallen and hit her head. A boy had twisted his wrist. And still another had cut his hand on the saber which hung at his side.

"This picture," said Bill, sitting on the sidelines, "should be known as 'The Heavenly Body—with an all-plaster cast.'"

This looks like Mickey's most serious dating since Ava. She's Mary Elliot.

Answer To Puzzle On Page 6

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Movieland Beauty Parlor

(*Continued from page 67*)

important accessories are an orange stick; and bottles of clear base, colored polish, and sealer. And the instruments of salvage; a piece of medium-weight tissue paper and any kind of water-resistant glue of medium consistency. The Hollywood gals go for airplane glue, that you can buy in any dime store.

The first photograph shows you Betty's nail ready for the washing procedure. Before reaching this stage, there is one important step; remove all of the old polish from the damaged nail.

Now, as Betty shows you, wash it with warm, soapy water. It's best to use a nail brush, so you can be certain that all of the polish remover is off.

Using the flat end of an orange stick, and a bit of the glue, work it gently and carefully between the break. Press the broken edges of the nail together until they adhere, and you are ready for the next step.

Tear off a small piece of tissue (Betty tells us it is better to tear than to cut, as rough edges adhere better). Place it on the tip of a finger, and, with the flat of the orange stick, smear it well on either side with the glue. Lift it off your finger with the orange stick, place it over the break on top of the nail, smooth it down carefully, and turn the remainder over the edge of the nail, pushing it cautiously underneath the nail and the break. Again, be sure that it is smooth. Allow it to dry thoroughly.

After drying, you are ready to apply a clear base, followed after the proper interval by your favorite colored polish and the last and final step of sealer. Presto! a beautiful nail, with nary a sign of damage.

A further hint to you busy war workers in the art of saving nails: Polish under the tips of your nails strengthens them and prevents breakage.

If you're working in a garden or anywhere else where you get dirty, your nails need special thought. To protect them, why not dig them into a cake of soap first? This simple trick prevents plenty of damage. When the chore is finished, simply wash with a nail brush. Out comes the soap, and your nails are left whole and free of any accumulation of discoloring grime.

Betty tells you, too, to keep that hand lotion handy and in use for all-over hand loveliness.

Do these things, and your hands will speak beautifully for you and for themselves.

THE END

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ZOREX

The Most Dated Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 59)

Working life for this star began at four with an important role in "The Miracle Child." She went on to playing the screen childhoods of Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, and Barbara Stanwyck. She and Shirley Temple were the two youngest stars in talking pictures. Having worked so hard all her life explains Anne's realism and her understanding of people.

"It's a wise girl," she continued, "who can decide when it's smart not to make an issue. Suppose that No. 1 man turns up in a mood and proceeds to sulk. Naturally, a girl feels disappointed and hurt and finally mad. Her impulse is to whip into action and have it out. But if she relieves her mind on the spot, most any of us could write the scene that will follow.

She: Well, it's certainly a riot of fun being out with you! What's the matter?

He: Nothing. Why?

She: You just seem slightly on the tired side this evening.

He: (going tense) I suppose that after a date with that stupendous Peterson, any place or anyone would seem dull.

She: What's the matter with Pete? He's a fine person.

He: Undoubtedly. And so good to his mother. But is that any reason why you had to have your picture taken with him at the Players'?

She: Oh, that! Don't be silly. That was just a publicity thing.

He: Yes. And just one too many.

She: (freezingly) I have to be at the studio early. Do you mind if we leave now?

He: I think it's a swell idea.

"So there she is home an hour later, with the tears coasting down the night cream and that heavenly frock back in the closet.

"Check," I said. "Now give us the correct version."

"Oh, goodness," Anne said, "that depends on a lot of things. But my point about issues is . . . wait! Let him have his mood. You know how you resent being yanked out of one of your own. The next date—it will probably be the next night because he'll have cooled off and be ashamed of his jealousy—the girl could mention that he was quite a character on the other occasion. She can ask him what the matter was when she can see it doesn't matter much any more. Then he'll probably pat her hand and confess about the green-eyed monster. And it will all be all right."

Would Miss Shirley be likewise indulgent toward the tired caller who remains grounded when she enters the room?

"Absolutely not," Anne said. "There is where a girl should not give an inch. Sloppy manners . . . lack of consideration . . . nothing annoys me more than watching some poor girl struggling out of her coat at a restaurant while her escort tosses wisecracks to pals two tables off."

To straighten things out, Anne suggests a crack like, "When you finish cheer-leading, let's see if we can get my coat off." True, that may rile the fellow so that he may retort, "What's the matter? Are you crippled?" And a nice brawl may ensue. But, at any rate, Anne maintains the girl won't have been accessory to loosening one more lazy, ill-mannered man upon the world.

Miss Emily Post Shirley is firmly opposed to a girl's helping out a man's gas ration by meeting him at the appointed restaurant. But she considers service men exceptions to this rule, for they may have come a long way for a few hours of feminine companionship, and she certainly wouldn't expect a man in uniform to hitchhike all the way to her Brentwood home from the airport.

"Our dates in uniform—and of course most of them are—should get the breaks," Anne decrees.

And regarding men in the armed forces, Anne believes that more than a dash of mothering is in order.

"I don't hold with that 'men-are-just-big-babies' theory," she explained. "A baby is a baby" (she has one, lovely two-year-old Julie Anne Payne) "and a man is—or should be—a man. But it's true that it's the men who are the emotionally unstable sex these days. I've lately known of more than one fundamentally decent man to go to pieces and try to sweep a girl off her feet. Sympathy between the sexes is so intensified in wartime, and it's easy to mistake a flash romance for a lasting love."

I said, "What about these rumors that you and Johnny Payne may remarry?"

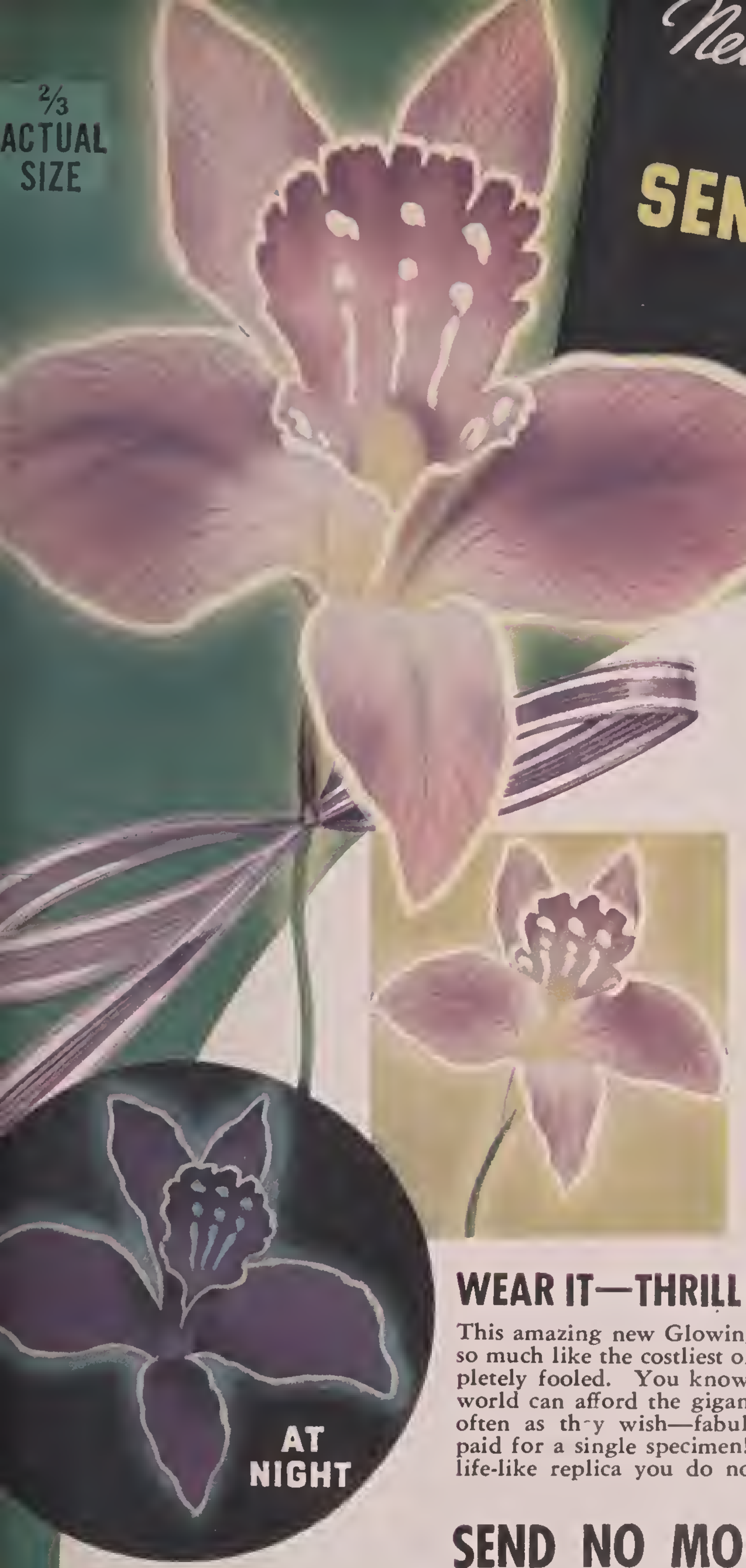
Anne became suddenly very serious. She has never discussed the reasons for her divorce with anyone—and neither has Johnny.

She said, "John and I have seen each other on two of his furloughs. Both times it was because we had things to discuss about Julie, our daughter. She is John's baby as much as mine, and I want him to have his say in bringing her up—and I want her to know her daddy and love him. But beyond this, John and I have had no meetings.

"I feel concerning myself as I do about all girls today. It is a wise idea in these troubled times for a girl to keep calm and collected enough for two. To bear in mind that a man's whole life is undergoing drastic change. She should take a deep breath before she says yes to a wartime marriage . . . think it over seriously . . . and after weighing the pros and cons . . . well, if it then looks good, may all the happiness in the world be hers!"

The phone was brought to our table. I tried not to listen in too much but I couldn't help gathering from the conversation that Anne was dated up all week, but would be delighted to go dancing next week.

THE END



New Strange Glamour for Your Hair, Dress or Coat

SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID... GLOWS IN THE DARK

All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel," Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen . . . it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even odor of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you *perpetual* pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—*NOW!*

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as th-y wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only 94c! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—*Merely Mail Coupon*

All you need do is to pay the postman 94c plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. A-2, 407 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago 5, Illinois

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only 94c —3 for $2.50!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER MAIL COUPON NOW

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. A-2, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only 94c plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( ).

Name..

Address..

City.. *State*..................

Over 2,000,000 women have used this amazing home method—

Charm-Kurl
PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT
Nothing else to buy ONLY 59

JUNE LANG Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

FAY McKENZIE Starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

JOAN CARROLL Darling child star of RKO Radio's "Petticoat Larceny" is pictured above with her adorable Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

ANN GILLIS Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet, with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

IDEAL FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Mothers find Charm-Kurl perfect for the youngsters. It cannot possibly harm their fine, soft hair—and it is so cool, so convenient, and so easy to apply. Order an extra Charm-Kurl Kit for little daughter. She'll be so happy.

DO IT YOURSELF!

Give yourself a beautiful, heatless Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—as soft and lovely as naturally curly hair. You don't need any experience in hair waving to apply a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave—the result will be a lovely, soft, professional-looking permanent that you will be so proud of. Charm-Kurl is easy and cool to use—and it is absolutely safe for every type of hair. It contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—and requires no machines, dryers, heat or electricity. It is marvelously simple and is "tops" for women and children alike.

SO EASY TO APPLY

Over 2,000,000 women have used Charm-Kurl during the past year to give themselves a lovely, cool, machineless wave in the privacy of their own homes. You, too, can do it yourself. Merely follow the simple, clear directions and you'll be completely delighted with the result. Charm-Kurl is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any $5.00 permanent you have ever had, or your money will be quickly refunded upon request.

And think of the saving! The complete Charm-Kurl Kit costs only 59c. It contains everything you need, including 40 curlers, shampoo, and waveset. You don't have to buy one single thing more.

UNSURPASSED FOR BLEACHED, DYED OR GRAY HAIR

Charm-Kurl does not affect gray hair. Many women have found it ideal for dyed or bleached hair because it waves their hair as beautifully as though it were natural color. If your dyed hair is a secret, Charm-Kurl will keep it so.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in the coupon below. Don't send one penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be on its way to you as soon as we receive your order. When it arrives, pay the postman 59c plus postage, with the understanding that if you are not thoroughly delighted with your permanent, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. Remember this: you risk nothing and you gain a lovely permanent wave—so take advantage of this very special offer right now, before you turn the page.

Save Money! If you send remittance with order, we pay postage.

CHARM-KURL CO.
Dept. 533 • 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota

MAIL THIS COUPON *Toda*

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 533
2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Send me a complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit. On arrival I will pay the postman 59c plus postage. If for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately.

If you want more than one kit, give number here ☐
C.O.D. charges are same as for one kit.

NAME___ ______________________

ADDRESS______________________

CITY__________________________

_____________STATE_____

NOTE: SAVE MONEY. If you send remittance with order we pay postage. Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International money order.

Users Praise CHARM-KURL

LASTED NINE MONTHS ★ "My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent."
Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY ★ "I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."
Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS ★ "I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had."
Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah

PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD ★ "I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."
Miss Betty Moultrop, Wash.

CHARM-KURL CO., St. Paul, Minnesota

NOVEMBER

Movieland

Still 10 CENTS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

THIS IS MYSELF

by

Claudette Colbert

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

COLOR PORTRAITS OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY," SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can This 2-Way VITAMIN Discovery Restore Natural Color to Your GRAY or GRAYING HAIR?

NEW TEST SO EASY IT'S AMAZING!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES *double-action* VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, *natural color!* But first let me tell you what the original PANATES *double-action* vitamin method is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

Panates Is NOT A HAIR DYE

NOTHING TO FEAR . . . NO MESS, NO FUSS

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of *normal* hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feed your system from within. If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray" hair vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

WHEN RESTORED COLOR SHOWS, IT'S NATURAL COLOR

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

A Few of The Scores of Letters From Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over now are taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received. In PANATES there is hope!

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. G. M., of Illinois, says: "My hair was auburn—a very beautiful shade with a lot of red in it. . . . It started to turn gray about seven years go. . . . When I started to take PANATES, the most I hoped for was to have the white hair darken a little but after three weeks of PANATES, imagine my elation when I noticed I was getting some new hair, and believe it or not, it is decidedly red. . . ."

Mrs. V. S., of Michigan, says: "I have used nearly one box of PANATES and can already see some results. . . ."

Mr. J. M. S., of Virginia, says: "I have just used up one thirty-day treatment of PANATES. I was giving them up, but to my surprise I now see a black beard is coming out on my face and it seems like the hair on my head is getting a little darker. . . ."

THIS TRIAL OFFER IS FAIR AND IT CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates' two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty.

You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

SEND NO MONEY

Mail Coupon To Test At Our Risk

Send coupon (or write your order on a sheet of paper) for Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon today, sure.

FREE Booklet

"Vitamins and Gray Hair"

The amazing story of Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin research and discoveries has been compiled in a very interesting and valuable booklet. If your hair is gray, graying, streaked, or off-color and lifeless looking, send for this wonderful booklet. It is yours, free. Mail coupon today.

PANATES COMPANY
Dept. C-207—310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY!

PANATES COMPANY, Dept. C-207
310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Send PANATES (2-way) Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins plus the Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E) as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

NAME............................
(Print plainly)

ADDRESS............................

CITY............... STATE.......

☐ Send Free Booklet
☐ One Month's Supply . . Special $1.79
☐ Three Months' Supply $4.79
☐ 100 Days' Supply $5.00

How You Test at Our Risk

—Read our Guarantee please—

Now you can test amazing PANATES yourself on our iron-clad guarantee. If you are not satisfied with results from the first treatment, you send for your money back on return of the empty package. Don't wait. This is your chance to try PANATES, the Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin treatment that also gives you Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E). Mail this special trial coupon today.

I was an Absentee 3 days each month

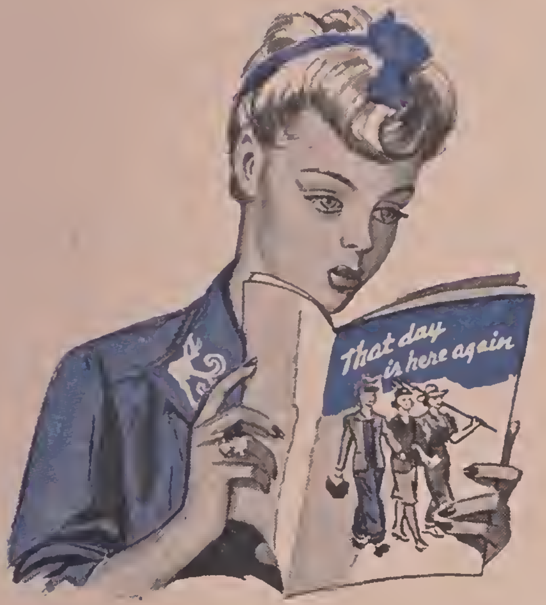
Not that I wanted to be absent, but every month it was the same thing. And not just me, mind you—there are plenty other women in our plant who have to let down on their "problem days".

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

A war-plant nurse reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days"! Quite naturally, she asked the people who sell Kotex* sanitary napkins, who are specialists in this subject, to help find a solution.

And then I learned—

I found the answer—how to feel better by following a few simple do's and don'ts. They're all in this new booklet . . . facts on sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to make your sanitary pad give greater comfort!

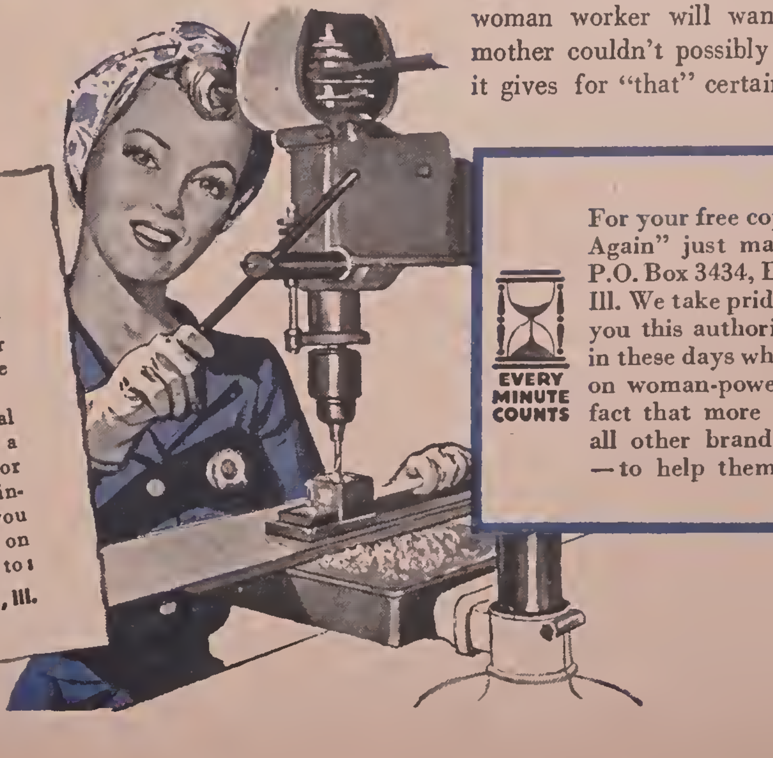

That day is here again

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

"That Day is Here Again" is the new booklet just off the press and free to all women—offered with the compliments of Kotex in the interest of helping workers and aiding the war effort. Send for *your* copy—today!

On the job every day now—

I'm taking a man's place and from now on I'm going to be a round-the-month worker! If you ask me, every woman worker will want this booklet—even your mother couldn't possibly know all the helpful hints it gives for "that" certain time!



TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS

We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Available, too, is a new free manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

For your free copy of "That Day is Here Again" just mail name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. HG-11, Chicago 54, Ill. We take pride that we are able to give you this authoritative information. And in these days when the nation is counting on woman-power, we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going *in comfort.*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We said we had put our Best Foot Forward, but we've got a still better foot. It's "Girl Crazy."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're crazy about "Girl Crazy" for a combination of reasons. We're Gershwin crazy, Mickey Rooney crazy, Judy Garland crazy, Tommy Dorsey crazy.

Some of us old harkers hark back to the original Broadway show and remember "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," "Embraceable You," and other wonderful melodies and lyrics.

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, brethren and sistern, the verdict is in. The screen "Girl Crazy" will delight the harkers-back and delight those butterflies who have recently emerged from the cocoon.

★ ★ ★ ★

From the moment that Mickey meets Judy in that broken-down jalopy and sings "Could You Use Me," the gaiety gets going and keeps going.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Judy sings "They're Writing Songs Of Love But Not For Me," hard hearts melt. When Mickey does his Madison Square Garden routine all sides shake.

★ ★ ★ ★

We can't omit mention of Gil Stratton, "Rags" Ragland, Nancy Walker (remember her in "Best Foot Forward"). Robert E. Strickland, June Allyson and Guy Kibbee. They're a great cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fred Finklehoffe did the screen play from the musical by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan. The great late George Gershwin did the music and brother Ira the lyrics. Norman Taurog directed, Arthur Freed produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tommy Dorsey's lively band. Beautiful girls. Loud comedy. In the words of "I Got Rhythm," could you ask for anything more?

★ ★ ★ ★

The story deals with an eastern playboy who gets a degree in discipline from the wild and woolly campus of an Arizona college.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is a colorful production in typical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer style.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for us

★ ★ ★ ★

We're Girl Crazy. —*Leo*

MOVIELAND

VOL. 1, NO. 10 NOVEMBER, 1943

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Cover by Tom Kelley

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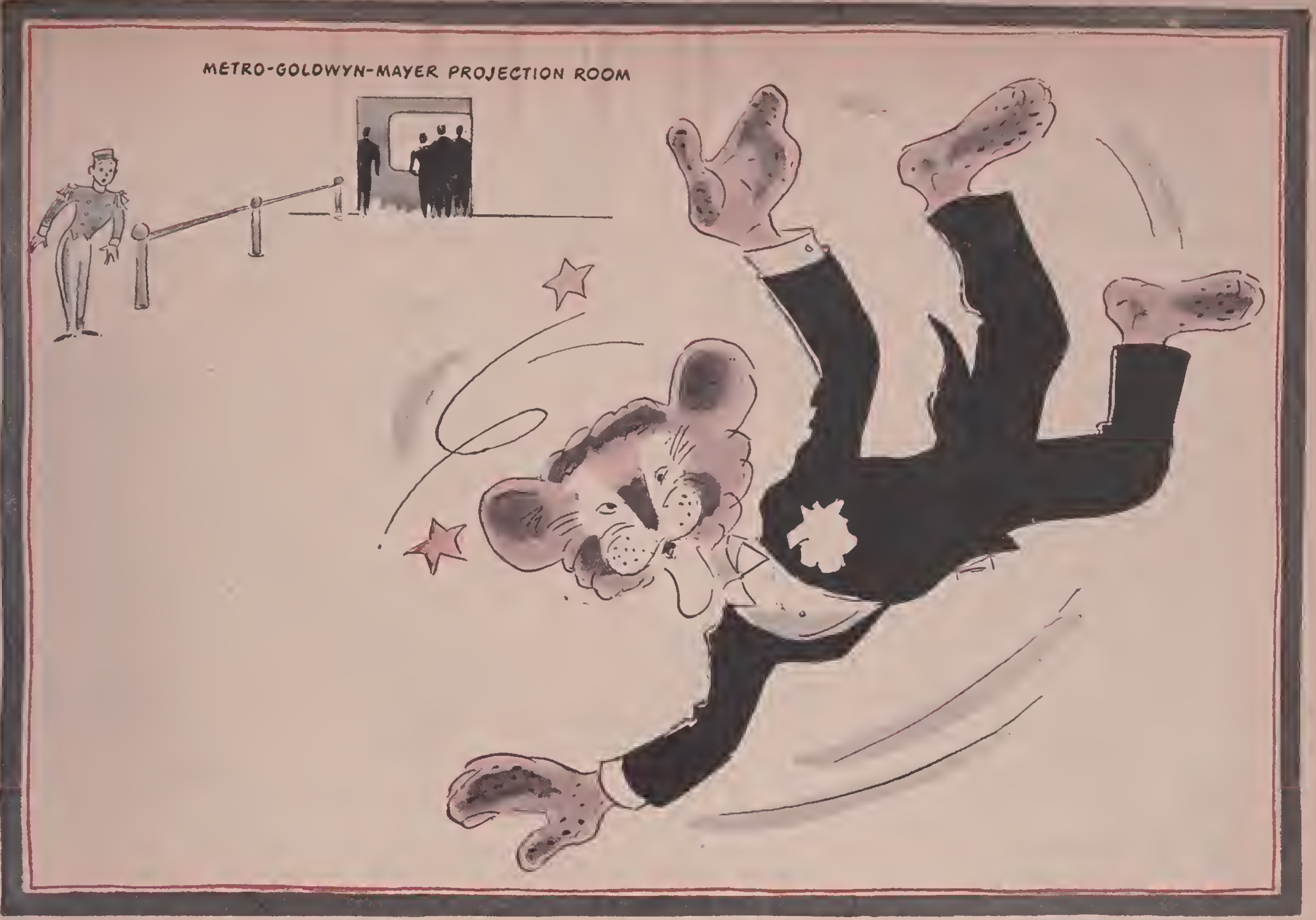


Picture of a Lion going CRAZY with Joy!

He's just seen a preview of **A GEM FROM M-G-M**

the merry musical **GIRL CRAZY**

It is studded with beautiful girls and sparkling with Gershwin music

MICKEY ROONEY
and
JUDY GARLAND
and
TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra

It's got ropin' ridin' and rhythm! It's got dancin' romancin' and it's a riot!

with GIL STRATTON · "RAGS" RAGLAND · NANCY WALKER · ROBERT E. STRICKLAND
JUNE ALLYSON · GUY KIBBEE · Screen Play by Fred Finklehoffe · Based Upon Musical Play "Girl Crazy" by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan · Music by George Gershwin · Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG · Produced by ARTHUR FREED · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

IT'S GOT BROADWAY FLAIR AND A WESTERN AIR!

It's a
BIG PICTURE

IT COULDN'T BE BIGGER
IT COULDN'T BE BETTER

It's Perfect Entertainment

The Screen's Most Beautiful Blonde
Vera Hruba Ralston

ICE-CAPADES REVUE

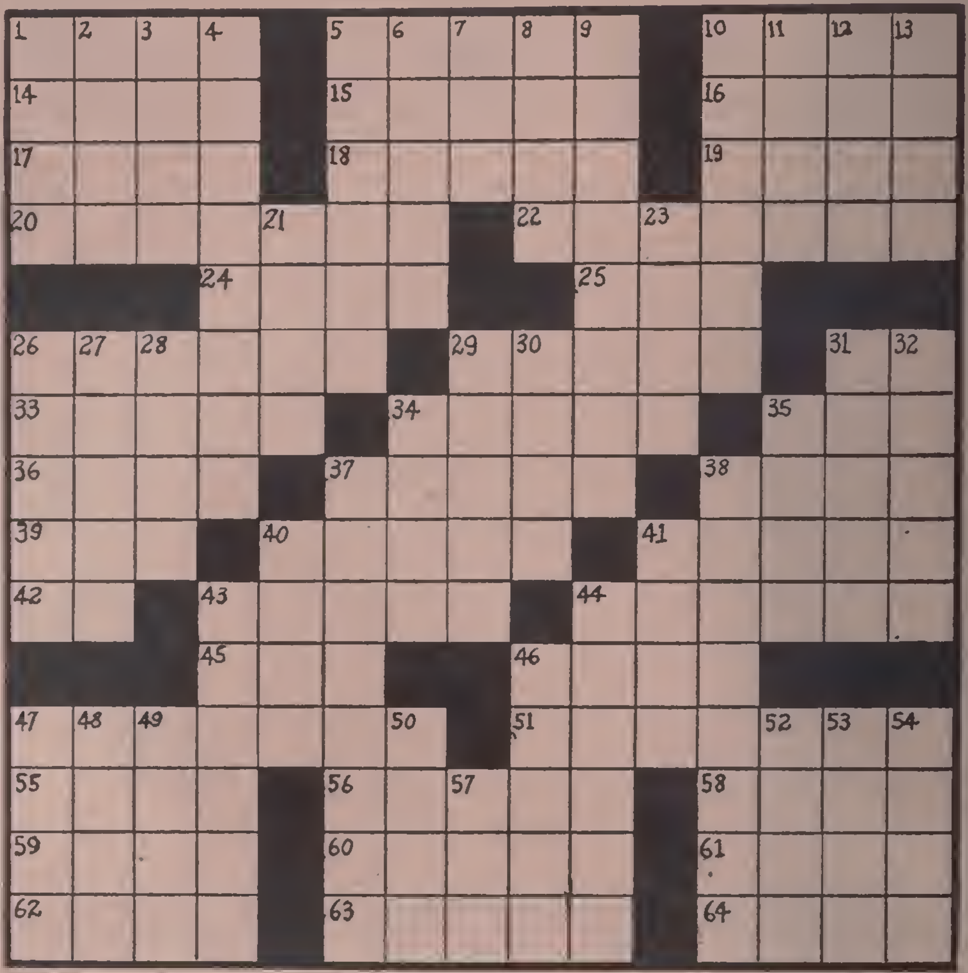
with
Ellen Drew
Richard Denning
Jerry Colonna
Barbara Jo Allen
(Vera Vague)
Harold Huber
Marilyn Hare
Bill Shirley
and
THE ICE-CAPADES COMPANY
featuring
Megan Taylor
Lois Dworshak
Donna Atwood

Watch for
IN OLD OKLAHOMA
—a big picture, glorifying the romantic pioneer spirit of America

Back the Attack–
Buy War Bonds
and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Spencer Tracy won an "oscar" for "- - - - Town"
5. "- - - - - in the Sky"
10. Steep, rugged rock
14. Opposite of aweather
15. Mounted
16. She is in "The Meanest Man in the World"
17. Fabricator
18. Fail to follow suit (var.)
19. "It - - - - Hay"
20. "Carolyn Brent" in "China"
22. "- - - - - - - Amigos"
24. Author and director of "In Which We Serve"
25. Small child
26. She is in "Crossroads"
29. Bette Davis stars in "Watch on the - - - - -"
31. American correspondent in "Once Upon a Honeymoon" (inits.)
33. Positive electric pole
34. Miss Barrymore
35. Long
36. "Little - - - - s of Freedom"
37. Anthropoid ape
38. "The - - - - the Merrier"
39. "Ruggles of - - - Gap"
40. Imitating
41. Estimate
42. Walter Huston is "- - Stensgard" in "Edge of Darkness"
43. Proficient
44. "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man" is a - - - - - - film
45. Pronoun
46. He sings in "Star Spangled Rhythm"
47. Whose husband is Gary in "The Pride of the Yankees?"
51. Prefigures
55. Freezer
56. Mole gray
58. Talk extravagantly
59. Part of the leg
60. Aquatic mammal
61. She and her husband, Charles, are in "Forever and a Day"
62. Sharpen a razor
63. Carol - - - - - "The Young Mr. Pitt"
64. Adolescence: - - - - age

DOWN

1. Lucille - - - -
2. Hodgepodge
3. "Woman of the - - - -"
4. "Footlight - - - - - - - -"
5. Henry Fonda in "The Ox-Bow Incident"
6. Pertaining to scope
7. Tunisian cape
8. Egyptian goddess
9. Nullifying
10. He is in "Casablanca"
11 "Tonight We - - - - Calais"
12 - - - - Domini
13. "Henry Aldrich - - - - Glamour"
21. Lacerated
23. Stars with Clark in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
26. "Sam Weaver" in "Hello, Frisco, Hello"
27. Genus of geese
28. Fashion
29. Laughing
30. "- - - - men Also Die"
31. "Strange - - - - -"
32. "Paula" in "Random Harvest"
34. Fall in drops
35. "The - - - - Horsemen of the Apocalypse"
37. Motion-picture projectionist
38. The mayor's wife in "The Moon is Down"
40. Fruit drinks
41. "- - - - With the Wind"
43. He is in "My Sister Eileen"
44. Concealers
46. Two-footed
47. Movie based on Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories
48. Response
49. Restrain
50. Glut
52. "A - - - - of Two Cities"
53. First word in the motto of Massachusetts
54. One of the "Air Raid Wardens"
57. Shoshonean Indian

(For Solution See Page 82)

BIRTHDAY PARTY

GLORIA De HAVEN had a birthday party. (She's the girl you want to be sure to see in MGM's "Two Sisters and a Sailor"—coming soon.) But anyway, Gloria de Haven had a birthday party—her nineteenth birthday. (Also, her dad is the ex-musical comedy star, Carter de Haven.) And to this party came quite a few other people you know.

Left to right—Bunny Walters, Dezi Arnaz, Lucille Ball, Gloria, Gene Kelly, Producer Arthur Freed, and Marjorie de Haven.

Keenan Wynn, Bunny Walters, and Donald O'Connor seem to be studying something intricate.

The Gene Kellys gang up on Hugh Martin with a good story, it looks like.

Dezi fastens the clasp on Gloria's gold chain. Carter de Haven, Jr. doesn't seem much concerned.

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The watch that saw service in two world wars

Purchased before the first World War, this Longines gold strap watch served a Canadian officer through four years of hard fighting in France. It ticked the seconds for the zero hour at Vimy Ridge "Hill 70" and in many another notable battle. The war over, it traveled with its owner in the Arctic by sled, schooner and airplane, from Hudson Bay almost to the Pole.

Now after almost 30 years of active and adventurous use, it has already seen a year of service in the *second* World War, still a faithful timepiece . . . an old and valued friend.

It is to untold thousands of similar experiences that Longines Watches owe their priceless reputation for keeping good time for a long, long time.

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The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pt. Of.

INSIDE
HOLLYWOOD

Now it can be told! The mighty epic story of adventure, courage and glory in the desert...SAHARA ...starring the great action star of "Casablanca"... HUMPHREY BOGART. Its tender human emotion and matchless thrills will give you a memorable entertainment experience.

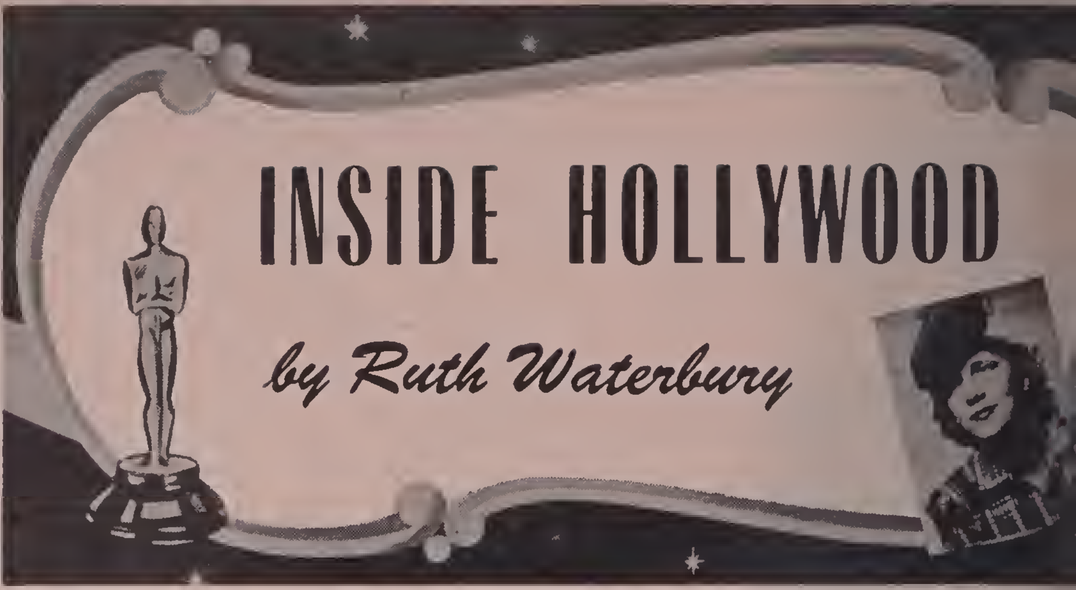
* * * * * *

The suspense is terrific.. the action is thrilling... the-man-to-man drama is tender as a woman's heart. That's DESTROYER...the stirring story of 200 Americans aboard "a hunk of tin with a heart"... starring Edward G. Robinson with Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman sharing the love-interest. See it for thrills!

* * * * * *

For rollicking, uproarious laughter see "MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK" Charles "Dingle" Coburn is the star in this story of a visiting celebrity whose stomach was the apple of his eye. We recommend it as the laughing successor to "The More The Merrier". It's got that TINGLE!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THESE COLUMBIA PICTURES



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

THE BOYS LEAVE TOWN

One of the most charming things to happen in Hollywood for a long time was the exit of the "This Is The Army" boys. They left from the front of Hollywood High School between the hours of eight and ten o'clock one evening.

As a farewell gesture, as they loaded into the trucks, they sang "Pagliacci" at the top of their lungs. Almost unnoticed in the large crowd of girls seeing the boys off were some very outstanding movie stars who had made friends with the kids while they were here. Ruth Warrick took time from her rehearsal of the "Orson Welles Magic Show;" Joan Leslie with her two sisters and mother came down to bid a fond farewell. Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Mayo Methot, were shaking hands with all the kids, and over in one truck was Olivia de Havilland, whom the boys were determined to kidnap.

Finally everything was straightened out, and the mighty army trucks rolled off down Sunset Boulevard to the train with the boys singing their sad, sad opera music which eventually died out in the distance.

Many of the boys made lifelong friends in the film colony. Some of them may return after the war to take up film careers, but all of them are welcome at any time in Hollywood, for they are a grand bunch of kids. The show has now been broken up into smaller units so that the boys can go overseas to entertain our boys abroad, some in England, some in North Africa, and all our other battle fronts.

(*Continued on page* 12)

Pilar and Maria together socially—Paxinou and Bergman at Emil Coleman's opening at the Macambo with Paxinou's husband, Alexis Minatis.

IT'S SWEET BETTY Oh GRABLE,

In Her-And The Screen's Greatest M-M-Musical!

THE story's as great as the stars! The stars are as glorious as the songs! It's the year's *spectacular* treat!

Don't you dare miss the bath tub scene!

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

IN TECHNICOLOR!

BETTY GRABLE
ROBERT YOUNG
ADOLPHE MENJOU

Reginald GARDINER
Virginia GREY
Phil REGAN

Directed by
IRVING CUMMINGS
Produced by
WILLIAM PERLBERG
Screen Play by
Ken Englund

Mack Gordon and Harry Warren songs: "My Heart Tells Me," "The Wishing Waltz," "My Sam," "Goin' to the County Fair." Plus the immortal "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

Watch for this BIG ONE
from 20th Century-Fox to be followed by

★ ORSON WELLES
JOAN FONTAINE
in
Charlotte Bronte's
"JANE EYRE"

★ ALICE FAYE
CARMEN MIRANDA
PHIL BAKER
BENNY GOODMAN
and his Orchestra
in THE GANG'S ALL HERE
in Technicolor

★ RICHARD TREGASKIS'
GUADALCANAL DIARY

★ MAUREEN O'HARA
JOEL McCREA
in BUFFALO BILL
in Technicolor

★ FRANZ WERFEL'S
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

What a Young Wife Should Know To Safeguard Happiness

Improved New Feminine Hygiene Way gives continuous action for hours!

● It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and injure delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Well informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors—the new safe, convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 8101-A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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~ SO CONVENIENT

Movieland's NEW PICTURE GUIDE

CLAUDIA **(20th Century-Fox)** is a delightful domestic comedy, sensitively and brightly written, played, and directed. Rose Franken, who wrote the stage version from a series of her magazine sketches, has affectionately delved into the fundamentals of American living to tell how one child wife awakened to the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood. Claudia is completely the naive child when her curiosity about her sex appeal leads her to allow herself to be kissed by a neighboring Englishman. But she grows up suddenly when she learns that soon she will bring a new life into the world and that her beloved mother's days are numbered.

Dorothy McGuire, who created the title role on Broadway, makes a brilliant screen debut in the film version. The always reliable Robert Young cleverly plays her husband. Ina Claire is fine as Claudia's valiant mother, Reginald Gardiner amusing as the Englishman, and Olga Baclanova as an opera star.

A LADY TAKES A CHANCE **(RKO-Radio)** takes place in the strangely nostalgic pre-war, preration, pre-shortages period of 1938. Honestly it is as long ago as that when Jean Arthur, a New York working girl, saved up for a transcontinental bus tour to see the Wonders of the West—"Fourteen Breathless Days of Romance and Adventure. All Expenses Paid." Only there wasn't any romance, and there wasn't any adventure until the girl met John Wayne at an Oregon rodeo. Then she missed her bus, and the romantic adventures that befell her have not been caught so deftly on the screen since "It Happened One Night."

Jean Arthur, fresh from her success in "The More the Merrier," is grand as the working girl on vacation. John Wayne is able as the laconic rodeo star, and Charles Winninger splendid as his older saddle-mate. "A Lady Takes a Chance" is for your recommended picture list.

JOHNNY COME LATELY **(United Artists)** is James Cagney's first appearance for the independent producing company he and his brother, Bill, organized. The story selected to star Cagney is quite off the beaten path. You may have read it as a Louis Bromfield novel entitled "McLeod's Folly." Cagney smartly plays a wandering newspaper man who stops off in a small town in 1906 long enough to straighten out the affairs of a charming old lady. She is the publisher of the local paper and is being victimized by a crooked political ring. She lacks the strength to fight these politicians until Cagney vigorously takes over her paper.

The gracious charm of this picture is a reflection of the quality Grace George brings to her enchanting portrayal of Mrs. McLeod. For many years a stage star, Miss George finally debuts in Hollywood. She must be persuaded to continue on the screen. Among others who are worthy of note in the film are Marjorie Main and Hattie McDaniel. The proceedings may be a little slow for some tastes, but will be relished by admirers of early Americana. (*Continued on page* 71)

IN BRIEF REVIEW

LET'S FACE IT *(Paramount)* is nothing more than a musical version of "The Cradle Snatchers," always an offensive comedy idea. It has been modernized by having the middle-aged wives hire soldiers as escorts who may make their philandering husbands jealous. Just a silly waste of Bob Hope and Betty Hutton, who deserve better consideration.

DESTROYER *(Columbia)* can be hailed as one of the most human stories of the U. S. Navy since war began. It begins with the laying of the ship's keel and follows through to her fight with the Japs. Edward G. Robinson, Glenn Ford, and Edgar Buchanan.

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED *(Universal)* stirringly salutes the Fighting Sons of Texas A & M, an American college that now has more than six thousand graduates serving as officers in the U. S. armed forces. Why the school turns out crack officers is told through the experiences of Richard Quine and Noah Beery, Jr., as undergraduates.

THE SEVENTH VICTIM *(RKO-Radio)* will send shivers down the spines of those who enjoy having their spines chilled. It is a psychological horror yarn about a secret society of devil worshippers and very well performed by newcomers Kim Hunter and Tom Conway, the former as a girl seeking her sister, the latter as a psychiatrist.

FRONTIER BADMEN *(Universal)* tells a bang-up, big-time tale of the old West which is of strangely contemporary interest inasmuch as it deals with beef. You'll like Robert Paige, Anne Gwynne, Lon Chaney, Andy Devine, and Leo Carrillo in the action, and Diana Barrymore plays a lady gambler.

SALUTE TO THE MARINES *(MGM)* treats of Wallace Beery's plight when he thinks he is going to be retired as the only non-combatant Marine in history. He gets his discharge in the Philippines without having seen foreign battle service. Then the war, in Technicolor, comes to him. It's only average Beery.

THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER *(MGM)* but for the grace of its locale would have been another Beery picture. So Charles Laughton plays the veteran of World War I who finds he is too old for the current war. The main points of interest in a dull story are the Australian background and an excellent performance of a prize fighter by Richard Carlson.

We Want You!

WE WARNER BROS. STARS WANT YOU TO SEE HOW MUCH TUNE-FILLED FUN A MOTION PICTURE CAN BE!!! SO GET SET FOR THE SINGIN'EST LAUGHIN'EST, HAPPIEST SHOW ON FILM!

(SIGNED)

Humphrey Bogart Eddie Cantor Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland Errol Flynn,
John Garfield Joan Leslie
Dennis Morgan Ida Lupino
Ann Sheridan Dinah Shore
Alexis Smith

WARNER BROS.' Wonder-Entertunement!

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS

with

GEORGE TOBIAS · JACK CARSON · ALAN HALE · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

S. Z. SAKALL · HATTIE McDANIEL SPIKE JONES AND HIS CITY SLICKERS Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by Norman Panama & Melvin Frank and James V. Kern • From an Original Story by Everett Freeman and Arthur Schwartz

songs! Songs! Songs! SONGS!

'THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS'
'THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD'
'ICE COLD KATIE'
'GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NEIGHBOR'
'I'M RIDIN' FOR A FALL'
'HOW SWEET YOU ARE'
'LOVE ISN'T BORN'
'THE DREAMER'
and many more!

It's ga-ga-great!
It's ha-ha-happy!
It's woo-woo-wonderful!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

. . . and very unselfishly, as most of you fellows and girls in the armed services know. Just for more black and white proof of this entertainment, we're giving you three pictures. Top—Judy Garland singing at the Hollywood Canteen. And below—Lee Bowman jitterbugging with a WAC at Fort MacArthur, and George Raft signing autographs at the Fort. See the picture of Grable over George's head?

COTTEN TO COTTEN

The other night Joseph Cotten was impatiently waiting for Mrs. Cotten to finish dressing so they could be on their way to a nearby camp where the actor, along with Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, was to entertain. To hurry things along, Cotten got the car out of the garage. He honked his horn a few times, but there was no response, so he settled himself for a long wait.

When finally Mrs. Cotten joined him, he gently took her hand in his and said softly, "You know, dear, if I should die before you do, just remember this: I'll be up there—" and the actor gazed dramatically at the heavens, "wanting you, missing you, needing you, and waiting for you—AS USUAL!"

MOVIE STARS HARD TO GET AT?

By way of contrast, Judy Canova is a lead pipe cinch for the boys who know her.

The other day a charming Major Hack from Sheppard Field in Texas came into Hollywood. It was his first visit and he was admittedly goggle-eyed about seeing the film town. His one film acquaintance was Judy Canova who had visited his camp.

He was informed that the only way to get to a movie star was to call the publicity department of her studio and ask them to call her and then perhaps she might call back. This he did.

In ten minutes the hospitable Canova was on the phone. She arranged for hotel rooms, which the boys couldn't get as the town was filled up, invited them for dinner at her house, took them night clubbing and introduced them to numerous movie stars.

The Major and his friends had a wonderful three days in the film town, thanks to Judy, and went away singing Hollywood's praises. She had promised that if they came to Hollywood, she would show them a good time, and she stuck to her promise.

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a warm and lovely thing to know and to watch. For the past five years there has been a triumvirate of friends on the Warner lot who have been inseparable during high water and closeups. They are Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan, and Howard Shoup. Shoup was the designer at the studio who rose to prominence with the girls. He is now a corporal in the Army and stationed near Fresno, two hundred miles from Hollywood. Howard wrote to Ann that he liked the camp and the Army life, but that he felt sorry for the boys there as they had had no entertainment for nine months.

He was delightfully surprised when he came to Hollywood for a week-end leave one Friday night and found the two girls waiting at a friend's house for him.

He was more surprised when they loaded him into Ann's car and headed back to Fresno. The girls had decided that they would do a personal appearance at the camp because of his letters and had waited until he came to Hollywood to escort them back to camp.

They each wore dresses that Shoup had designed for them to wear in pictures and gave the boys a full hour show.

HOLLYWOOD LOSES GRABLE

Honestly, Betty Grable is going to give up movies as soon as she finishes "Pin-Up Girl" for Twentieth Century-Fox. The reason is that she, Mrs. Harry James, is going to have a baby, and maybe Betty isn't all thrilled and happy! She's excited as only she can be excited about anything. Maybe she'll come back to the screen afterwards . . . maybe not.

PATRIOTIC AMERICAN WIFE

It is no more than many another American wife is doing, but happening across Mrs. Robert Montgomery the other day, I felt that a very special bow goes to her and the Hollywood women like her. Betty, who before the war was as cute a girl as you would find in the entire film colony, had great rings of fatigue below her eyes on the day I bumped into her.

The night before, she explained, was her night at the aircraft warning service. At five a.m. she had to meet her daughter Elizabeth returning from summer camp.

But Mrs. Montgomery beamed when she explained how she was to go up to visit Bob, temporarily stationed in Seattle, that close to home for the first time since he entered service.

"Frances Fonda was there, picking up her child from the same camp this morning," Betty explained. "She bucked me up tremendously by looking just as sleepy as I did."

Not a word of complaint out of Betty because the Montgomerys had to sell their exquisite Holmby Hills estate in order to live on Bob's Naval pay. No nonsense out of her about having to do most of her own maid work currently And most certainly, Betty never mentions the very long hours she spends at the Red Cross Blood Bank, trying to find blood donors. Like husband Bob Montgomery, she just believes in doing all she can every moment of the time to help our country.

HOW TO RENT A HOUSE

This is Lynn Bari's own story. She had rented a house in Stone Canyon, Bel-Air and when she wanted to move out was stuck with a year's lease. A friend recommended a certain real estate woman, saying she was wonderful about getting good tenants. The woman came out, consulted Lynn, looked the house over and told her it would be rented inside of two days. It was. Lynn found the ad in the morning newspapers.

"Movie star's house for rent. Movie star will show you through personally."

Lynn did.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Left—Lt. Bob Preston and wife. Bob on his first leave back home ... and see the eager look his bride is giving him. And right, Bill Lundigan, back on his first furlough, goes out dancing with his most particular girl, Marguerite Chapman.

TRY Tayton's Cake Make-up FOR NEW GLAMOUR

MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Hollywood Film Favorite

HERE'S Tayton's Techna-Tint—the new magic in make-up, to give you the alluringly smooth, romantic complexion of your dreams! You'll be enchanted with Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-up—the very last word in glamorous make-up from Hollywood.

The special feature of this exciting new Cake Make-up is its non-drying effect on the skin. Tayton's goes on perfectly in a new way that prevents any harsh or masked effect. It seems like a living veil of loveliness, helping to hide tiny blemishes and flattering your complexion with a soft, natural-looking glow.

Once you apply Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-up, the favorite with so many in Hollywood, your skin looks flawlessly smooth and glowingly fresh for hours without retouching. Try it today and see! Ask for

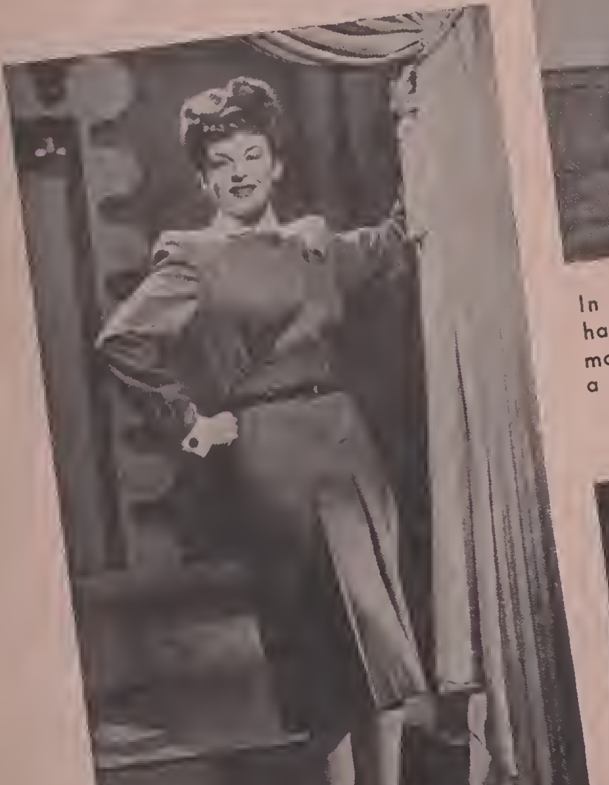
TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP
KEEPS YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

LARGE SIZE 39¢
Six Lovely Shades
Guest Sizes 25¢ and 10¢ at your 10¢ counter

TAYTON'S
CAKE
MAKE-UP

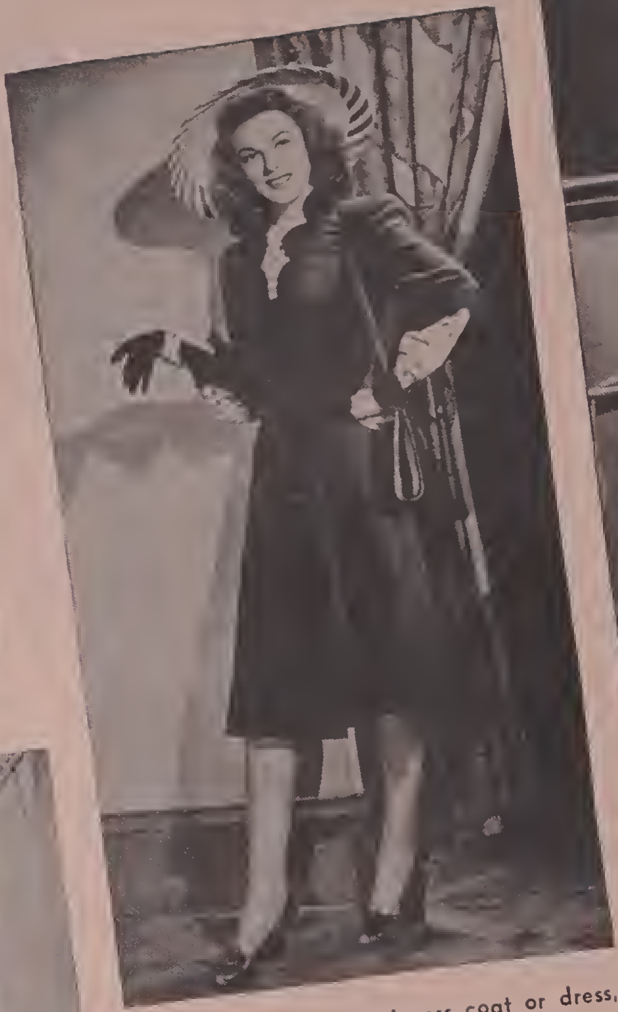
Tayton HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

THESE FASHIONS are PATRIOTIC

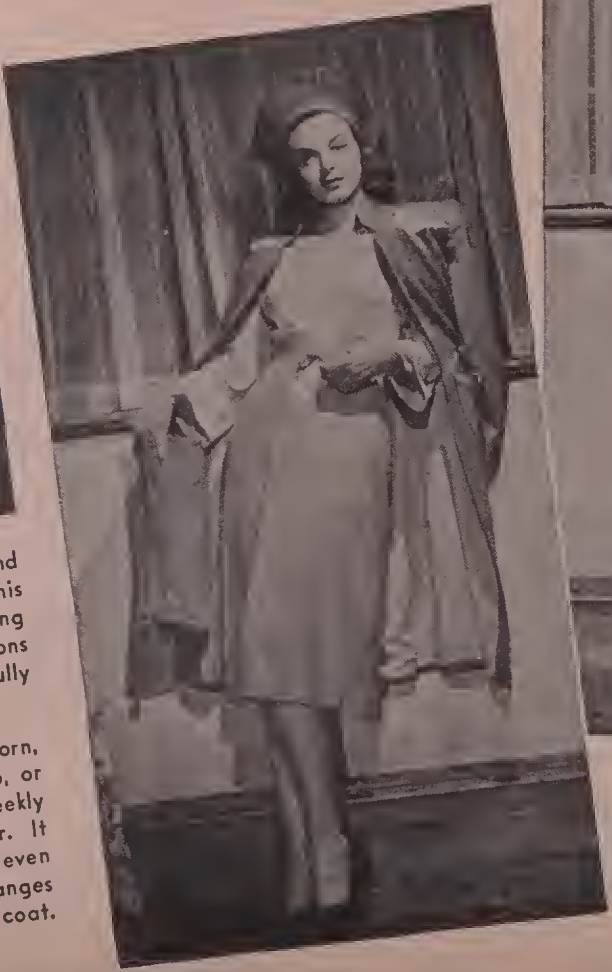


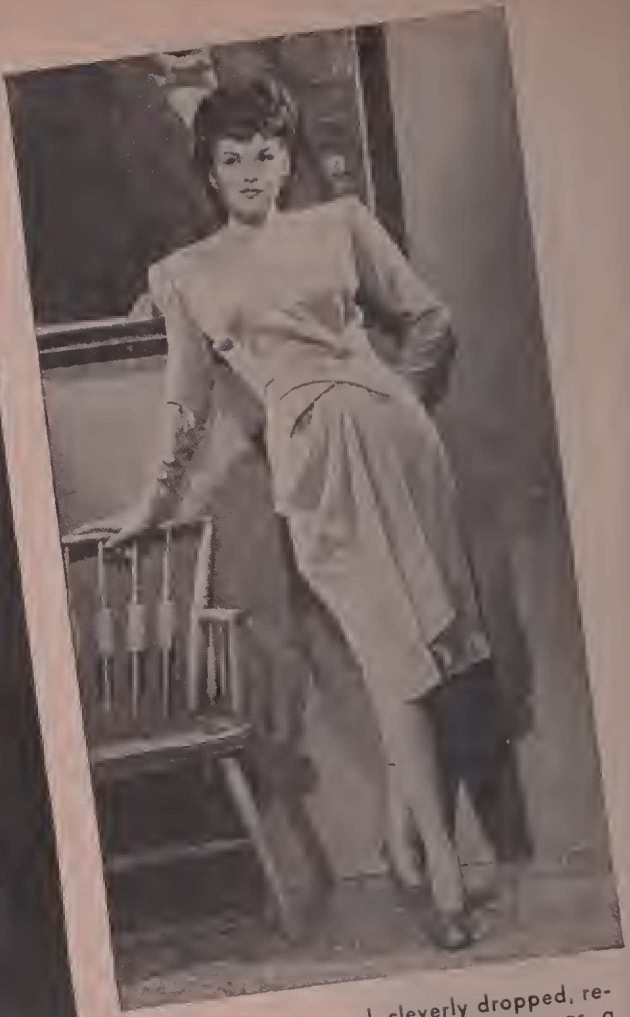
Marguerite Chapman, Columbia's new and fast-ascending glamour girl, designed this dress and all her new fall wardrobe, keeping all our government's new style limitations severely in mind. Yet what a delightfully smart result she achieved.

The above all-day dress can be worn, equally smartly, to an office for the job, or to the dinner date for fun. It fastens sleekly even without the dear, departed zipper. It uses non-priority buttons, gets fullness even with narrow pleats, and is a gem for changes of accessories and to wear under a fur coat.

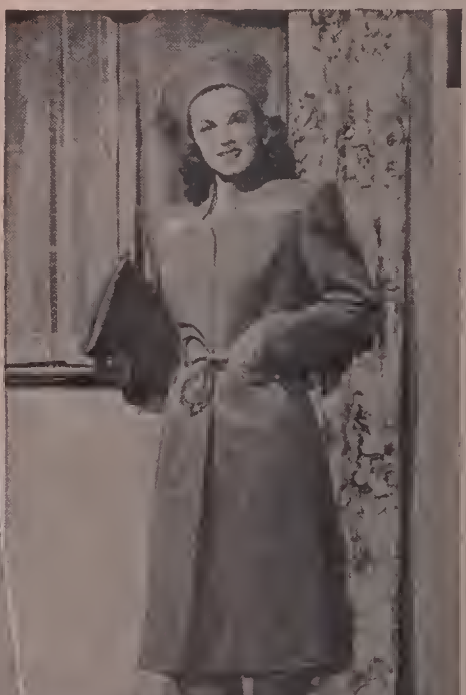


In case you have a princess coat or dress, hanging about in your wardrobe, you can make it very new and charming by adding a peppermint striped dickey and sleeves.





A dusty pink light wool, cleverly dropped, requires only one big, covered button as a fastening. Watch for Marguerite next in "Appointment in Berlin."



Above and to the left—There is not an inch of wasted fabric in this two-tone gray wool ensemble on which little bows are used as fastenings.

TWO MINDS . . . BUT WITH DIFFERENT IDEAS!

To him love's a dizzy detour on a road curving back to freedom. To her it's a one way trail to the altar. Hang on tight, folks . . . it'll be rough going . . . but funny!

FRANK
ROSS
presents

"A Lady Takes a Chance"

Starring

Jean ARTHUR • John WAYNE

"THE MORE THE MERRIER" GIRL . . . IN THE MORE THE MERRIER KIND OF PICTURE!

with **CHARLES WINNINGER • PHIL SILVERS**

Produced by FRANK ROSS • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • Original Story by Jo Swerling

RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

WORDS of MUSIC

By JILL WARREN

DIG me, public dear, Another month and another sounding-off on my part. Thanks for the fan letters, which I am answering to each of you individually and personally, I hope. On that letter routine, remember I like to get them. Send them in to me at Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, and I will make with the answers. Last month practically all you asked me was what was with Frank Sinatra, but you must have questions you wanted answered on people besides Frank. So write and I'll reply.

Meanwhile here's a few answers to your musical questions before you even knew you were worrying about the subject.

THE TUNEFILMS:

At the rate Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going, they'll soon have more musicians under contract than actors. Both the Dorseys, Jimmy and Tommy, Bob Crosby, Vaughn Monroe, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Spike Jones, and Guy Lombardo are now on the weekly payroll. Metro's latest musical film, "Girl Crazy," gives us the Tommy Dorsey band again plus Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.

Mickey does a piano solo with the band, but unlike most movie heroes who play an instrument for the camera, Mickey really plays, and good, too.

All the Gershwin tunes from the original New York show are still there plus a couple of new ones. And wait until you see T.D. in cowboy togs!

Harry James has finished his first picture for MGM, "Mr. Co-Ed," in which he shares honors with Red Skelton, and they are rushing his second one, as yet untitled, before he has to report to his draft board for induction . . . Twentieth Century-Fox's musical frozen pudding, "Wintertime," has Sonja Henie ice skating to Woody Herman's music. The band is featured in two numbers, "Later Tonight," a pretty ballad, and "Wintertime."

After the first few days shooting on "Pin-Up Girl," the Betty Grable starrer, the powers that be decided that Charlie Spivak's part should be enlarged, so they gave him additional lines and another number to do. Which should certainly please the Spivak fans. Everybody on the set was ribbing Betty, telling her she was surrounded by trumpet players; working all day with Spivak and then Harry James to go home to. . . . R.K.O.'s "The Sky's The Limit" is distinguished by its wonderful Johnny Mercer-Harold Arlen score. The tunes can't miss being on the hit parade. The prettiest one is "My Shining Hour," which is also used as a theme all through the picture. Then there is a torcher entitled "One For My Baby," which should turn out to be a sequel to Mercer's "Blues In The Night."

Universal has a laugh riot in their new Olsen and Johnson musical, "Crazy House." They set out to kid Hollywood about itself, and what a great job they do of it. The finale includes such musicalights as Count Basie and his band, The Modernaires, Marion Hutton, and The De Marcos. . . .

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC?

Although the record situation vs. the labor situation is still up in the air, the recording companies have managed to come through with some releases which were made before the ban went on, plus a few sans musicians. . . . Victor offers Perry Como as an answer to Dick Haymes and Frank Sinatra. His first sides are "Goodbye, Sue" and "There'll Soon Be A Rainbow" with choral background.

Decca's new release should sell a million copies. It's Bing Crosby doing the two hit tunes from his picture "Dixie"—"Sunday, Monday, or Always" and "If You Please." Bing is in excellent voice, and is backed up by the Ken Darby singers, with no orchestral accompaniment whatsoever. But the band isn't even missed. Darby has done such fine things with vocal effects that you'll almost think you're hearing guitars, violins, and a string bass.

The Capitol Folks have a low-down blues disc by a colored gen-

Right—Honeymooners Harry James and Betty Grable at Jimmy Dorsey's opening at the Palladium.

tleman named T-Bone Walker. The tunes are "Mean Old World" and "I Gotta Break, Baby." T-Bone's style is a little like Joe Turner's, which is a compliment. . . . They are also releasing a new side by Martha Tilton. It's the good old standby "Comin' Through the Rye" swing-arranged by Gordon Jenkins and the band, and possibly the best record Martha has ever made. . . .

EARMARKS OF HITS:

There seems to be no stopping Frank Loesser. After his wonderful tunes from "Thank Your Lucky Stars," he comes up with a new one which everyone will be singing before long—"What Do You Do In The Infantry?" It is dedicated to the Infantry forces of the United States Army, and I'll be surprised if they don't adopt it as their official song.

From the pen of Duke Ellington we have a beautiful thing in "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me." Harry James introduced it on the air with Helen Forrest singing the lyrics, and I don't think it can escape the Hit Parade. "My Heart Tells Me" is a haunting ballad by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren from the picture "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." The Andrews Sisters have been doing a song on their theatre tour called "Send Me a Man, Amen!" which is a solid sender. It brought down the house at every show at the New York Paramount Theatre, which is a pretty good indication that it'll be a hit. The girls also introduced another tune which might well become known as K.P. theme song. It was written by Corporal Sid Robin of the "This Is The Army" show, and its title speaks for itself—"Peelin' Those Potatoes, Slicin' Those Tomatoes, Liftin' Up Those Garbage Can Blues."

The sensation of the juke boxes has been a little hill-billy ditty called "Pistol Packin' Mamma" written by Al Dexter and recorded on the Okeh label by Dexter and his Troopers. The sheet music sales have been terrific, and it looks like it will turn out to be another "Deep In The Heart of Texas."

JAM NOTES:

Benny Goodman's next picture for Twentieth Century-Fox will be "King of Swing"—the story of Benny's own life. It was written by Richard English, the well-known magazine and film writer, who has done so many fine stories on musicians.

Freddy Slack, who disbanded his orchestra in July, has had a change of heart and reorganized. Freddy was suffering from an old professional ailment, agency trouble, but now he is all straightened around and is playing theatres across the country. He has a new singer, Peggy Goodwin, and he thinks he may have another, Ella Mae Morse, on his hands. The Andrews Sisters' next musical for Universal will be, of all things, a western, and is tentatively titled "Sailors on Horseback."

Marion Hutton, who sang with Glenn Miller until Glenn dissolved his band and accepted a captaincy

Above—Leopold Stokowski turns disc jockey and helps Don Otis swing a platter on his record show.

Left—Our Queen of Swing meets the King of Swoon—Jill Warren meets Frank Sinatra at Pasadena on the mad occasion of his Hollywood arrival. Details will be given next month in Words of Music.

in the Army, has been ticketed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her first role will be with Harry James in "Mr. Co-Ed." Jimmy Engler, former vocalist with Johnny Long's orchestra, has been nabbed by Twentieth Century-Fox and has already been given a dramatic part in "Guadalcanal Diary." Twentieth also signed Dick Haymes to a seven-year contract to start as soon as he finishes his New York night club engagements. Perry Como, who went out on his own after the Ted Weems band went into the Merchant Marine, was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox. It looks as if Frank Sinatra really started something!

Jimmy Dorsey's Hollywood Palladium opening was one of the biggest in the Palladium's history, with all Jimmy's fellow band leaders turning out to greet him. Brother Tommy was there with his new bride, Pat Dane, and Harry James was with his new bride, Betty Grable. Also present were Charlie Spivak, Lt. Rudy Vallee, Eddie Miller, Corporal David Rose, Matty Malneck, and Stanley Kenton. And it's the best band Jimmy's ever had.

Hugh Martin and Ralph Blaine, the youthful songwriting team who burst into fame with their "Best Foot Forward" score on Broadway, have been signed to a termer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Their first assignment is to write the songs for Judy Garland's next one, "Meet Me In St. Louis." . . . MGM made Tommy Dorsey a terrific offer to sign with them as musical adviser and director, but so far Tommy has turned it down. It would mean giving up his band.

Did you know that Dr. Leopold Stokowski is a swing fan and really goes for jazz music? I didn't either, until I happened to tune in one night to Don Otis' record show on a local Los Angeles Station, KFAC. It seems that Dr. Stokowski was delegated by the Office of War Information to prepare a transcription on the birth and development of jazz music to be broadcast to the troops overseas.

He called upon Don to help him rig up some old collectors' items, and because of Don's aid he paid a personal visit to Otis' show. He was on the air for an hour and introduced and played what he considered to be ten representative records showing the development of jazz music, and went on to explain why he had picked those ten.

Here are the titles and the recording artists: "Tiger Rag" by the Original Dixieland Five, "Sensation" by Fletcher Henderson's band, "West End Blues" by Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five, "Farewell Blues" by Eddie Lang and Joe Venuti and their All Stars, Duke Ellington's "It Don't Mean a Thing," Jimmy Lunceford's "Organ Grinder's Swing," Artie Shaw's "Begin The Beguine," "Woodchopper's Ball" by Woody Herman's band, Tommy Dorsey's "Song of India" and Harry James' "Strictly Instrumental."

"Jazz is an important part of our folk music," said "Stoky"—"It has no tradition, no limitations—so it will go on forever developing as long as musicians give free rein to their imaginations. Jazz is unique. There has never been anything like it. In this kind of music the United States is second to none in the whole world."

Thanks for those kind words, Dr. Stokowski. I'm sure you have made many new friends for swing music, as well as for yourself.

THE END

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE . . . . . .

$5.00 LETTER

Let me tell you what we think of one of Hollywood's most famous actors, Henry Fonda. I just came from San Diego where "Hank" is going to the Navy's quartermaster school. I slept in the bunk next to him for about one week and talked to him on numerous occasions.

Above all he's quiet and minds his own business. He doesn't have that air of being a very important fellow. If you couldn't see his face, you'd say he was just another gob.

He knows what he wants in the Navy, and he's getting it the hard way. No doubt he could have pulled strings and come in as an officer or with a rating. But he's going to school as a first class seaman and trying to get his rating that way. We respect him for this. He's easy to get along with as long as you treat him just as you would any of your other shipmates. He's going to go up fast.

Merton E. Ford EM 3/c
Receiving Ship
Treasure Island
San Francisco, Calif.

$5.00 LETTER

A few months ago when I was stationed at Harlingen Army Gunnery School in Texas as a driver in the Quartermaster Corps, I was called out to drive early one Sunday morning. This made me mad because it was the first Sunday I had had off for some time.

I was told to go to the hotel uptown and pick up several men, who would be out in front of the hotel. I hadn't the slightest idea who they were, but I carried out my orders.

When I arrived at the hotel I came face to face with six gentlemen, and then I was pleased to work that Sunday even if I did have it off. For there stood Richard Arlen, Dick Purcell, William Benedict, Chester Morris, Keith Richard, and Jimmy Lydon, better known as "Henry Aldrich."

They all greeted me, and after taking them to the camp, I found out they were going to make a picture from there. The next day we went to Port Isabell. I talked to Chester Morris and Jimmy Lydon for some time and found they were cut from the same pattern as those buddies who bunk next to me. They gave me their autographs and took snapshot pictures with me. A number of the other boys asked to have their autographs and pictures taken with them. There was never a refusal. They talked and joked with us.

Even though they didn't have much time, they were never too busy to answer or talk to a soldier. I spent several weeks with them while making the picture, "Aerial Gunner." I gather it's a swell picture, and as I was in different parts of it, I am now anxiously waiting for it to come out.

Pvt. Ernest A. Mortitz
1050th Guard Squadron
L.A.A.F., Laredo, Texas

Thirty-one years old, six feet three in height, handsome, debonair John Payne is too heavy to be a fighter pilot. He could, what with the hours he had in the air as a civilian, be an instructor or go into civil aeronautics, but Johnny's heart is set upon really getting into the scrap.

On leaves from his Arizona post (as we go to press, he's there) he rushes back to Hollywood to see one small Julie Ann, his daughter, and June Havoc, with whom he has so many laughs that no one in movieland takes it seriously as a romance. John's last picture was "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

the things the ROBERT TAYLORS will miss

Below—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor all dressed up and going night-clubbing at the Mocombo.

ALONG the street there came a sputtering of motors, a growl of speed, a swooping of long legs, brown leather jacket, and the torpedo body of a Harley-Davidson. The vehicle, triumphant with rider, parked before the door of a rambling white house in Beverly Hills; a shout went up. "Hey, Barbara, come see what I just bought."

Barbara Stanwyck, looking like a fugitive from a grade school picnic with her hair blowing free from a white ribbon bow and her small, lithe body decked out in white blouse and pinafore came running from the rear patio.

"*Another* motorcycle!" she gasped.

Bob Taylor eulogized its salient points, beaming. With great care he explained that his first motorcycle, being of British manufacture, might present a parts problem if some gimmick went to pieces. In Los Angeles there is only one man capable of repairing such a machine; and the time involved in securing a really important engine adjunct might be considerable. So-oo-o, naturally, the sensible thing to have done was to have purchased a motorbike of American manufacture.

Gradually Bob's hearty flood of conversation dried to a mere trickle of words. Sheepishly, Mr. Taylor grinned

Now Bob's gone for the duration—
here are the precious little things
Barbara Stanwyck remembers

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

at his wife. "If I should be stationed somewhere near here while I'm taking my basic training," he said without conviction, "a motorcycle would be very convenient."

Barbara met his eyes, and suddenly they were laughing together. Between them, in that brief glance, passed the memory of many another spontaneous Taylor purchase. There had been, for instance, the time when he came in with the announcement (before they were married) that he had bought a ranch adjoining the one owned at that time by Barbara.

"But what on earth did you want a ranch for?" she had asked incredulously.

"Well, you have one. I thought it might be fun to go rural, too," was the best extemporaneous excuse he had to offer. Months later, when it became impossible to get help, when the expenses piled up, and the income dug an escape tunnel through the basement, when gasoline was to be rationed, and a ranch became a toy more exotically expensive than a herd of kangaroos, both Barbara and Bob sold out.

Shortly before the final decision was made, however, Bob had come in one day looking very country squireish. "I just bought another horse—a honey of a little brood mare," he had admitted in the general tone of a school boy who has announced the adoption of a mangy, flea-ridden stray pup. The Taylors owned four horses at that time, but there had been much discussion about their disposal in case the ranches were sold.

Barbara glanced up casually from the script she had been studying. "A fifth horse was exactly what you needed," she had agreed with charm. "Exactly."

And now, looking down upon this second motorcycle, she saw in it all the ranches, all the horses, all the acquisitions Bob had collected during the gay and glorious civilian days now terminating.

"When you're safely at work in the Navy and forced to confine your personal possessions to the dimensions of a foot locker, I'm going to miss your spontaneous purchases," she admitted. She tried to grin. "Yes, sir, it's going to seem funny—never being called to inspect some crazy gadget you've brought home."

Bob brightened perceptibly. The deviltry suddenly glistened in his eyes. "If I should get overseas . . ." he said tentatively.

Barbara winced. "Five 'rickshaws!" she groaned. "I can see them now, lined up in some sort of a carriage house behind the garage."

Another of Bob's spontaneous habits, the consequences of which Barbara is going to miss, is his darting in some evening to announce blithely that he is going hunting. Bob has little patience with the planned trip, the carefully mapped itinerary. He likes spur-of-the-moment traveling, undertaken with as little preparation as possible.

On more than one occasion Barbara has greeted his announcement with an expressionless face and the calm question, "What about that dinner party for twelve that we are having tonight? It was your suggestion originally—remember?"

"Oh—that. Well, that's different." And a frustrated hunter ascended the stairs to shower, shave, and get dressed for dinner.

By contrast, Barbara likes to plan things far in advance. "Some of the happiest times of my life were spent on trips I didn't take," she told her pal, Lillian MacMurray (Fred's wife) one night.

She enjoys collecting travel folders and maps, she likes to make lists of interesting spots to visit and things worth buying. Just before war broke out in 1939, she had perfected plans for a superduper trip to England aboard the Queen Mary. She had spent months getting clothes together, and studying the globe. "Let's go anyway," she suggested to Bob. "I'm not afraid of subs."

But by that time Mr. Taylor had been allowed too much time to cogitate on the entire project. He was opposed to it as being too cut-and-dried.

Barbara and Bob also have diverse viewpoints on modes of travel; they are going to miss the friendly controversies undertaken when they are considering a trip. Bob's idea is to go anywhere in leisurely fashion. He adores boat trips because he can eat and sleep and laze on deck. Barbara prefers to fly. The process frightens her to the chattering point—she has never flown with Bob except once—but she adores the idea of the time she is saving. When she and Bob went to the West Indies on a vacation several years ago, she wanted to fly.

"To go by boat," she contended reasonably in the face of Bob's evening newspaper, "will take four unnecessary days. If I only had four more days to live, I'd consider them pretty important. I wouldn't want to waste them on a boat. I can see everything a boat has to interest me in about four hours."

"Mm-mmm," said Bob from the sports page. They went by boat.

Recently Bob observed, "When I'm in the Navy, I'll bet you're going to miss my leisurely way of getting places. You'll wear yourself out . . . hurrying somewhere. You'll spend your time flying . . . and be scared stiff. You should learn to relax, Ruby Brugh."

Barbara's book barely missed his left ear. That "Ruby Brugh" routine never fails to horrify her. Comes from her former legal name, Ruby Stevens, and Bob's former tag, Spangler Brugh. When Barbara wants to get his goat, she calls him "Spangler."

There is another good-natured family feud in the Taylor household that both are going to miss. It's a feud, the details of which are probably repeated in ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent of American homes.

Bob and Barbara have been invited, we'll say, to the Jack Bennys for dinner. Bob is sitting in the den, reading a book on the current world (*Continued on page* 89)

Horses—Bob's and Barbara's hobby at their thirty-five-acre ranch (before they sold it) in the San Fernando Valley.

Debunking THE LUPINO Legend

AT ONE time or another Ida Lupino has been described: (1) as a dizzy blonde with an English accent who was brought over all the way from London to play "Alice in Wonderland," until Hollywood found out that she radiated as much sweetness and light as Scarlett O'Hara or the late Ivan the Terrible; (2) a more than slightly mad dame with a neurotic passion for murder, blood, ghosts; (3) a girl who likes to tell fortunes by tea leaves, walks in her sleep, adores playing frustrated women, drinks her tea lying flat on her back, preferably on the floor, and is as easy to handle as a pint of molten steel.

All three versions warn you to keep a step or two away from Lupino, because whatever you do and say will make her mad, and when Lupino gets mad . . . brother, you better be gone.

Actually, Ida Lupino is one-hundred per cent emotional but otherwise a quite nice and normal girl with a passion for rebelling against the dull pattern of life. She pretends to hate the Lupino Legend which gives you the details of her alleged madness; but somehow we can't help feeling that Ida is very well pleased about her semi-lunatic reputation.

She figures she'd rather be lunatic than dull, and who wouldn't? So she carefully feeds you inconspicuous little items referring to her "madness" and works hard to destroy any ideas you might have of her being a demure, sane, and normal person.

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

She writes her marine husbond daily.

She loves to wear slacks.

She's always on top of a hill.

When we told her that we were going to debunk the Lupino Legend, she didn't seem very happy.

"Oh, I'm a little mad," she said. "I do the most unexpected things. Once I went to have dinner with my husband, and on the way we saw the most beautiful house for sale. We didn't have dinner that night, but we did buy the house."

We said we thought most artists were a little on the impulsive side. Ida stared at us fiercely. "I have my mad moments. There is a little black devil inside me." She took a deep breath and pressed together her lips. We were afraid she'd utter the famous Lupino Scream.

"Sometimes I must fight that devil," she said. "It's a terrible fight. So far I've always won."

We were having lunch with Lupino and her inside-devil, her lunch consisting of a fruit bowl, two five-minute boiled eggs, toast and a bottle of milk—which didn't strike us as an especially devilish diet. Seeing that we weren't much impressed, Lupino continued:

"Some day I'm going to lose that fight. It will be very bad for all of us. I have moods, lots of moods and some of them very dark."

"Well, all nice women have," we said.

She didn't listen. "When I'm among people, I like to go into a corner all by myself and imagine that I am those people. I try to get into them, so to speak, studying their thoughts and emotions and motives. Oh, it's a very fascinating game."

She called the waitress and ordered another bottle of milk which she carried with herself to the set.

We watched her on the set, trying to take in everything around her, and we realized this was nothing but an artist's obsession to do an excellent job.

Her record proves that at several occasions she turned down money—big money—and walked out of a studio because she didn't like the part. Consequently, Holly-

Lupino with Olivia de Havilland and George Tobias in The Dreamer number in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

wood walked out on her, and she had to go the hard way to come back, breaking down obstacles that would have all but finished a person of lesser strength. She never makes concessions and never will. With her it never was salary or star-billing that she demanded, but a good story and a good part. Success and money are nice things, she admits; but what are they compared to the wonderful satisfaction that goes with a good piece of work?

We asked what kind of parts she'd really like to play.

"I don't mind what it is as long as it is real people. I've fought hard to make my characters convincing. Some people say, 'Lupino should laugh,' or 'Ida, stop being neurotic.' I don't mind committing a couple of murders and having my face covered with blood and dirt, and wearing the most horrible burlap dresses, if I play a real, flesh-and-blood character—not a silly, contrived figure.

"That's why I liked my part in 'Ladies in Retirement' best. That girl wasn't merely a scheming murderess; you saw how she became that way, what made her do it. Sure, I like comedy too. I like everything that's good. I'd like to play a great love story against a modern background."

Lupino is just as emphatic about what she does *not* want to play. (She is emphatic about most things.) She hates those phony, one (*Continued on page* 84)

BY DOROTHY DEERE

BLOOD AND SANDERS

George Sanders may be the only actor extant who can be called good, "bad," and completely indifferent

A DARING lady columnist edged up to George Sanders on the set recently, and after first ascertaining that she was within walking not running distance to the nearest exit, asked him a typical interview question:

"Mr. Sanders, is there any particular role you have always dreamed of playing on the screen?"

"Why yes, there is," he answered her pleasantly enough. "I should like to play an invalid . . . and stay in bed throughout the whole picture."

The lady took her one foot out of the air where she had left it, posed for flight. The answer wasn't exactly what she had in mind, but so far she had suffered nothing more serious than a clipped accent to the jaw.

"If you had an absolute choice of leading ladies for your pictures, whom would you pick?"

"Ingrid Bergman, of course."

"Of course. Uh . . . why?"

"Because she has such an air of respectability."

"Oh."

Respectability has never lured anyone to the box-office yet. In Miss Bergman's behalf, she asked, "Would you care to enlarge upon that . . . a little?"

"Of course, Miss Bergman has none of the acquired glamour which becomes so tiresome in other actresses."

His somewhat glacial charm can be attributed to the fact that he is so definitely and elegantly male. He has that peculiarly disturbing effect on women that makes them wonder whether, in a clinch, they would prefer to fight it out with soft words or a sharp scissors. (George Sanders with Marguerite Chapman between scenes of "Appointment in Berlin.")

There is no truth to the legend that the Talkie Town Terror spends all his time between scenes disdainfully sleeping or crouched in his dressing room, thinking up ways to scare grown-ups. Much of his time is spent at the piano—he has an excellent repertoire of ditties, most of them on the ribald side.

He has a totally out-of-character giggle, a high-pitched indication of mirth which never fails to surprise, coming as it does out of a perpetually dignified countenance. (Here he is giggling with Sterling Campbell, technical advisor on the Columbia lot.)

He is also appearing in "The Night Is Ending" for 20th Century.

The lady had her interview, and as Sanders interviews go, it was practically a scoop. True to the feminine trait of never knowing when the party is over, she pushed her luck.

"You prefer your leading ladies with an 'air of respectability.' Would you tell me what appeals to you most in women off-screen?"

Mr. Sanders made ready for the knock-out.

"Why, certainly—the reverse!"

The interview was not definitely finished.

In all Hollywood there is no one so proficient at the verbal Mickey Finn as the bored Britisher. This particular talent has given him the reputation for being a lot of things which innately he is not; temperamental, discourteous, a misogynist, a "character." Things have now advanced to the stage where hardly a columnist in town can afford to make him the subject of affable comment for fear of contradicting a previously written item.

There are a lot of people who will tell you he enjoys living up to his reputation as l'homme horrible. At 20th Century-Fox (where "Moon and Sixpence" is still sometimes referred to as "Moon and Sanders"), you can still reduce any publicity man to a state of dehydration by recalling the time, a few months ago, when it was discovered that the bachelor Englishman had become a benedict.

Mr. Sanders, being in a marrying mood, had done so without notifying either the press or his studio. Presently there came a hint, in this column and that one, that a lady was now occupying the Sanders' menage. Other news-gatherers called the publicity department to check.

In Hollywood, the lack of a denial is affirmation, and

Beginning his screen career with a poisonously villainous role in "Lloyds of London," he has grown on the public like a slow case of undulant fever, accompanied by both chills and fever. As in the case of Humphrey Bogart, it took his movie bosses a while to realize that the fans had awarded him a star's status. (Above is Mr. Sanders in a scene from "Appointment in Berlin.")

vice versa. "You'll have to make some sort of statement," the star was told.

"Oh, now will I?" he asked in a tone that drew blood. "Well, then, just tell them I said the lady and I are living together!"

The publicity department declared an immediate moratorium on the Sanders marriage, carefully responding to all conversation on the subject with a five-minute lull.

The real truth about him is that George Sanders is a gentleman, a species once aptly defined as "a fellow who never insults anyone unintentionally." His inherent characteristics are a bitter intelligence, and an inability to be bothered with the things or people he considers trivial. The fact that he is unable to find much that he does not consider trivial, just happens to be unfortunate for those to whom the same things are important.

Born with a rare ennui, he has developed it into a beautifully wrought armor against the things most cinemanians believe they cannot do without. He is probably the only actor extant who falls into all classifications; good, "bad" . . . and completely indifferent! Living up to any sort of personal reputation isn't worth his effort. Favorable publicity concerns him least of all, since it calls for a sustained and synthetic pleasantry he disdains. He prefers to confine his acting to the screen. Considering his success, he has as much right to his opinion as the rest of Hollywood has to theirs.

Recently, when he moved over to the Columbia lot to star in "Appointment in Berlin," the entire staff figuratively fastened their safety belts. The word was around, of course, that the Sanders personality was a chill wind that blew nobody any good. After a week of shooting, tension eased to a positive state of letdown. The camera crew quit tip-toeing, and the publicity staff began to wonder whether the fascinating Mr. Sanders wasn't being so nice just to be nasty. After all, there were columnists waiting to be serviced with bits of printable spleen.

In two weeks, things had got to such a state that when a wag rushed off the set one day and made the statement, "At last, Sanders has bared the ivories!" he gathered an eager crowd.

"What did he say?" they chorused, pencils palpitating.

"Nothing. He's singing. Sitting at the piano and entertaining a bunch of prop men!"

As a matter of truth, too, there is little basis for the legend that the Talkie Town Terror spend all his time between scenes disdainfully sleeping, or crouched in his dressing room thinking up ways to scare grown-ups. He occupies a great deal of his time at the piano, regaling the grips and crew with his excellent repertoire of ditties, most of them on the ribald side. The piano is moved from sound-stage to sound-stage as the picture progresses. For more serious-minded admirers, he has a quick course in piano technique in which he will patiently instruct anyone who is really interested. It happens that he likes music.

Another hobby is building model airplanes. At home he goes in for fourteen foot jobs that will really fly. On the set he folds sheets of script into schoolboy models that whiz through the air, over the director's head, with the greatest of ease.

If anyone thinks that the sight of a six-footer, attired in the full dignity of Nazi officer regalia, chasing a blue paper airplane back and forth across the set, is a bit incongruous, he really doesn't care. And if an interviewer find it a bit difficult to compete with the paper airplane for his attention, he doesn't care either. Publicity comes and goes, but aviation is here to stay.

In action before the cameras, there is nothing supercilious about Sanders but his face, which was built for it. Strangely enough, he is infinitely patient with the lesser talent of those he is working with. Possessed of what is probably the most perfect sense of timing in the business, he will unprotestingly rehearse and rehearse again, while some bit player strives to make action and dialogue come out even.

He has a totally out-of-character giggle, a high-pitched indication of mirth which never fails to surprise, coming as it does out of a perpetually dignified countenance. It is most apt to occur when the patience of others is wearing a bit thin. A perfectionist, he has nothing but good humor for anyone trying to improve a picture.

In "Appointment in Berlin," he plays a Lord Haw-Haw with a reverse twist. That is, his traitorous actions turn out to be for Britain's honor, and his broadcasts are really code messages from Berlin to London. All of which is a cunning arrangement, since it allows his fans to hate him and love him at the same time.

During the course of the reels, he gets himself arrested by some well-deceived British Intelligence officers. In the making of this particular scene, a bit player was required to rush in and slap handcuffs on the star's wrists. Again and again the player burst through the door in true Scotland Yard fashion, whipped out the steel bracelets, but each time something seemed to get in the way of the clamps.

Finally, Director Al Green grew impatient. "You're not putting mittens on a baby," he snapped. "That last time you acted like you were afraid of hurting George."

The bit player looked sheepish. Sanders pulled back the cuffs from his raw (*Continued on page* 78)

HIGHLY ROMANTIC LADY

They'll tell you at MGM about how brainy, how cultured their Miss Garson is. And she is that. But nothing gets her like a love story. When she started working on "Madame Curie," her current film, she read every book on that remarkable woman. But what got Greer were Marie Curie's notes about making jam, notes scribbled in the midst of most scientific reports.

"A womanly woman," sighs Miss Garson, quite unaware that she is also describing herself.

THIS IS MYSELF

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

(The Girl on Movieland's Cover)

I REMEMBER:

That thick, sticky library paste we used to have at school, the way some of the kids used to eat it, and how I envied them. I couldn't bring myself to touch the stuff, though sometimes I got it as far as my lips.

The day one of the paste-eaters stabbed me in the arm with a pen. It left a tiny tattoo mark that to this date puzzles me no end, and I make up stories about it.

How I used to adore Rupert Brooke and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and how my brother made fun of me.

That sick feeling I had when I made my first appearance on the stage. I still get it on opening scenes in pictures or at radio shows, and I hope I never lose it, because I feel it makes for better performances.

I'VE LEARNED:

From my mother—to pay bills when due . . . to shop economically . . . neatness . . . direct thinking . . . a flair for clothes.

From my husband—not to take minor ailments seriously. I used to be petrified if I scratched a finger and it bled, or if I had a sudden pain, but living with my doctor-husband cured me. One reason is because, let me complain even mildly, and he gives me the most dreadful medicines to swallow.

From my brother—to box, wrestle, play soccer. I knew what a half-

"I am proud of my husband and his service to his country," remarks Claudette. And well she might be of Lt. Commander Pressman!

"I'm impressed with the boys at the VACS canteen where I serve," says our own cover girl. (The boys are impressed by her, too, we add.)

"I've learned diplomacy from my directors," says Claudette, who here proves it by beaming on Director Mark Sandwick rather than on actors Ray Milland and Brian Aherne.

Gary Cooper, one of her closest friends, with Claudette Colbert.

"I like snowy hills and everything that relates to skiing," says Claudette. (She doesn't add that she has prizes which prove that she is one of the best women skiers in America—but this is true.)

Nelson was before I could read well. I don't know how I happened to grow up feminine with that training. That I'm a good athlete today is a matter of sheer survival.

From my directors—diplomacy. A director is boss, so you develop diplomatic methods of evading orders. Directors are clever men—they know about diplomacy, too, and if you can get your way by indirection while they're using the same tactics on you, you're *good.*

To listen to men's opinions of other women and check up on myself.

I'M GRATEFUL:

That I saw so many places on this earth before war touched them.

That I took my round-the-world trip to China, Java, the South Seas, Indo-China, Bali, Egypt, The Balkans. Prague, and Paris while they were at peace. I was just embarking on my movie career at the time, and everyone advised me against leaving it. I'm glad I didn't listen.

That I can work at an absorbing profession—and I enjoy paying my taxes. I really do!

That people will give to Navy Relief, Red Cross, USO and so on, or buy war stamps and bonds when I urge them from Hollywood Victory Caravans or elsewhere.

That I belong to a country pledged to the Four Freedoms.

(*Continued on page* 32)

Dreamland

A PRETTY girl, a handsome boy, a summer day, a canoe for two. Portrait of a world that used to be and of the world that will be restored to us with victory . . . but a world which right now exists very little outside of movies! It's the American way of living we all loved, and you'll see a glimpse of it in 20th Century-Fox's "Happy Land." The dreamy pair are Dick Crane, new but wow, and Ann Rutherford, who is continually luscious.

In Junction City, Gene couldn't buy a stove for her kitchen, had to rent this one for four dollars a month.

When her husband, Oleg Cassini, stationed at Fort Riley, can't be with her, Gene amuses herself on picnics with some of the other wives.

A STAR, THE STORK, AND THE ARMY

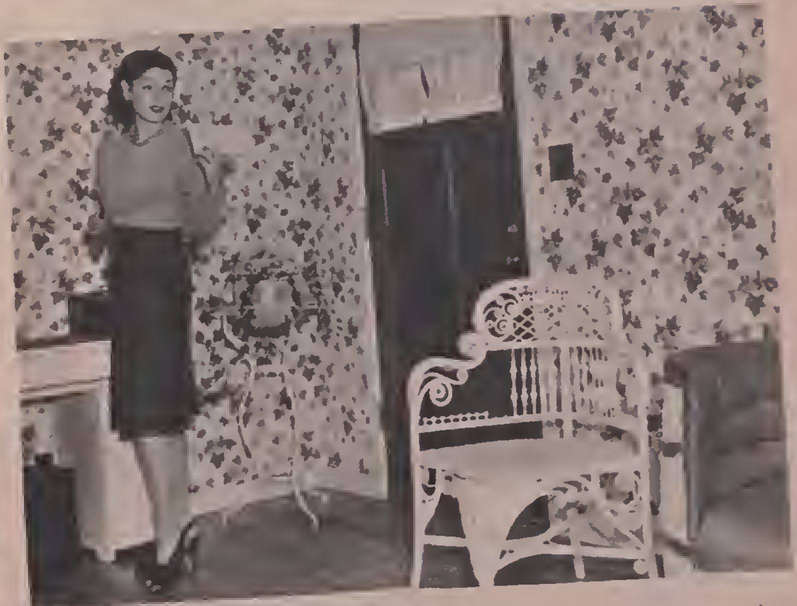
GENE TIERNEY MOVES NEAR ARMY-POST TO BE NEAR HUSBAND AT BLESSED-EVENT TIME

Glamour with a dust-mop. Gene couldn't find any carpeting in town, but is still hunting. The desk, unpainted, cost five dollars. Finding an old washstand bowl and birdcage, Gene piled one on the other, painted them white, planted ivy. Total cost—five dollars. At top, she does her own marketing just as any proper young wife should these days, and, right, she stirs up the victory vegetables.

Gene does the hick trick and loves it—goes down to watch the trains come in. Another army wife and Gene's friend, the wife of Colonel Snider of Fort Riley, accompanies her.

Gene and Oleg at their Junction City home. They're sitting on a love seat which Gene got second-hand for four dollars, painted white, and upholstered in cyclamen rayon taffeta.

By way of contrast, compare this shot of Gene in her exquisite bedroom in Hollywood, which room is nearly as large as the whole Junction City house.



The local furniture stores being almost all sold out, Gene determined to make her own. In this living room, the chair at the right is merely the old barrel which was used to ship Gene's things out to her. Covered with scarlet cotton, the barrel painted white . . . there! Gene did her own painting on that, just as she did on the second-hand wicker chair you see in the corner.

MY OWN WAY OF

Not only do the movie people buy war bonds,
—but they also have their own home

Joan Crawford says, "I belong to the 'Adopt a Pilot Club.'" (Incidentally, see her in "Night Shift.")

But have you heard about Joan's work with the "Adopt a Pilot Club"? She is one of the directors of the organization, along with Jack L. Warner, Chester Morris, James Gleason, Max M. Gilford, and Frank Borzage.

Many men want to become air cadets; and also how badly our country needs men in the air force! But the standards for the service are high; and often men have to be rejected who are qualified in every way except for some small physical defect.

Here is where Joan Crawford and her fellow directors and members of the "Adopt a Pilot Club" step in. Often the cadet who has been rejected for a small physical defect could have it corrected if he only had the funds to pay for a minor operation. The "Adopt a Pilot Club" takes over the financial responsibility. It costs the young man nothing, and soon he is able to serve his country. His case is handled with no embarrassment or red tape. If hospitalization is necessary, the club pays for it.

Each member of the club donates one hundred dollars. Sometimes it takes less than the hundred to put the boy in perfect physical condition. Then the balance of the hundred is applied to another case.

Judy Garland says, "I have a clothes pool."

No complaints about restrictions in wartime, from Judy, who's newest picture is "Girl Crazy."

When she and her two sisters were very poor (during those early vaudeville days when they were known as the Gumm Sisters), by necessity they started a clothes pool, and constantly shared each other's clothes.

So Judy dreamed of the day she would have her own exquisite individual clothes, and never have to borrow any.

And the dream came true.

Then came the War.

Judy can still afford to have her own beautiful individual clothes. But . . . today she and her mother and her two sisters are living in the same house; and she and her sisters once again have a clothes pool. By sharing each other's clothes, they know they are conserving the materials and the labor that go into the making of fine garments.

Jimmy Gleason says, "I recruit for the Navy."

When he was sixteen, during the First World War, Jimmy Gleason lied about his age and joined the Army. He fought through the Philippine insurrection, rising from a trumpeter to top sergeant.

When World War II came along, Jimmy, though over-age, was eager to get into the fray. Again and again he was turned down. When he appeared in "Crash Dive," he met many naval officers at the submarine base in New London, and became very eager to join the Navy submarine service. He pulled every string he could, but it was no dice.

But Jimmy became so interested in the Navy that he learned everything he could about it. Then whenever he met a young fellow who seemed undecided about what he wanted to do in the War, Jimmy would start telling him about the Navy. He knew all the answers. And his enthusiasm caused hundreds of young men to enlist.

Today, whenever he has any spare time, Jimmy can be found in the Beverly Hills U. S. Navy recruiting office. Although he can't officially be in the Navy, the Navy is glad to have Jimmy's help in recruiting the young men who can join up.

WINNING THE WAR

make camp tours, and entertain at canteens
front ways of helping to win the war

Ida Lupino, who's appearing in "Devotion," says, "I collect recipes for chicken."

Ida Lupino's home dinners for servicemen have long been famous. Rationing or no rationing . . . because Ida knows how much home hospitality means to men far from home.

Because of the War, Ida has no servants at the present time. She, her mother, and her sister take care of all the work at home. And just what could the three women do to make sure that the men would enjoy their meals at the Lupino menage?

It was easy to solve part of the problem. Excellent salads could be served, using vegetables and herbs grown in Ida's own Victory Garden. But what about meat?

Ida decided that chicken was the answer. But she didn't want to serve chicken prepared in exactly the same way night after night and week after week. So she started collecting recipes for different ways of preparing chicken. She read cookbooks; asked all her friends for their favorite chicken recipes; and did some home experimenting. To date, she has collected forty-six different recipes for preparing chicken. Of them all, the favorite with the men is, she believes, old-fashioned fried chicken. We wish we had space to give her recipe for corn oysters which she serves with it.

Joan Blondell says, "I have my old clothes made over."

"In order to help out on the home front," says Joan Blondell, whom you'll see next in "Cry Havoc," "I try to make my wardrobe last as long as possible. That means having my old clothes made over. First I plan just what I want done to my old clothes to make them look as up-to-date as possible. Then I bring the designs to a seamstress, who works out a new wardrobe for me.

"Here is an example of how the clothes-conserving plan works. One day I noticed a formal suit of my husband's (Dick Powell). He hadn't worn it for months.

"'I think your formal suit could be made over into a cocktail suit for me,' I told Dick. 'Do you think you'll have an occasion to use it these war days, or will it be all right for me to have it made over?'

"Dick was sure he'd have no further opportunity to wear it, so I took the suit to my seamstress. She did such a fine job that Dick took me out dancing the first time I wore the costume."

Walter Reed says, "I helped the sheriff's office."

You saw him win Anne Shirley in "Bombardier," and now he is in the Army; but when he first wanted to get in, he was turned down because of a knee injury. When he thought that he might be kept from the fighting fronts, he looked up work on the home front.

"Because of the War," he said, "I discovered that there was a shortage of deputy sheriffs, and so . . ."

Long after his day's work at the studio, a phone call would sometimes come in to the effect that someone was creating a public disturbance in Hollywood or some other section of Los Angeles. Then Walter would rush down to the street where the riot or disturbance was taking place and do everything he could to stop it. Sometimes he was called upon to help on raids of places guilty of selling liquor to minors. And sometimes he had to deliver prisoners to the sheriff's office.

One day he had to go to a nearby town in order to arrest two men and bring them to Los Angeles for trial. As Walter Reed walked into their apartment and told them why he was there, they gaped at the actor.

"I never thought," one of them said with something like awe in his voice, "that I would be taken to jail shackled to a movie star."

Jimmy Ellison, who's appearing with Alice Faye in "The Gang's All Here," says, "I act as manager of a boat building company."

George Peters, owner of the Ackerman Boat Building Company in Balboa, California, and Jimmy Ellison, the star, have been friends for years.

One evening Mr. Peters was having dinner with the Ellisons. "I wish I could do something in my spare time to help the War effort," Jimmy said. "Of course, there are camp tours, and I've gone on those; but that seems such a small contribution to make. I'd like to do something else, too."

"It would certainly be wonderful for me if I had someone like you to act as foreman and manager of my place," said Mr. Peters.

"Are you kidding?" said Jimmy. "You know I've had no experience."

Mr. Peters was decidedly not kidding. He was loaded with orders to turn out boats for the Navy and the Merchant Marine; and he was having a terrible time because of the shortage of men.

"If you could use a man as green as I, I'd be very happy to undertake the job the minute I get a lay-off from 20th Century-Fox. Of course, I couldn't accept any salary, because I'm under contract to the studio."

And so last February Jimmy Ellison began acting as foreman at the boat company in Balboa. Whenever he was between pictures, he donated all his time to this work. When he was acting in a picture, he would come down to the company after shooting and work nights.

Barbara Stanwyck, who is appearing in "For All We know," says, "I give the boys identification bracelets."

In addition to sending long personal letters in her own handwriting to each of the grips, electricians, and prop boys she met at the studios and who are now in service, Barbara also sends them a heavy sterling silver identification bracelet. Inscribed inside each bracelet is the famous quotation from Hugh Walpole. *"It isn't life that matters; it's the courage you bring to it."*

Because the message comes from Barbara Stanwyck, whose own life is a saga of courage, that inscription is special inspiration to the men who receive it. Many of them have found renewed courage and a new philosophy of life as a result.

Elyse Knox, whom you'll see in "Hi' ya Sailor," says, "I went to cannery school."

"You know how you keep reading that you should can your own fruits and vegetables," says Elyse Knox. "Then you get scared because you also read about people who became ill through improperly canned foods.

"I have my own Victory Garden, and so I decided it was my job to learn the latest, most authoritative methods for home canning. I went to a cannery school, where I was cautioned not to attempt to do any oven canning. I learned that two methods of preserving all vegetables except tomatoes are approved by authorities —pressure canning and dehydration. For canning fruits, tomatoes and rhubarb, pressure canning and the boiling-water bath are approved.

"By the time I had finished my course, I knew that I could can all vegetables and fruits without running any risk of food spoilage.

"We know how important food is in helping win the war. Rationing is one way of distributing the food supply fairly to everyone. But the less canned food we have to buy, the more there is to go around.

"The government has encouraged all of us who can do so to have Victory Gardens. That's grand; but by learning how to can properly, we make sure that the products of our Victory Gardens are available for months to come."

Ann Shirley, the girl in "Government Girl," says, "I write letters."

She dances with the boys regularly at the Hollywood Canteen. While working there, Anne got the idea of another very personal way in which she could help the boys away from home.

Now when a man in the services doesn't know exactly how to phrase a letter to his best girl, his wife, mother, or sister, he can count on Anne to help him. If necessary, she'll write the letter for him, if he'll only give her an idea of what he wants said.

The saddest and hardest letter Anne ever had to write was for a Marine who had returned from Guadalcanal. In the fighting there he had lost several fingers.

"I feel I'll be a wreck the rest of my life," he told Anne. "Will you write a letter for me to my fiancee, telling her that I want to release her from our engagement? She's young and beautiful; it wouldn't be fair to keep her tied to me."

"You should go home first," Anne said. "Let the girl decide for herself what she wants to do. In the meanwhile, if you want me to, I'll write her a letter."

The man nodded. No part that Anne will ever have to play on the screen will seem so difficult to her as the writing of that letter. The Marine had begged her to be careful not to worry the girl he loved; and yet at the same time he wanted her prepared for the change in him.

But Anne wrote it. And she was almost as happy as the boy himself when she later learned that everything has turned out perfectly for him and his girl.

Roy Rogers says, "I train pigeons."

Before the War, training pigeons was simply a hobby with Roy Rogers, Republic's "King of the Cowboys," appearing in "Hands Across the Border," but with the coming of the War, he saw a way of making his hobby serve the country. So he asked the government whether it could use some of his trained pigeons. Officials said yes; and since then Roy has been training pigeons for Uncle Sam. The pigeons are timed; and the fastest ones are turned over to the Army for such important duties as carrying messages.

"I believe pigeons have souls," says Roy. "No matter how badly wounded or hurt they are, they always come home."

Linda Darnell, next to be seen in "Buffalo Bill" —and that's husband Pev Marley you see with her—says, "I am a Volunteer hospital worker."

"I'll do anything," Linda Darnell said to the startled authorities at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, "anything at all to help, including washing bedpans.

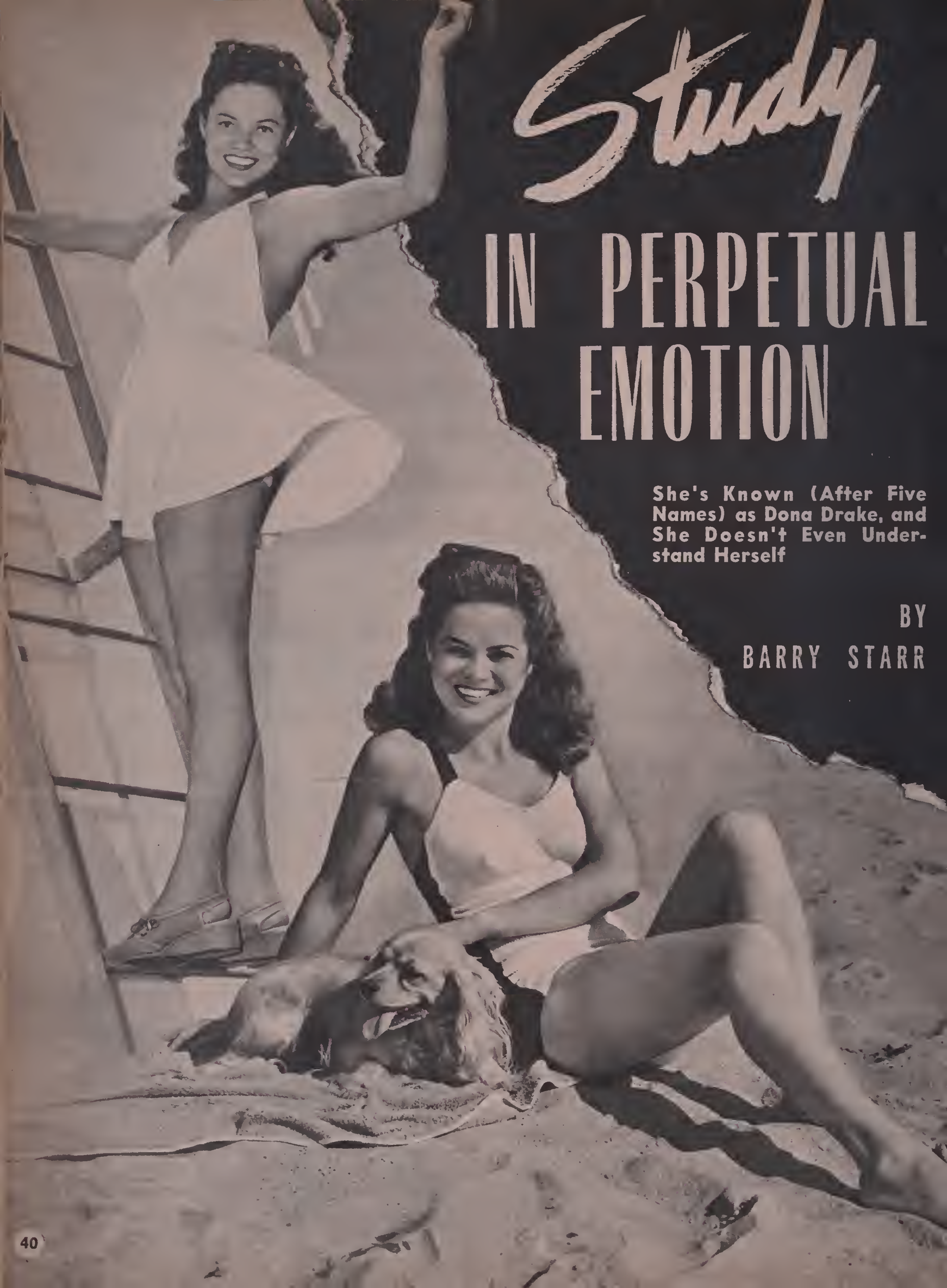
"I know there's a shortage of nurses. But because I'm in pictures, I haven't had the time to train for nursing. But surely there must be something that I can do, even though I've had no training. Can't you use me somewhere?"

The head nurse smiled. "Yes, we could. We could use someone in the delivery room. But it's no soft job. It's hard work; and you'll have to see pain and suffering. Do you think you could take it?"

Her eyes said the words that she withheld . . . And so the nurse told her when and where to report.

Linda began the job that was really drudgery, but drudgery which could lift up the human spirits to the heights. Her slender hands carefully sterilized the doctor's instruments; she sterilized the gloves and gowns, and saw that everything the doctors needed was close at hand. She carted out the soiled linens and helped in every way she could.

She is a regular Volunteer hospital worker now, working every morning that she is not actually before the cameras.



Study IN PERPETUAL EMOTION

She's Known (After Five Names) as Dona Drake, and She Doesn't Even Understand Herself

BY

BARRY STARR

THIS is the story of a motion picture actress, a gasoline A-card and sixty-five cats. It is utterly fantastic. The A-card is strictly plebian.

The story is about Dona Drake, the young lady with five names ("But only one 'N'!"), the young lady you saw briefly but effectively in "Road to Morocco" and "Star Spangled Rhythm." This story is intended to reveal why she rides a bus to and from her work at Paramount studio.

Miss Drake, who has been earning her own living since she was thirteen, and has never been known to be helpless about anything, surprisingly presents a mother complex whenever she runs across anything even slightly woebegone. One of her passions is cats. She has two, not sixty-five, it might as well be revealed here. The sixty-five come later.

Dona, who lives in Hollywood, was in Los Angeles recently on business. Her A-card dutifully couched in her purse, she had driven to town. Before she had a chance to get started on whatever she came to town for, she was a Victim of Circumstance. She saw a gray haired and completely bewildered elderly lady. Dona swung into action, as only Dona can.

It developed that the elderly lady lived in Santa Monica, which is some twenty or twenty-five miles from Los Angeles. She had sixty-five cats. She had walked to her neighborhood store to buy cat food. There was none. She had come to the big stores in Los Angeles on the interurban. She still couldn't find any cat food. And those sixty-five cats were probably on the verge of starvation. Most of them belonged to men in service and women in war plants, and the elderly lady had taken them in as a sort of Sacred Trust.

Well, if you know Dona Drake, you know what happened. She loaded the lady into her automobile, and they scoured the city. They bought all the cat food they could find, and it wasn't much, but it would do.

After which Dona drove her unexpected guest all the way back to Santa Monica to see the cats, using up the tickets in her A-book as fast as she could.

So the cats got fed, and Dona is riding a bus to work, and is worrying herself into a state as to whether they're getting fed regularly. As soon as she gets a day off, she's going down to Santa Monica . . . on a street car . . . and find out.

Which ought to give you an idea of what to expect when you see Dona Drake in person. And you'd be totally wrong. There's nothing motherly-looking in the slightest degree about Miss Drake. She's surprisingly tiny, has hair that is violently black and eyes that are snapping brown. Her nose is so small it is sometimes hard to locate

(*Continued on page* 85)

Maybe you can figure out the Drake lady. Her latest screen appearance is in Paramount's "Let's Face It."

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HE NEW YORK TIMES

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lead of Columbia's "The Return of the Vampire," Duane having been inducted into military service. . . . Robert Haymes has been named for "The Rookie," also at Columbia. . . . Leo Carrillo will go into 'Moonlight and Cactus" and June Millard into "When Ladies Fly," at Universal.

Of Local Origin

Four new films will arrive on roadway during the week. The hedule follows:

Tuesday—"Seeds of Freedom," a dernized version of the Russian olutionary film "Potemkin," in Henry Hull is starred, at the y Theatre.

ay—"Watch on the Rhine," ring Bette Davis and Paul n a Warner picturization of ian Hellman play, at the "Hitler's Madman," a roduction featuring John Patricia Morison, Ralph nd Alan Curtis, at the

—"Salute to the Ma- duced by Metro and lace Beery with Fay ald Owen, Keye Luke s, at the Globe.

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WHEN Frank came to town—to Hollywood for RKO's "Higher and Higher"—Martha Raye was on the greeting committee. After saying hello, the curious Martha took a look down the throat to discover the mystery of the Sinatra Swoon.

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prompt and adequate care and disposition of the mentally ill.

Rehabilitation of mentally disabled civilians and service men, both to augment manpower and to assist in individual adjustment.

Continuance of civilian services for the mentally defective, unstable

NEWS SHOTS OF THE MONTH

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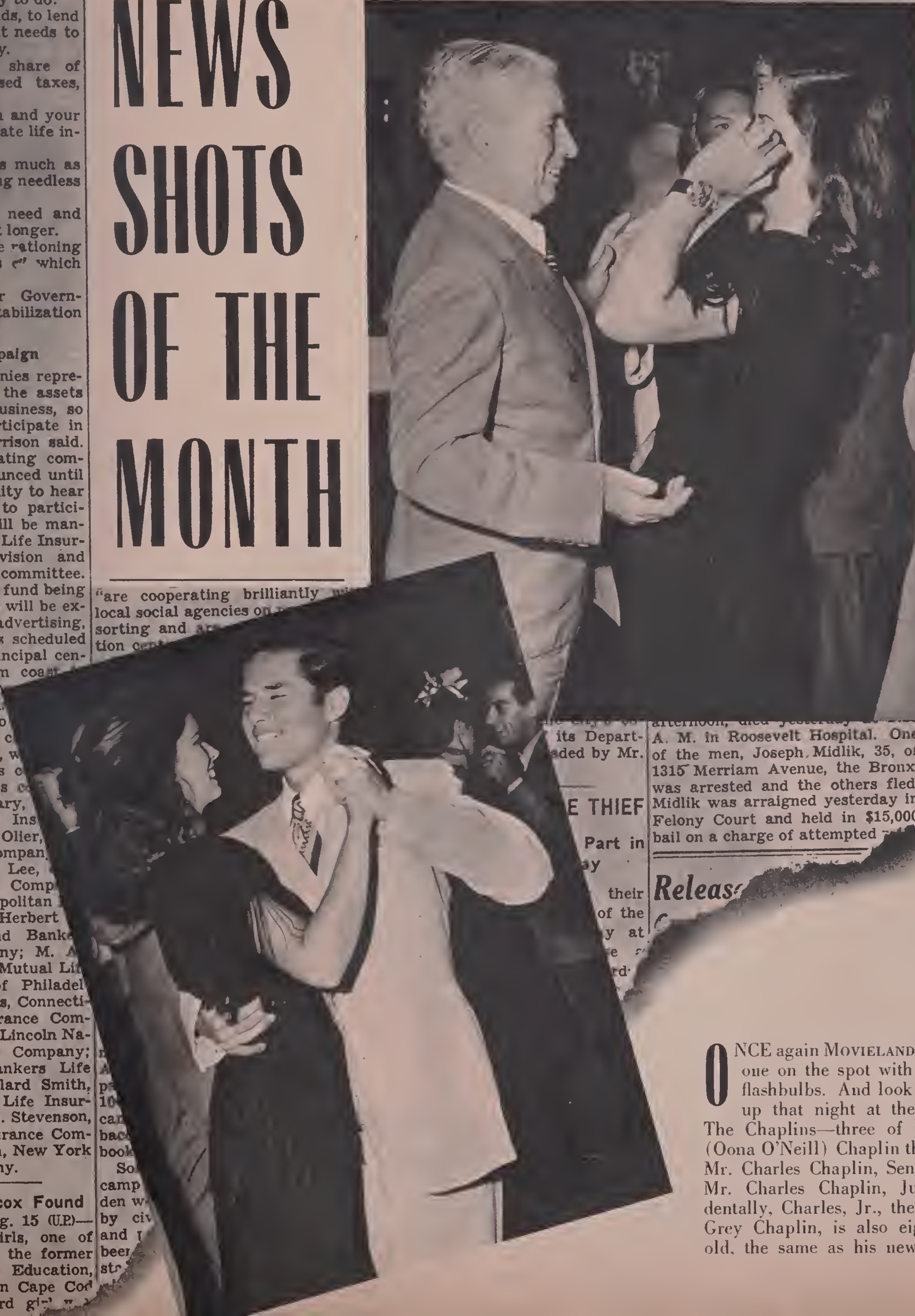
NEWS OF THE SCREEN

Fox Buys 'Centennial Summer' for Monty Woolley—Four New Films Due on Broadway This Week



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afternoon, died yesterday
A. M. in Roosevelt Hospital. One of the men, Joseph Midlik, 35, of 1315 Merriam Avenue, the Bronx, was arrested and the others fled. Midlik was arraigned yesterday in Felony Court and held in $15,000 bail on a charge of attempted

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ONCE again MOVIELAND was the only one on the spot with camera and flashbulbs. And look who showed up that night at the Trocadero! The Chaplins—three of them. Mrs. (Oona O'Neill) Chaplin the Fourth . . . Mr. Charles Chaplin, Senior . . . and Mr. Charles Chaplin, Junior. Incidentally, Charles, Jr., the son of Lita Grey Chaplin, is also eighteen years old, the same as his new step-mama.

Several years back Olivia arrived in Hollywood. Remember this little girl at the right?

CLOSE-UP OF OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

BY J. M. WALDECK

"CHANGED? Of course she's changed," said the guy on the phone. "You won't know her."

"For that matter, she may not know you. What I mean is, she's a star and she acts like one."

"Hard to handle, then?" this correspondent asked.

"I said she acts like a star."

"Maybe she's just unhappy," I suggested.

"Nuts," said the guy on the phone.

This correspondent sat there brooding for awhile. What a pity, as Herbert Wilcox would say. What a bloody pity. Such a dear, cooperative girl.

WE remembered a night in 1934 in the Hollywood Bowl. A warm, still night, with the stars hanging low and the good clean exhaust smell drifting up from Cahuenga Boulevard and all the beautiful dames in fur coats they didn't need, trudging up the hill.

Max Reinhardt was opening his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that night. Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Shakespeare was dead, but people still read him and talked about him and stole his plots, and if you wanted to be anybody in Hollywood, you had to know what sort of stuff he wrote. Anyway there was a cute little boy in the show named Mickey Rooney. And there was a torchlight procession. If the play was dull, the torchlight procession would be worth all the hardships you suffered getting into the place. Who designed it anyway? Imagine making you park your Cadillac two blocks down hill—the ignominy of it!

We were there not because we liked Shakespeare. It was a hot night and somebody had handed us a pass and besides we had heard that Gloria Stuart was playing Hermia in the show, and we were very fond of Gloria Stuart. We (*Continued on page* 72)

AT LAST
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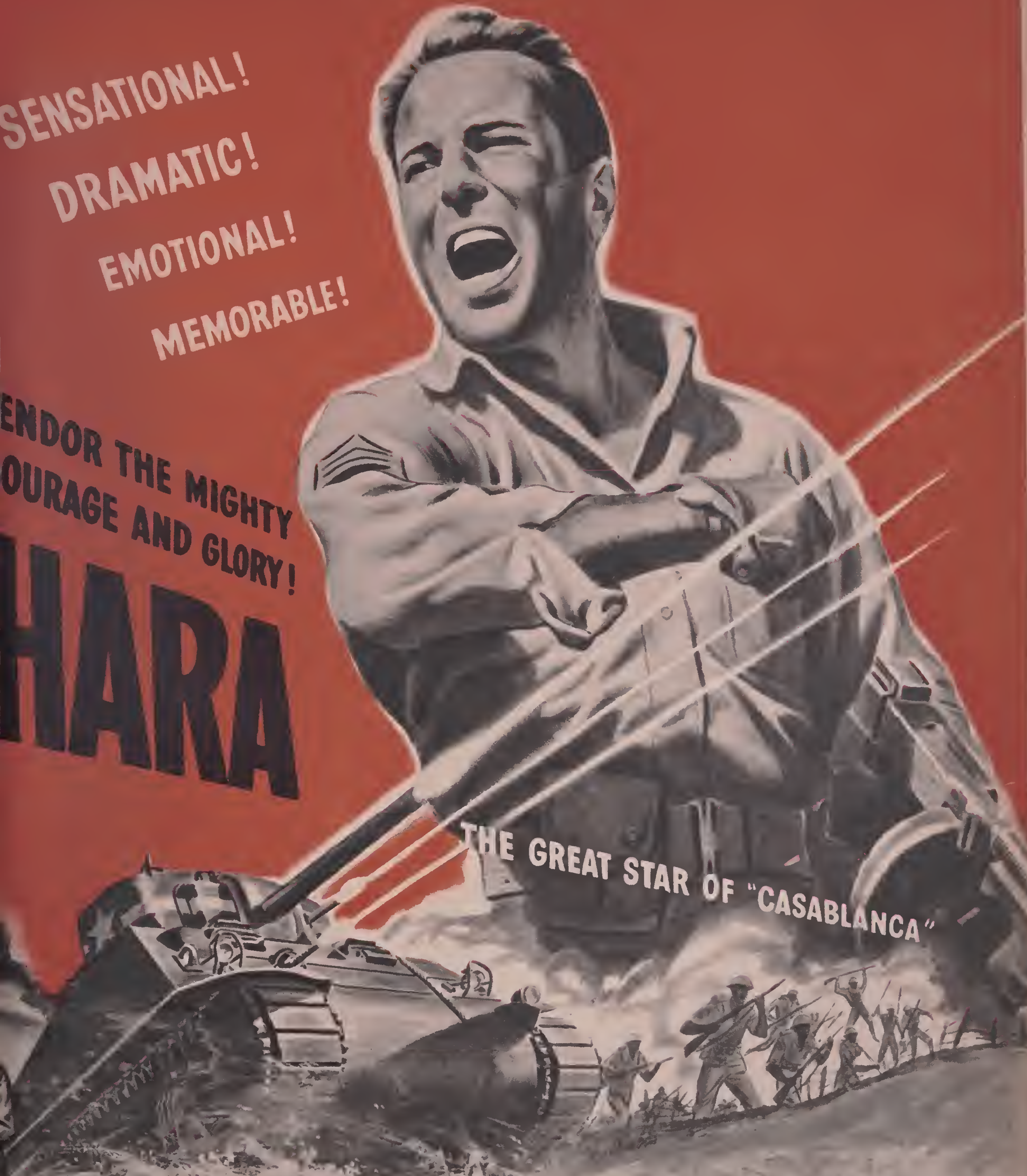
SENSATIONAL!
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HARA
THE GREAT STAR OF "CASABLANCA"

with **BRUCE BENNETT · J. CARROL NAISH · LLOYD BRIDGES**

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson and Zoltan Korda · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

ERROL FLYNN TODAY

Errol and the girl who at first was known to the reporters just as "Beautiful" until they found out her name was Nora Eddington.

BY BARRY STARR

SINCE the day when he first landed in Hollywood, Errol Flynn has been the possessor of an uncanny, and sometimes unfortunate, habit of getting his name into headlines.

It started with the violent, noisy, and awesome spats he had with Lili Damita, then his wife, and the scores of partings and reconciliations they had until they actually did obtain their divorce. It was brought up to date in mid-August when wild rumors of a marriage with the girl he has been dating for the past several months, Nora Eddington, came soaring out of Mexico. This was followed hastily with denials from Flynn that sounded somewhat pained in a "why don't they lay off me?" manner.

In between have been rows with columnists, fights in night clubs, wounds in the Spanish Civil War, the brutally frank court action involving Peggy Satterlee and Betty Hansen—this and assorted other calamities that caused editors in some cases to keep "FLYNN" all set up in type, and nice and handy, just in case. The cases frequently happened, sometimes through Flynn's own efforts, and sometimes when he was merely an innocent bystander.

Indications today are, however, that all this is going to be changed. The editors can, regretfully, put their set-up type back in their cases. Errol is going in for the quiet life, the soft word and the velvet glove.

His friends first noticed this during the filming of his latest motion picture for Warner Bros., "Northern Pursuit." Errol was strictly business at all times. True to the Flynn of the past, it must be admitted he did his usual debonnaire promising of interviews that he never quite got time to give. He harried his publicity department who begged for a photographic sitting—but finally gave in and sat for one that was a lulu. In fact, Errol did three jobs at once and worked hard at each. He acted in one picture, plotted a second with Director Raoul Walsh, and put finishing touches on a new book, his second.

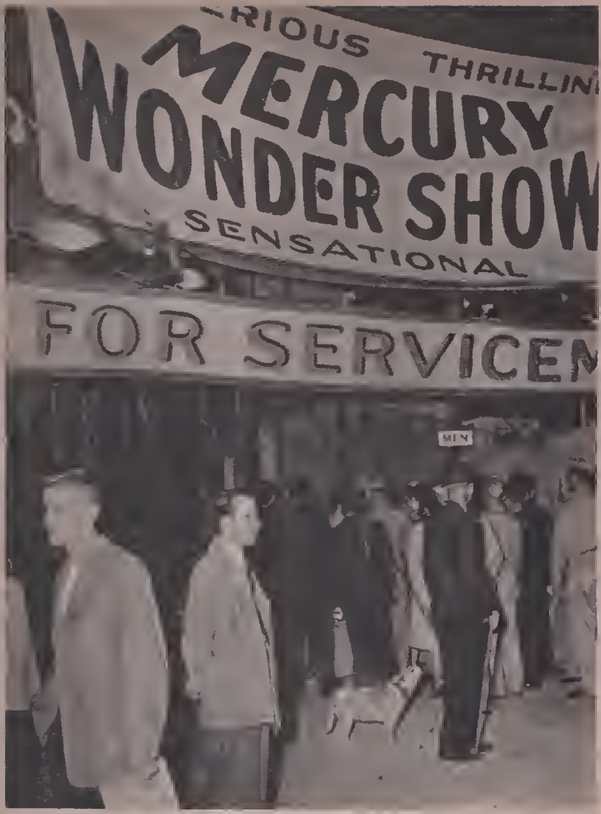
Errol worked long hours at home on his book, making revisions in the manuscript that already had been accepted for publication. It may be called "Charlie Bow-Tie Comes to America," but no title has definitely been selected. Unlike his first, "Beam Ends," which was semi autobiographical, the new volume, says Flynn, is strictly fictional. However, those who have had an advance peak at it insist a number of Hollywood celebrities will find themselves satirically and brilliantly limned.

While he still goes to night clubs, it is not as frequently as he has gone in the past. He also goes home earlier. There are several reasons for this, the most important of which is the fact that he had been repeatedly turned down by all branches of the armed services. His health is not good. Many an athlete knows what it means to have "athlete's heart." Errol, an Olympic winner, knows this disaster, too.

Yet the change in him goes even beyond the necessary guarding of his health. His approach to his work is changing. His next picture, "Uncertain Glory," is the story that the star personally selected for himself. There isn't a swashbuckle in it, and a bare hint of romance. No dashing adventures as in "Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood." No sword play, no elopements, no super-heroics. Just a simple, moving story of a nonentity who seizes one moment in an obscure life to atone for his sins. Very un-Flynnish . . . but Errol picked it out himself.

"All of a sudden," one of Errol's most intimate friends remarked, "Errol has grown up."

This seems to be true, and (*Continued on page* 90)



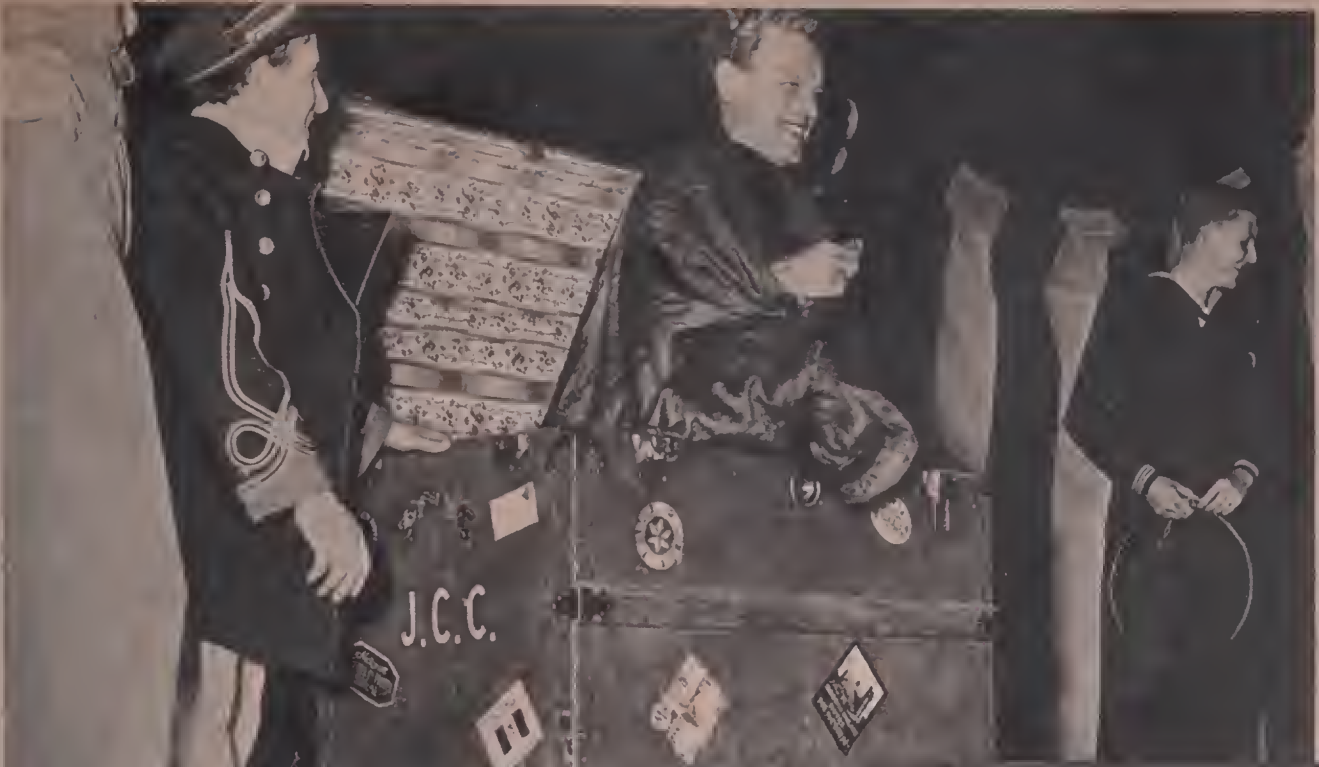
"STEP THIS WAY, FOLKS!"

Orson Welles, the sensational, the stupendous, is at it again. This time he mystifies you with locked trunk magic. Right inside the tent. There's room for three hundred people. Of course if you're a civilian, you have your choice of only fifty-odd seats on sale at $5.50 apiece. Mr. Welles is financing the whole show, but if there are any profits, he's going to turn them over to Ann Lehr's Hollywood Guild Canteen, where, you know, service boys can sleep free of charge. So come on in and look at the show.

Above—Through the tent rides Joe Cotten, pretending to be a messenger boy. He delivers a fake, gag telegram to Orson, who signs for the thing.

Above—Orson introduces Rita to the audience. And the service boys whistle like mad.

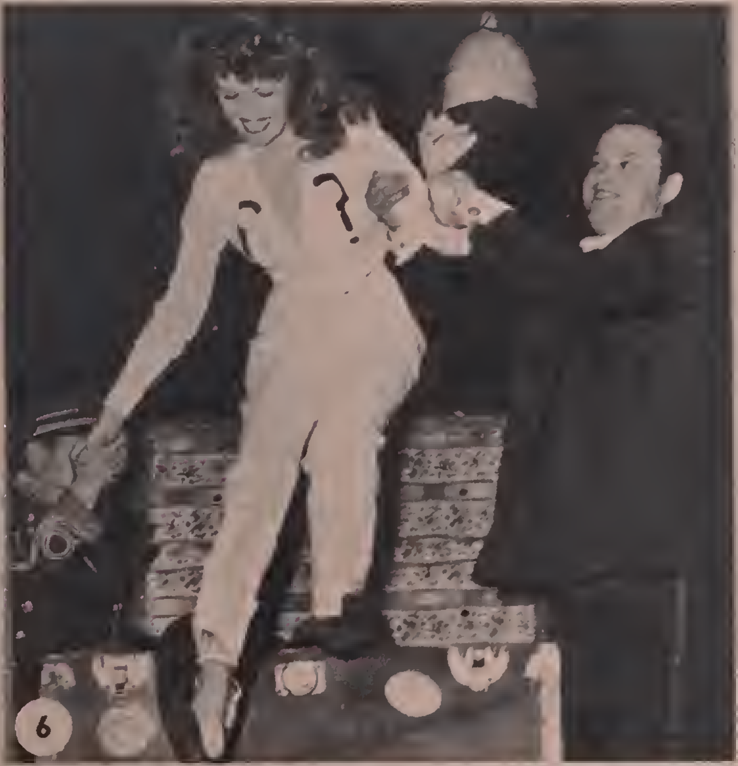
Right—Rita disappears, comes back dressed just like Cotten, except in white instead of black. Service boys tie ropes around her throat to tie her down or pull her head off.



4

Comes the trunk on to the stage. Joe gets into it—also into a bag which is tied over him. The trunk is sealed, tied, strapped by service lads. The whole thing is in full view of the audience. All the time, the boys are tugging on Rita's ropes. The lights go off for one second, then on again.

5



6

Above—Orson opens the trunk. Surprise, surprise! Rita jumps out of the trunk and bag.

7

Right—Much knocking on supposedly empty trunk. Surprise! There's Joe also in said trunk. (The confetti is for applause. Orson tossed it out after each trick, telling the audience that it meant he wanted applause . . . and he always got it. Yes, there were other tricks.)

The Chet Morrises. Chet, who is a good magicion himself, gives a look at Mr. Welles, and he seems to be mystified.

Among those present at the Orson Welles' show—Jack Oakie and June Havoc turn around in their seats to say hello to Nat Dallinger's camera.

Mrs. Nina Garson, Greer Garson, and Mrs. L. B. Mayer discuss the haws of the trunk act. How did Rita get into the thing?!

Georgie Jessel and June Lang were alsa among the first nighters. Rita Hayworth, by the way, appeared at the opening night . . . and she will be back as soon as she finishes her picture, "Cover Girl."

And maybe Martha Raye thinks she knows how he does it. At least she's giving same explanation to actor Sid Gould.

THE THREE WOMEN IN Dana Andrews' LIFE

BY DORA ALBERT

All three loved him. He loved all three—but his mother-in-law influenced him most.

REMEMBER the Georgia boy in "Swamp Water?" And the fellow who lost Anne Baxter to Tyrone Power in "Crash Dive?" Remember the young idealistic husband who was lynched in "The Oxbow Incident?"

They were all the same actor, Dana Andrews. You'll be seeing him next as a serious heroic Russian bombardier in "North Star" and in a comedy role in "Up In Arms." Twentieth Century-Fox and Samuel Goldwyn think so much of him that his contract is shared between them, and Dana has been going rapidly from one picture to another with hardly a day's rest in between them.

Today, in other words, Dana is on his way to stardom. Yet, if it hadn't been for three women, he probably wouldn't be in pictures at all. He might not have been working at all. In any event, he would have been a rolling stone.

"There was a time when I thought," Andrews says, "that nothing could be more wonderful than to wander from place to place, never settling down, never taking a job except when the spur of necessity drove me, and then working for only a few days."

To understand Dana's story, you really have to go back to the home in which he was brought up. Born in a small town in Mississippi, he was the son of a minister, one of nine children.

His mother used to say that no matter what happened, she was not going to worry about any of the children. This was a fortunate decision on her part since, true to the tradition that there is a black sheep in every minister's family, Dana was destined to be the disturbing element in the family of the Reverend Charles Forrest Andrews.

He was always the leader in the wildest exploits at school. Whenever there was mischief afoot, he was part of it. There was the time when he and his friends broke into the schoolhouse after hours, took down all the fire extinguishers, and put on the battle of the century, using the fire extinguishers as water guns.

On another occasion there was the exploit of the donkey and the buggy. Again Dana and his band stole into the school after hours, taking a donkey up the fire escape and into the school auditorium. With remarkable ingenuity, they also completely dismantled a buggy, and once inside the auditorium, put it back together again, hitching the donkey to it.

When the principal and the teachers the next day discovered the donkey and the buggy in the school

auditorium, they thought they were in a collective nightmare. Lest the school routine be completely disrupted, the authorities decided they had to get the donkey out of the auditorium immediately. However, they lacked the ingenuity of Dana and his companions. It took them three days to clear the room.

Generally, Dana got away with his pranks. Once he and two other boys were kept after school for a month because they were accused of having stolen some chemical apparatus. On this particular occasion Dana was innocent; but he took his punishment, philosophically, figuring that he had escaped chastisement for many pranks of which he was guilty.

His father was not aware of all Dana's pranks; but when he learned of any of them, he dealt with the boy severely. He was very much displeased when instead of going to prayer meeting on Wednesday nights, Dana would sneak into a movie. On these occasions, Dana always underwent a severe tussle with his own conscience. He knew that his father wanted him to go to prayer meeting and would not approve his going elsewhere; but on the other hand, the movies fascinated him.

When Dana yielded to such temptation, his father would say, "Well, son, you know that you must be punished."

Then he went systematically about the routine of it. He would take a razor strap or a belt, and the blows would fall. Dana took it . . . and kept on going to the movies.

Like most minister's families, the Andrews moved frequently. When Dana was about fifteen, the family was living in Huntsville, Texas. Dana still had no clear idea of what he wanted to do with his life.

Dana and Michael pose with Mary, who gave up big hopes of a movie career to become Mrs. Dana Andrews.

Across the page—Have you seen Dana—not with his dog, Michael, of course—in "Crash Dive" or in "North Star?"

There was a time when Dana filled them up at a gas station—before the movie people took an interest in him.

He took a job in the bank for the time being. He liked the feeling of being financially independent. When his father got a call to go to a new parish, Dana surprised his family by saying he wanted to stay in Huntsville; maybe go on to high school and college.

For there were then and still are two Dana Andrews; two personalities within the same fellow. One was the restless adventurer who wanted to hoot at responsibilities; the other was the boy who dreamed of becoming someone.

His father let him remain in Huntsville. Dana shifted from one job to another. For a time he worked as a clerk; then in an oil mill; then as cashier in a movie house, and later as an accountant with the Gulf Oil Company in Houston and for Tobin's in Austin.

He was growing up, but (*Continued on page* 80)

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF A HOLLYWOOD DATE

1. Van Johnson calls for his lady of the evening, Judy Garland.

2. Once behind the steering

3. The gentleman helps the lady off with her jacket.

4. They go into their dance, which looks pretty smooth.

wheel, Van heads Macambo way.

6. Van does "the thinker" pose, expounding some great idea.

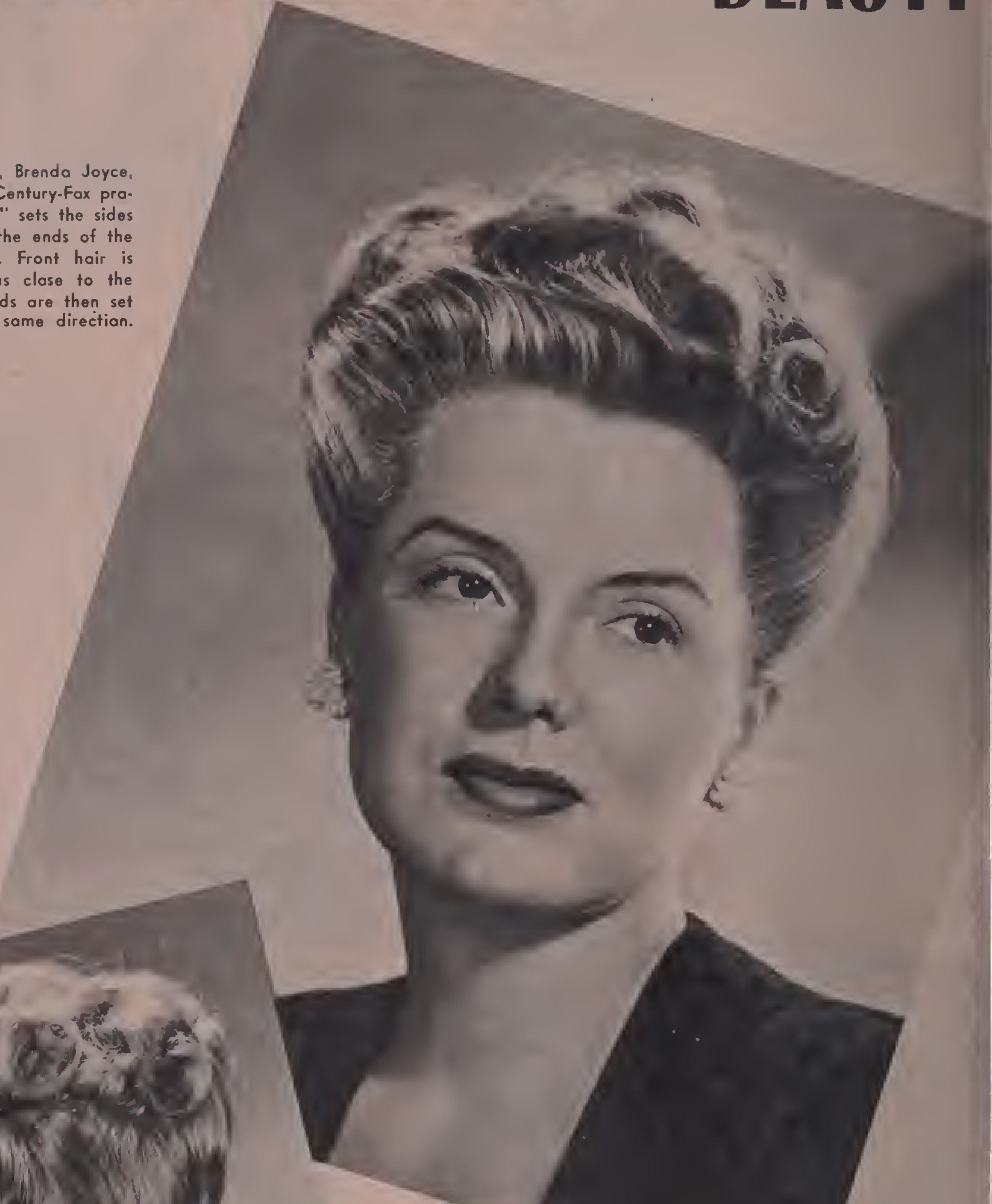
7. Hollywood touch: Acrass the raom David Rase, Judy's ex, with his newest heart-thrab, Glaria de Haven, watches the scene.

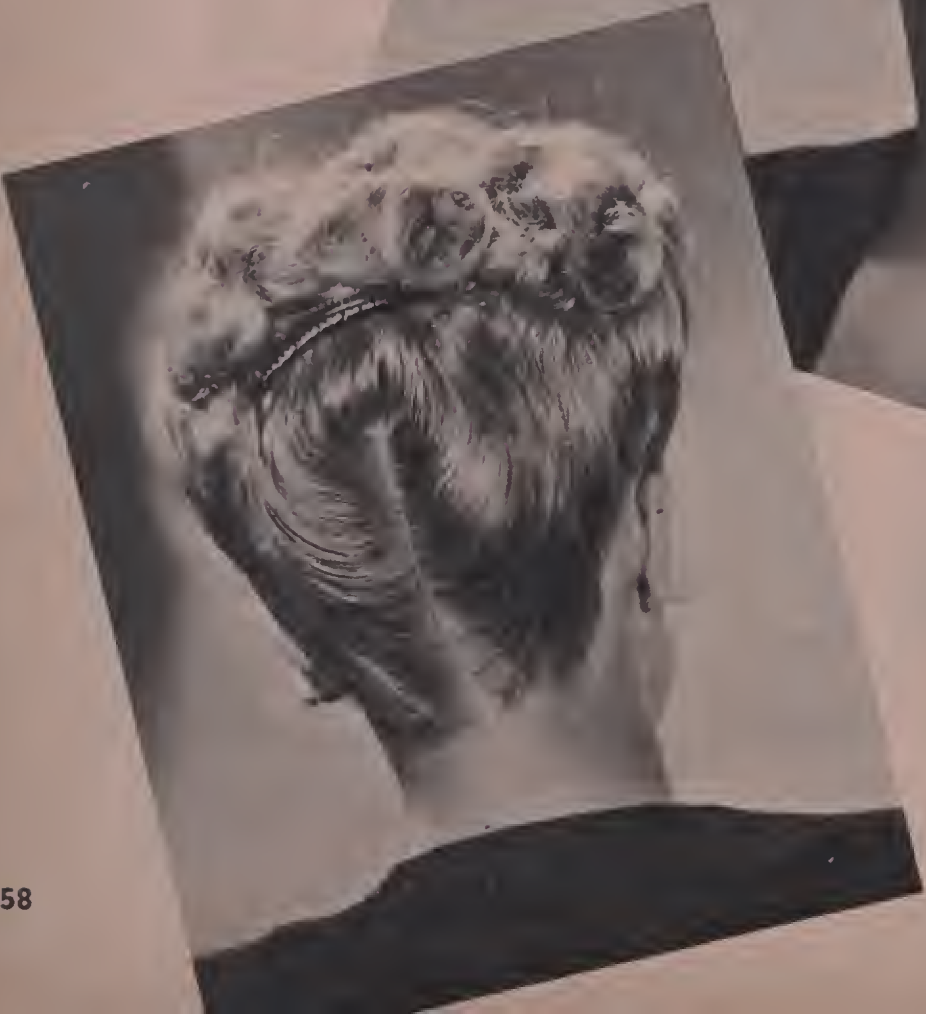
5. Judy seems ta apprave Van's dancing. Must be gaad.

8. Mare Hollywaad touch: Next night. Same place. Same girl ... . but this time it's a new date, Baron Polan.

Movieland's BEAUTY

Far this smort, feminine style, Brenda Joyce, next ta be seen in the 20th Century-Fax praductian, "Guadalçanal Diory," sets the sides of her hair in flat pincurls, the ends of the back hair in large pincurls. Front hair is pushed inta a half wave, as clase to the fareheadline as possible. Ends are then set in pincurls, all gaing in the same directian.





In the actual dressing aperation, Brenda uses a half-part at the center back af her head, brushing all the hair upward and ta the frant. A camb helps ta keep it smaath and sleek.

PARLOR

NOW that we are really settled into fall, with a few formal dates to be thought about, even in wartime, we all get the urge to be up and doing in the months to come.

But what a beauty recovery this takes!

Down in red ink should go those persistent freckles . . . the wrinkles, non-existent before, brought about by drying qualities of summer sun, wind, salt water . . . your brittle, sun-bleached hair.

Freckles you can battle with that simple and old standby, pure lemon juice. Its bleaching qualities are safe and certain. Just paint the annoying little spots with it daily, allowing the lemon juice to remain on for fifteen minutes. Two weeks of this routine should do the work.

To get that tired face of yours back into shape, there's just one answer: lubrication. You're a smart girl if you hie yourself to a beauty parlor for a few facials. It's the surest way to quick results and making yourself feel glamorous and irresistible.

Watch that transition from tan to snowy white, and choose your foundation creams to cover the in-between stages. Nothing is more ghastly than a too-light foundation over a dark skin, or a too-dark foundation over a light skin. Either way you're apt to come out looking like a mottled egg.

Your well bleached hair may be just too, too utterly devastating in winter, and a great success. But that same bleached hair looks decidedly overdone after a summer in the sun.

We know it's fun to have gone without turbans and hats, and to have felt sun and wind on and in your hair. But don't go around now that winter's coming howling that your hair looks awful, that it's ten different shades, that it's dry and the ends are breaking, and expecting all that talk in some obscure manner to whip your scalp and hair into glorious shape. It just isn't being done this or any other season. It's up to you to provide the reconditioning necessary for a cure.

Why not start with a restyling cut? You're probably tired anyway of the way your hair has been styled, and the cutting is an easy and quick method of getting rid of those troublesome broken ends.

If your hair is bleached or tinted, it's very wise to consult your beauty parlor girl to find out just what her opinion is on the amount of reconditioning needed before you have another bleach or tint.

If you've got coins that jingle-jangle-jingle, and if you have the time, the easiest and most luxurious way to recondition hair and scalp for fall and winter is through a series of scalp treatments given by a competent operator.

A series of hot oil treatments at home, including plenty of personal scalp manipulation, will do the trick—if you have the patience. We gave you the directions on this last month, remember?

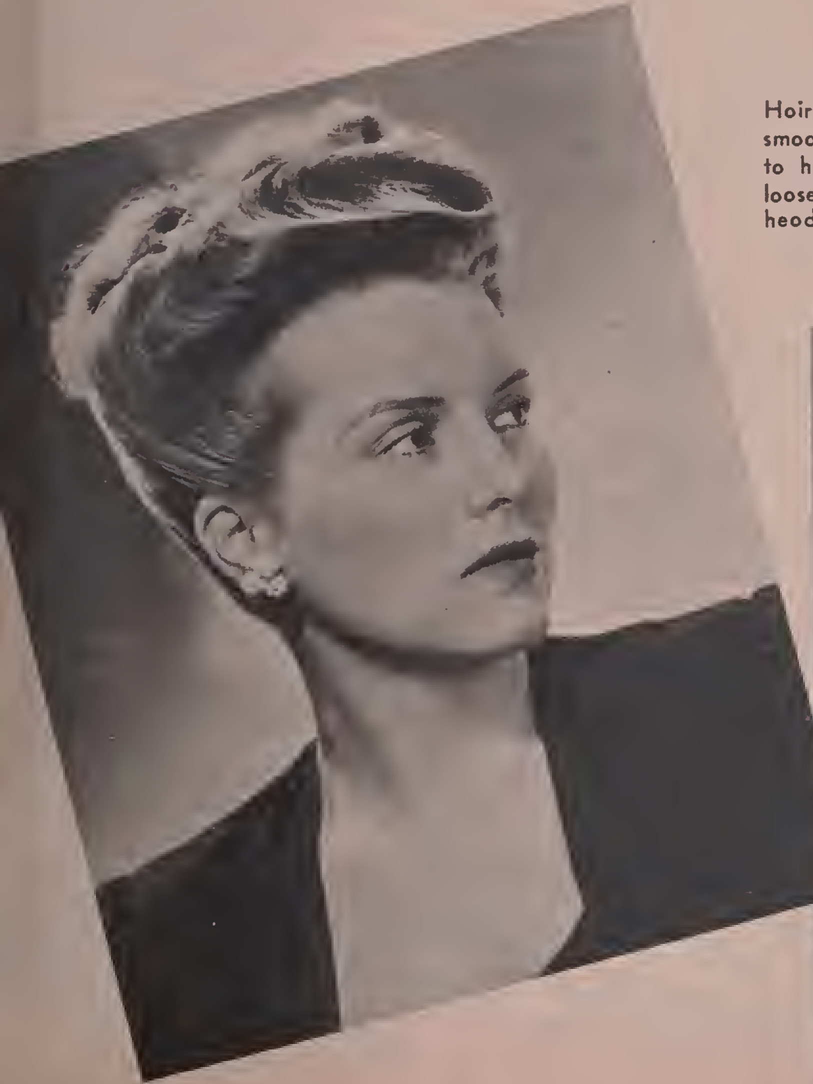
Above all, don't forget to brush and brush.

If you're a home shampooer, by all means use a liquid soap. It is more effective, handles more readily, and rinses away more easily. Remember, too, that too little and improper rinsing of the hair by home shampooers is one of the most prevalent causes of dull and lifeless hair.

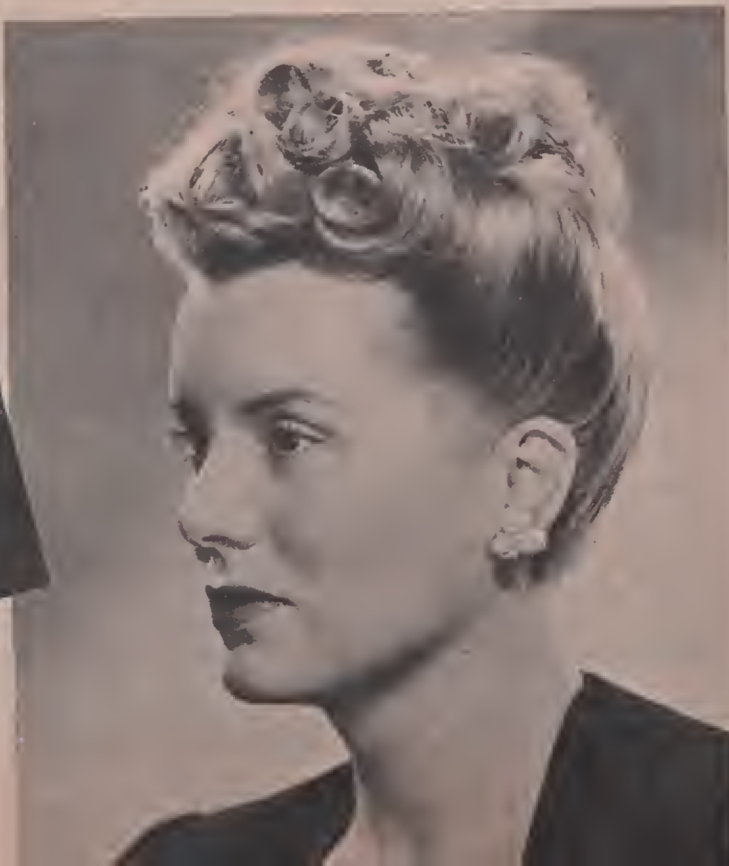
If you are a natural blonde or have bleached hair, by all means use a lemon rinse. If you have brown or dark hair, use a vinegar rinse.

And now for a new hair-style.

We chose as one of our favorites this lovely up-do sponsored by Brenda Joyce. It's our choice because of its (*Continued on page* 88)



Hair from in front of the ears is brushed smoothly upward and pinned with bobby pins to have a slight lift. End curls are combed loosely and arranged flatly over the top of the head, to be held smoothly in place with pins.



No time goes

Actually under contract to Warner Bros. where her next film will be "This Is the Army," Joan was loaned to RKO as Fred Astaire's partner.

THERE is a very small, very morose, and very lonely wire-haired dog in Hollywood these days. His days are dreary, and his nights are long. He says so.

You don't think dogs can say these things? Then you don't know Mike. He says things with his eyes. Right out in Hollywood, which is full of eyes which say all kinds of enticing and inviting things. Mike has eyes which tell only of sadness.

Mike is the property of Joan Leslie, which ought to be enough to gladden the heart of any dog, but Mike is the acme of loneliness. Things, says Mike, aren't what they used to be.

The pert Miss Leslie has attained screen stardom. That is important to a number of people, not the least of whom is Miss Leslie herself. But it is anathema to Mike. He is forced to console himself with his memories.

During the period of the Battered Sedan, Mike, who is now at the venerable dog age of seven, found it great sport to huddle in the back seat of a dilapidated car with Joan, Mary, and Betty. They were the three little sisters, but not the three little sisters that people sing about. Joan, Mary, and Betty were a vaudeville act, and they were touring the South.

The inception of the act had taken place way back in the unlamented early '30's. Just previous to that, Papa Brodel had been an accountant and an amateur baseball player. Mama Brodel was a pianist with a determination that each of the three little Brodels should learn to play a musical instrument. Mary was proficient on a saxophone, Betty coaxed music out of a banjo, and tiny Joan somehow found strength to hold up an accordion and learn to play it.

The three also took dancing lessons by way of developing grace and posture. So when the stock market came tumbling down around everyone's ears in 1929 and knocked Papa Brodel's ears down along with his job, Mama Brodel, who had always been pretty stagestruck, got the idea of putting the three little girls together in a sister act.

"We were," Joan says, "not good. I suppose, even, we were pretty terrible. We worked around in kiddie shows, but we gradually got good enough that we could get a week at the Detroit Fox every six months or so. And we even got to places like Toledo and Hamtramck now and then. Mostly we worked only during vacations. I actually started with the act when I was three, but I had to drop out for a while, and we really didn't get into real show business until after the depression started."

Well, if you're a proper Joan Leslie follower, you probably know about how the Brodel sisters toured all over the South, went into Canada, landed in New York, worked in night clubs, and finally Joanie got her screen chance. Mike remembers it as a pretty busy and exciting whirl. They drove everywhere; they lived in tents for a time, there were ups and downs, and mostly downs, even after Joan and family first got to Hollywood.

Those, says Mike, were the good old days. His mistress had plenty of time for him. But not now that she has become a star. Joan careens around corners and bolts through doorways. The five-and-ten, which used to count her as a favorite customer, sees her only as a mad whirl at the candy and trinket counters.

She dashes here, zips there, and whizzes to other places. There's her studio work, her school work, her dancing lessons, and singing lessons. There's the Hollywood Canteen, the Beverly Hills U.S.O., the Red Cross, and bond sale tours. There are scripts to study, lessons to learn, interviews to be arranged, and pictures to be taken.

There are letters to be answered, personal appearances to be made, songs to be learned, and radio shows to be broadcast. There are shopping expeditions, fittings, hairdressings. There are exercises and tests and dental appointments and physical examinations.

Joan dotes on it, even if it does have its inconveniences. She's eighteen years old and has never had a date. Too busy. She likes baseball, but has never seen a Coast

She's a creature of moods, real and camera-wise. She can be either the tumble-haired hoyden across the page or a svelte worldly creature like this. Actually, neither one.

ly Joan

The Always Rushing Miss Leslie
Sings, Dances, Stars, and Studies

League game. Too busy. She loves to romp with Mike, but can't. Too busy.

From the very moment Joan signed with Warner Bros., even before she had worked with Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York" or with Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," she has rushed.

"Who," demanded an exasperated executive at a production meeting one day, "is that red-haired kid who is always running? Every time I see her, she's running."

That was fifteen-year-old Miss Leslie. She's always running. To the studio school, to the set, to a dancing lesson, to lunch—anywhere, but always running.

Just the other day that same executive was driving over Cahuenga Pass. He saw a parked car and beyond it a flying figure. He didn't believe it . . . but you guessed it. It was Miss Leslie, now eighteen and a star, but still running.

"We're out of gas!" she panted when he offered a lift. "I'll be late."

Being late is anathema to Miss Leslie. She spent so many years in vaudeville, when she had to be right on time for the act, that she can't accustom herself to Hollywood's frequently indolent ways. She doesn't take advantage of her stardom, as have some.

"In the first place," says Miss Leslie, "I'm not a star. Oh, I guess you can say I am, in the Hollywood sense. That is, if your studio puts your name ahead of the title of the picture . . . then you're a Hollywood star.

"When I have carried a picture by myself, if I ever do, and if I still get fan mail," says Miss Leslie, "then I will think I'm a real star and that the public has accepted me."

This, in Miss Leslie, is not silly modesty. It is simply good sense. She doesn't think there is such a thing as a modest actor or performer, in the first place.

"Anyone who was completely modest," says eighteen - year - old but completely adult Miss Leslie, "could hardly get in front of a camera and fifty or sixty workers

Fred Astaire says of Joan in "The Sky's the Limit," "She's the finest dancing partner I've had since my sister, Adele." Ginger Rogers, please take note.

This is the off-screen Joan Leslie, still a school girl, here out in an antique shop, for the purposes of her art appreciation course.

and play a love scene. Now, really, could they? Of course not. We're just people who happen to be in a business, and we like to be told when we've done something worth while. Like my neighbor. He's retired, and he's been raising a Victory Garden. He brags about it, and he just loves to be told what a wonderful garden it is. I don't blame him. It is a good garden . . . and he certainly isn't modest about it at all."

That's a pretty long speech for the whizzing Miss Leslie. It came out over an ice cream soda, double dip, at a drug store. Miss Leslie was pausing between dashes hither, thither, and yon to stoke up on her favorite food.

Well, second favorite, probably. Irish stew comes first. She can't cook it. She just eats it. Joanie confesses that she can't cook. Just never learned, and too busy to learn now. But she loves to eat.

Studio officials cautioned her she was getting . . . well, rather plump.

"Poo," said Joan, "that's just little-girl fat. It will come off." and she calmly went ahead with her Irish stews and her sodas, and the fat came off. Maybe that came about through her dancing in "The Hard Way" and "The Sky's the Limit" and "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

For after spending several years in Hollywood, Joan has finally got around to doing what she probably can do best—dancing. She does tap, ballet, ballroom, exhibition—anything you want to name. And does them all well.

Joan's earliest recollections of Hollywood revolve around lessons. She had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and brought out from New York where she and her sisters had been appearing in the Paradise Club and similar places. Naturally the whole family, Battered Sedan, Mike and all, came along.

Joan went to school with Mickey Rooney, no less. He had, Joan remembers, freckles and a fascinating personality. She had an acute urge to mother him; but conquered it nobly.

And also, there was that day on the set when she was working—in a tiny part—in a Greta Garbo picture. Joan was in her set dressing room with her school teacher, studying, when she was called for a scene.

Joan eagerly and anxiously darted out of the dressing room and ran smack into the Great Garbo.

"Pardon," said the G. G.

"I—I—I'm sorry," stuttered Joan.

Which was the entire conversation, but Joanie still mentions, in an awed voice, that Garbo spoke to her. That, to date, is the most exciting thing that ever happened to her. Film fans who have sighed and thrilled when they saw her kissed by Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, and Dennis Morgan may find this astonishing. They'll be even more astonished that not one of these interesting events rates second. That position is held by Joan's personal presence at a Brooklyn Dodgers-New York Giants baseball game which she saw while she was in New York in connection with a personal appearance with "Sergeant York."

"I," says Joan, "am a baseball fan. Papa used used to play baseball. All of us girls played baseball. There's nothing I like better than to step up to the plate and take my cuts."

That baseball slang should establish the fact that she really means it. But baseball, like everything else, has been eliminated from Joan's career.

She whizzes from picture to picture: from lesson to lesson; from school to school. This pert, sweet-looking Irish lass has an ambition, an intenseness that belies her face. She wants to be the best she possibly can.

That's one reason she spends time seeing pictures over and over again. Not her own pictures, other people's.

She studies Bette Davis and Ida Lupino for intensity; Ingrid Bergman for grace and casualness; Garbo for ease and fluidity. In private she does great impersonations of a number of screen stars. She does a lot of them, for public consumption, too, in "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

"I don't want to copy people," says Joan. "I want to find out how they get their effects, why they're so expert at what they do."

I suspect Joanie of complete honesty except in one thing. That modesty business. She may sound worldly about it, but she is modest. There was the thing the other day in the swimming pool.

Joan loves to swim. Not being a big enough Hollywood star to have a pool of her own—and she probably wouldn't, anyway—she swims in the public playground pool in Griffith Park. While she was idly splashing away, a youngster of slightly more than her age started talking to her. He was, he said, a soldier, stationed at a local camp and but recently transferred from his native mid-West. He was lonesome and wanted to talk. So they talked.

"What do you do?" he said finally. "Go to school or work?"

"Oh," said Joan, "I work in a studio. Warner Brothers."

"Secretary," said the soldier, "or something like that?"

"Yes," said Joan, "something like that."

And they had a wonderful time.

Mike doesn't have to look so sad. He should be out, nose in air, telling his canine pals what a great girl he's got for a mistress. Joan's not too busy to be herself.

THE END

Movieland Selects Five "Best" Pictures This Month

THIS IS THE ARMY

(Warner Brothers)

EVERYONE in America knows about "This Is the Army," that all-soldier show which Irving Berlin wrote and organized. Now, everyone can see it for himself in the film version which Warner Brothers has patriotically produced. Every cent of profit will be turned over to the Army Emergency Relief Fund in the most gigantically worthy charity gesture ever made by Hollywood.

No one should miss seeing Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army." It has emotional appeal and inescapable impact. It differs from usual theatrical musical offerings as completely as it transcends them.

For the picture, a story has been added which goes back to World War I and tells how a fictional character named Jerry Jones put together a soldier entertainment that he titled "Yip, Yip, Yaphank." Actually Berlin performed the feat which in the movie is attributed to Jerry Jones.

Twenty years pass, and the sons of these men are called to war. They are the ones, the story tells us, who pitched in to put over "This Is the Army," the musical numbers being photographed exactly as performed on the stage.

Few of the soldier actors are identified in the roles they play. But Hollywood personalities have been recruited to swell their ranks; George Murphy, Lt. Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie, George Tobias, Alan Hale, and Charles Butterworth. Especial praise for any individual would be out of place considering the anonymity of the real soldiers. But it can be reported that Irving Berlin singing "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" in his strange cracked voice steals his own show.

HOLY MATRIMONY

(20th Century-Fox)

WHAT happens when a crusty, solitude-loving painter assumes the identity . . . and the wife and the affianced of his dead valet . . . is the story of "Holy Matrimony." You may remember the plot which is based on a very funny book Arnold Bennett wrote under the title of "Buried Alive." Its adaptation by Nunnally Johnson, which stars Monty Woolley as the painter, will send you into fits of holy glee.

Of course, the painter has no idea of the existence of either of the ladies when he allows a foolish whim to dictate the masquerade he assumes. He has been absent from his native England for some twenty-five years, the solitude of tropical climes where he can paint undisturbed appealing enormously to him. But he is such a master artist that his King orders his return to be knighted. It is impossible to refuse the honor.

On the way home, his valet contracts pneumonia and dies shortly after landing in England. The doctor confuses the two men and makes out the death certificate in the painter's name. Enabled by this mistake to escape the fame he dreads, the great painter allows the servant to be buried in Westminster Abbey. But he reckons without the women with whom the valet was involved.

Woolley has a role cleverly tailored to his measure and plays it for a solid hit. Gracie Fields is a joy as the patient and understanding woman he marries—a very subdued and very gracious Gracie. Laird Cregar, also sporting a beard, Eric Blore as the valet, Una O'Connor as the first wife, Alan Mowbray as a barrister, and Franklin Pangborn as a greedy cousin add to the fun.

WATCH ON THE RHINE

(Warner Brothers)

IT WAS later than we thought, in 1941. The threat of Fascism seemed very remote to the American way of life, and Hitler and his hordes were merely laughable figures in the newsreels. But to one family living in a gracious ancestral home just outside of Washington came a brave man who had dedicated his life to fighting Fascism. His was the idealism that has since sent all free men out to join in the fight. He stayed with the family only a few short days, yet in that brief time he "shook them out of the magnolias."

This was the substance of Lillian Hellman's intensely moving drama, "Watch on the Rhine." It has lost none of its thoughtful power in being brought to the screen. For the cameras, Paul Lukas repeats his deeply stirring stage portrayal of the Fascism fighter, one of the most admirable performances of our generation in the theatre. Lukas is co-starred with Bette Davis who faultlessly enacts his American-born wife. The role is not so exacting as the usual Davis assignment, but she invests it with ringing sincerity.

Several other members of the original cast appear in the parts they created. Lucile Watson is splendid as Bette's mother, and George Coulouris compelling as the German informer. Eric Roberts as the child, Bodo, also duplicates his stage success. Janis Wilson and Donald Buka are the other children, and there is an arresting part for Geraldine Fitzgerald.

"Watch on the Rhine" is not a war picture in the usual sense such a descriptive phrase is used. The battles it fights are those dictated by conscience. The acting is glorious and the writing superb. Both are guaranteed to make you think.

LASSIE COME HOME

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

LASSIE is a faithful collie who met her young master each day at four o'clock when he got out of school. The storekeepers in the nearby Yorkshire village used to set their clocks by the dog's passing. But the boy's family could not afford to keep Lassie and she was sold to a wealthy duke who wanted to add her to his kennels of show dogs. Lassie didn't like her new home, and twice she ran away to rejoin the boy to whom she was devoted. Even after they took her away to Scotland to train her for shows, she escaped to come back to Yorkshire.

"Lassie Come Home" is the story of the dog's arduous journey of almost a thousand miles to be by the side of her small master. Written by the late Major Eric Knight, it was his favorite story of his own authorship. As magnificently translated to the screen, it will be one of your favorite emotional experiences of the film season. Strangely, the picture has a strong adult appeal.

Roddy McDowall is his splendid self as the boy. His parents are understandingly played by Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester. As the elderly folks who befriend Lassie on her travels, appear Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster, a real-life married couple who recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in Hollywood. Edmund Gwenn is fine as the peddler whom the dog joins as long as the man's path continues southward. Nigel Bruce is the duke, and pretty Elizabeth Taylor, his tiny granddaughter. The production is handsome in Technicolor, and the collie chosen to play the title role remarkably intelligent. Due care has been taken in the picture not to overstress sentimentalities. The action is always believable.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

(Universal)

"PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" will be remembered as one of Lon Chaney's great silent screen successes. It is a very different picture in its 1943 version. In place of the horror scenes by which the master of the macabre frightened his public, a rare musical treat and an arrestingly beautiful spectacle await discriminating picture-goers. Naturally, a phantom still haunts the Paris Opera House, he evades his pursuers in the vast subterranean passageway beneath the stage, and again he sends a chandelier crashing down on the heads of an audience. But we now know who this phantom is and are inclined to be sympathetic toward him.

Claude Rains takes over the title role to project an always understandable study of a man's disintegration. You are permitted to sense, rather than actually to know that the girl singer is his daughter and his protective interest in her career is justified.

Susanna Foster makes a definite bid for stardom in the role of the girl. Singing opposite her is Nelson Eddy. Each is in splendid voice. Their arias and duets are equally outstanding; two original operas having been written for them by Edward Ward. He based a French opera on some of the best-loved themes by Chopin, and a Russian opera on Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. He also wrote the lovely "Lullaby of the Bells," fictionally the folk song and is the theme of the concerto Rains composes.

Because of this fine music, the interesting performances, and the spectacular scope of the production in Technicolor, "Phantom of the Opera" is highly recommended. Its melodrama will hold you; its music will thrill you.

COTTEN IS JUST A GUY CALLED JOE

But he's a special kind of Joe—the kind with high cheekbones and slightly slanted eyes—the kind whose voice does things to women fans—the kind who can rise to heights in four pictures!

BY M. M. RAISON

WHEN Joseph Cotten was handed his present role in "Hers To Hold," his latest picture, someone commented that Cotten was growing younger with every picture.

"Yes," said the actor, "at this rate, I expect my next contract will have to be approved by the court!"

He was referring, naturally, to his first two roles in Hollywood: the garrulous editor who grows old in "Citizen Kane" and the romantic oldster in "Lydia." Then, much to his relief, he was given three roles in which he acted his age: The American agent in "Journey Into Fear," the young bluebeard in "Shadow of a Doubt," and the object of Deanna Durbin's affections in "Hers To Hold."

Despite this rather bewildering shuttling around, in and out of white muff, baggy pants, and gray powder, Joseph Cotten managed to set himself solidly as a star with only four pictures to his credit. This is something of a record in Hollywood, where stars are no longer born overnight. At this writing, Cotten has been offered exactly seven roles and is undecided among three of them.

He can name his own terms, approve his own scripts, create his own working conditions. All this on the strength of four pictures! Without question, there must be something superb about a man who can climb so swiftly.

There are several things superb about him. His acting, for one, his manner for another, and his background. Yet by and large Cotten is known as a guy called Joe by his family, his friends, and his business associates, from grip to producer. This pre-supposed that Joe is an easy-going fellow who puts on no airs, will talk readily to anyone, and has no patience with swank and inaccessibility.

This all happens to be true. But it's also true that Cotten has a peculiar reticence, a genuine shyness which makes him a difficult person to know inside. This may be due to the fact that he hates people who love to turn themselves inside out in public. He thus leans too far the other way.

The first time I met Joe Cotten, it was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and he was just finishing breakfast. He explained immediately that this wasn't a habit he'd acquired in New York around the theatre. He had—and he was very honest about it—a great fatigue. But he'd collected it in a worthy cause. His stepdaughter, Judith, had never been given a Hollywood party and Joe thought it was about time a shindig was thrown for her upon her completion of the school year. Joe discovered that it was tough to compete with a sixteen-year-old on her first party. Now, all he wanted to do was walk. So we walked around the Pacific Palisades where he lives.

Then we climbed to where he could show me the view. The view from his house, he regretted to admit, wasn't a particularly good one. He wasn't playing himself and his possessions down deliberately. It was that guy-called-Joe in his nature that did it.

As we began to talk—his fatigue no less pronounced—I watched his tanned, lean face and listened to his unusual, timbrous voice, the voice that evidently does things to his women fans. Tall and rangy, Joe might have been a football player. When I queried him about this, he told me he did play professional football once.

Joe goes into half a dozen torrid love scenes with Deanna Durbin in Universal's picture, "Hers to Hold."

Remember him as Uncle Charley in "Shadow of a Doubt"? That Cotten man certainly is a versatile actor.

It was back in Washington, D. C., when he was attending a dramatic school and went broke. But football, he soon discovered, cost him too many teeth . . . and the roles for toothless actors were limited.

That brought him to the subject of his bete noir—his greatest fear: being typed. Once, Chic Sale, a young and talented man, was typed and made to play old men's parts. The same thing has happened to many others. When Cotten was handed his roles in "Citizen Kane" and "Lydia," he performed them with such consummate art that sentimental old ladies started sending him foot-warmers and shawls. They were slightly bewildered when he appeared in "Journey Into Fear" and "Shadow of a Doubt." They weren't certain whether he was a young actor playing old men's parts or an old actor playing young men's parts. But "Hers To Hold" has tipped the balance and the "young man" category, and now Cotten can breathe more easily.

Cotten learned about playing aged characters in his early days in New York. When he was between engagements, he worked for a photographer who specialized in "Before and After" pictures. "Before," Cotten had to impersonate the aging invalid, or the man-who-lost-his-pep-and-vitality. "After," Cotten was young, handsome and virile. He was so good at these characterizations that the wolf, which had been loitering conspicuously on the Cotten doorstep, was frightened away, never to return. For while plays may open and shut, "Before and After" ads, be they for pills or toupees, go on forever.

By this time—we were still walking—Cotten had plucked himself a branch from a tree and was chewing on it absently. He suggested that we start back to the house. He had lost the vague look; yet he talked with that same hesitancy I had first detected in his manner. He wasn't at a loss for words, since Joe is conspicuously one of the "intellectuals" of Hollywood. He was simply trying to explain himself to a stranger, and that's never easy.

We got as far as the porch, and I remarked on the smart color scheme and the comfortable furniture. Joe said the scheme was devised by his wife. Later I discovered that Joe is quite a hand with the saw, plane, and paint brush himself. In fact, for a while he was constructing so many bookcases that his wife had to conveniently misplace tools. A neighbor's chickens are now roosting in some of Joe's cabinet work but, as Joe observed, an egg is more valuable than a book.

Over coca-cola (unadulterated), Joe told me something about his early life. Through his discourse, the name of Orson Welles occurred frequently. This was natural enough since Joe joined the famous Mercury Theater soon after its founding and co-starred with Welles in many plays. It was Orson who brought Joe to Hollywood to play in "Citizen Kane."

"I first met Welles," said Joe, gulping his drink thirstily, "when we both laughed at the wrong place in a radio program. We were in the audience and an actor—a pompous fool—made an embarrassing error in pronunciation. We were the only two in the radio audience who dared laugh. We were thrown out on our ears by the producer.

"I'll never forget our first play. It was presented for the Federal Theatre, and it was called 'Horse Eats Hat,' a slightly bewildering French farce. The critics hated it . . . but the audiences loved it. They loved it so much we actually had repeaters in the audience. We discovered this one night when we tried to change the lines. The audience shouted back the right ones. And because the audience had the cast outnumbered (contrary to our general policy, I might add), we had to stick to the right ones."

Joe smiled and all his facial lines went upward. He has high cheek bones and slightly slanted eyes. He even wears his sandy hair in a pompadour. He was beginning to enjoy talking about himself and was a vastly different person from the "movie guide" I first met.

He was born, he told me, in Petersburg, Virginia. His father was, and still is, superintendent of the mails there. He spent sixteen years in Petersburg, dutifully going to the public school and high school. But, he admitted, he was somewhat of a problem. He read a great deal, mostly plays, saw every road company that had the fortitude to come to Petersburg, and avidly devoured the theatrical and "drama" pages of the local newspaper. Since his father was so intimately connected with the mails, it wasn't hard for Joe to catch an occasional glimpse of a metropolitan paper which really had dramatic pages.

He began to pester his father about becoming an actor. This was a far cry from being a Virginia gentleman—the goal his father had set for him. So Joe, who has a stubbornness all his own, started on a campaign of being a general nuisance.

"In fact," he admits, "the boll weevil and I were the biggest problems the townspeople had to cope with."

The boll weevil was controlled with eradicator; Joe with banishment. The day he was graduated from high school, he was handed some money and told to go find himself a dramatic school in Washington, the nearest large city. Joe joyously took the train for Washington, vowing to come back to Petersburg another Garrick.

But the money . . . as money will . . . petered out. That's when he started playing professional football and losing teeth. It paid twenty-five dollars a quarter . . . and pay your own dentist bill. But it didn't pay Joe. He tried selling vacuum cleaners. Unfortunately, in those days, every house in Washington had a vacuum cleaner.

That drove him to New York, where he became a paint salesman. He learned, to (*Continued on page* 86)

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LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES about this. Our pay envelope today *is* dynamite.

If we handle it *wrong*, it can blow up in our face . . . lengthen the war . . . and maybe wreck *our* chances of having happiness and security *after* the war.

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The wrong way is for us to be good-time Charlies. To wink at prices that look too steep . . . telling ourselves we can afford to splurge.

We *can't* afford to—whether we're business men, farmers, or workers. And here's why:

Splurging will boost prices. First on one thing, then all along the line.

Then, wages will have to go up to meet higher prices. And higher wages will push prices up some more . . . faster and faster, like a runaway snowball.

The reason this can happen is that there is more money in pay envelopes today than there are things to buy with it. This year, we Americans will have *45 billion* dollars more income than there are goods and services to buy at present prices. *45 billion dollars extra money!*

That's the dynamite!

The right way to handle it...and why

Our Government is doing a lot of things to keep the cost of living from snow-balling.

Rationing helps. Price ceilings help. Wage-and-rent stabilization helps. Higher taxes help. They're *controls* on those dangerous excess dollars.

But the real control is in our hands. Yours. Mine.

It won't be fun. It will mean sacrifice and penny-pinching. But it's the only way we can win this war . . . pay for it . . . and keep America a going nation afterwards.

And, after all, the sacrifice of tightening our belts and doing without is a small sacrifice compared with giving your life or your blood in battle!

Here's what You must do

Buy only what you absolutely need. And this means absolutely. If you're tempted, think what a front-line soldier finds he can get along without.

Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist pressure to force YOUR prices up.

Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. Shun the Black Market as you would the plague.

Don't pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Take a grin-and-bear-it attitude on taxes. They must get heavier. But remember, these taxes help pay for Victory.

Pay off your debts. Don't make new ones. Getting yourself in the clear helps keep your Country in the clear.

Start a savings account. Buy and keep up adequate life insurance. This puts your dollars where they'll do you *good.*

Buy more War Bonds. Not just a "per-cent" that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it *really* pinches your pocketbook.

If we do these things, we and our Government won't have to fight a postwar battle against collapsing prices and paralyzed business. It's *our* pay envelope. It's up to *us.*

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

THE LADY CAN'T DRAW

Barbara Stanwyck is a very talented actress, but she can't draw a straight line. The regular gang of the MacMurrays, the Millands, the Zeppo Marx's, and the Bill Wellmans all get together each Saturday night for dinner.

After dinner they play the "Game," but in their own way. Instead of acting out quotations, they draw them.

Whenever it is Barbara's turn to draw, everyone shudders. One night recently they gave her "A" for her effort. The word was "Luftwaffe" and the airplanes she drew looked like chickens. When her side lost as a result, Barbara was presented with a ripe tomato as her reward for the evening's labor.

Best artist in the group is Mal Milland with a close second by Ann Sothern.

A MAN WHO DATES THE STARS

Bonita Granville and Margaret Hayes are sharing a beau. He is dashing Greg Bautzer, ex-attorney in Hollywood and now in the Navy and stationed at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Both girls passed through New York on personal appearances and bond tours and were squired by Greg. They each write to him every day and get letters in return and frequent phone calls and wires. May the best lady win.

Ladies in the past who did not win Greg were Lana Turner and Dorothy Lamour.

A WEDDING DRESS

Janet Blair's wedding came as a surprise to most of movieland, but to Edward Stevenson, RKO dress designer, it was a rush affair. In great secrecy he was called at midnight one night by Miss Blair's agent and asked whether he would design the dress for the wedding. This he did and supervised all the fittings. The lovely chartreuse crepe dress was the most becoming thing Janet has ever had, and she wears it now on her bond tours. She said she thinks during wartime that girls should wear their wedding clothes as best clothes rather than laying them in moth balls as so many do.

Mr. Stevenson received a lovely gold watch from Miss Blair and her husband with the inscription on the back. *"To Eddie Dan Cupid in chartreuse."*

SHE WRITES HER OWN PLAY?

Joan Bennett's book "How To Be Attractive." was purchased by Twentieth Century-Fox for a screen play. It may be her first picture when she returns to the screen. The book originally was just a series of tips for milady on beauty, but during the period Joan was waiting for her baby she whipped up a plot and presented it to the studio, and they are using it as a pattern for a picture. The story rather follows the pattern of the life of beauty expert Elizabeth Arden.

SHIRLEY'S GOT A BOYFRIEND!

Remember what a flirtatious child Shirley Temple was? Well, now that she's fifteen, she's still got that twinkle in her merry eyes. She flits from one beau to another. Right now *the* one is the boy next door, Don Gallery, adopted son of Zazu Pitts, who adopted Don when his mother Barbara LaMarr died. Shirley has more beaus than she knows what to do with, but seems to favor Don, for the moment.

A CUP OF COFFEE, A COCKTAIL, OR A HIGHBALL

And the coffee up top of the page belongs to Aurello Nawrocki, the very pretty girl who's out with Wolloce Beery, the man who's rarely seen out with a pretty girl.

The cocktail? Suson Hayward, now of Hollywood, spends time with the man she used to model for. He's Jon Whitcomb, now a Navy lieutenant. You know those Whitcamb girls he draws.

And as for the highball, that belongs to Johnny Poyne and his new date, Elyse Knox. Maybe a few eyebrows didn't go up when they walked into the Mocambo.

WILL THEY EVER FORGET?

Greer Carson was dining at the smart Savoy in Beverly Hills. She was wearing a stunning new short dinner frock with a low cut neckline, and Greer felt she looked very smart and pretty.

A lady at a nearby table got up and came toward her. Greer started to smile and prepared to sign an autograph in her nicest style. Imagine how she felt when the woman said, "I didn't think that Mrs. Miniver would wear a low cut dress like that."

AN OPINION ON TAYLOR

Coming across that handsome Robert Taylor on the set of "Russia" in its final day's shooting, he gave me the kind of yarn that makes you know why everybody who's ever really known him, is so fond of him.

It seems that Bob was bedeviled by his stepson, Skip, to get into his naval uniform. After many days, Bob gave in and came downstairs in all of his splendor. Barbara beamed at the gorgeous sight, young Skip scrutinized, bent, dipped and swayed around and finally broke the silence with "Ty Power looks handsomer in his!"

It seems Skip is a great Power fan.

MAKE THE BOYS WHISTLE

Fashion tip from Muriel King, designer of costumes for Columbia's "Cover Girls." Take three yards of veiling, the color of your dress, or direct contrast. Get some velvet bows, either on combs or not, get either some fresh flowers or some mighty pretty artificial ones. Pin the veil in the center front of your head, take ends and cross lightly in center back, so that veiling makes frame for face, bring ends around neck as scarf. Take your bows and flowers and place them in the most becoming places, catching the veiling with a hairpin where you want to shape the hat.

About four hairpins, three bows, two flowers and the veiling make you something for the boys to whistle at. Rita Hayworth, Anita Colby and many other "Cover Girls" have adopted the idea.

Left—Quite a twosome this. Jane Withers and Farley Grainger, the seventeen-year-old who is her leading man in "The North Star." And right—Mr. and Mrs. Phil Terry go out celebrating their first wedding anniversary. Joan wears Adrian's white dinner dress banded at the low cut neck with blue and red—or as Adrian says, "the three finest colors in the world," and who will argue against him?

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CLOSEUP OF OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

thumbed through the program, blinked, and told ourself we was robbed. Miss Stuart had been replaced by some young upstart named Olivia de Havilland.

But it was too late to leave. The orchestra was hard at it, and if you left now, the folks would say you were a roughneck, a man with no culture, a man who obviously was headed for the nearest bar. So we stayed. And presently we saw the girl who had taken Miss Stuart's place, and then we weren't sorry. Miss de Havilland was not a blonde, but she had everything Miss Stuart had and more. From that moment on, we were a de Havilland fan.

SITTING there in our brown study, we remembered the first time we talked to Miss de Havilland. She was a film actress now at Warner studios, and there were stars in her eyes. Imagine being chosen by Mr. Warner to play Hermia in the film version of "the Dream." A girl just out of a small town California high school getting a break like that. Mr. Reinhardt was wonderful. The Warners were wonderful. William Dieterle who was helping Reinhardt direct was wonderful. Life was wonderful. That was the way she talked then.

Life was still wonderful the next time we met, even though she was leading lady in a thing called "Alibi Ike," which wasn't much of a picture anyway you looked at it. You couldn't expect to get all the good parts on the lot, she pointed out. After all Kay Francis was there, and Bette Davis was there, and there were any number of pretty kids around with talent.

We became friends. We called her Olivia, and she called us by our first name. We had lunch together. We agreed that the Warner Bros. were wonderful, Michael Curtiz who was directing her in most of her pictures was wonderful, Carlisle Jones, the press agent, was wonderful. We talked about books and poetry and art and music—neither knowing much about any of the subjects. We walked into the Green Room and had her bark like a dog at us, which was her parlor trick and meant she was fond of us. We watched her go up and up and marvelled at the fact that she didn't change much. And when we left town three years ago, we were still marvelling. If she hadn't changed in four years, she was safe. Four years is a long time in Hollywood, where one picture can make a heel out of even the very nicest guy, you know.

Editor's luck. Greer Garson had returned for one day's work on "Madame Curie" when our Miss Waterbury happened along and got herself photographed with the exquisite Greer and fine director Mervyn Le Roy. Greer is showing photographs of her white French poodle, now in service. "What about your other poodle?" asked our editor. "Oh, he's strictly a desk dog," said witty Greer.

And just because Ruth Waterbury edits from Hollywood, she couldn't be in New York recently when Jerry Lester, well-known comedian, received a scroll saying Movieland selected him as "the outstanding new comedy star of 1943." Here you see the parchment being presented to him by Philip Keenan, general manager of Hillman Periodicals, publishers of Movieland. The award was made on Lester's Sunday night coast-to-coast radio show, broadcast by CBS.

THIS year we came back. We buttonholed the first person we met and asked about our little friend, Olivia. "Still the same nice kid?"

"She drinks," said our friend with a shake of the head.

"You mean . . ."

"Oh, just an occasional cocktail," said our friend. "But you remember—she never used to touch it."

We said that didn't surprise us. We drank an occasional cocktail ourselves, and nobody seemed upset.

"She goes out with men," said our friend.

"What do you want her to go out with?" we asked. "Monkeys?"

"But she never used to go out at all," said our friend. "She used to stay home and study."

We agreed that things had come to a pretty pass. We asked how she felt about Warners'.

"Well, she still thinks Carlisle Jones is wonderful," said our friend. He left us, looking very depressed.

SO WE began to make other inquiries. We found out a lot of things from a lot of different people. We found out Olivia was short with a newspaper woman who asked her about her love life. She was unhappy. She was too gay, in a world full of unhappiness. She had made too much money. She didn't make enough money. She had a broken heart. She didn't have a broken heart. Confused, we decided to see for ourselves.

It was with some trepidation we headed out on the RKO lot where she was starring in "Government Girl." We stopped awhile to watch a man skidding across the lawn on the seat of his pants. He was, we were told, getting grass stains on a pair of pants to be worn by Pat O'Brien. We wondered if it wouldn't be more sensible to look in on O'Brien. Then we remembered Mr. O'Brien was sore at us about something or other so we took a deep breath, put our head down, and went doggedly ahead.

Stage 12 was dark and cool. We tripped over a light cable. We collided with a wild wall. We put our head in a dressing room; and a blond we didn't recognize gave us a dirty look. Then off yonder we heard a dog barking. We followed the sound, and there we were behind the camera, looking at the girl who barks like a dog.

"Hello, Olivia," we said.

The lights were in her face, so she couldn't see us. "But I recognize the voice," she said. "When did you get back?"

She didn't walk right out of the scene and greet us. We understood why. Director Dudley Nichols was rehearsing a scene, and Mr. Nichols is not a man who likes to have his star walk out on him.

A big fellow at our elbow remarked that Miss de Havilland had the prettiest eyes in pictures.

Our guide introduced the big fellow.

"This is Sonny Tufts," our guide said.

"How do you get along with Olivia?" we asked.

"Fine."

"Difficult?"

"She plays gags," said Tufts. "All the time, she plays gags. This morning a mail man came on the set. He told me he had a truck load of fan mail outside. Wanted to know where to put it. I thought it was odd because the other picture I'm in, 'So Proudly We Hail,' isn't released, and who would be writing me fan mail? So I went out and there wasn't any truck. She had hired an extra to dress up like a mail man. Just because I said I didn't think Alan Ladd got twelve thousand fan letters a week."

Tufts sighed. "The other day was my birthday," he went on. "Mr. Koerner—he runs the studio—sent me a wallet. The man who brought it took it back to have my name put on it. Half an hour later another man comes around with another wallet. Says he's from Paramount and Mr. Freeman who runs Paramount is sending me a present. I open the package and it's another wallet. Just like the first one. There are two dollar bills in the wallet and a note signed by Mr. Freeman saying this is a bonus for my work in 'So Proudly We Hail.' I fell for it. The man took the wallet back and said he was going to get my name put on it. Then I looked up and saw Olivia laughing at me. Another gag."

We gathered from Tufts' manner he didn't think she was very difficult. And we gathered from remarks by the crew that they didn't think she was difficult, either. Nor was she quarreling with Mr. Nichols. He was telling her what to do, and she wasn't squawking. Presently the rehearsal ended, and she had time for us. She took our hand.

She said, "Don't for heaven's sake ask me whether I've changed."

"Because I have," she said a little later on. We sat in her dressing room with lame dog Shadrach and had a cup of tea.

"How have you changed?" we asked.

"Let me see," said Olivia thoughtfully. "Well, I sleep in pajamas instead of nightgowns, and I only use one pillow. I get out of bed on the right instead of the left side. I like beer. I like borscht. You remember, I didn't like it in the old days. And things that happen to me now aren't tragic—they're funny."

"Things?"

"I don't always get the parts I want. A few years ago that would have broken my heart."

"Why are you over here? Through at Warners'?"

"No," said Olivia. "I've six months to go. It's a funny story, why I'm here. Myron Selznick, my agent, called me up. 'Olivia,' said Myron, 'You are going to earn a lot of money for ten weeks' work.'

"I told him that was fine," said Olivia. "I told him that was wonderful. But I pointed out I was working for Warners' and that I got so much a week, so how was I to make a fortune?

"'You forget about my brother, David, has a commitment on you. You forget he traded Ingrid Bergman

(*Continued on page* 76)

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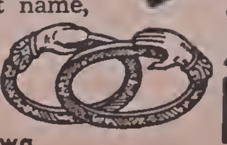

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 16-F, Jefferson, Iowa

MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

GIRL CRAZY (MGM) is a fast and furious load of entertainment with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland knocking themselves out for your amusement. The music is George Gershwin's best with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra to play it, and Mickey and Judy to sing and dance. In the present version of the show, it is a school instead of a dude ranch to which Mickey's irate father ships him after nightclub escapades have proved embarrassing to the family. The school is strictly for boys, but Mickey finds a way to switch it to a co-educational institution.

Gil Stratton, June Allyson, and Nancy Walker, all from the stage cast of "Best Foot Forward," join briefly in the youthful fun. Yet the affair so exclusively belongs to Mickey and Judy that anyone else has small chance.

TRUE TO LIFE (Paramount) isn't about anything important. But it is a lot of fun. Two radio writers run shy on plot material for a soap opera. In searching for a fresh idea, one of the lads encounters a slightly wacky family who make perfect copy for the Sudsy Soap serial. He puts them on the air and is kept in hot water trying to prevent them from hearing the broadcasts. When they do recognize themselves as radio characters, there is a million dollar suit filed for invasion of personal privacy.

Dick Powell and Franchot Tone enjoyably play the radio writers, and Mary Martin is charming as the girl of the family. Yet scene after scene is stolen by the veteran Victor Moore, who gives you many laughs with the crazy things he keeps inventing. A couple of gay songs help to enliven the picture which is built on the premise that movies need not be true to life but that life should be more true to the movies.

THE FALLEN SPARROW (RKO) finds John Garfield in the best role that has fallen his lot in many a day. He plays a war-shattered veteran who fought in Spain. He holds a secret that the "little man in Berlin" wanted to wring from him by two years of torture and later sent agents to kill his best friend in America. To avenge that friend, Garfield again enters the fray against the "little man." There is a matter of honor involved.

The picture should probably be classed as a mystery-melodrama although such a classification fails to do justice to the flavor of the story. Let's call it instead a superior exercise in suspense. Three lovely leading ladies appear with Garfield, Maureen O'Hara, Patricia Morison, and Martha O'Driscoll, and a magnificent menace by Walter Slezak.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO-Radio) will gain attention as the first factual film based upon the events that led the Japanese government to acts of world conquest which resulted in war. It was written by James Young who served as an American newspaper man in Tokyo for thirteen years before he was imprisoned as an enemy of the militaristic-minded powers of the new order. There is a strong parallel drawn between the rise of brutality in Nippon and that enforced by Hitler in Germany. The same men who put "Hitler's Children" on the screen repeated with "Behind the Rising Sun." If you could take the first, you should see the second.

Margo, Tom Neal, and J. Carroll Naish play Jap characters. Robert Ryan and Don Douglas are excellent as Americans. Yet the prize role is the Russian performed by George Givot.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE (United Artists) offers boisterous nonsense which is as close to boudoir farce as the Hays office will allow. What plot there is revolves around the sale of stock and the recovery of money lost in gambling so that a sailor and his bride can get away on their honeymoon. Some of the laughs arise from downright slapstick situations, with a dash of animated cartoons rung in to help.

Pola Negri looks like a million in her return to the screen. Adolphe Menjou, Martha Scott, Dennis O'Keefe, Billie Burke, and June Havoc make their presence felt.

I DOOD IT (MGM) is a title that should not deter you from seeing this comedy even if you are among the minority who do not care for the Red Skelton radio program. You have never seen the comedian Skelton proves to be in a role that fits him like a proverbial glove. He is a pants presser in a swank valet service which gives him opportunity to borrow a wardrobe that makes him the best dressed man in Manhattan. Hopelessly in love with a stage star, he marries her through a fluke. There follow two of the funniest pantomime sequences of the season, one in which he can't pick up his wife after she passes out and the other when he gets mixed up trying to put on a crepe beard to join her show. Both these scenes are screams.

Eleanor Powell plays the stage star to score most pleasingly. Her taps are tops as usual, and for good entertainment measure, there is a specialty featuring Lena Horne and Hazel Scott. Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra slickly provide the music.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) a gay time with Ernst Lubitsch looking at life after an old blade seeks admission to Hades.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) a pretentious depiction of Ernest Hemingway's novel of the Spanish Civil War, with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou and Akim Tamiroff.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER (United Artists) Walt Disney making graphic, as only he can, the argument of Alexander P. de Seversky for an immediate blow to wipe out the Axis by aerial attacks.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) an enormously moving tribute to the heroic nurses of Bataan as personified by Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH a deathless love story from the Margaret Kennedy novel, with Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine, and Alexis Smith.

HERS TO HOLD (Universal) the modern wartime comedy that brings Deanna Durbin to graceful maturity.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (RKO) sophisticated fun for Fred Astaire, with Joan Leslie as his new dancing partner and Robert Benchley a priceless blunderer.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) that extravaganza of Broadway talent entertaining the soldiers, fifty-odd topline stars and Lon McCallister.

MR. LUCKY (RKO) the comedy Cary Grant wanted to make . . . and did.

BATAAN (MGM) ranking with "Wake Island" as an honest war film that brings home the war in foxholes. Robert Taylor and Robert Walker.

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Betty Grable appearing in "Sweet Rosy O'Grady"
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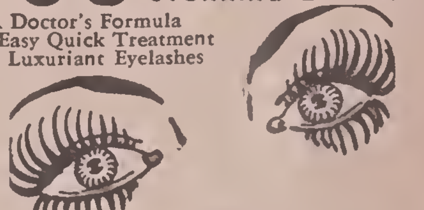

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(*Continued from page* 73)

to Warners' for you. So you are going to earn a great deal of money at RKO. You are going to earn one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.' You can imagine how I felt. 'Myron, that is terrific,' I told him. 'Wait a minute,' said Myron. 'You are going to earn a hundred and twenty-five thousand, but you aren't going to get it. David is going to get it. You just get your regular salary, minus my commission.' "

"So?" we asked.

"I get my regular salary minus Myron's commission," said Olivia.

Nichols called her then, and she went back into the shot. She said to us, "Let's meet later." So we did.

IT WAS hours later, as we sat in Luceys with Olivia, Nichols, and Sonny Tufts and had something stronger than tea, that it occurred to us that people were peculiar. The run-of-the-mill people, we mean. They expect bank tellers to change as they grow older. They expect floor walkers, undertakers, grave diggers, garbage collectors, and bar tenders to change. But they are amazed when an Olivia de Havilland turns out to be something entirely different from what she was a few years back. So they shake their heads and ask what has happened to her.

Watching her, listening to her talk, hearing her laugh a little more loudly than she used to, we realized that she had changed, that she was not at all the same girl we met back yonder.

Her brown eyes are as lovely as ever, but they look at the world differently. A little disillusioned perhaps. Anyway, wise. She hadn't been in love when she came to Hollywood. At least not seriously. She's in love seriously now with Captain John Houston, though she doesn't talk about it and parries any questions. But mention his name, and her eyes light up. We've seen them together when he was on leave recently. We listened to her tell us about seeing the picture he made for the Army in Alaska and realized that there was pride in her voice. We didn't ask her whether she was going to marry him because we figured when she wanted to announce that, she would.

Maybe she's been in love several times in the past nine years. Most beautiful girls in their early twenties do fall for guys now and then—guys like James Stewart who was her escort for quite a while. We heard her say once that she was a one man girl, that if she married, that would be it. A serious girl, Olivia. In that respect, she hasn't changed, for she was serious when she came to Hollywood. However, she admits that there was a time in the last few years when she tried not to be serious, when she tried to be very gay and very frivolous.

It seems to us that the best way to approach the subject of the new de

It's Gregory Peck, girls—and everybody is plenty excited about him. He's the one who will play the role announced for Spencer Tracy in "The Keys of the Kingdom." With him is someone you ought to know—Toumanova, the ballerina. She and Mr. Peck will both be in "Revenge" at RKO.

Havilland is to analyze her as you would any young woman. For that's what she is—a young woman who through a whim of fate or Max Reinhardt or Warner Bros., or the fans became a star. Take a girl named Sophie McGonigle, aged eighteen, fresh from the country with hayseed in her hair. (We are speaking of Miss McGonigle, not Miss de Havilland for to our knowledge Olivia never saw a hay mow.) Well, Sophie comes to Hollywood to get in pictures. Instead she gets a job scrubbing the floors at the Mocambo. One Thursday night a producer who has been sleeping under one of the tables wakes up and sees her there all by herself pushing the mop around. What grace. What poise. What charm. So he gives her a contract, and her first picture is terrific. So are her second and her third and her fourth. A change comes over Sophie. (Please remember this is Sophie we are discussing, that we are at Luceys and by now Miss de Havilland, Sonny Tufts, and Nichols have left us staring into our glass and musing about change.) What were we talking about? Oh yes, Sophie. Well, the boys give Sophie a rush. At first she is shy. Then she reads her press notices. She sees her name linked with this guy and with that—guys she had never met. So she decides she might as well go out. She has fun. She starts kicking up her heels. She learns to wear smart clothes. She becomes what she thinks a star should become—a hard-to-get-along-with girl. Then gradually the glitter wears off and she settles down to the quiet business of working and living. That is, if she has sense that's what she does.

But it takes people quite a while to realize that Sophie has settled down, that she has passed through the sophisticated phase, that she is, at bottom, a sensible young woman with a career.

At the moment, that's the way it is with people and with Olivia. They're looking at her, not as she is now, but as she was last year or year before last when she was going through the getting-one's-balance phase. Sure she has changed, but we're not surprised. As a matter of fact, we're glad of it. Who wants anyone to stay eighteen years old? Besides, she'll be fascinating when she's thirty.

THE END

SAY . . .

During dress rehearsal of Orson Welles' Mercury Wonder Show For Servicemen, an onlooker—entranced at the sight of Welles locking Rita Hayworth in a trunk and making her "vanish"—exclaimed at the Boy Wonder's dexterity in the hocus-pocus art. Joseph Cotten, who was standing nearby, overheard him. "Oh, if you think that's good," he told the chap, "you ought to see Orson make money disappear."

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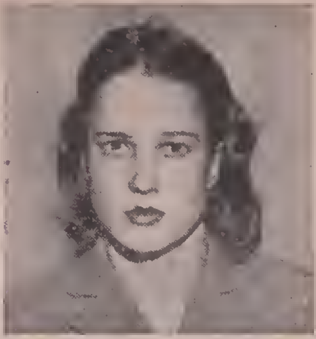

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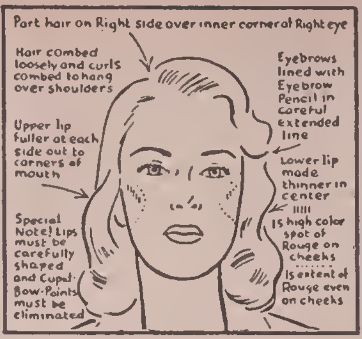
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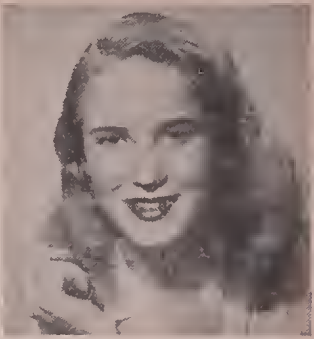

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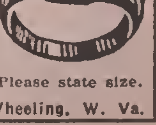

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BLOOD AND SANDERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

and bruised wrists, and giggled. "Aren't you being a bit hard on the fellow? He *has* tried it the other way, you know!"

He takes his picture assignments as they come, usually accepts the dialogue as it is written for him. Most actors and actresses indignantly refuse a role now and then, wax temperamental over a part or the lines in it. Subconsciously it bolsters their ego. The ego of Sanders is such that he is confident he cannot give a bad performance, and that any line, spoken by him, gains distinction. So far, he's proved his point . . . to such an extent that minor pictures are now definitely relegated to his past.

Privately, however, he has his own Academy Award ready and waiting for a screen play which does not contain the lines: "You must get some sleep, now." It's the only phrase he ever asks to have deleted.

"It seems to be a mechanical impossibility to write anything longer than two reels without someone sending someone off to bed. Even the best picture I ever saw, 'Mrs. Miniver,' had Garson trundling Pidgeon off to sleep, after his return from Dunkirk."

No flash in the developing-pans was Sanders, his ascent to stardom was a matter of some seven years and more than thirty pictures. Starting his Hollywood career with a poisonously villainous role in "Lloyds of London," he grew on the public—especially the woman public—like a slow case of undulant fever, symptomized by both chills and flushes.

His American debut was preceded by several pictures made for British studios, and before that, by stage successes. His very first professional engagement was as the lead in a musical comedy, a fact which he deflates with a few neatly pointed sentences.

"The producer heard me singing at a party and thought I had possibilities—I've forgotten whether he was very drunk or I was. Under more sober circumstances he didn't like my approach to the role and I didn't like his. I was fired."

Young George decided to stay in the theatrical business to prove the producer wrong. He understudied several leading men, each time stepping into their roles before the musical had finished its run. This, too, he dismissed in off-hand fashion.

"If I had any outstanding talent, it was my ability to pick the right leading men. Stupid fellows, they either went out on benders or developed indigestion or something."

At any rate, he eventually attained a leading man's status all his own and drew the attention of the film studios. He signed a contract with a major British producer, and that very night the studio burned to the ground.

"No, I didn't set it on fire . . . but sometimes I look back through the years and wonder whether I shouldn't have."

"Nothing exciting—absolutely nothing" . . . has happened to him during his entire screen career. This is no understatement on his part. The excitement has been mostly on the part of feminine fans, who, following him through a succession of roles small and large, began to wonder whether, in a real-life clinch, they would want most to fight it out with soft words or a sharp scissors.

Any actor who possesses this particularly disturbing quality is a star as far as his women public is concerned, regardless of how long it takes his producer to officially award him that status. In the case of Sanders, like that of Humphrey Bogart, it took his movie bosses a while to catch on. In the more recent case of Alan Ladd, realization came quick.

The Englishman's peculiar handsomeness is not of the orthodox sort. His somewhat glacial charm can be attributed to the fact that he is definitely and elegantly male. There is something about this flagrantly masculine superiority, the six-foot-three of height and a nose that is constantly looked down, that infuriates women (but in a pleasant way!) on and off screen. They simply cannot help being feminine around him, doing all sorts of fluttery, futile things. Mr. Sanders becomes more and more superior over this lack of poise. Thus, the legend has gradually grown that he is a "woman hater."

Men have nearly as hard a time getting along with him. They, too, have the uncomfortable feeling that he has applied the cold measure of his intelligence to their foibles, and discarded them as unworthy of his time and effort.

Take the manly pastime of yachting. Most male stars at one time or other allow themselves the indulgence of owning and operating a boat. It gives them a feeling of virility and a subject for a "baritone" conversation. In addition, it is a picturesque background for still photographs, standing in dungarees at the mast, their profiles and chest muscles bucking a strong wind.

Mr. Sanders at one time owned a boat and spent some of his time leading a vagabond existence aboard. Eventually he sold it. His explanation is simple: "After you have sailed to Catalina and back, and back to Catalina and back again—that about does it!"

His boat, when he had it, could scarcely be termed a yacht. He was discouraged from buying anything more expensive after reading a few yachting magazines.

"Every boatsman buys them—'Yachting,' 'Rudder' and that sort of thing. You sit at home taking mental voyages, you know. You open the February issue, and there is a large picture of the palatial yacht just built by Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so. Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so are frightfully rich and have been subscribing to the magazine for years, so in the March issue there are more pictures of the yacht, complete with an article detailing so many expensive appointments you wonder whether they are trailing part of them behind in a dinghy.

"In April they christen the yacht, the Super Sea-Gull, and there are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, all over-dressed up, smashing the champagne on the prow. The trials are held in May, with the Super Sea-Gull out-distancing everything afloat, and everybody frightfully happy about the whole thing. In June you turn to the want ad section, and there at the top of the 'For Sale' column is the Super Sea-Gull!"

Son of a wealthy British rope manufacturer, Sanders has a background of extensive travel and educational sorties into the best schools. His mother, Margaret Kolbe Sanders, distinguished herself as a horticulturist, collecting national prizes for her flowers and bee-hives. There is a bit of fiction to the effect that she gave up this last activity when the infant George wandered into the apiary one day and stung all the other little bees to death.

Pure fact says that George was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, under the protection of the British embassy there, and received his early training in Russian schools. Came the war and the Revolution, and George still remembers the escape of his family across ice-covered rivers. Safely back in England, his parents settled down to raising their sons as Englishmen. George attended Dunhurst and Bedales schools and went through Brighton College.

Having been born into a bi-lingual home, he found that languages came naturally to him. In addition to Russian and Spanish, he has a working knowledge of French and German . . . and if it so moves him, can refuse to answer you in any of the four languages.

During his school days, the young George was an outstanding athlete. He became interscholastic champion in boxing, and topped a swimming career by saving a man from drowning in the Thames. Among his souvenirs is a testimonial from the British Humane Society, generously inscribed on vellum. He values the plaque highly, having found it an excellent practice target for dart throwing.

In his callow youth, he fancied becoming a scientist. He became interested in the technological aspects of industry almost as soon as he could spell it, and by the time he was graduated from college had patented three water devices for swimming toys. Engaging for a while in technical textile research, he left it to experiment with a tobacco venture in the Argentines.

Somewhere in between these various interests, he found time to learn to play the piano, guitar, and saxophone—also, to cultivate the rich baritone which he has never used on the screen, "because stage musicals are fun . . . but screen musicals are just silly."

He considers acting a business, which he may at any time decide to abandon for some other business. Asked whether he ever "lived" his part in preparation of a screen-role, after the manner of Muni and Laughton, he was surprised into a loud snort, "Good heavens, no!" It was undoubtedly the most emotion he had ever shown in any conversation.

He likes the home he built in Hollywood, because, "why shouldn't I—I built it the way I'd like it!" One of his excursions into print, favorable and otherwise, was made when he told a columnist he had purchased his homesite because it was not in a fashionable neighborhood. Other residents of the same neighborhood took exception, much to his amazement. "They accused me of being uncomplimentary. Since I don't like fashionable neighborhoods, I considered I was paying this one a compliment!"

As for friends, the Sanders social circle consists of six—or maybe eight—he has never really counted. He regards the number, whatever it is, as entirely adequate.

"I suppose one should really go around making new friends . . . but I don't see why. There's nothing wrong with the ones I already have . . . and anyhow, I have only eight chairs in my dining room."

Off screen he prefers non-professional associates. An actor, in his opinion, soon grows to look too much like an actor.

"It's very easily explained. I have an acquaintance who is a sheep-farmer, from a long line of sheep-farmers. Look at him, and he looks like a sheep. It is the same with actors—there is a certain occupational distortion of features which becomes quite recognizable."

Sanders is thirty-seven years old and during the filming of "Appointment in Berlin," he received his army induction papers . . . which may, or may not be one of those omens Hitler is always dreading. Deferment was granted until the end of his picture commitments.

The Britisher himself had little to say on the subject until asked for his opinion of the current agitation for a government ruling on the "essential" status of all actors.

"I do not think the matter is up to the government . . . nor do I think it is up to Hollywood. There is only one way we can be 'essential' and that is, if the public decides that it is important to them that we remain on the screen. Therefore, I don't think anything should be done, unless the public wants to do it . . . and they probably won't."

In more typical fashion he explains his preference as to army service. "I should like to be a liaison officer between the Americans and the British, explaining the idiosyncrasies of the Americans to the British, the idiosyncrasies of the British to the Americans . . . and the idiosyncrasies of myself to both!"

THE END

In commenting on a Hollywood actor who suddenly turned from a recluse into a playboy, Director Robert Diodmak said, "He's just made the discovery that practically half the people in this world are women."

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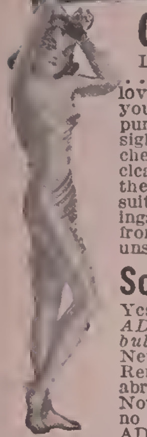

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THE THREE WOMEN IN DANA ANDREWS' LIFE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

time and again, the old restless impulses stirred in him, and he felt like running away from everything.

So in 1930, he hitch-hiked to California. He went to all the studios, and nothing happened. He had his ambition to be an actor; but there were hundreds of thousands of youngsters with the same ambition. He had a pleasant voice; but it was an untrained one, and thousands of youngsters have pleasant voices.

Dana took a job driving a school bus at ten dollars a week in Van Nuys, just outside Hollywood. He managed to live on that, too. There was an old lady in Van Nuys who gladly gave him room and board for five dollars. He began attending night school and acting in a show put on by the dramatic group. But hundreds of thousands of youngsters appear in school plays, and still never get anywhere.

It might have happened that way with Dana, if he hadn't met the first of the three women who were to influence his life. Her name was Janet Murray, and she was the daughter of a prominent Van Nuys family. Janet was a roving reporter for a Hollywood newspaper; she had studied for a teacher's certificate. She acted in the plays put on by the dramatic group of the Van Nuys night school. Dana and she met at the rehearsals of "The Thirteenth Chair" and discovered a common interest in poetry and psychology. By the time Dana realized that he was in love, he progressed to one hundred dollars a month at the gasoline filling station. Certainly one hundred dollars a month hardly seemed enough to support a girl accustomed to the sort of life Janet had led.

"Let's wait," said Dana, hoping that eventually he'd be able to do better.

Janet felt that their happiness depended very little upon money. They compromised by waiting six months, and by that time Dana was making a hundred and twenty-five a month at the filling station.

Janet believed in Dana's ability as an actor and singer, and encouraged him to spend out of their meagre budget, twenty dollars a month for singing lessons. She told him that he would be able to get into pictures when he had something to offer; and she was determined that he would have something.

It was an ideally happy marriage, and when they had a son, David, Dana felt life couldn't be more beautiful. Then late in 1935 Janet got pneumonia. Three days later she died.

All Dana's dreams and hopes vanished. He couldn't work or sleep. He couldn't face the empty future. He didn't have enough money to hire a housekeeper and a nurse to take care of the boy. He was not sure that he would ever go on home.

It was Janet's mother, Mrs. Agnes Murray, who saved him. Yes, his mother-in-law!

"You must go on with your singing and dramatic lessons," she told him. "If you care to live in my house, I've got plenty of room for you and David, and I'll take care of him. In that way, you'll be able to go on with everything you've planned."

She more than kept her promise. For three years, she was a mother to Dana. She watched over his son. She guarded Dana.

"If it hadn't been for her," he says soberly, "I might have given up everything."

It was Mrs. Murray who saw to it that Dana had a room of his own in which to work. When he needed anything, whether it was some physical or spiritual comfort, she saw that he had it. When he acted in a play or sang at a concert, she was always in the front row, applauding and encouraging him.

A friend of hers in Hollywood was giving a speech course, which cost one hundred dollars. Since Dana was making only one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, he obviously couldn't afford that course. But Mrs. Murray heard about it, gave him the price of it. She said, "It's not a loan. It's a gift."

As the months passed, Dana no longer felt as if there were nothing left to live for. He was taking dramatic lessons at the Pasadena Playhouse. So it seemed as if there was some possibility that his dreams of a movie career might be eventually fulfilled.

"One of these days," said his mother-in-law, "you'll meet a girl you'll really care for. When you do, I would like to meet her before you get married and give you my opinion."

Dana smiled, and promised he'd introduce her when he met such a girl. He didn't know that he had already met her when he appeared in a Pasadena Playhouse play called "Money." But his thoughts weren't on marriage then or on pretty, blonde Mary Todd.

It was several years and perhaps a dozen plays later when he really discovered Mary. She was playing the romantic lead opposite him in "First Lady." When rehearsals were finished, he'd look around for someone to invite to share a soft drink or a malt with him, and Mary was close at hand. Over their soft drinks, they'd talk of their dreams and ambitions. When he'd ask her what she thought of his acting in this scene or that, she told him truthfully but very tactfully. "Of course, your way of doing the scene in the third act is probably best; but I wondered how it would seem with just a little more comedy in it."

Dana would put a little more comedy into his acting, and it would be just wonderful.

Gradually Dana realized that he was always looking for Mary. When she wasn't around, he'd feel a queer pang of disappointment.

He remembered his promise to the

mother of his first wife. So he invited Mary to his home one day. David, just a toddler of four, with dark curly hair and brown eyes, was there. And just as his father had done, he fell in love with Mary. In a very short time he was sitting on her lap, while she was gaily reciting nursery rhymes to him. It was lucky she knew so many of them, because no matter how many she recited, he just kept asking for more.

After Dana had taken her home that first evening, Mrs. Murray said, "She's the one, isn't she?" He'd never brought any other girl home. Mrs. Murray said, "You couldn't have chosen anyone nicer."

Dana and Mary talked about marriage after that. He can't remember ever having made a definite proposal. Instead he began saying, "After we're married, Mary . . ."

By this time Dana was under contract to Samuel Goldwyn. He hadn't yet made a picture, but the dream of being in pictures was no longer intangible.

He knew that Mary had dreamed of a career, too. It wasn't easy for him to say it, but he felt that it had to be said. "Mary, dear, I'm a funny guy, you know. After we're married, if you're in pictures, too, I have a feeling it wouldn't work out. I want a home so much."

Mary understood. She had thought she would let nothing stand in the way of the career she wanted. But that was before she fell in love. Now it no longer mattered about her career. She was perfectly willing to give it up.

By this time Mary and Dana had decided upon their wedding, Dana had been cast in "The Westerner" and Goldwyn ordered him to grow a beard for the part. Since a church wedding would be too formal for a bearded bridegroom, Dana and Mary compromised on a quiet wedding at her home.

Just a sittin' and a knittin'—that's Paulette Goddard. And you won't see this shot in her new Paramount picture, "Standing Room Only"

David was at the wedding, too. Without any prompting from anyone, he filled a bag with orange blossoms and strewed them all over the floor.

When the ceremony was over, little David went up to the minister and said very solemnly, "Reverend Cornett, I want to thank you for what you did for Daddy and Mary."

Thus the third woman entered his life to love him and to be devotedly loved in return.

Now, when he has a script to study, he and Mary go over it together, she playing the woman's role. Then they make sound recordings, which Mary criticizes with her usual tact and good judgment.

Dana makes no important decision without consulting Mary first. He'll admit that his own judgment is sometimes faulty. There was, for instance, the time when a salesman showed him a beautiful Cadillac, and he began to think of all the reasons why he must buy it. When he told Mary, she said, "Well, of course, we can buy it if you think it's wise; but you know our old car runs all right, and it seems a mistake to invest so much money in a big car when the models will be changed drastically after the war. Don't you think it might be better to wait until then before we get a new car? And in the meanwhile we could put that money in War Bonds."

So they did, and Dana of course is glad.

With Mary's help, the question of bringing up David had been handled tenderly. When they were first married, Dana felt that it would be wise for Mary and himself to be by themselves, and for about eight months they lived in Beverly Hills, while David's grandmother continued to take care of the child. Dana also knew that it would be unfair to take the boy away from his grandmother completely and suddenly. So after that, Dana and Mary moved into a house close to Mrs. Murray's, and David ran back and forth between the two houses, so that both women helped bring him up. Later, Dana, feeling that the time had come for Mary to bring the child up, moved into a home farther away from Mrs. Murray's. Mrs. Murray now has her hands full acting as house mother at a girls' camp, but still comes to visit David and Dana and Mary every couple of months.

David likes moving pictures, but is not particularly impressed by his father's status as an actor. He much prefers Laurel and Hardy, the Blondie series, and the Great Gildersleeve to anything his father has done. Once when he was on the set with his father, someone asked him whether he intended to become an actor like his dad. "I should say not!" he said emphatically.

David is also very much interested in his baby sister, Katherine, who is eleven months old and just learning to walk.

Judging by how fast she's learning, it seems very likely that in time to come, Katherine will be the next woman in Dana's life to influence him. Already she winds him around her little finger.

THE END

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THIS IS MYSELF

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

I LIKE:

Snails cooked by an expert . . . certain shades of red . . . thoughts of my childhood . . . wading in brooks . . . the name Mary . . . "Night and Day" . . . a hazardous ski-jump . . . that hitch-hiking scene from "It Happened One Night" . . . buttonhooks and Mary Jane shoes.

To cook—if I don't have to. Once I was cook for a whole summer; the family put on weight, but I was completely fed up with the steady job.

Snowy hills and everything that relates to skiing. People who ski are like people who fly, they have a world of their own; if you don't ski (fly) you don't rate when two enthusiasts get together. Let two ski-friends meet and they forget time, place, appointments they've sworn to keep, weather, meals and their favorite radio programs. They are deep in a discussion of professionals, how much snow at the summit, ski huts, lifts, timber, whether a storm is due.

I CAN'T BEAR:

Mystery stories . . . horror pictures . . . crossword puzzles . . . those upturned glasses women are wearing . . . all-white rooms . . . having people hurry me.

I MARVEL AT:

The San Francisco Bridge . . . the assurance of Clare Boothe Luce . . . the faithfulness of fans.

I'M IMPRESSED WITH:

The simplicity and nobility of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Sister Kenny.

The boys at the VACS Canteen where I serve. Those boys are great in that they realize what they must face, yet they are eager to get on with the job.

I'M ANNOYED WITH:

Little Audrey stories . . . people who say, "What's buzzin', cousin?" or "Now you're cookin' with helium!"

I'M MAD ABOUT:

Quizzes—any kind. I listen to those on the radio. I get all the quiz books. I buy one magazine because of the quizzes in it. At home we keep score to see who has the highest I.Q. My evening is made when I can outscore my husband. It doesn't happen often, I confess, but look at all the education that man had! You know how the books say: "If you have a score of such-and-such, you are of genius rating;" when my score reaches that point, I float on a cloud for days.

I LIKE TO READ:

The latest novels . . . my husband's letters . . . and the encyclopedia. Once let me open a volume of the latter and I'm lost for hours.

I WISH I COULD:

Write shorthand . . . understand Morse and International Codes Perhaps it's a holdover from childhood when I used to imagine myself saving the ship or the company or whatever by being the only one present who could take down code, thus outwitting the villain or the enemy and coming out on top.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Enjoying breakfast in bed . . . wanting every dog I see . . . peeping into carriages at all babies.

Never being on time, except to work. My mother is always fifteen minutes ahead of any engagement. My brother arrives at a station with at least five minutes to spare. But that tornado streaking by just as they cry, "All abooo-ard!" that's Claudette!

Not writing letters. I telegraph or telephone instead—that is, I used to. I tried to send Joan Bennett a birthday wire and discovered that Uncle Sam won't let me.

Not remembering names, I nearly die trying to connect names to faces, worrying because the owners will think me snooty, when at that moment I'd offer an eyetooth for the ability to call, "Hello, Mr. Whoosis!"

I JUDGE PEOPLE BY:

Their hands. Men's hands give them away quicker than women's do, but I have a weakness for those utterly beautiful and useless women's hands you see once in a dozen years. They're always dropping things, they wouldn't know what to do with a screwdriver, but aren't they exquisite?

I NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY:

Their voices. Any voice can be altered, improved, deepened, cultivated, made to express an emotion entirely foreign to its owner's convictions; voices bear false witness with no effort.

ONCE IN MY LIFE I'D LOVE TO:

Christen a ship.

Be a guest on INFORMATION, PLEASE and get a higher score than the experts.

Go on a ski trip with time to follow the snow from one perfect spot to another, with no studio calling me back before I'm ready to come, nobody issuing warning: "Don't get freckled! Don't get hurt! Watch your skin! Careful of your ankles!"

B	O	Y	S	■	C	A	B	I	N	■	C	R	A	G
A	L	E	E	■	A	R	O	S	E	■	L	A	N	E
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ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 6

I'VE BEEN THRILLED WITH:

Stunting in the Grand Canyon in an old crate with an open cockpit.

Athens, especially the Acropolis by moonlight—maybe this sounds corny, but it's a fact.

The first preview of "It Happened One Night." We knew the picture was full of laughs, but until that first audience fell shrieking into the aisles we hadn't guessed how many! It was incredible, it was heart-warming, it was something out of this world!

The invitations from the Women's Ski Team for me to represent California in an important contest. They weren't looking for a movie star, they wanted to win and they thought I had a chance. I wish I'd been able to try.

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

I LIKE:

Receiving presents. What they are doesn't matter. My husband can bring me a new toothbrush and find me as blissfully excited over it as if he had handed me five extra coffee coupons.

Giving presents. But I'm too conscientious about choosing them; by Christmas Eve I'm a wreck because I worry so trying to find gifts I'd like myself that should absolutely thrill the recipient—usually something nobody has in stock. I exhaust myself, which isn't bright. But I never learn.

Radio shows with audiences . . . fans . . . to be called by name when fans recognize me. Once I caught a train I'd surely have missed because the man at the gates recognized me, shouted, "Claudette!" and re-opened the barrier after it had been shut.

I like my home. Correction, I love my home and everything it stands for.

I AM PROUD:

Of my husband and his service to our country.

Of my mother, her graciousness, beauty, and vivacity. I've always been proud of her looks; I'm much more particular about how she looks than how I look when we go out together.

I BELIEVE:

That while our boys are in the services, the least we can do is to learn and remember their insignia. (I try to do this, but sometimes I slip. The other night at the Canteen I greeted a man effusively, "So you're in the Coast Guard!" He raised a threatening arm. "Get outta here, lady—get outta here!" And then I realized that he wasn't in the Coast Guard, he was a gunner in the Navy).

In sending them off with a smile. But if it's your very own soldier, sailor, marine, or airman, he may like to see the tear behind that smile.

I KNOW:

That I, like women everywhere, long for the day when the lights go on again all over the world, when boys come home again—those who can come home—but I know, too, that that can't happen until the world is free.

I HOPE:

I can be proud of myself then for having done my part until that day shall come.

THE END

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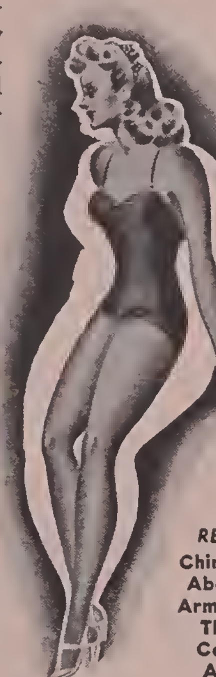

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DEBUNKING THE LUPINO LEGEND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

hundred per cent wicked women, because she doesn't believe in one hundred per cent wicked people. "If you go back in her life, you'll always find why she became that way. People are not born monsters. You can't play a person who is nothing but hate from the title to the last fade out."

She denies the rumor that "Lupino loves to cry." "Bunk! I hate it. If you see me cry for three minutes in a picture, it meant crying for eight hours on the set. Just try that once."

At the present time Lupino has what her friends refer to as the "writing era." She always wanted to do good writing. She talks to you about a couple of ideas (interesting, too) and vaguely dreams of a book of short stories she's going to do, "stories of real people, simple, down to earth, stripped to the essentials." As you see, Lupino strives for the highest goal of true, human simplicity. She admires Sherwood Anderson. "It must be wonderful to write as he did," she says, sighing. "Sometime in the near future, I'm going to take a year off from acting and intend to become a writing apprentice."

"A what?" we asked, slightly startled.

Lupino beamed with pleasure. "I'm going to sit in on story conferences. I want to learn how characters are being shaped, what makes people click, how fates are being plotted."

She brushed aside our objection that characters are shaped by life, not in story conferences; that people, not writers, do the plotting. "Sure," she said, "but you've got to learn the technique. You can't compose without knowing the keys. I'm trying to learn the keys."

She is very definite and outspoken about everything. She has her postwar plans all drawn up. When Louis comes back—Captain Louis Hayward of the U. S. Marines, now somewhere in the Southwest Pacific—she hopes they'll have a child. "It's the most important thing for a woman. My child and my husband . . . it will be wonderful. And a couple of good chums, books and music, and lots of fun, and one picture a year, leaving me all the time for the things I want to do."

Now, is this the language of madness? Isn't that the soundest blueprint of life you could think of?

The things she wants to do are many. Ida is all-round talent, plays the piano (well), sings (very well, as you will hear in "Thank Your Lucky Stars") composes songs (some of them have been played with success in the camp shows of the Canadian Royal Air Force). And her symphonic suite, "Alladin," was played eight years ago by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

"It was the greatest moment of my life," Ida says. No doubt she's sincere about that.

"I'm now at work on a musical comedy. I feel I'm guided by my late father in this work."

And this is another part of the Lupino Legend—one that has made people utter, "She's nuts. Now she claims spiritual communication with the other world."

The fact is that Ida Lupino was deeply devoted to her father, the late, great actor Stanley Lupino, who was caught by a German bomb when he did air raid warden duty at the height of the London blitz. The shock of his death made her break down, made her ill for months. Now, in doing things which she feels he would have liked her to do, she feels a sort of inner guidance—not a spiritual phenomenon but a deep memory. You don't have to be mad to feel that way.

"I've been trying to finish the score," she says. "Unfortunately, the day has only twenty-four hours. And when I come home from the studio, I have to learn my lines for the next day."

At this moment, Paul Henried, her partner in her current vehicle, "In Our Time," appeared on the scene. "Why didn't you study last night?" he demanded. "You missed your lines three times this morning."

As though this were her cue, Ida pretended to be temperamental and accused Mr. Henried of a score of the most abominable lines, while he was bursting with laughter. Whereupon Lupino got over her rage and then they were both laughing. Most moviegoers don't know it . . . but Lupino has a very happy, gay, contagious laugh.

"Paul, you're horrible," she said. To us she said, "Paul is my favorite partner."

When something goes wrong at the studio, Ida goes over to the Henrieds and has dinner with them. "She works up a terrific appetite by uttering insults against her enemies," Mr. Henried says. "Then Mrs. Henried, in true womanly spirit, supports Ida's views and gets quite mad herself. Afterwards you can find their nail polish and fingernails bitten off all over the place. Those women are wonderful."

Troupers par excellence, Lupino and Henried can put on an improvised show between the dinner courses. Henried teaches her sentimental European folk songs—Ida speaks a little French—and in return she gives Paul the lowdown on some old English ditty. Some time a movie magnate will drop in, and the next morning they will be cast in a super-musical, legs, songs, technicolor and all. At the studio Lupino and Henried are always concocting corny jokes such as telling Humphrey Bogart that they've heard a terrible rumor about him. Of course, they haven't, but who wouldn't be frightened in these days? Ida loves people with a sense of humor—that is what she liked so much about Louis Hayward, from the beginning.

"He was always a good sport even when I did get angry. He told me to stop bleaching my hair, and he cured my shyness. Five years ago I wouldn't have walked alone into the studio commissary, much less a party."

If you knew what an amazing transformation Ida has gone through, from the ugly little duckling she was to one of our leading glamor divas, you'd give Louis Hayward all the credit he deserves. She is proud of Louis. He enlisted without publicity and picture-in-uniform.

"He'd been recovering from bronchitis. He was afraid the doctors might send him back, and so he went under the sun lamp for hours and burned himself out until he was sure they wouldn't say no."

She writes every day and sends him telegrams, driving the Western Union people crazy with her requests to change the fixed wordage. "They wouldn't even let me put in affectionately and such things."

She is a second lieutenant in the Women's Ambulance Corps, works at the Hollywood Canteen, appears in camp shows. She doesn't talk much about her war work. To her it's a matter-of-course. On Sundays she swims, works in her victory garden, and dances with her sister Rita. Or they put on a weird and wonderful home show, with her mother, the famous Connie Emerald, taking part. "Oh, we are wonderfully mad," Ida says. "The Lupinos always were. Our family tree is full of crazy people for centuries, many of them hanging up from its branches where they belong."

She came to Hollywood after playing murderesses and similar cheerful characters in British pictures. In one of her films there was one scene where she portrayed a demure, noble character, by way of fun. Somebody saw that scene, sent it to Hollywood and said, "There is your Alice-in-Wonderland." They sent for her. By the time she arrived they knew the truth about the sweet little lamb, and she didn't play Alice after all. Her greatest break came when William Wellman gave her the part of Bessie, the neurotic barmaid who slashed the artist's masterpiece in "The Light That Failed." She walked right into Mr. Wellman's office and gave such a convincing, horrible performance of a crazy girl that Mr. Wellman's blood ran in reverse.

Which proves what we said in the beginning, that Ida Lupino is far from being mad. Only an exceedingly clever and sober-minded person could have staged that act, performing it with such workmanlike, splendid perfection.

In other words, she is an artist, not a mad woman. We prefer the artist . . . and we think that you will, too.

THE END

STUDY IN PERPETUAL EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

between her rounded cheeks. Her lips are pursed and red. And there's the vitality.

Dona is the most restless and volatile person to reach Hollywood in years. There's never a dull moment around Dona; not even one that's slightly blunt. She never stands still, and she never stops talking. "Stand" is used instead of sit, because Dona has never been known to sit. She pops in and out of chairs, never lingering sufficiently long to leave an impression on the seat.

Along with her protective instinct, Dona is a Soldier of Causes. She always has something or other she's battling about. Most recently it has been that letter "N" which was mentioned some time back. And that brings us around, quite neatly, to the subject of names, and we might as well mention all five of Miss Drake's names right here and now.

She was born Rita Novella. When she broke into show business, she called herself Una Vilon. As a band leader she was Rita Rio. She made a picture debut as Rita Shaw. And then she became Dona Drake. Remember that there's only one "N," please!

"Dona," says Dona, rapidly, "has only one 'N.' You pronounce it like the 'dough' in 'doughnut' and add an 'uh.' 'Donna'—which is Donna Reed—she just got married, didn't she?—is 'Don'—like a boy's name—and 'uh' at the end. Get it? I'm Dona—with one 'N.' She's Donna—with two, and a husband, I think."

That's the way Dona-with-the-one-N talks. Fast and rambling. No nonsense, no contemplation, no worries that her answer might be the "wrong thing."

She'd rather talk about Dorothy Lamour than anyone or anything else, which isn't surprising. Dorothy got Dona her chance on the screen.

"A whole year I waited around in this town, trying to get a job," she explains. "A whole year . . . and I couldn't even get inside a producer's office! I know a lotta kids have been trying longer than that. But me! I had a little reputation. I had my own band for more than three years. I'd been all over the country. But Dorothy got in even when my agent couldn't."

If you want to hear how Dorothy got Dona in, you'll have to wait a minute. Miss Drake is volatile, but she isn't always coherent. "D" not only stands for "Dona" and "Drake" but also for "digression."

"Want to hear why I came to Hollywood?" she demands and races off without waiting for a reply. "I had my band, like I told you. On my last tour I took Faith Bacon, Marie Wilson, and Toby Wing with me. Flash stuff, see? Did I work! Me and Orrel—that's Orrel Johnson, my band manager—made the bookings, arranged the transportation, got everybody loaded in the bus, met the dates, saw to the hotels, found the food, played the dances. I knocked my brains out. I led the band, and I sang and danced. And when the tour was over, Faith and Marie and Toby had the money, and all I had was an approximate nervous breakdown. So I came to Hollywood to pick up some of that

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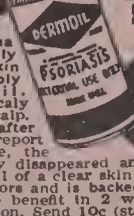

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easy money they were always talking about."

Dona landed in Hollywood on March 14, 1940, and on March 14, 1941, she signed her Paramount contract. Thanks to Miss Lamour. Dottie, who always seems to be doing nice things for somebody, had seen Dona at a party. She had known her from New York, and they resumed old friendships.

"And do you know what happened?" demands Miss Drake. "The next day she went to Mr. DeSylva—he's head of Paramount—and told him she knew just the girl to play her friend in 'Aloma of the South Seas.'

"'It's Rita Rio, the band leader,' she said.

"'I know her,' said Mr. DeSylva. 'She's a band leader, not an actress.'

"'She can act,' said Dorothy. And she got me a screen test and the part. Funny thing, later on Paramount was going to make 'Louisiana Purchase.' Somebody said that Drake kid—my name had been changed from Rita Rio to Rita Shaw and to Dona Drake by then—could sing the title song and be queen of the Mardi Gras. Know what Mr. DeSylva said?

"Oh, the little girl in 'Aloma.' She's not a singer—she's an actress!' But don't get me wrong. Mr. DeSylva's a great guy. He gave me the chance . . . and he's been picking up my options, too."

Miss Drake's performances in "Road to Morocco," "Star Spangled Rhythm," and the now-in-production "Salute For Three" apparently are sufficient reason for Paramount, in the person of Mr. DeSylva, to hold those options.

Dona (or Rita or Una) was born in Mexico City, November 5, 1920. Jose and Enocia Novella, her parents, were in the restaurant business, and when Dona was five they moved to New York with their not inconsiderable brood. Gothamites didn't take kindly to the tortillas, frijoles, and tamales which Papa Jose prepared with such delicate care, so before long it was necessary for various of the children to find jobs.

Renee, one of the daughters, landed with N.T.G. in his club. All of the Novellas were musicians and dancers of sorts. Dona herself plays the piano "pretty well," the trumpet "just fair" and the clarinet "lousy." So when she was thirteen, Dona joined N.T.G.'s troupe. Changing her name, of course. It became Una Vilon, the first because she liked it and the last because it was the name her sister's best friend, also in the show, was using.

In 1936 Dona decided that if she could play three musical instruments, she ought to be able to find another girl or so who could handle an equal amount, and thus a band was born. John Hyde, who booked the band, decided Dona's current name—it was Una Vilon, wasn't it?—was not suitable, and switched it to Rita Rio.

That was all right with Dona, but it confused a number of masters of ceremonies, who constantly introduced her as Rita Rio to various assemblages in night clubs, colleges, lodges, and other places of assembly.

"I didn't," confesses Dona, "know any more about leading a band than I know about shooting pool, and that isn't much. So I led it. I just held the stick and waved myself. They seemed to like it."

They liked it for three and one-half years, at which point came the aforementioned Faith Bacon-Marie Wilson-Toby Wing episode which sent Dona scurrying to Hollywood and her screen debut.

Dona can say, with admirable frankness, that her visits to Hollywood night clubs have been rare.

"Can't stand 'em," she admits freely. "I worked in too many. They're full of stale cigarette smoke, drunks, and gossip. I don't want any part of the three of them."

Dona's first house in Hollywood was a tiny bungalow high atop a hill with a magnificent view and no neighbors within one hundred yards. In fact, the address was so obscure that few could find it, which happened to be just what Dona wanted. There she lived with her cocker spaniel, "Jackie," her two Siamese cats "Ama" and "Pola," and a brace of white rabbits—"Hug" and "Kiss"—which, on occasion, felt the call of the near-by wild and disappeared into the sagebrush for indefinite periods. Since the incident of the sixty-five cats and the A-card, Dona has moved close to town.

She still has the livestock, which continues to be a problem. She will erupt violently from any party at five p.m. to dash home and feed the various pets, unless she previously has persuaded Miss Johnson, who is now an agent in Hollywood, to perform that duty for her.

This expose on Miss Drake may have built in you an enthusiasm for her, a desire to meet her. If so, there must be one word of caution added.

Miss Drake is an excellent rifle and revolver shot. She practices daily. She is also an expert with a left hook and a right cross. She started boxing with her brothers when she was a youngster. And she hasn't stopped.

So maybe you'd better spell it with one "N." Okay, Dona?

THE END

COTTEN IS JUST A GUY CALLED JOE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68)

his horror, that New York was almost as clean as Washington. Every house he went to had just been freshly painted.

But New York meant that he could tramp from one theatrical producer to another for the doubtful pleasure of sitting hour after hour in an unfriendly outer office. This was bad enough in the summer. When the winter came, Joe—who needless to say had hocked his overcoat—began thinking of a warmer climate.

His thought was translated into action when a friendly furniture store owner (who didn't buy any paint) offered to pay half of Cotten's round trip fare (excursion) to Miami, if Joe would give the return half of the ticket to the furniture man's daughter, who was happily stranded there. Joe jumped at the opportunity and took the first southbound train. He had exactly two dollars in cash and many high resolves for the future.

But some one on the train started a poker game, and in no time Joe's two dollars were gone—and also his return ticket! Fortunately, the furniture dealer's daughter, who was carrying on with a saxophone player, was in no hurry to go home. Joe, caught up in the fever of buying and selling, which was agitating Miami in those days, went into the real estate business himself.

He made enough the first week to buy the stranded daughter the return ticket, much to her annoyance, and then proceeded to live the hectic existence of a Florida realtor.

He didn't, however, neglect his theatre. Nights he acted in the Miami Civic Theatre, a semi-professional group. It was here Joe met Lenore Kipp. In the years BC (Before Cotten), Miss Kipp had been disposed to look down her aristocratic nose at theatrical folk. In all probability, she would have continued that commendable attitude had not Fate intervened in the form of a charity production. Miss Kipp, as accomplished a pianist as she was dazzling a socialite, agreed to supply off-stage music at the Miami Civic Theatre.

To her surprise, she liked the experience—and Cotten. She went further. She told Joe he was a great actor and belonged on the stage. With the help of Lenore, he collected letters to the "right people" in New York and trekked northward.

This was the Second Cotten Invasion. Hopefully he went after the "right people," only to discover that their outer offices were even more unfriendly than the producers he'd attempted to see during his first invasion.

He made fruitless calls on producers, managers, agents. Fruitless, that is, until he happened to barge in on David Belasco, of all people. The maestro greeted him like a long-lost friend. It was clearly a case of mistaken identity, but Joe was in no mood to quibble. When the producer asked Joe to trail along to a rehearsal at his 44th Street Theatre, Joe did so gladly.

In the Theatre, Belasco repeatedly asked Cotten's opinion on everything.

"Mr. Cotten," Belasco would ask deferentially, "don't you think it would be more effective if those costumes were blue instead of green?"

"I certainly do," Cotten would agree heartily. Whereupon Belasco would have the costumes changed.

Cotten never did find out just who Belasco thought he was, but he must have pleased the old man for he was made assistant stage manager and understudy to the late Lynne Overman in "Dancing Partner." Later, he understudied in "Tonight or Never."

Joe admits he was probably the only understudy on record who prayed every night that the star would not get pneumonia or be hit

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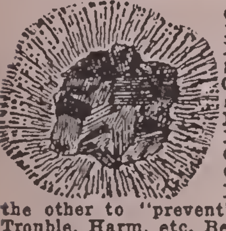

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by a truck. The very thought of taking over an Overman role set his teeth chattering and knees shaking.

"I don't know why," ruminated Joe, "but I was sure I'd never remember anything! And, at the same time I was dying to act. I guess it was sort of inverted stage fright."

Yet Cotten successfully concealed his fright from Belasco who kept him busy until Belasco's death.

The lean days came again, and they were mighty lean.

In 1931, Joe was engaged by the Copley Square Players of Boston as their leading man. This looked like steady work; so he and Lenore Kipp were married. But because the company manager believed that leading men were better box office if they were single, the news was kept secret, and Lenore was cheated out of a honeymoon.

It was shortly after this that Joe got his first real New York break. He was given the role of the collegian in "Accent On Youth." The part almost became a career for the actor. He played it for years. He couldn't get away from it. Once even, when he had a two hour stop-over in an upstate New York town, he visited the local theatre, where "Accent" was playing, just to kill time. He dropped backstage for a moment to visit with the boys and girls, only to learn that the actor playing the collegian had just been removed to the hospital. In the emergency Cotten took over the role, "for tonight, only." But the two-hour stopover became a two weeks' engagement.

Then the bottom fell out of legitimate theatre, and the Cottens had to tighten their belts. Joe was all for quitting acting entirely. He told me seriously, "The landlord and grocer were beginning to question my choice of a career."

It was about this time that Cotten met Welles, leaving the Boy Genius only to go into "The Philadelphia Story" with Katharine Hepburn. It was a miracle that he and the fiery Katie hit it off well together. But I can understand it. It's that "Joe" quality.

In the year of 1940 when Welles arrived in Hollywood to harry the old guard by producing, writing, directing, and acting in "Citizen Kane," he asked for Cotten as his co-lead. Two other major studios wanted Cotten, too, but their representatives lacked the persuasiveness of Welles.

"You just don't say 'no' to Orson," Cotten explained simply. "He'd be beating tom-toms under your window if you did."

He took the part even though another studio offered him a role on the "old folks" side. Joe told the studio, "I don't want to be the poor man's George Arliss. If I'm going to be a poor man's anything, I'd rather be the poor man's Cary Grant."

Now you know that he's neither. He's Joseph Cotten, star in his own right. And that ain't bad!

The End

MOVIELAND'S BEAUTY PARLOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59)

simplicity, its femininity, and its practicality. You can do it yourself.

We hope you absorbed the lesson on how to set pincurls from your first visit to Movieland's Beauty Parlor, in the September issue, because Brenda sets the sides of her hair in flat pincurls, and the ends of the back hair in large pincurls.

She pushes the front hair into a half wave, as close to the forehead line as possible, so that when it is brushed and combed it won't stretch out and be too far back from the forehead. Ends are then set in pincurls, all going in the same direction.

In actual dressing of the hair, Brenda makes a half-part at the center back of her head, brushing all the hair upward and to the front. Notice her clever use of a comb to keep the smooth, sleek look in back. Hair from in front of the ears is brushed smoothly upward, and pinned with bobby pins to have a slight lift. All of the loose curls Brenda arranges flatly over the top of the head, holding them smoothly in place with pins.

Easy, isn't it?

One admonition: Don't try this hairdress if your hairline isn't what it should be. If you have a widow's peak, then do uncover it and show it off to the world, because there's nothing that arouses more consistent sighs of envy from your feminine friends nor more admiration from the man in your life than a beautiful forehead and hairline.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH:

Are you a swivel-chair worker? Of course, you don't have to be in order to have bad posture, but it helps.

As a matter of fact, no matter what your occupation is, it's well to realize that good posture is based upon trained and adequate muscles. Those back muscles that one takes for granted have a tendency to become flabby and are then not strong enough to hold you up straight. What is true of the back muscles is just as true of the muscles of the trunk and abdomen. They just get plain tired of having no attention paid them!

Hollywood has many stars who are shining examples of good posture. All have regular exercises to which they adhere. From among them, we chose three simple, easy-to-do routines from Columbia's Janet Blair.

Lying on the flat of her back, legs straight out and feet close together, Janet takes a deep breath and raises her chest high. Keeping her chest up, she exhales by pulling her abdomen in hard. And if you don't think that's a long stride toward that flat tummy you long for we'll hurry on to the second exercise. It's a little tougher, but what wonders it performs!

In the same position as for Exercise No. 1, Janet bends her knees and pulls her feet up. She then pulls her abdomen in hard, and relaxes it part way. Do it often enough, and you'll have the hard, tough abdominal muscles that sneer at the sight of a girdle.

And for those of you who sit and sit and sit some more, Janet offers another. Of all things, it's done while sitting! Quite an idea, getting your corrective exercises while at work!

Seated in a chair, Janet inclines her trunk forward from the hips, keeping her spine straight. (Best to place your hands lightly on the hips, with elbows out, for this one.) She relaxes and repeats this over a ten-minute interval.

This is the position, of course, which should be taken at all times when you're bending forward to write or to any other kind of desk work. You don't have to make a special ritual of it. Just remember that correct posture while at work is not only an ounce of prevention but more than a pound of cure.

THE END

THE THINGS THE ROBERT TAYLORS WILL MISS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

situation when Barbara, all spiffed up in a new dress—very tailored—and a new pair of No. 18 coupon shoes, enters. "I'm ready," she says with just the proper mixture of expectancy and pride.

"Good," says Bob, beaming at her, but seeing—according to Barbara—only the Stanwyck face and hair.

Afterward she is likely to report to the intimate little group with whom she and Bob spend their spare time, "He *never* notices what I'm wearing. He never comments on my new dresses."

"Like Fred," chimes in Mrs. MacMurray. "As bad as Jack," announces Mary Benny. "Ray is the same way," sums up Mal Milland.

Perhaps colleges should institute courses in "Male Appreciation of Female Clothes"—by Adrian and not by Ann Corio.

Sundays hereafter will be dull affairs for Barbara and Bob, each musing—wherever he is—upon a certain cement mixing machine. Bob will swear that his last several civilian Sundays were spent in a most unorthodox manner.

But to go back a bit. Last spring Bob decided to plant a victory garden —early. His notion of what the well-dressed kitchen garden will wear started with radishes, progressed through the onion, carrot, and beet departments, and returned to the radishes. He planted little red ones and the white icicle type. The only trouble with the icicles was that they started life with delusions of grandeur: they thought they were baseball bats. No fooling, Bob had to dig some of them with a spade. When they were excavated, they proved to be as long as one of Mischa Auer's arms.

The enterprise of such horticulture will give you some idea of what monstrous weeds grew in the same soil. Barbara daily complained that Bob should do something about the buffalo grass, the sweet clover, and the miscellaneous widgets. They were heartier than redwoods.

Then one day Barbara came home to find the entire garden, weeds and all, gone. Frames were set up, gravel was piled neatly by, and Bob's next scene found him busily cementing in the space formerly devoted to di Maggio radishes. The result was so neat that Barbara was thrilled. It also was evidence of Mr. Taylor's new enthusiam for the cement mixer.

"Every Sunday from then on," Bob told listeners on the "Song of Russia" set, "I had to pour a little cement to cover up a space in which some bush had died and been uprooted." He rubbed his chin, stubbled for his role. "I'm going to miss that cement mixer," he said.

Another miss—a serious one—will be the luscious food he gets at Chez Taylor. Now Barbara is perfectly satisfied with any old viand so long as it is steak. A pink steak (remember the day?) is her idea of a well balanced meal. However, Bob is the gourmet personified. He likes goulash with all the incidentals. A baked potato must have the pulp removed, mashed, mixed with chopped mushrooms, diced green peppers, a touch of hardboiled egg. Then this mixture should be returned to the shell, covered with cheese, and lightly heated.

A salad, you say? The Taylor mixture: lettuce, celery, water cress, romaine, diced avacado, tomato, slices of American and Swiss cheese, miscellaneous slices of last night's roast beef, ham, or pork, a dash of paprika, a dash of marjoram, a few canned mushrooms, and a fancy dressing.

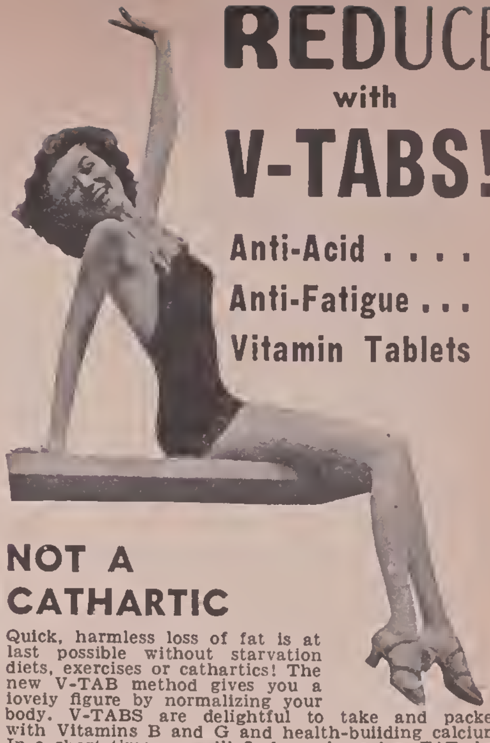
Cauliflower, to Bob's palate, is a failure unless it arrives in floods of Hollandaise sauce. Ever taste escalloped potatoes with a dash of horseradish sauce? Ever eat beef a la Strogonoff?

Barbara, at home (where the cook is a genius) or at one of the rare restaurants Bob enjoys, spent Bob's last civilian months watching him enjoy a series of exotic dishes. "In the Navy," observed his wife sarcastically, "you'll get all these involved foods. Yes, every one!"

Barbara is going to miss Bob's monitoring of her burning pockets. You see, she is the type of girl who gives gifts. She goes shopping in Beverly Hills to buy half a dozen hankies for herself, and she comes home with twenty-two packages, all for other people. She just can't resist buying that item which seems to belong—by its very nature—to one of her friends. She's a spendthrift in the Santa Claus tradition.

Bob is more conservative. He has usually bought what he wanted, but he has always kept a strict eye on the balance sheet. So much for recreation, so much for necessities, so much for investment. He and Barbara have a business manager who praises Bob, but keeps an eye on the Little Woman —occasionally telephoning her and sending her into guilty panic.

But the biggest miss in the new life



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of the Taylors will be their inability to hold a post mortem over every picture they see. Ordinarily they attend several movies a week. On the way home they dissect the opus, scene by scene. It has long been considered fashionable in Hollywood for stars to say, with ennui, that they have one unbroken family rule: no shop talk.

Both Barbara and Bob scoff at such pretense. Their business is pictures, and they are vitally interested in every phase of picture-making. "When I get too darned old to act, I want to direct and produce," Bob has said with reference to his post-war plans.

Incidentally, on the "Song of Russia" set Bob celebrated his final day in pictures for the duration by giving every member of the cast and crew a war bond. And Bob's fellow workers, in a clear demonstration of the esteem in which he is held, gave him a handsome leather naval dispatch case.

After Bob's basic training is completed and he has been transferred to a permanent base (permanent for three months, that is), you will undoubtedly hear that Barbara has joined him.

She'll fly to that particular point; she'll be in a dither, but she won't want to waste a moment. She'll cook fancy dishes for her husband; she'll report all her latest cementings and other expenditures; she'll give him a brief resume of the recent pictures.

That will ease the loneliness a bit until the war is over and the Taylors can resume one of the best home-life relationships in Hollywood.

The End

ERROL FLYNN TODAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

some of it lies in his change in friends. His closest buddy, Bruce Cabot, is gone to war. His other close pal, Pat di Cicco, very happily and quietly married to young Gloria Vanderbilt, is also in service. Possibly Flynn's closest friend these days is Helmut Dantine, the young Austrian actor who has made a name for himself playing Nazi villians. Having been in a concentration camp, Dantine knows Nazis and their plans for world dominion. He and Flynn spend hours discussing world politics, the "century of the common man" and other subjects usually restricted to council tables. This is not the kind of talk that used to swirl around Errol's pre-war night club tables.

Then there is Mexico. That is Errol's greatest enthusiasm of the moment. He used to suffer from wanderlust, wanting to move constantly from place to place between pictures, by plane or on his yacht. Today Errol hies himself to Mexico as quickly as possible after each picture and remains until called back for the next one.

Acapulco, on the West Coast, is his favorite city because of the splendid fishing facilities. Underwater fishing, for which he dons goggles and webbed feet, and carries a spear, takes up most of his time.

Each week-end, when a plane seat is available, he flies from Acapulco to Mexico City for the bull fight. He is friendly with Antonio Jarza, who was Mexico's greatest bull fighter until his retirement, and with Silverio, hailed now as the world's greatest matador. Errol invariably occupies a box on the shady side of the ring, immediately beneath that of the judges, and has become a prime favorite with the crowds.

At night he visits either the Reforma or the Ritz, where most Americans gather while in Mexico City, and on Sundays he usually journeys to Cuernavaca, the spa made famous as the place where Charles Lindbergh wooed and won Anne Morrow. There he visits the historic castle, started by the conqueror, Cortez, in 1519. Either that or he takes time to visit Fortin, a tiny hamlet on the way to Vera Cruz, which is said to be the most wonderful orchid and gardenia garden in the world.

There is, of course, no predicting what Flynn will do. He probably does not know his own plans from hour to hour, so completely is he a creature of impulse. Yet he is undoubtedly speaking the truth when he says that he has not yet met the woman he wants to marry. Little Nora Eddington, who ran the cigar counter in the Hall of Justice in Los Angeles, was pretty enough to attract him. But in his new, more serious life, he would seem to seek more than physical beauty from the girl he would wed. After all, Damita has more than beauty. She is a witty, sophisticated woman, Damita, and was a star in her own right when she married Errol. There are not many women, even in Hollywood, who have as many faceted a personality as Lili Damita, but Flynn with his flair for the romantic and picturesque will forever seek perfection until he finds it.

Meanwhile both war and fatherhood are leaving their mark upon him. In the wild, sprawling estate on a remote Hollywood hillside which he calls "The Farm," he lives in his newly quiet manner. It is actually a well stocked, working farm, with its pens of live stock, its corrals of horses. It reflects the Flynn who is not generally known, the Flynn he has somewhat deliberately hidden from the public. Maybe it is this Flynn who is beginning to show through the swashbuckling veneer these days.

The End

Ida Lupino has organized her neighboring housewives into a bicycle club for marketing purposes. "Our slogan,'" grins Ida, "is 'Go Pedal Your Own Goods.'"

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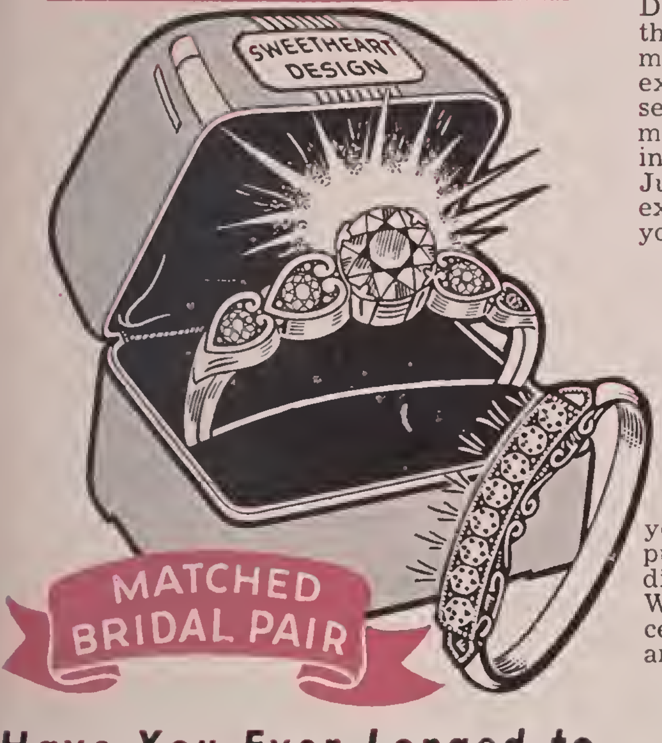
At dances, at the office, at bridge parties or the wedding—everywhere you'll thrill to the admiration of friends when wearing these sparkling Simulated Diamond Rings set in precious Sterling Silver. The mounting reproduces the design of romance and love that is the rage from New York to California.



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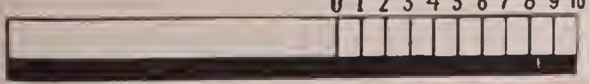

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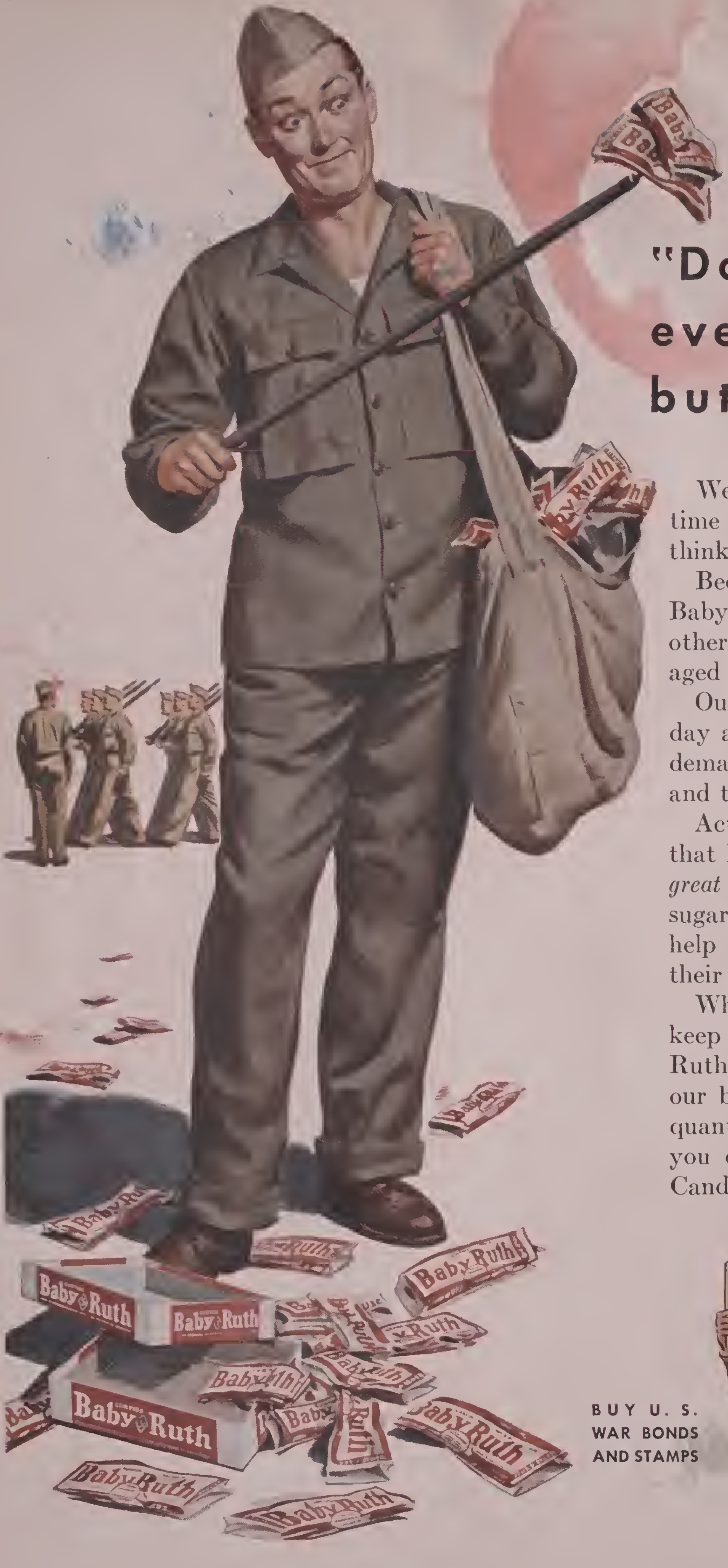

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CHECK SIZE WANTED

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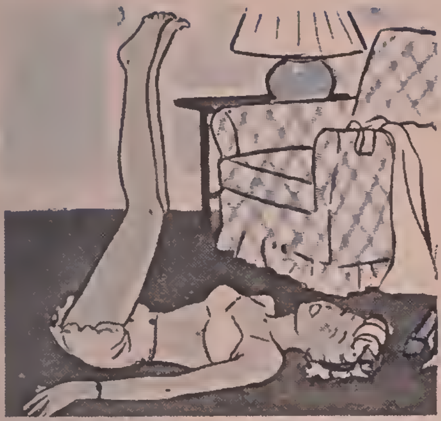
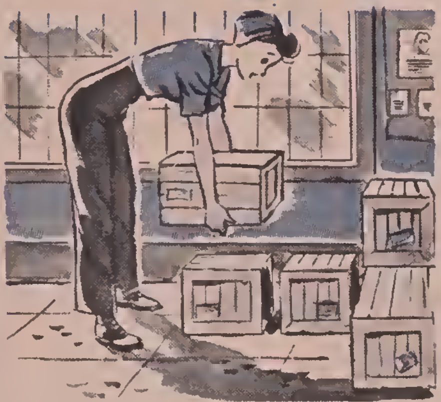
A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX *that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". She asked "Can you help these women – and a million like them?"*

We take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!*



Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.



Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.

Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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★ ★ ★ ★

The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "DuBarry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

★ ★ ★ ★

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

★ ★ ★ ★

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.

"Girl Crazy" is about to tread the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

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Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

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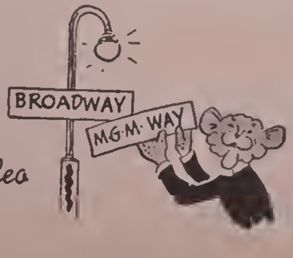
As for us—we've always been on the M-G-M bandwagon.

—Leo



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VOL. 1, NO. 11 DECEMBER, 1943

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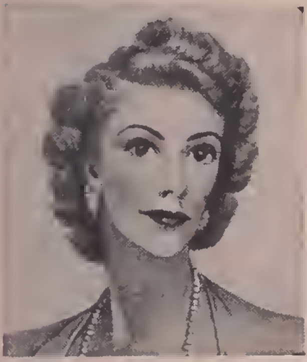
War, Women and Lipstick—



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional "woman's" work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It's a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man's work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman's lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it's badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

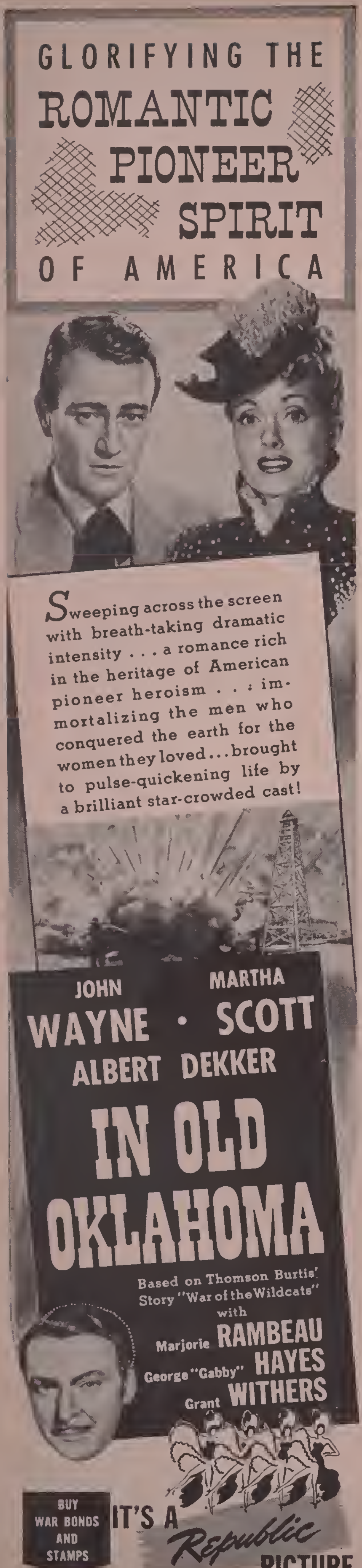
No lipstick—ours or anyone else's—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... *longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing "life" to your lips that defy both time and weather.*

BEAUTY—*glory of woman...*
LIBERTY—*glory of nations...*
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TANGEE WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH *Lipsticks*



GLORIFYING THE ROMANTIC PIONEER SPIRIT OF AMERICA

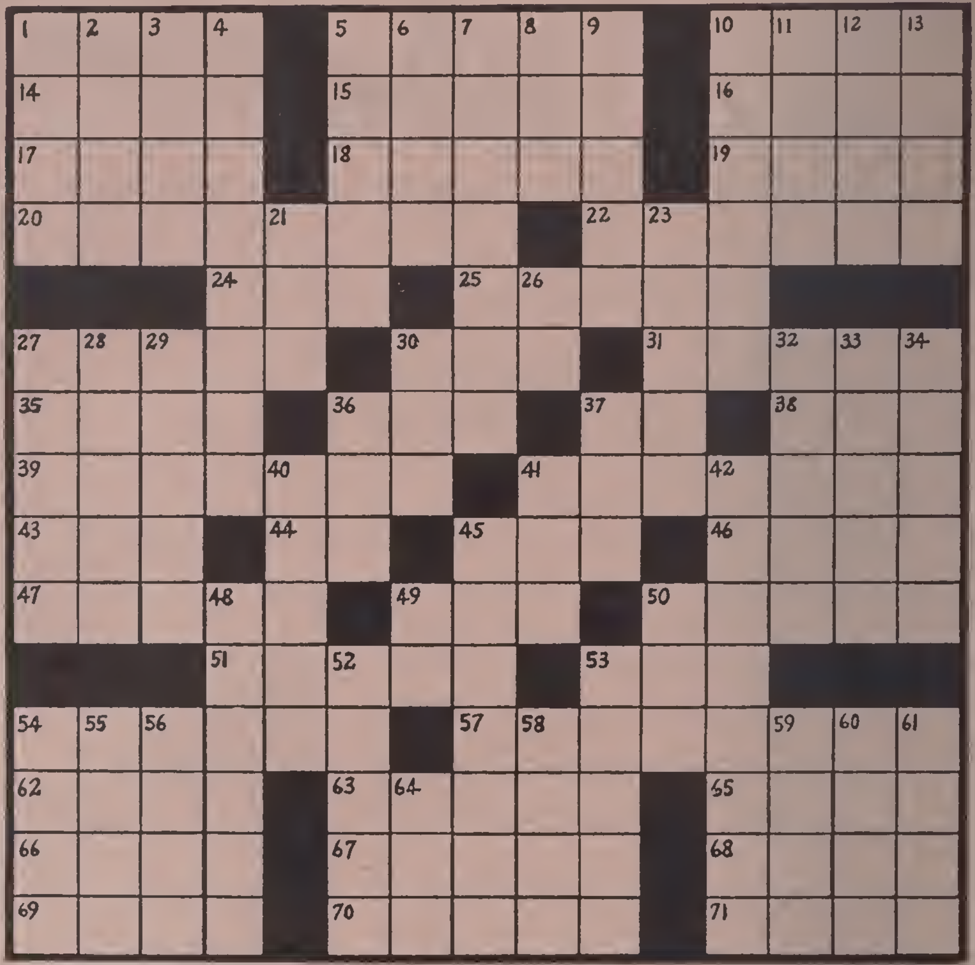
Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity . . . a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism . . : immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved . . . brought to pulse-quickening life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

JOHN WAYNE · MARTHA SCOTT
ALBERT DEKKER
IN OLD OKLAHOMA
Based on Thomson Burtis' Story "War of the Wildcats"
with
Marjorie RAMBEAU
George "Gabby" HAYES
Grant WITHERS

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

IT'S A Republic PICTURE

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Member of a U. S. Army women's corps (former name)
5. A senior hostess in "Stage Door Canteen."
10. He is in "Stage Door Canteen."
14. - - - - Nazimova
15. Tricksy spirit in Shakespeare's "Tempest."
16. A medley: - - - - podrida
17. Sloping passageway
18. Pressed vegetables into strings
19. Movie studio props
20. Wayne and Scott fight over her in "Pittsburgh."
22. Decides upon
24. 10 sq. meters of land
25. Frame for drying clothes
27. Claudette Colbert's birthplace
30. "The War Against - - - Hadley"
31. She is in "The Palm Beach Story"
35. Louise Rainer in "The Good Earth."
36. Hat-check boy in "DuBarry Was a Lady"
37. "Betsy" in "I Walked With a Zombie" (inits.)
38. A creek.
39. Portrayed by Dudley F. Malone in "Mission to Moscow"
41. Roz - - - - - - -
43. Sylvia Sidney starred in "Dead - - - "
44. "Allan" in "Wings Over the Pacific" (inits.)
45. Virginia O'Brien is a dead - - - singer in "DuBarry Was a Lady"
46. Achilles' - - - -
47. Bark again, as a dog.
49 Margaret Sullavan stars in "- - - Havoc."
50. Miss Barrie
51. Starred in "In This Our Life"
53. Normal
54. Cedric Hardwicke is "Colonel - - - - - -" in "The Moon Is Down"
57. Windings
62. Plant of the lily family yielding a drug
63. Covert sarcasm
65. Wife of "David Copperfield"
66. "Frau Reiker" in "They Came to Blow up America"
67. "Dixie Barlow" in "Sarong Girl"
68. One of the populace in Casablanca
69. He is in "Hitler's Children"
70. He leads a band in "Stage Door Canteen"
71. Babylonian god of wisdom

DOWN

1. Wooed by Morris and Arlen in "Aerial Gunner"
2. Jai - - - -: a Spanish handball game
3. Egyptian singing and dancing girl
4. "- - - - - - - - of the Clouds"
5. "Rose - - - - -"
6. Paul Muni is "- - - - Toresen" in "Commandos Strike at Dawn"
7. "R. I. C. Kay" in "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"
8. Professor's daughter in "Hangmen Also Die"
9. Noah Beery, the - - - - -, is the judge in "Pardon My Gun"
10. Mary Pickford's Buddy
11. A fish sauce
12. "Tortilla - - - -"
13. You can see them in "In Which We Serve"
21. Common carriers (abbr.)
23. Terry and Walker have the romantic - - - - - in "Stage Door Canteen"
26. "This Land - - Mine"
27. "Lt. Stewart" in "Crash Dive"
28. She helps serve the service men in "Stage Door Canteen"
29. "Steve Upton" in "The Desperadoes"
30. "Of Mice and - - -"
32. "Janie" in "Hit Parade of 1943"
33. Anointed
34. Arouse to action
36. Mr. Colman in short
37. "Let's Have - - -"
40. American Indian conical tent
41. The major in "The Major and the Minor"
42. She starred in "Kings Row"
45. Ancient Roman magistrates
48. Not present
49. "Countess Maletta" in "The Desperadoes" (inits.)
50. Pale
52. Inveigle
53. "George McAlister" in "Lady Bodyguard"
54. Whip
55. Countertenor
56. English playwright and movie actor
58. Unicorn fish
59. Heroine of Ibsen's "A Doll's House"
60. Clutch
61. "Orano" in "White Savage"
64. He stars in "Song of Texas" with Trigger

(For Solution See Page 85)

EDITOR . . . ON VACATION

Jerry Lester, radio comedian, thanks Ruth Waterbury for recent Movieland award which was given to him.

Paula Stone and Jerry Wayne chat at Stork Club party.

Also at the party honoring Movieland's editor was Ona Munson, right, talking with a friend.

MOST movie editors go to Hollywood to visit, but MOVIELAND'S editor, Ruth Waterbury, goes to New York to visit, and when she does, it's one busy, gay time.

During her recent eight-day stay in New York she shopped, saw plays, gave interviews to movie trade paper reporters, guest-commentated on radio programs—but the big event was a cocktail party at the Stork Club given in her honor by her publishers, Hillman Periodicals.

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The watch that was recalled to service*

Thousands of men bought their first Longines strap watches while serving in World War I. The Longines military watch above was bought by an American Artillery Officer from the Quartermaster Corps in France in 1918 and received its baptism of fire in the decisive St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles. For 10 years after the war, it shared the rough and ready life on a Montana ranch, and then it was put aside ¶Suddenly, the years of peace ran out and war came again. Our Artillery Officer was called for active duty, and the old Longines military watch was recalled to service. ¶Countless of such incidents have made the reputation of Longines watches—for keeping good time for a long, long time.

*Based on documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INSIDE
HOLLYWOOD

When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.

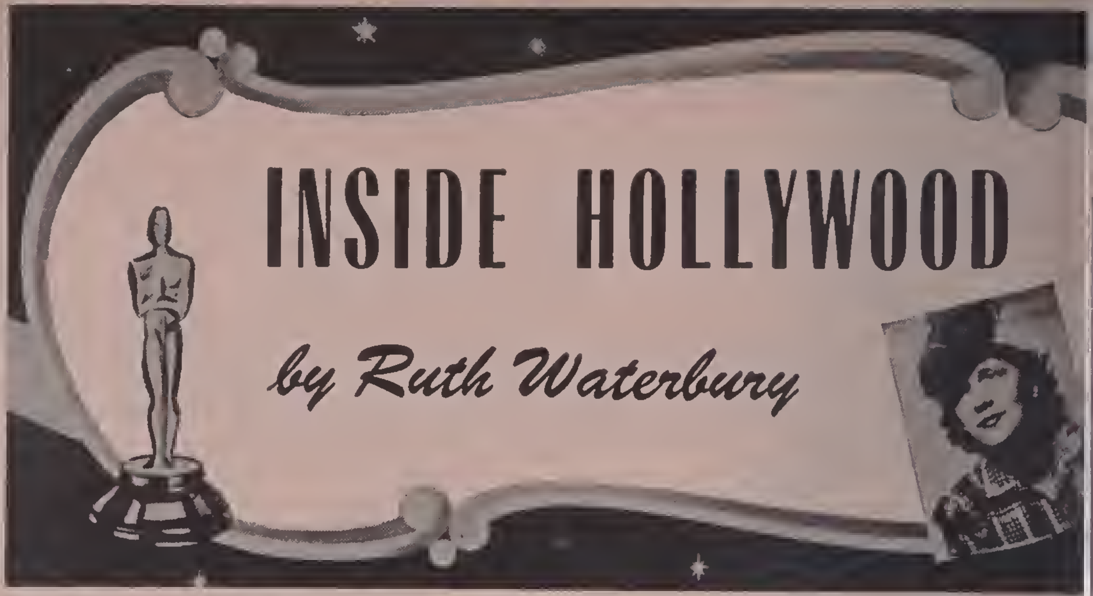
SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA ..HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!

The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA... starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THIS COLUMBIA PICTURE



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

Soldier John Payne, who has left a trail of broken hearts in movieland ever since his divorce from Anne Shirley, has it bad and doesn't care who knows it.

☆

Pretty Elyse Knox, ex-wife of Paul Hesse, handsome photographer, is the girl. In a town of beautiful women Elyse is so particularly beautiful she stands out.

According to John, she could have a wart on her nose and he wouldn't care. He says she is the sweetest girl in the world. I can qualify the statement just a little bit and still admit Elyse is mighty sweet. Both John and Elyse, with broken marriages behind them, are very much suited for each other, and plan to marry on the completion of the war.

☆

Universal is slowly building Elyse toward stardom, so perhaps Johnny will return from battle to take as his bride a big movie star. This is the headache in the situations, for double careers were the reason of the breaking of both their previous marriages.

STIFLER FROM SUTHERLAND

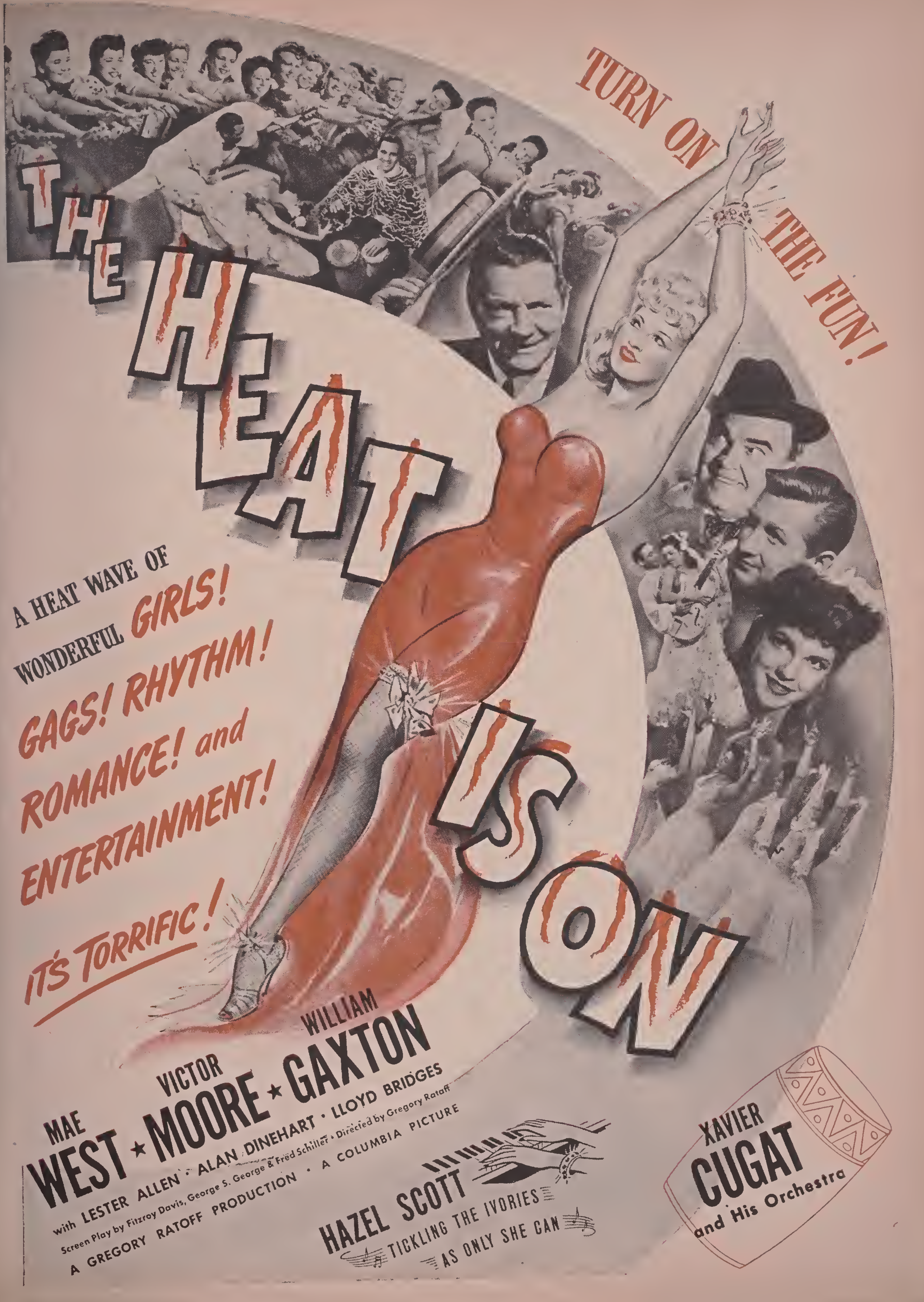
☆

A would-be actor was complaining to Director Eddie Sutherland about the injustices of the movie industry. "Take so-and-so," he said, naming a topflight actor, "he ruins every part he gets."

"Maybe so," Sutherland stifled the complainer with, "but frankly, I'd rather see him ruin a part than you save it."

"Reunion in Hollywood" you might call this shot of Norma Shearer and Major Ben Lyon.

The handsome man with the medals dancing with Bonita Granville? Yes, Lt. John Carroll.


TURN ON THE FUN!
THE HEAT IS ON
A HEAT WAVE OF WONDERFUL GIRLS! GAGS! RHYTHM! ROMANCE! and ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TORRIFIC!
MAE WEST ★ VICTOR MOORE ★ WILLIAM GAXTON
with LESTER ALLEN · ALAN DINEHART · LLOYD BRIDGES
Screen Play by Fitzroy Davis, George S. George & Fred Schiller • Directed by Gregory Ratoff
A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION · A COLUMBIA PICTURE
HAZEL SCOTT TICKLING THE IVORIES AS ONLY SHE CAN
XAVIER CUGAT and His Orchestra

Mother of Four Earns $1,000 on Her Writing

"Without jeopardizing our home life a bit, I have been able to earn $1,000 since graduating from N.I.A. If I had not the responsibility of four small children, home duties, and war work, I am sure I could have made much more. After only two lessons, I sold a garden series to Baltimore American. The N.I.A. way makes writing child's play." — Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

HOW do *you* KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, sports, war activities, civilian defense, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y. (Founded 1925)

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Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Movieland, Dec.

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Mrs. } ....
Miss

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 49-S-363

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

COTTEN CAN'T COMPLAIN

It costs a small fee for any woman who wants to visit Claudette Colbert on the set of "Since You Went Away." Claudette couldn't understand her new found popularity with some of her wilder-eyed girlfriends who would call to lunch with her at the studio or to see her on the set.

She soon discovered that they really came just to watch Joe Cotten act. It seems Joe is the new feminine rave and all the girls just want to see him.

Thrifty Claudette said, "Come one, come all, but it will cost." She gets a dollar per dame and is putting it in a fund to be given to the Red Cross at the end of the picture.

In the meantime the nice Mr. Cotten squirms under their glances and knows it is for a good cause.

PEOPLE LIVE IN UNFURNISHED HOUSES

Newlyweds, that is. It's all due to the general furniture shortage and the war.

For instance, the other day Laraine Day took a reporter through her new Santa Monica Canyon house. "There will be two lovely green couches here," Laraine said. "Over in the corner will be a French Provincial dish closet. Here in this corner is a charming commode. I will be anxious to show them to you when I get it all together. Some of the furniture will be here next month, but it will take three months to get the highboy."

The reporter asked Miss Day whether he could sit in her garden and wait until it all arrived, and whether she would supply his change of costume to match the seasons!

When you run out of matches, do this. At least Anne Shirley is trying to get a light from the lamp Lt. Richard Walker is holding for her.

And Betty Hutton seems to have found a leading man who is good looking and also obliging concerning Betty's looks. Barry Sullivan.

MANPOWER SHORTAGE?

..NOT FOR *this* GIRL FRIDAY!

A wartime Washington whirl of fun . . . with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss...in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!

It's from that *romantic* Ladies Home Journal serial by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland

in

GOVERNMENT GIRL

with

Sonny Tufts

R K O RADIO PICTURES

ANNE SHIRLEY · JESS BARKER · JAMES DUNN · PAUL STEWART · AGNES MOOREHEAD · HARRY DAVENPORT · UNA O'CONNOR · SIG RUMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS

abused hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Cheer up! . . . It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use Admiracion. One shampoo shows the difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning high-lights. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

ADMIRACIÓN
OIL SHAMPOOS

BEAUTIFUL EYES CAN MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL!

Use Kurlene Eye Beauty Cream Daily!

Here's how to use Kurlene, rich, oily-base cream, to bring out the best in your eyes.

❶ **SMOOTH ON BROWS**
to add sheen and beauty

❷ **APPLY TO LASHES**
to make them darker, luxuriant-looking

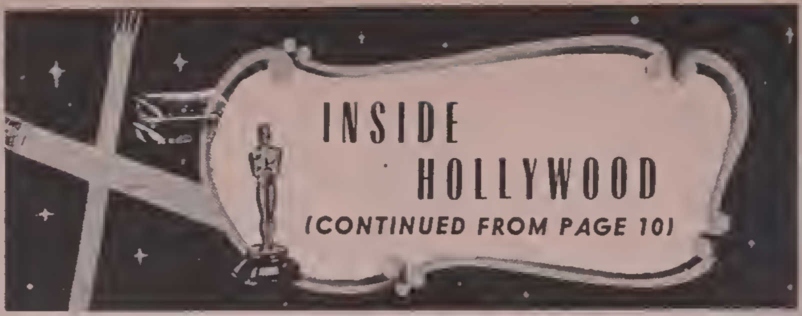
❸ **ANOINT EYELIDS**
for flattering make-up

Long-lasting jar, $1.00 Tubes, 10¢ and 50¢
At Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere

KURLASH OWNERS!

Be thankful your Kurlash, the famous Eyelash Curler, was made good and strong. Take care of it, since the Kurlash factory facilities are now devoted entirely to war-production. P. S. We'll make minor repairs on your Kurlash at nominal cost if you'll send it direct to us.
KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

KURLENE
by KURLASH
THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc. Rochester, New York



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

Movieland wanderings . . . Red Skelton, red hair flying, driving up Sunset Boulevard in a tiny green Austin . . . Anthony Quinn walking through Beverly Hills, carrying a tiny girl, hugging her and throwing her high so she could touch the leaves on the trees. The young lady is his daughter . . . Ray Milland mowing his front lawn as the result of no gardener . . . Gail Patrick and Freeman Gosden (Amos and Andy to you and me) lunching at Romanoffs and seeing no one else in the place . . . Veronica Lake driving her own car through Beverly Hills after dropping off her bosom friend, Rita Beery, Wally's ex, at her house.

NEW MEN IN THE MOVIES

Anyone visiting Paramount studios these days is given a load on the subject of new-discovery Sunny Tufts. Paramount is whooping the tall, blond Sunny as their greatest discovery since Alan Ladd, and even whisper that "maybe he's even greater than Ladd."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Tufts is excellent and then some in his initial picture "So Proudly We Hail" (which Movieland's review department strongly recommends you to see). But in that same picture there also debuts George Reeves, who also is excellent. In fact, he's handsomer than Sunny and not so stylized in his work. But you'll hear no eulogies about Reeves at Paramount.

Why? Because George Reeves can't be promoted now. He's in the Army. Tufts, being a father, is draft exempt.

You can't blame any company for pushing whatever male performers they have. But it does make you wonder about the fine actors who were just starting, and who will have to start all over when the war is over.

The newest crop of established Hollywood personalities to leave for service this past month are Brian Aherne, going to be a flight instructor; Richard Carlson, enlisted in the Navy months ago and finally called up, leaving his wife and two babies behind. It is rumored that John Wayne, particularly with trouble at home, is to leave soon. Joel McCrea is talking of retiring for the duration to raise cattle for the government.

Fortunately there are new discoveries coming up to take their places: that very important Robert Walker at MGM; Jess Barker at Columbia and Bill Carter at the same studio (Bill has a medical discharge), that smash hit, Donald O'Connor at Universal. These boys are worth seeing and their futures couldn't be rosier.

FIRST WAR VETERAN AT CAMP

Bravery and finenesses are two characteristics that express that charming Herbert Marshall. Recently while on a picture location in Reno, Nevada, Marshall with Bonita Granville and Mickey Rooney went out to a nearby Army camp to entertain.

Marshall was the last to appear on the bill, and the only way to get to the stage was up a flight of very shaky stairs.

Marshall stood at the bottom of the stairs, without a microphone and told the boys that it would be impossible for him to get on the stage because of a leg injury he had in the last war. If they didn't mind, he said, listening to him from where he was standing that he would do his act.

Amid cheers he did it and even topped Rooney, which is one of the toughest things to do in this picture business.

(*Continued on page* 64)

HAIL! HAIL!

WHAT A GAL IS
Alice
FAYE

SOUND THE ALARM MEN
FOR *Carmen*
MIRANDA

LAUGH YOUR FILL
WITH *Phil*
BAKER

LET YOUR CHEERS RING
FOR THE KING OF SWING
Benny
GOODMAN
and his Orchestra

The Gang's All Here

in Technicolor!

The
Musical
Wonder
Show of
the Year!

with
Eugene PALLETTE · Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON · Tony DE MARCO

Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY · Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON
Screen Play by Walter Bullock · Based on a Story by Nancy Wintner, George Root, Jr. and Tom Bridges

WHAT A GANG
OF SONG HITS!
"The Polka Dot Polka"
"No Love, No Nothin'"
"A Journey To A Star"
"Paducah"
"The Lady In The Tutti Frutti Hat"
"You Discover You're in New York"
"Minnie's In The Money"
"Silent Senorita"
by Leo Robin
and Harry Warren

Watch for this great hit from
20th CENTURY-FOX
MAKERS OF MUSICAL MIRACLES—
AND OF THESE GREAT COMING HITS

Richard Tregaskis' "GUADALCANAL DIARY"

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's "JANE EYRE"

Franz Werfel's "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE" introducing JENNIFER JONES

BETTY GRABLE · JOE E. BROWN · MARTHA RAYE in "PIN-UP GIRL" in Technicolor

WENDELL WILLKIE'S epochal "ONE WORLD"

The sweeping powerful "WILSON"

MARJORIE WOOOWORTH
Glamorous Hollywood Star

A Little Secret
WORTH A MILLION
to your
COMPLEXION

It's TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP—The secret of soft, natural-looking radiance. With this exciting new make-up from Hollywood, your complexion seems to take on a living veil of loveliness . . . never any dry, pasty, made-up look. Its non-drying effect on the skin is the special feature of TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. See how perfectly it goes on in a new easy way, helping to conceal tiny blemishes—giving a fresh, youthful glow that lasts all day or all evening without retouching!

TAYTON'S six Cake Make-up shades were created to harmonize with natural skin tones. Many tests were made with Technicolor movie films—as well as tests in both daylight and artificial light, to assure the most flattering effect. Choose your own lovely shade today. Be sure you get TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP, the favorite with so many in Hollywood.

LARGE SIZE
39c
Guest Sizes, 10c and 25c at your 10c counter.

Tayton's
CAKE
MAKE-UP

Tayton's
TECHNA-TINT
CAKE MAKE-UP
America's Most Glamorous Cosmetics
Tayton HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

MOVIELAND'S *New* PICTURE GUIDE

FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal) is a compilation of inter-related stories of supernatural and mystic phenomena. It marks the bow of Charles Boyer as a producer, and he also is a member of the all-star cast which includes Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson, Robert Benchley, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Thomas Mitchell. The picture is far from a perfect work, yet it is to be hailed for its courage in opening a treasury of stories which have long been overlooked by the screen, tales from folklore that may well stimulate your imagination by their very unreality.

Three tales of mystic circumstances are under discussion by a pair of clubmen. The first relates the Mardi Gras adventure of a desperate girl who is saved from suicide by the materialization of a supernatural presence. The second tells of the plight of a man who knows his destiny is to commit a murder, and the last is about a circus performer who saw a beautiful woman in a dream of his destruction, later to meet this same beauty.

RIDING HIGH (Paramount) is an excursion to an Arizona dude ranch in typical musical comedy fashion. The fact that "Riding High" was once exactly that — a Broadway musical comedy — is constantly apparent with an abundance of dancing cowgirls and cowboys taking over the center stage at will. Vivid Technicolor photography does justice to the vivid Arizona desert scenery, and just about the only problem that confronted the producers was how to get Dorothy Lamour into revealing costumes inasmuch as the background was them thar wide open spaces. A solution was reached by making Dotty's character an ex-burlesque queen who has her own wardrobe befitting such numbers as "I'm the Secretary to the Sultan" and "Indian Gal Heap Hep." That took care of everything.

The comedy is breezy and funny enough to please lots of audiences.

Dick Powell plays the mining engineer whose troubles fade away when a counterfeiter lends him a fortune in phony banknotes to flash at his creditors. Victor Moore is mighty amusing as the counterfeiter, and Cass Daley and Gil Lamb are in comically to pep things up.

THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER (Paramount) is a powerful Russian documentary which is also known by the shorter title, "Heroic Stalingrad." It is a comprehensive blow-by-blow depiction of what happened when a magnificent counter-attack exploded right in Der Fuehrer's face. The city of Stalingrad had withstood three months of constant bombardment which reduced buildings to rubble. The Nazis had counted out the defenders and had informed the rest of the world that the fall of Stalingrad was merely a matter of hours. Then the Russians struck out with an unprecedented offensive, sending spearheads to encircle their besiegers and drive them back from the shores of the Volga and across the Don. That was just the beginning. Tens of thousands Axis prisoners were taken. Many more thousands were killed, and the picture spares no one's feelings in showing the dead.

Accompanying maps and a clear-

(*Continued on page* 89)

IN BRIEF REVIEW

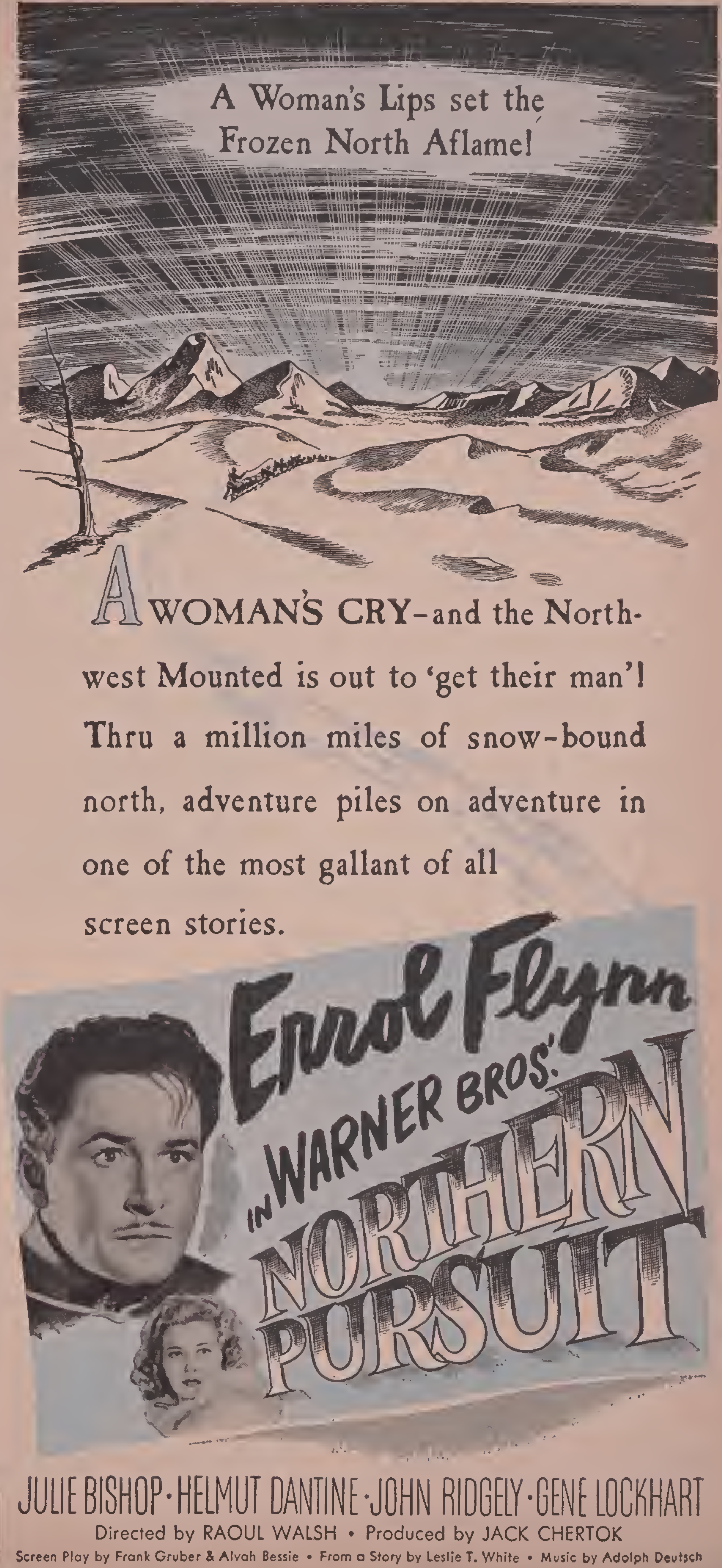
WINTERTIME *(20th Century-Fox)* is a disappointment, except for the skating by Sonja Henie. A trite and silly script sends such comics as Jack Oakie, Cesar Romero, and S. Z. Sakall around bumping into each other searching for laughs that aren't to be found. It's all about trying to make a success of a Canadian winter resort, but you never care. Cornel Wilde plays a romantic lead as though frost-bitten, and Woody Herman's orchestra has a chilly time trying to provide hot-licks. Then Sonja skates and partly redeems her latest vehicle.

TOP MAN *(Universal)* is the irresponsible Donald O'Connor with a war message for other 'teen agers too young to get into the fight. He leads his junior-college classmates in descending upon an airplane factory to take jobs on the short four-hour shifts. Of course, there is a show put on for the war-workers, and this entertainment features the classical voice of Susanna Foster and the jive of Donald, Peggy Ryan, and Count Basie's orchestra. Lillian Gish and Richard Dix as the parents of Donald are fairly well lost in the proceedings.

SO THIS IS WASHINGTON *(RKO-Radio)* is the happiest screen appearance of the radio team of Lum and Abner. If you are amused by the rural horseplay of these Pine Ridge veterans, there are a number of laughs in the experiences of the pair when they take Abner's formula for synthetic rubber to the nation's capital.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER *(Universal)* is really about the murder of his double. It has long been an intriguing notion that Hitler has a whole staff of impersonators who appear for him at public functions as protection against assassination. Yet the picture about the subject merely scratches the surface of what might have been a first-class thriller, and Ludwig Donath in the role of Hitler is the only performance worth noting.

ADVENTURE IN IRAQ *(Warner Bros.)* is our venerable friend "The Green Goddess" dressed up in modern clothes. The Raja which George Arliss delighted to play is now a sheik who is performed by Paul Cavanagh and the rescue of the young couple he holds captive is effected by a detachment of U.S. Army bombers, no less. Don't go out of your way to catch "Adventure in Iraq." It's B melodrama.



A Woman's Lips set the Frozen North Aflame!

A WOMAN'S CRY—and the Northwest Mounted is out to 'get their man'! Thru a million miles of snow-bound north, adventure piles on adventure in one of the most gallant of all screen stories.

Errol Flynn in WARNER BROS.' NORTHERN PURSUIT

JULIE BISHOP · HELMUT DANTINE · JOHN RIDGELY · GENE LOCKHART

Directed by RAOUL WALSH • Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Screen Play by Frank Gruber & Alvah Bessie • From a Story by Leslie T. White • Music by Adolph Deutsch

Right—David Street, the new singing star on the Joan Davis-Jack Haley Sealtest show.

WORDS of MUSIC

By JILL WARREN

THE TUNEFILMS:

Warner Brothers don't make many musicals, but when they do, they're good ones like "This Is The Army." Their newest attempt should top the lot. It's "Rhapsody in Blue," the story of George Gershwin's life and music.

Most of the members of the cast were closely associated with Gershwin at one time or another during his brilliant career. You'll see Paul Whiteman, Oscar Levant, George White, and Al Jolson, all playing themselves. Jolson will sing "Swanee" just as he did at the New York Winter Garden way back in 1919, and Paul Whiteman and his orchestra will reenact their Aeolian Hall Concert of 1924 in which they introduced the immortal "Rhapsody in Blue." Robert Alda, who will play the role of Gershwin, has been studying piano for months in preparation for the part. . . .

In Universal's new Donald O'Connor picture, "This Is The Life," we find our old friend Ray Eberle, singing "All Or Nothing At All." Ray appears set for a Universal build-up, if his recent camera activities are any indication. He's also in "Honeymoon Lodge" and "Hi Ya Sailor."

The Andrews Sisters' film, "Moonlight and Cactus," brings Mitchell Ayres and his band to the screen for the first time. This outfit has come up very fast in popularity the last year. . . .

Hal McIntyre and his band make their initial visit to Hollywood for a featured spot in Columbia Pictures' "Jam Session." The last time Hal was on a movie set, he was a saxophonist with the old Glenn Miller band . . .

Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra were signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to handle the rhythm chores in their new musical, "Camp Show." This is the new title for "Four Jills and a Jeep"—the story of the Martha Raye-Carole Landis-Kay Francis-Mitzi Mayfair overseas tour. Perry Como is on the same lot, and he draws a lead, no less, in "The Bowery After Dark." This picture is a remake of Twentieth's early hit, "The Bowery." Perry will play the old George Raft role, with a few songs added. They say he made a wonderful test, and that he photographs excellently, so maybe he will be deserting radio and nightclubs for movies exclusively . . .

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The Victor Company has only one new release, but it looks like a winner. It's a dance arrangement of "Rhapsody In Blue" by the Glenn Miller band, recorded a couple of years ago. . . .

Columbia's contribution this month is Xavier Cugat's "Bim Bam Bum," a guaracha, with Tito Rodriguez on the vocal, backed up by "Thanks For The Dream," a beguine, sung by Carmen Castillo and the Cugat Chorus. . . .

Decca has brought out an Andrews Sisters platter which was

Left—Xavier Cugat "cuts up" a rhumba step with his pretty vocalist, Lina Ramay.

Below—Martha Tilton who is the songstress on "Campana Serenade" over CBS.

recorded a few years back but never released—"I Love You Much Too Much" and "Helena," both arranged by Vic Shoen. And then there are two new ones by Bing Crosby, with vocal backgrounds, "People Will Say We're In Love" and "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning." Frank Sinatra did the same tunes for Columbia, so it will be most interesting to see which record sells the most copies.

The Sportsmen, one of the top radio quartets, have made their first recording under the Decca Label—it's that swingy thingy "KO-TOK-Y-I-O" written by Capt. Meredith Wilson. . . .

The Mills Brothers' pressing of "Paper Doll" turned out to be one of the biggest hits on the jukeboxes and helped to regain some of the

"The Groaner" Crosby pays "Massa Mercer" a visit on Johnny's radio show on NBC.

Nothing like "sitting in" in your brother's band!. That's Tommy Dorsey in brother Jimmy's brass section at the Hollywood Palladium.

Spot-light visitors at the Hollywood Palladium during Jimmy Dorsey's recent engagement: Phil Harris and Alice Faye.

Georgia Carroll poses with Kay Kyser. Watch for them in their new picture for RKO-Radio, called "Around the World."

Right—Ray Eberle on the set of Universal's "Hi ya, Sailor." And the girl you ought to know, too. She's Phyllis Brooks.

popularity the boys have lost the last two or three years. . . .

Capitol comes forth with a really solid disc in "All For You" and "Vom Vim Veedle" as done by the King Cole Trio. Oscar Moore is on guitar, Red Callendar on bass, and of course Cole on piano.

"Moon Dreams" is a beautiful thing, a new Johnny Mercer tune sung by Martha Tilton and the Mellowaires. Incidentally, this company puts out a fine little paper every two weeks called "The Capitol." It's chuck full of record and music news. Movieland readers may be put on the mailing list by sending a card to Dave Dexter, Jr., 1483 North Vine Street, Hollywood 28, California. Just you be sure to mention that you read about it in "Words of Music" or I'll yell.

EARMARKS OF HITS:

Perry Botkin, Bing Crosby's guitarist, has written a song about a cowboy who turns pilot, titled "Ridin' Herd On A Cloud," and it seems destined for a big success. . . .

Patti Andrews is introducing a cute ditty in "Moonlight and Cactus"—"C'mere Baby." And it's the first time Patti has sung a solo in a picture. . . .

Listen for a lovely ballad called "For The First Time." Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes have both been singing it, so I don't see how it can miss the Hit Parade. . . .

Dinah Shore sings three new Harold Arlen songs in the Goldwyn musical "Up In Arms" that you'll be hearing a lot of—"Now I Know," "Tess' Torch Song," and "Jive." . . . The war songs keep coming. "Johnny's Coming Home Tonight" and "You'd Better Give Me Lots of Lovin', Honey" are two of the best. . . .

The Treasury Department commissioned Frank Loesser to write a song for their new bond drive, and the result is "The Road To Victory," a hit if there ever was one. . . .

JUNE-MOON TWOSOMES:

When Gene Krupa was in Hollywood for a week before his new trial in San Francisco, he spent most of the time with his divorced wife, Ethel. Everyone is hoping there will be a reconciliation. . . . Before Corporal Dave Rose left for the East to handle the music for the new Moss Hart Air Force show, he was seen about Hollywood with Helen Forrest. Helen denies she is leaving the Harry James band to go out on her own, but I wouldn't be surprised if she did. . . . Paul Weston, who had the band on Johnny Mercer's Music Shop program, and Shirley Mitchell, well-known radio actress, are always together. Paul was Tommy Dorsey's arranger for several years and also did many of Dinah Shore's songs before going into radio with his own band. . . .

ON THE BEAM:

More and more radio shows have

(*Continued on page* 84)

Miss Deanna Durbin, a star with a past and a future . . . and very much presence. She's grown out of those teen-age parts she sang and acted with so much charm, and zoomed into adult sophistication that you'll love—if you haven't already seen it—in "Hers to Hold" with Joseph Cotten.

Rita Hayworth BECOMES

BY DEE OFSTIE

Volunteered the lady license clerk—for a couple with a previous marriage apiece to their credit, Rita and Orson were the most nervous she had seen.

Mrs. ORSON WELLES

THE romantic bombshell of the year was the Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles marriage—and their surprised public may be delighted to know that the most surprised parties to the whole affair, once the hasty "I do's" were said and they stood folded in each other's arms, seemed to be Rita and Orson themselves!

As far as even their closest friends know, this electric event in the lives of Hollywood's two most fascinating figures was actually planned and carried out in a single day. The wedding itself—complete from the purchasing of the license to the flashlight photo of Mr. and Mrs. Welles being congratulated by marrying official, Judge Orlando H. Rhodes—took exactly thirty-two minutes.

Subtract the long minutes lost in waiting for the elevators of the Bay City Building of Santa Monica to take the wedding party up and down between the twelfth floor License Bureau to the fourth floor offices where the ceremony was performed, and you have the fastest welding on record.

For all its hectic haste, the ceremony, to the assorted few of us who witnessed it, was the inevitable and happy culmination of a romance that started merely as the natural drawing together of two highly magnetized personalities, and in no time at all, exploded into love. The irresistible Hayworth and the immovable Welles *(Continued on page* 74)

A colorful ceremony it was—not only because of the personalities involved, but consider Rita's "burnt toast" suit and hat and Orson's black bow tie atop a "shocking" pink shirt.

Joe Cotten was supposed to be Orson's best man, but the photographers and reporters crowded the scene so much that Joe "stood up" with a newspaper man all during the ceremony. He got next the groom afterwords.

The new Mr. and Mrs. didn't put anything over on Orson's foster parent and guardian, Dr. Maurice Bernstein. He said he wasn't the least bit surprised—he knew it all the time.

The Miraculous

DEDICATED TO ALL THE MOTHERS

BY CONSTANCE PALMER

The faces on these fellows at Sydney will give you an idea of the reception Joe received on his trips. (Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.)

JOE E. BROWN limped slowly down the length of the hospital hut, somewhere in the South Pacific. Outside a quick, violent storm whipped the palm trees and tore at the low thatched roof. Rain beat in dismal sheets against the bamboo blinds at the windows, and little rivers of water trickled and murmured sadly away into the night.

Now and then Joe stopped and spoke to some boy who was awake. Everywhere the answer was the same.

"Gee, I'm all right! Got to get well fast so I can get back at those yellow ———!"

He went on, clowning a little, quietly, and the ones who could laugh did laugh and . . . of the others . . . eyes smiled out of faces too bandaged to grin.

Two nurses and a doctor were bending over a bed in the corner. The boy was terribly burned. Tears were running down his face; he'd lost his nerve.

Joe leaned down.

"Buck up, fella . . . you'll be all right!"

The boy's brimming eyes focused painfully. His blackened lips opened.

"I know you," he whispered. "I had an ice cream soda with you once."

Joe moved closer, trying to find a resemblance to anyone he knew.

"Why, sure you did!" he said. Recognition flashed over him. ". . . And as I recall, you settled for two!"

The pain-creases smoothed from the boy's forehead, and he almost smiled. The light in his eyes revealed what it means to him to be known as something more than one in a throng. Joe laid his hand gently on the bed.

"Keep your chin up, Johnny. Everything's going to be okey-doke!"

Blinking back stinging tears, he limped away and went to the next bed. The boy was John Walker; he'd lived in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and had been a friend of Joe L. Brown, Joe E.'s son, who had been going to school there. Our Joe had taken both the boys on an ice cream bender long, long ago before the world caught on fire and exploded, once, months ago, when Don Brown had been alive, too.

Joe Brown is a fatalist; he believes what is meant to be. will be.

Healing of JOE E. BROWN

AND FATHERS WHO HAVE LOST THEIR BOYS IN BATTLE

He had gone on his trips to entertain the boys—first to Alaska and the Aleutians and then to the Solomon Islands and Australia—convinced that when his number was up, it would be his turn. If not, he would come home safe to do what good he could here for the boys who are still out there.

The only difference was that the second trip—the one to the Solomons—he and his wife Katheryn dedicated to their son, Don, who died in an airplane crash when he was training in California. Joe still can't talk much about Don, but in the living room of his home in Brentwood there is a glass case with the simple placard, "Captain Brown," and in it are the Bible and insignia that belonged to his son.

I dedicated the trip to Don," he says quietly, "because he was slated to go out there in just ten days. I thought perhaps I could help a bit that way."

The Joe E. Brown who said this was a very different Joe from the one you see on the screen. The small eyes with the twinkle when he's clowning had an inspired light in them as they looked at the glass case across the room.

"A person finds out a lot of things about himself in a shock like that," he went on. "In one moment his life is changed. A mother's life is changed, too. Today's parents, thousands of them, alas, must get such news . . . get it, take it, and see what they're going to do about it. And then slowly, in the days and weeks that come after, there's readjustment and a clearing up of values."

Joe doesn't go to any one church; he goes to all of them. He finds something in every religion—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Christian Scientist—that helps him. He has a sublime faith in the Supreme Being. Yet he never expected this faith to be paid off to him as it was.

"I don't believe in preachers reading prayers out of books when they don't actually feel deep in themselves what they are saying," he says. "Lots of people just go to church to be seen and get credit from other people for going. Lots of them go there to sleep.

Below—Joe in a hospital in Australia. And below right—Joe in a jeep in Hawaii. (U. S. Army Signal Corps photos.)

"You can worship God in a green field or a factory or in your own kitchen, doing things of service to others, as well as you can in a church.

"I believe there's too much mystery about religion, just like there is about sex. There shouldn't be any mystery about either one. I believe that God is love and without love you haven't anything."

When Joe went on the trip to the Solomons, he was a sick man, suffering mentally, suffering physically the excruciating pain from sciatica. Arthritis had so crippled him that one leg was definitely shorter than the other, and he hadn't walked without a cane for more than two years. The plane taking him to Hawaii had engine trouble after leaving San Francisco and came back for repairs, and Joe, in agony with the aching leg, waited until the repairs were made . . . and then climbed back in for the second take-off.

The plane cruised along at seventeen-thousand feet, and it was bitterly cold. He wasn't dressed warmly enough, there were no blankets, and by the time they got to Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands, he was so ill he had to be carried to the hospital.

Days he spent entertaining the boys on Oahu and other islands in the group, and nights in any hospital he could find.

"I took every kind of heat treatment they'd give me and stayed right in there batting, with two strikes on me every time I went up to the plate. Johnny Marvin, my guitar player, and Lieutenant Virgil, who were sort of liaison men sent along to take care of me, were worrying around like a couple of upset old hens."

Though Washington and the U.S.O. had made it possible for him to get to the Hawaiian Islands, once he was there he was stranded. Officially, there was no place else for him to go.

He started sending messages where they would do the most good. From long experience, he knew that when you want something done, you go to the top men. So he radioed direct to General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey.

Things started to move right away. A plane was put at his disposal. A route, where no civilian had ever gone before in wartime, was mapped out, and he was off.

"We landed at Rabaul just as it was getting dark. It had been a long hop, and we were all pretty tired. A little group of boys was waiting. They'd heard I was coming and wanted me to put on a show then and there. So I climbed up on a little knoll, three feet high, and started in.

"The sun sank . . . bang! the way it does in the tropics, and it was dark. I thought I'd better stop because they couldn't see me. But they yelled out, "Aw, go on, Joe! Don't stop! (*Continued on page* 85)

NKS from HELL"

Joe's inscription on the bomb at Port Moresby explains itself, but you may not know that the man top above is dressed for 20th's "Pin-Up Girl."

All the fellows who could come out to sing with Joe at the Station Hospital, Brisbane, Australia. (Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.)

BEST GOOD DEED of the MONTH

SOMETIMES when a man is brought face to face with a crime or a disease, he determines to "do something about it," but it takes a strong man to carry out that determination when he is out of personal danger. Hollywood has two men like that—Lou Costello and Bud Abbott.

When Lou was convalescing from his long illness, he and Bud made plans for a Rheumatic Fever Foundation to be established at Palm Springs, California. They filed papers for a non-profit corporation. They bought, out of their own pockets, twenty-two acres of Palm Springs real estate. And now Hollywood is seeing steps being taken for the creation of this twenty million dollar humanitarian project.

Where is all the money coming from? Well, consider that each of Abbott and Costello's ten films, not including "Hit the Ice," has grossed ten million dollars. And then imagine how much these two comedians will pick up when they re-issue "Buck Privates" (as an initial star fund raiser) and tour the country with it, turning over their entire stage salaries and the percentage they receive from the profits over to the Foundation.

The Most Exciting Adventure Yarn Ever Written About Any Star

THE COURAGE OF Katina Paxinou

BY TERENCE KENNEDY

IT was in London in the early summer of 1939 that a friend invited me to attend a performance at "His Majesty's Theater." I gladly accepted. When later I learned that the performance in question was to be the "Electra" of Sophocles to be given in Greek by a group of players from the Royal Theater in Athens, I was much less happy, but I couldn't decline at the last minute.

At the theater, to my astonishment, I found all the well known London first-nighters looking fashionably bored. "Who are these players from the Balkans who have attracted an audience that would do credit to a Cochran first night?" I asked.

My friend shrugged his shoulders. "It's semi-official—arranged by our Embassy in Athens—we couldn't do otherwise when we learned that the German Minister of Beaux Arts had invited them to perform in Germany. But there's no intermission and we should be out by ten-thirty."

I glanced at the program in my hand. On the cover was a picture of the leading lady of the troupe as she appeared as "Electra." The first thing that struck me were her exquisite hands. The face was pictured in profile, bowed in grief. It was a beautiful profile such as one finds only on a Grecian mural.

I looked for the actress' name and saw that it was Madame Katina Paxinou. Just then she audience rose as their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, stepped into their stall. The Duchess, a former Greek Princess, looked nervous. I appreciated how she must have felt—Londoners are cold at best, and that night they were going to sit through two hours of Sophocles in a language which was definitely Greek to them. The Duchess must have said a silent prayer as the lights slowly dimmed and Orestes made his appearance on the stage.

My friend and I settled back in our chairs as comfortably as we could, and like the rest of the audience listened politely while Orestes and his old teacher went through their long speeches which precede Electra's entrance. Suddenly as they left the stage, a voice rose from the distance. There was an uncanny stillness in the theater while the audience waited to hear the voice again. It had an unearthly quality. Seated on the edge of our chairs, we watched the mourning-clad Electra advance slowly toward us. She didn't seem to walk like a human being but rather moved like a panther; taking long flexible steps, her eyes fixed on the audience. She was tall and slender, and the pallor of her face was accentuated by her coal black hair.

By the time the play had ended, there was no doubt about it. This was no ordinary actress. As the final curtain fell, I saw in an English theater what I never believed possible. The entire audience rose, and the shouts of "Bravo" were so ear-splitting that my head ached. Time after time they called her back until I lost count of the curtain calls. I left the next day for Paris, but, curious to see what the critics would have to say about Madame Paxinou, I bought all the English newspapers. They were unanimous in their praise of her, and one wrote, *"Beside most actresses Madame Katina Paxinou resembles the Parthenon set in a block of service flats."*

Then war was declared, and back in London after the fall of France, as the bombings grew in intensity, I forgot all about theatres, performers and such. After being bombed out of my house, I moved to the Ritz Hotel. It was in the shelter of that hotel that I first met the extraordinary Katina.

Like the Londoners, I had by that time become more or less accustomed to the bombings. As usual on this particular night I had undressed and gone to bed. But this night sleep was impossible. The bombs were dropping closer and closer, and as one burst into Piccadilly only a few hundred yards away, I hastened for the bar which was located in the cellar and also served as a shelter. They were bringing in some casualties. One man had all his clothes blown off but seemed otherwise unharmed. When I reached the stairs leading into the shelter, I saw two women dressed in bathrobes, trying to help a man descend the stairs. He was covered with blood.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"No," the one woman answered putting her arms around the wounded man's waist. "I can manage alone." Whereupon she practically carried the man down the passage-way.

I was seated at one of the tables in the bar when she came back. She sat across from me and began to knit. She appeared to be completely lost in what she was doing. "Those hands!" I exclaimed half aloud. "Where

Before fame or fortune came to Katina, this group sat one day under an umbrella at New York's Chatham Walk—producer Morris Gest, Terence Kennedy, Paxinou, and conductor Dmitri Mitropoulos.

have I seen those hands?"

The woman next to me looked as though I had gone mad. "What did you say?"

"Who is that woman?" I asked more calmly.

"Why that's Paxinou," she answered as though I should have known.

Needless to say, I didn't ask to be introduced. Under the circumstances with death lurking in the skies outside, formalities were ridiculous. The setting itself was ridiculous and melodramatic. All around me were international personalities—Prince Ludfallah of Egypt, Starhemburg of Austria, the Princess Radziwill, refugee Ministers and Ambassadors lying pell mell all over the floor, while in the ladies' lavatory slept a Queen—Geraldine of Albania. Picking my way over the reclining figures, I approached Paxinou's table.

"What's the matter," she smiled. "Can't you sleep?" I shook my head.

"Would you like some coffee?" she whispered.

"I'd love some," I answered. "But where will we get it?"

"In the kitchen, of course. Come, I know where they keep the eggs, too."

Robbing the ice box of the Ritz Hotel at three o'clock in the morning with "Electra" was more exciting than the blitz. With the efficiency of a chef she prepared a breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee, after which she drew from the large bag in which she kept her knitting the prize of prizes—a package of American cigarettes.

"No! No!" she cried as I reached for the packet. "First we eat, then we can start on the cigarettes."

Never has coffee tasted so good! And the American cigarettes! We were smoking the last one when the siren went off at six o'clock announcing the all clear.

"We'd better go now," she said with her dark eyes flashing. "It would spoil everything if we were caught. Tomorrow night we'll make (*Continued on page* 71)

by DAVID GREGGORY

LET'S CALL ON The McDowalls

Roddy was three years old when he acted out little scenes around his doll house.

At the age of ten months, Roddy, in the backyard of his London home, showed an aptitude for romping in front of a camera.

Today at the McDowalls' you will find this group. They are Mother McDowall, sister Virginia, and Roddy.

WHEN you call on the McDowalls, it's a toss-up who'll answer the door. It may be Roddy himself, or Mother McDowall, or Roddy's pretty blonde sister, Virginia.

If it's Roddy, he'll be in dungarees and an old shirt, having dashed away from running the carpet sweeper over the dining room floor to surprise Mommy when she gets back from a shopping expedition. If it's Mrs. McDowall, she'll beam a welcome, grinning apologetically as she dries her hands on her apron. "Kitchen's no place for a hot day! But still and all, a chicken won't fry itself, now will it?" If it's Virginia, she'll be cool as a spring day, smiling with just a touch of the dignity and poise with which sweet-sixteen reminds you that she's "quite a young lady" these days.

Two pals who started a friendship in MGM's "Lassie Come Home" are Roddy McDowall and Lassie, the beautiful collie dog above.

Once inside, you'll shake your head with surprise. Is this the living room of the child movie star of "Lassie Come Home" and "My Friend Flicka," of "How Green Was My Valley," or an internationally famous prodigy?

It could easily be your Aunt Mathilda's front room in Springfield or Portland or Atlanta . . . or just about anywhere in an average comfortable home in the United States. It's a room for living in, all right. Lots of comfy chairs, a sturdy upright piano, a great radio-victrola, books, and family pictures, flowers and candy dishes scattered everywhere you look. If it takes "a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home," then Roddy McDowall's is a super home. The McDowalls are up early and to bed late, with enough energy for a family of twelve!

Roddy's intense personality leaves its mark on every part of the house. Trying to confine him to his own room would be like trying to cage a comet. He's taken over the buffet drawers in the dining room for his vast, carefully indexed collection of picture postcards of every American city he's ever

The McDowalls

(CONTINUED)

A man of hobbies is Roddy, and stamp collecting is one of those hobbies. He's pretty shrewd about it.

Another Roddy McDowall hobby is that typically American one of collecting match covers from all over.

visited. In the downstairs hall, the drawers of a vast cupboard are crammed full of his "stuff." Important "stuff" to Roddy, who confesses he's been piling things in there ever since they moved in. When he hunts for something there, he's constantly turning up surprises he'd forgotten about—old programs, old notebooks, maps, a handful of seashells, boxing gloves ("Now where on earth did I get those?") and whatnot. Sometimes he's so side-tracked by this treasure trove, he forgets, almost, what it was he started to unearth.

If anyone wants to see Roddy's "office" he has to climb through the tangle of things stored in the broom closet, where the slant of the stairs to the second floor roofs in all the files, boxes, and hundreds of letters not sorted out yet. Roddy's a shrewd collector, and he's made "deals" with the fan mail department of various studios to shoot him stamped envelopes from countries in which he's specially interested. Despite an eagle eye and a sharp ear to the ground, Roddy still hasn't been able to get hold of the one stamp he wants most—"a South African three corner, 1926."

But it isn't just stamps Roddy collects. He collects coins, reproductions of his favorite paintings, maps, match covers, programs, army insignia. Recently, when he came back from a whirlwind combination camp show and personal appearance tour, he had somehow managed to acquire an entire week-end bag full of new match covers.

Roddy's first floor room, more than any part of the McDowall home, fairly shouts of the one absent member, Roddy's father, who is with the British Merchant Marine. The room's as seagoing as it's possible to be on land. The wallpaper, deep ocean blue and foam-white, is figured with a pattern of ships and pilot

Roddy and big sister Virginia play jokes on one another in true brother-sister form, and they love to tell about them afterwards as you will read in this story.

Roddy was only eleven when this picture was taken, but he still keeps tabs on his imaginary land of "Fidelis."

wheels. All the lamp bases are coppery miniatures of a ship's bell or anchor or other nautical gear. Close by the bed are snapshots of Daddy McDowall aboard ship. Those two pictures hold the place of honor above any Academy Awards or other souvenirs, however highly prized.

In this house of laughter and vitality, the only subdued note is when Daddy is mentioned. Then Roddy's sparkle, Mrs. McDowall's warmth and effervescence, Virginia's sweetly gentle smile, all are softened, for the moment, and in their eyes comes the same far look blended of fierce pride and love and longing for the wonderful, heart-lifting day when Dad'll be home once more.

"He was at sea as a young man, you know," Mrs. McDowall explains. "Then after we married, he began a trucking business, which he turned over to the government when the war began. He had to be back where he knew he could best do his part. It's hard when the letters we write keep missing him—but only yesterday a cablegram came to say he's safe, right now, in England."

Having left England to escape the bombings and earn enough to keep their home going, the McDowalls know their moments of loneliness even to this day.

In Roddy's room is the mixed-up jumble you'd expect of any fourteen-year-old. Fourteen on September the 17th, by the way. "Say it emphatically," his mother interpolates, "for we get so many letters guessing his age all wrong. He's fourteen, and his sister's sixteen and that's that." Books line the walls—histories, biographies, scores of them, and the stories of his pictures, like Twentieth Century-Fox's "How Green Is My Valley" and "My Friend Flicka," autographed by the authors and members of the casts.

Roddy's got a big war map on one wall, full of colored pins to move as the news changes. Recently, though, while he was hard at work in "White Cliffs of Dover" with Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy, as he points out, a bit mournfully, "the war got 'way ahead of me." On his bureau is a photo of Ginger Rogers, to which he hopes to add those of his crushes, Carol Bruce and Helen Hayes.

(*Continued on page* 83)

Back in early grammar school days in England this was a familiar trio—Roddy and Virginia with their dad, Thomas Andrew McDowall.

After graduation from the Hanover Academy of Dramatic Arts, he launched his picture career.

Off for a set of tennis. Roddy was eleven then and just newly arrived in Hollywood.

Father and son don't see very much of one another now that Dad wears a British uniform.

The Things for Which 9 Stars Give Thanks This Year

Loretta Young gives thanks for all the blessings she never knew she had before.

WHAT is there to be thankful for in this year of war?

"I'm thankful this year," says Loretta Young, "for all the blessings I never knew I had before—that I'm an American, that I have work and health. My thanksgiving is for the things I've always taken for granted other years. Shelter safe from bombs, enough food to eat, warm clothes to wear, being able to move about without terror, being allowed to read what I choose, hear radio programs I select, say what I please without looking to see whether anyone's listening."

A letter closely written, worn with much handling, smudged with kisses and tears, is Michele Morgan's reason for thanksgiving.

"I had not heard from my family in France for more than a year and a half," she relates. "I used to pray every night that they might be safe, that they might be alive and well. Every time I read an item about Frenchmen being sent to prison in German labor camps I thought of my young brother and wondered whether he were in one. I heard of the fear and hunger in France and worried over my mother.

"Then at last came this letter, smuggled out through Switzerland and not censored. They say that our old home is now 'occupied,' which must mean that the Germans have taken it over, and that they live now in a small apartment in Paris; that (*Continued on page* 70)

An uncensored letter gives Michele Morgan cause for thanks.

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

Dana Andrews believes he is a fartunate draftable father.

A recent event in Raz' life makes her a thankful lady

The achievement af a pet ambitian makes Danny Kaye happy.

Basil Rathbane gives thanks for the American soil underfoat.

This is Myself

BY JUDY GARLAND

(The Girl on Movieland's Cover)

I USED TO:

Work in small time vaudeville theatres.

Be called the leather lunker blues singer, I'm ashamed to say; the little girl with the big voice.

Dream that I was singing with a symphony orchestra—I felt as if I were still dreaming when at last it came true and I stood up to sing with Andre Kostelanetz.

I REMEMBER:

Getting in the way of a forward-passed cheese sandwich one night when I was singing in a small time vaudeville house and how furious I was; all I could say, over and over, was "Some day!"

My Christmas dinner when I was ten. I was singing at Warners' Hollywood theatre and couldn't have dinner at home. Mother promised she'd let me choose where I would eat and what I'd have. I went to a drugstore and ordered hot tamales.

The white party dress I wore to the Academy dinner when I won my Oscar.

Wearing that dress again when I was footprinted at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and how Mickey Rooney held it up out of the cement for me.

MY FIRST:

Appearances were made in our backyard shows where my sisters and I charged ten straight pins a show.

Poem was composed when I was four and heard my sisters making up verse. I went in for rhythm not rhyme and the result was: Bookie, Bookie, I saw a star
Money, money, salt, salt, salt . . .

Car was a Lincoln Zephyr Convertible, a present on my sixteenth birthday, and I loved it, but I wasn't big enough to see what was behind me when I backed up, so after four months I was persuaded to give it up.

Friend was Betty Jane Graham, who is still my closest girl friend. We were four years old and met when we tried out for a part at Universal Studios. Betty Jane thought I would get the part, and I thought she would, so we brushed each other off. But when Cora Sue Collins got it, we fell into each other's arms.

I LIKE:

Bonfires on the beach . . . Baby chicks . . . Walking in the rain . . . Anything chocolate . . . Men who know how to handle head waiters . . . Christmas Eve.

I DISLIKE:

Dull pencils . . . That put-on Southern accent . . . Salted peanuts . . . Getting telephone connections . . . Attending to details . . . Mayonnaise . . . Popcorn.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Losing my keys . . . eating too many chocolates . . . forgetting appointments or being late . . . I've never worn a watch because I'd rather not know what time it is . . . And I'm the worst backseat driver in the world.

I HATE TO:

Have my nails filed . . . Go home when the party's getting good . . . Wait for people who said they'd positively be on time . . . Hear a baby cry and nobody do anything about it . . . Grow lovely long fingernails and then have one break off . . . Get up early.

I LOVE TO:

Cook, but I hate to clean up afterwards . . . Make over hats and remodel clothes . . . Play tennis, Guggenheim, Ghost . . . Keep the radio going or records playing whenever I'm in the house . . . Spoil my sister's baby—but I never do!

I'VE LEARNED:

From my mother—Practically all I know, including singing, playing the piano, cooking, and managing a house.

From my sisters—How to get along with other girls, not to acquire a star-complex.

From Mickey Rooney—Anything I know about screen technique. The first day we worked together on a picture he said, "Let's promise each other never to work at each other but always with each other!" and we always have. He's given me plenty of good advice, including, "Don't worry!" But I'm still the world's champion worrier.

From Roger Edens—(Who does all my musical arrangements) the songs that are best for me. When I was a child in vaudeville, my favorite (*Continued on page* 86)

"What was that you said?" Or—well, it really isn't our business just what Roger Edens said to Judy at Ciro's that night.

Glamour ...INSTANTLY!

1. You start with a pretty little thing like Donna Reed, all done up in her neat blue skirt, her tidy white blouse. Nice? Oh, very. Glamorous? Well, you'd hardly say that.

2. But now look. In comes that close-fitting satin gown. Cut the neck line orfully, orfully low. Emphasize the bust line. Put flowers in the hair. Get that heavy-lidded look. Zowie!

3. Next bring on the white bear rug and a black chiffon nightie. Diana Lewis illustrates. (At the right you see Diana as Mrs. William Powell, chic matron.)

Got a fellow coming home on a furlough? Do you want to put on the really high voltage? Follow the Hollywood routine illustrated here.

4. A glamour girl's wardrabe must include one close-fitting white satin negligee, taa, and as Warners' Dolores Moran shows, she pases with hair combed out an pillaw.

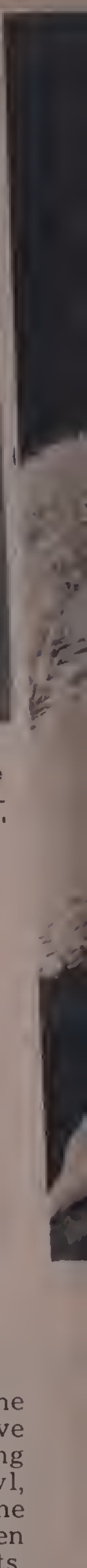
5. Iwo bearskins this time. And a black satin form revealer. The girl is Marilyn Maxwell of MGM, and she was a singer with Buddy Rogers' ond Ted Weems' bands not very lang ago

6. Then alluring Osa Massen (of the Warner Bros. "Background to Danger"): the plain white negligee, the heavy-lidded laak, the white bearskin rug, and Oso goes ane more with l-e-g-s.

7. Trust Maria the Mantez ta get it oll. The legs, the look, the negligee, the bearskin rug, ond also the feothers, a must.

Yes, it's Wallace Beery as he looked at about the time he started his phenomenal career in pictures, which was, by actual count, thirty-seven years ago.

Now that Carol Ann Beery has decided to follow Papa's footsteps in the movies, Wally teaches her some of his make-up tricks. And says he, confidently, "We're going to be the outstanding screen team in Hollywood!"



HALF A BILLION BEERY

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

Wally has earned more money than any creative artist since the world began. And here are the reasons why

WALLACE BEERY, ex-steelworker, ex-engine wiper, ex-choir boy, ex-elephant tender, ex-chorus man and ex-Broadway star, may be going to marry again.

If Wally were just "ex," Hollywood wouldn't be so interested in the strong probability of new wedding bells for the man who was previously married to Gloria Swanson and Rita Gilman.

But this man, W. Beery, is never "ex."

Things he *IS* include Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.R., a rank earned by seven thousand solo hours in the air; dean of film stars, in length of service and regularity of success; the world's highest paid actor (a recent raise made him that); devoted father to lovely thirteen-year-old Carole Ann, whom he adopted at nine months old; man-to-man friend to real cowboys in Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho and, last, a man who, by his own sincere life and the character of roles he portrays, has always been a credit to Hollywood.

The girl in the case is Aurella Nawrocki, of Houston, Texas, whose chestnut hair and blue eyes highlight a face both pretty and with a quality of sincerity. She is in her twenties, employed in the treasurer's office of a Houston hospital, and is sister to the wife of one of Wally's best friends, a former Texas oil man now living in Hollywood. Since Wally met her when she came for an extended visit to her sister, the two have been seen much together. To all questions, pending the final decision, Wally's answer has been a growl, "Try and find out!" However, close friends became sure of his serious regard for the Texas beauty when the two began to take Carole Ann with them on jaunts, to previews, and to dinner in the evenings. The highest Beery compliment is to award anyone companionship with Carole Ann!

If Miss Nawrocki and Wally marry (and they may have announced it before this article reaches print), Aurella will have for a groom the one completely unique man in the history of entertainment. There are no carbon copies of Wallace Beery. One of the most widely known actors in the world, he is at the same time Hollywood's least known individual. Wally has a genius for keeping his life story, as well as his personal affairs, to himself, but what you *do* learn about him is varied, interesting, and exciting.

Earning power, for example. If you ask twenty people who is the biggest earner in all entertainment history, probably not one would mention Wally, yet he stands head and shoulders above all competition. In fact the works of no man, whether in entertainment or

"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

Seen at the "Bell"Premier were a threesame who have been "seen" around pretty much lately. And that shauld be a very significant sign. The ladies? Aurella Nawracki and Wally's awn Caral Ann.

in any field of human expression, have ever drawn down the hard-cash total that has been grossed by Beery movies! To prove that is fairly easy. Wally, for example, has made thirty-three pictures for his present employer, Metro-Goldywn-Mayer. Some have been expensive ventures like "Viva Villa" and "The Champ"; others have been closer to B pictures than Metro ever admits making. But those thirty-three pictures have averaged around three million dollars apiece, never falling too far below, never rising more than a few hundred thousand (chicken-feed when you talk of Beery films) above. For example, "Viva· Villa," highly praised by the critics, grossed two million, five-hundred thousand. "Jackass Mail," just one of those hello-pardner, outdoor opuses, piled up more than three million.

When plans were being laid for the two million, five-hundred thousand dollar technicolor film, "Salute To The Marines," much of the best brains of M-G-M's lot was called in. This would be an attempt to top all past pictures of the Marines. The Marine Corps itself was asked to send advisers . . . and did. The story, all agreed, was a hummer. Marilyn Maxwell, for whom Metro officials have great hopes as a future star, was to be importantly launched. Someone expressed surprise to Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production, that so much money was to be massed behind a Beery picture. That wise gentleman, "L.B.," smiled: "It's one sure way to know we'll get our money back!"

Mr. Mayer must have had past records, as well as knowledge of the one hundred millon dollars Metro had grossed on Beery's pictures. Wally had worked in nineteen pictures for Paramount. Paramount won't talk about their grosses, but those nineteen were among the biggest earners in the company's history. And—before that—he worked for company after company in batch after batch of money-making films, all the way back through Keystone, Essanay, and the famous Mack Sennet comedies, to the very earliest companies—Tannhauser and Edison. There has been a saying in picture business since 1906—"The latest Beery picture is the best."

Wally guesses he has made three hundred pictures, all told. We lop fifty off that, just to be conservative. Careful investigation can find record of only one money-loser, "Old Ironsides." (And Jesse Lasky, who produced it, says, "That flop was all my fault, not Wally's.") So . . . give a thought to Metro's one hundred million dollars for thirty-three pictures. Remember, too, that some of the oldest (*Continued on page* 79)

The Charm of DINAH SHORE

After reading this story, you'll understand why Dinah wins all hearts whenever she sings

BY ALICE TRAINE

"DINAH, sing *'So Nice to Come Home To!'* "

"Sing *'As Time Goes By,'* Dinah!"

"Sing this . . ."

"Sing that . . ."

"Dinah! Dinah! Dinah!"

That's the way Uncle Sam's nephews in uniform carry on when Dinah Shore visits army camps and hospitals or sings at the Hollywood Canteen on Friday nights. If she doesn't know a song, they teach her, throwing her lines as she sings.

It's all very noisy and big brotherish, and it's lots of fun. She's number one favorite singer with the armed forces, not to mention merchant marine and men in hospitals, and there's nothing she'd rather do than sing for them.

"They're so real!" she explains. "They keep me on my toes."

She's slim and young and exactly the right size; her eyes are warm and brown, her mouth generous and sweet; she has more than a trace of Southern accent, and in spite of being strictly a 1943 Model Miss there's something gentle and even humble about her.

She listens to advice — sincere advice. If people bother to make suggestions to her, she'll try them out eagerly. No "public be damned" attitude for her. She has red gold hair, worn in a long bob—that's her "public's" idea. Once she arranged her curls in what she considered a very slick hair-do, divided in back, swirled around, and pinned high on her head. But, the minute she appeared on the stage, her audience cried, "Get a load of Dinah's hair!" She called for a comb, took her hair down right there, to approving applause.

Her name isn't really Dinah, it's

Dinah and the Hollywood Canteen. She's a regular visitor; she sings, and dances with the lads, too.

Even when she vacations as far away from Hollywood as Nevada's Rancho Vegas, soldiers still discover Dinah, who is their favorite singer.

Dinah, beginning an important movie career with "Thank Your Lucky Stars" for Warners', scored so decisively that three other major productions are now lined up for her.

Frances Rose Shore . . . of Tennessee. She sang "Dinah" so often at Vanderbilt University that her college mates nicknamed her so, and she liked it better than her own name.

"I was tired of corny jokes. 'Franny sat on a tack. Franny rose!' Things like that. You can laugh the first six dozen times. 'Dinah Shore' looks better in lights, too, and I wanted to put it there. So when I set out for New York, I thought, 'Why do I tell them my name's Frances Rose? They never heard of me. I'll be Dinah Shore!' "

There's nothing particularly outstanding about her, Dinah insists, except that she's been lucky.

"Our family was never very rich, never very poor. I was never very beautiful, but never very ugly. I was born in Winchester, Tennessee; when I was seven, we moved to Nashville, where I went to school, played hopscotch, went to high school, became cheer leader, and never missed a football game.

"There's no romantic plantation in the family, but we did grow vegetables in the backyard. They weren't called victory gardens then. Every summer we all went on vacations together. No family feuds—we loved each other, like most families. No struggle, no suffering."

She had two colored mammies—Yama (short for Mary Emma) who was Mammy to Dinah's sister and cared for the new baby at first, then Yaya (short for Lillian) who came to cope with Frances Rose when she began to walk, and who still sends her young charge enormous chocolate cakes for birthday treats. Yaya ruled the household with an iron hand, as all good mammies do. To this day Dinah can't bring herself to speak what Yaya calls "naughty words."

Dinah loved to sing, but no one in the home town marvelled at her voice.

"Naturally, people in Nashville would rather listen to someone who didn't live around there," observed the star, "so I wasn't urged to give out with songs. But once a man who owned a night club offered to pay me ten dollars if I'd sing two songs there.

"Down home we don't go out to night clubs. We entertain in our own homes. None of the kids had ever been inside one. I was about fourteen. The other kids got hold of a car and drove me to the back door and waited outside while I slid in. It would have been terrible for them if they'd been seen in the club. I was shaky myself. When I came out for my first song, the first thing I saw was Daddy and Mother sitting at a table up front. They'd had word and came to see whether it was true. I was so scared I could hardly get my breath. When I was finished, Daddy beckoned to me, and they took me home without my ten dollars. It was four weeks before I was allowed to go out again Saturday nights."

During her high school days, Dinah's mother died. They had been so close that Dinah's father realized she needed something to help her through dark days. He didn't approve of the stage, but when the "47 Workshop" organized Little Theatre groups throughout the South and Dinah was offered an opportunity to join one of them, he agreed to permit it. In a small town twenty miles from Nashville, the future star of radio and screen played a score of leading roles from Jo in "Little Women" to a highly dramatic part in "Outward Bound."

This stage experience didn't soften Mr. Shore toward a theatrical career for his younger daughter. Graduating from college, she proposed that she go to New York and "try to sing or something." Her father refused his blessing.

"He didn't throw me out, though," remembered Dinah, with a smile. "He said if I insisted on going, I'd be on my own. I had a little money from Mother, but Daddy said he knew she wouldn't approve, and did I think it would be right to use that money? So I pawned my camera and enlarger and used that money.

"I really couldn't stay home. At home when you're twenty, you ought to be married. By the time you're twenty-three, you should have at least three children or you don't rate. I hadn't met anyone I wanted to marry, so I had nothing to contribute to life there. I wanted to sing and act."

Life in New York wasn't so uncomplicated as life in Nashville. A tiny apartment with another girl singer, cheap though it was, simply ate up money. Dinah got a job singing on a sustaining program at a small radio station; it paid no salary, merely gave opportunity for recognition that failed to come.

New Year's Eve, Dinah finished her last song on the program and stepped out on the street. She had exactly one dime to her name. She wasn't worried, for she had an engagement to sing at a New Year's party for twenty-five dollars. She looked at (*Continued on page* 81)

Dinoh won't discuss her dotes with George Montgomery—but just give o look ot thot look!

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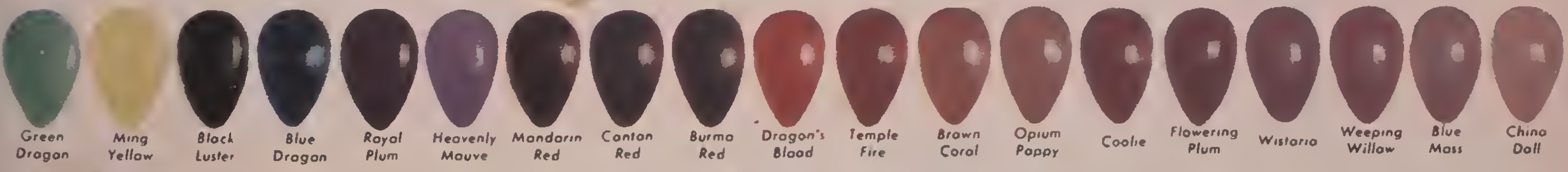
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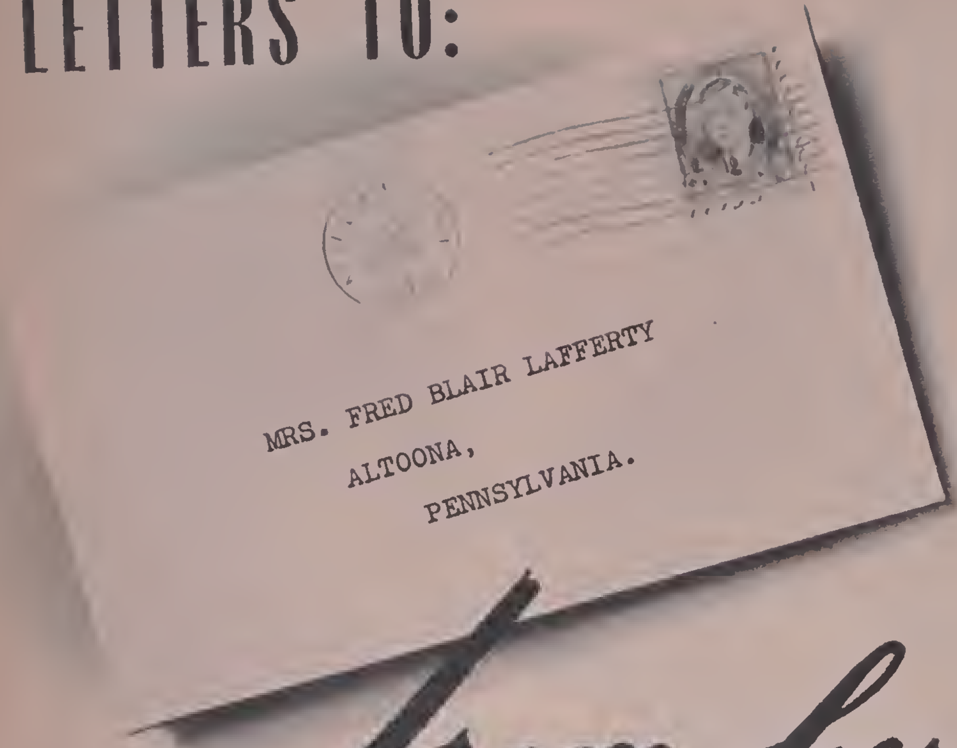
LETTERS TO:



MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY
ALTOONA,
PENNSYLVANIA.

from her daughter Janet Blair

Miss Janet Blair and Sgt. Louis Busch. That's what they were just two days before Blair became Busch when this was taken.

July 5, 1939.

DEAREST MOTHER:

You will just have to get used to my Letters (and Love of capitalizing Everything) from now on, because since yesterday when you saw me Off at the Altoona station I am a Career Woman who will be traveling constantly. Yes, Mother, I got the job—I am the singer with Hal Kemp's Band, and not only that but here in Pittsburgh they gave me a new name, namely Janet Blair (Dad's middle name) instead of Janet Lafferty. I should feel Glamorous with all this, but still feel like your eighteen-year-old Daughter just out of High School, but that will Change.

Tell Dad that his friend Mr. Holden, the Manager of the band, has been simply Divine to me as have all the wives in the band, too, though Acting as though I were still a Child instead of a grown up and earning my own living, as of noon today.

(You can read this much Aloud to Sis and Brother and Dad. But from here on the letter is Private.)

Mother, you know how I've always been a Man-Hater? How I was too busy with my Singing Lessons to have dates for my whole senior year? Well, that's all Changed now, because today along with finding my Career I found the Man I am going to marry some day. Now, don't say I'm being silly and Emotional, because I *know*. (Even if he doesn't.)

I saw him the minute I walked in to take my try-out as a singer. And the minute I saw him, I knew. Maybe it is Woman's Intuition finally working. Anyway, I knew. He's the pianist and arranger of Mr. Kemp's band, and he was sitting at the piano waiting to give me my try-out. To be Honest, he doesn't like me yet, and he showed it immediately by simply Glaring at my

best street outfit—that striped Skirt and brown sweater, and my yellow beanie with the long feather sticking up in it, and my best Saddle-shoes—the ones with the tassels—and of course Bobbie socks. Naturally, Bobbie socks.

Anyhow, he Glared. Then he said Curtly, "Come on, kid," and instead of letting me sing, he dragged me around the corner to a drug store where he had coffee and I had a Choc Malt, and he tried to give me a lot of Advice about what a nice scrubbed kid I was, and why didn't I skip this Nightclub Racket and go back home to Altoona, Pa., and get Married and have children? So I said, "Until now I have not been interested in Men, and besides I wish to be a Singer." He continued to argue, but I remained Firm. So finally he had to let me sing for him, and then he Glared again and said, "Okay, the job's yours," and left looking very angry. Why I don't know. Except maybe he knows I am his Fate and he is Squirming as some Men do.

I am yawning so much I will swallow this Letter if I don't close now. Love to Dad and Brother and Sis from

Their About-to-be-Famous-and-Married
relative

Janet.

February 10, 1940.

Dear Mother:

I did not call you Dearest this time on purpose, because I am so angry over your repeated letters on the same subject, of Marriage. You needn't be worried over my marrying at eighteen, because he is Blind to Me, and I will probably be fifty years old before he even Dates me. So far it is three months since I joined the band, and he hasn't so much as looked at me, except to make sure I get on the Trains all right and going to get my Purse and Coat for me everywhere, as I am still leaving them behind me just as I did Home. He is taking Dad's place in his own Mind. It is utterly Maddening. Sometimes I think he will never know I am a Woman and he is a Man. But I will be patient.

So you need not worry about me Running Off with him—I would only be able to if I knocked him Unconscious first and then Dragged him Away.

I am very bitter tonight. Goodbye.

Janet.

P. S.: You said I haven't even Described him or called him anything but him. So here goes: His name is Louis Busch, he is twenty-eight, he comes from Louisville, Kentucky, he's played with many bands including Horace Heidt, George Olson, and Henry Busse

One note to put on your must list is this: Be sure to see Mrs. Janet Blair Busch in her next picture which she is making for Columbia Pictures, called "The Heart of a City."

At the right: Here the bride and groom are in an after-the-ceremony pose. And maybe that smile isn't something for a soldier to dream about and want to come home to!

(however he gets Glazed Eyed with Boredom when I try to talk music with him, based on my many years with the Altoona Church Choir. This is his One Fault). Description: Stocky, taller than I am but not much, green eyes, blondish thick hair . . . and Dimples.

You will think I am Crazy, but I have had Dimples too since I met him, one on each side of my Mouth. Fate Again, I think. What do you think? *Answer!!!*

Yours,
Janet.

March 3, 1940.

MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY,
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I AM SENDING THIS TELEGRAM COLLECT BECAUSE IT MAY BE LONG. IT IS ABOUT OUR FIRST DATE—LOUIS FINALLY ASKED ME OUT TONIGHT HERE IN ATLANTA GEORGIA. WE WENT TO A MOVIE HE LOOKED AT IT BUT I LOOKED AT HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T NOTICE THAT I AM SURE. THEN WE HAD A SODA AND THEN HE TOOK ME BACK TO THE BOARDING HOUSE AND BEGAN READING THE SUNDAY FUNNIES, THIS BEING SUNDAY. HE WAS STILL READING THEM WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS TO BED AN HOUR LATER BUT ROSEMARY MY ROOMMATE SAID MEN WERE LIKE THAT. I CARE NOT ANYWAY IF I HAVE TO SHARE HIM WITH DICK TRACY AND L'IL ABNER THAT IS ALL RIGHT WITH ME. DELIRIOUSLY YOURS

JANET.

August 16, 1940.

Dearest Mother:

Oh, I am so Miserable and Blue I could Die. If I hadn't promised I'd never send you another wire Collect until I was Engaged or Married I would send you one tonight, because the most tragical thing of my Life has happened, namely we have had our First Quarrel. And it is all my Fault. And everything has been going so well up to now, ever since Atlanta—Dates quite a lot and everything.

What happened was this. We are in St. Petersburg, Florida, and it is so Hot here that your clothes are hopelessly wrinkled unless you Iron them after unpacking. So I got out my traveling Iron to press my pale blue formal for tonight, and there was Nothing to Iron on because the woman who runs this boarding house had put away all my Suitcases. So then I remembered Louis' new Imported Leather trunk which is never moved because it has all (*Continued on page* 80)

BETTING ON CHAPMAN

by DOROTHY DEERE

"THREE across the board on Chapman—to win, place, and show!"

In good old gambling parlance, the chips are down on Marguerite Chapman. Columbia has backed Maggie, at the cost of three major productions, which is undoubtedly one of the biggest bets ever made by a studio on a hitherto minor player.

During the three years which have elapsed since Maggie gave up a well-paying model's job in New York to try her hand—or rather, her face—at pictures, she has become known to certain other people as certain other things . . .

A Hollywood hostess knows her as the girl who made her first timid party entrance head over heels, down the broad stairway of a film mogul's home, into a surprised salon-full of guests.

A Hollywood poseur, who inevitably tosses newcomers the line that they'll never be actresses until they have "suffered," remembers her as the youngster who looked him coolly in the eye and said, "But I have suffered. I've seen every one of your paintings!"

To Howard Hughes she is one of the several young ladies he tested for the buxom lead in "The Outlaw" and rejected because she had too much above the eyebrows and not quite enough below the necklace. To Hal Wallis of Warners' she is the slim young thing who, after being briefly ballyhooed as one of the long stemmed beauts in the "Navy Blues" sextette, cried for the lead in "Sergeant York" and couldn't have it because, even in a gingham sack, she had too much style for a hill-jilly. And to Charles Boyer she is eternally grateful, but that's for another part of the story.

Today at Columbia, Marguerite is now a Grade A-1 leading woman, indisputably entitled to all the privileges and luxuries that go with that rank—the plushily furnished private dressing room, the canvas chair with her name painted across the back, the specially designed wardrobes and hair-dos.

On the Gower Street lot, Marguerite is all of a sudden Something (Capital S). She doesn't have to talk to people who slap her on the back, unless she wants to. She's through with cheesecake art—she had attained that exalted state all actresses long for, when she dares to report to the still gallery in a long skirt, knowing that her face is now as important as her lissom legs.

With Columbia, Marguerite's talent is no longer in the wager stage—they have seen the evidence in the theatre and audience reaction to her in "Destroyer" and "Appointment in Berlin." Rapidly nearing completion is further proof in the form of a third expensive opus *(Continued on page 77)*

Below—A Midsummer Day's Dream is our name for this picture of Marguerite relaxing in the California sun.

Below—Again—lovely is the word for Maggie. But read about one dressing-table experience la Chapman had, and you'll find she's a lot of other things besides just lovely.

THOUSANDS CHEER

ONLY that moment before there had been confusion and bustle and noise, a babbling of thousands of voices punctuated by crisp military commands. But now the station was so quiet you could hear a heart drop as boys in khaki turned to the girls they were leaving, holding them closer than they ever had before, because they felt they might never be together again like this, close kissed and eager.

Kathryn Jones felt her throat tightening looking at them. It made her feel lonely and left out of things, the only girl in the world without a boy to say goodbye to. Then as she looked on wistfully she was conscious of a boy standing beside her, a boy with arrogant, bitter eyes staring from her to all those breathless twosomes and then back again, mocking her as he was mocking them and this pattern of farewell.

There was a piercing whistle and then voices again. "All right, men, get aboard!" Arms clung tighter then, trying to prolong the seconds left to them, and as Kathryn sighed sympathetically her eyes locked with the boy's eyes once again.

His look was as deliberate as the gesture with which he flung his half smoked cigarette on the ground, as his heel grinding down on it. He took her in his arms with an assurance coming from long practice and his lips pressed hard on her mouth. Then just as smoothly and deliberately he released her again.

"So long, baby," his voice exaggerated the emotion of all the whispered goodbyes around them. "And don't forget to write."

Kathryn was too dazed to say a word as she stared after him. Then she started guiltily as she heard her name called and turned to see her mother and father coming towards her. But they hadn't seen anything. They were as aloof and composed as they had been when she had left them scarcely ten minutes before.

Maybe it had been silly, manoeuvering so carefully to leave them alone, thinking a miracle might happen and that a few minutes could patch up the differences of years. They looked as if they belonged together—the tall man in a Colonel's uniform and the slender,

THE CAST

Kathryn Jones	*Kathryn Grayson*
Eddy Marsh	*Gene Kelly*
Hyllary Jones	*Mary Astor*
Colonel William Jones	*John Boles*
Chuck Polansky	*Ben Blue*
Marie Corbino	*Frances Rafferty*
Helen	*Mary Elliott*
Sergeant Koslack	*Frank Jenks*
Alan	*Frank Sully*
Captain Fred Avery	*Dick Simmons*
Pvt. Monks	*Ben Lessy*

and the MGM Star Parade

Mickey Rooney
Judy Garland
Red Skelton
Eleanor Powell
Ann Sothern
Lucille Ball
Virginia O'Brien
Frank Morgan
Marsha Hunt
Marilyn Maxwell
Donna Reed
Margaret O'Brien
June Allyson
Gloria DeHaven
John Conte
Sara Haden
Lena Horne
Don Loper and Maxine Barrat
Kay Kyser and his orchestra
Bob Crosby and his orchestra
Benny Carter and his band
The MGM Dancing Girls
and introducing
Jose Iturbi
in his first appearance on the screen

Directed by George Sidney
Produced by Joseph Pasternak
Original screen play by
Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins
Based on their story
"Private Miss Jones"

Across the page—Gene Kelly, who is the Eddie Marsh of MGM's show, "Thousands Cheer."

FICTIONIZATION BY
ELIZABETH PETERSEN MacDONALD

Eddie, a lonely soldier, feels he should kiss someone. It seems to be a railroad station custom. So he grabs and smacks a pretty stranger, Miss Jones.

After bursting in on Miss Jones' compartment to explain that he meant absolutely nothing by his kiss, Eddie discovers her father's the Colonel

Top right—Hyllary tells her daughter she's sending her to live with her father, whom she has not seen since she was a very little girl.

Bottom right—Kathryn weeps with joy over being with her father again but worries for fear that she cannot reunite her parents.

THOUSANDS CHEER

CONTINUED

lovely woman, but Kathryn could see they were still as far apart as they had been in all the years when the distance that separated them was real, not just psychological.

"You'd better get on board, Kathryn," the Colonel said. "I'll join you in your compartment later." He held out his hand to the woman who had once been his wife. "Goodbye, Hyllary, I'm glad to have seen you."

"Goodbye, Bill," Hyllary smiled as she gave him her hand. "Take care of her."

They were still being so casual, so civilized. Even quarreling, Kathryn thought resentfully, even bitterness would be better than this.

"You're supposed to kiss," she protested in a small despairing voice. "Everybody does, even strangers."

She could see that her father's eyes crinkled at the corners when he laughed. There were so many things she had yet to find out about him and, even though it meant leaving her mother, Kathryn was glad that she was going to know him at last. Every girl should meet her father sometime, and she was glad she had got the chance when she was still young. Oh, why couldn't she have them both, the three of them together always. It would be so wonderful to be part of a family.

All the aloofness went from her mother's eyes as she kissed Kathryn goodbye. They had always been so close, bound even closer with their common love of music, and Hyllary had been so proud when Kathryn had become the singer for Jose Iturbi's orchestra. Yet Hyllary hadn't hesitated when the Colonel had asked that his daughter be allowed to accompany him to the California training camp where she was to be a sort of recreation officer. Hyllary knew how important morale was in war time.

"Goodbye, darling," she said. And then whispering, close to Kathryn's ears "Silly little Kitty Kat, now that you have a chance to be with your father for awhile I want you to accept it and enjoy it and not worry yourself trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again, don't you see?"

Kathryn didn't see. She hated that off hand salute her father gave as he strode off, her mother's impersonal smile. She was so intent on her own thoughts about them both as she got on the train it was something of a shock to run smack up against the young soldier who had kissed her those few moments before. She had forgotten all about him.

But the boy hadn't forgotten. His face reddened when he saw her. All his defenses were down with his arrogance gone. Kathryn stifled a giggle as she saw he looked positively frightened.

"Hey now, wait a minute," he protested. "Just because I kissed you doesn't mean you have to follow me around."

Kathryn couldn't do anything but just stare at him. She had never met up with such egotism in her life.

"I kiss a lotta girls," the boy went on. "It don't mean a thing!"

"Oh, but it does," Kathryn insisted wickedly. He'd had his fun with her, now she was going to have her own. "It means everything! It means that we're engaged, and I'm going to follow you to the ends of the earth."

"But you can't." He was gulping in his nervousness. "This train's for soldiers!"

She flung him a reckless, mad little smile. "Don't tell anybody I'm here," she whispered warningly. She turned as she reached her compartment and saw him standing there, dazed and uncomfortable, and gave him a wink as she closed the door behind her.

Top left—At the court martial after he has served time in the guardhouse for leaving his post, Eddie realizes his wrong and pleads guilty.

Middle left—Almost reunion. After their first happy greetings, Hyllary says she doesn't approve Army life for Kathryn. A bad influence.

Bottom left—At the huge USO show she has planned, Kathryn sings to the accompaniment of her friend, Jose Iturbi. (It's his movie debut.)

Bottom—The Colonel and his lady say goodbye before he sails. They shake hands briefly, then kiss. Once again they're a happy, united family.

Her father was there waiting. He was really so handsome with those laughing blue eyes of his, with just that touch of gray in his dark hair, and yet she couldn't help that feeling of annoyance with him. It had really been too mean of him spoiling all her plans like that.

"Well," her voice was a little defiant, "what did you think about my mother? Isn't she wonderful?"

"I don't know," he said quietly. "Is she?"

"Oh, come on," Kathryn sighed. "What did she say? What did you say? After all you were practically marooned with the woman for ten minutes there. *Something* must have happened."

If only he wouldn't look so amused.

"I said she had done very well with you, and she said I'd done very well with the army. I asked her what was new in the world of music, and she said it was still very harmonious. She told me she saw where my line of business was hitting the front pages lately, and I expressed surprise that she ever read things like that. After that our conversation grew rather chilly. Anything else?"

"Aw, Dad." Kathryn couldn't hold back her disappointment. "If I had a wife I hadn't seen in years I'd—" Suddenly she stopped as the door was flung open completely hiding her father, and the boy stood in the doorway.

"Now look," he said. "The only reason I kissed you was because everybody was kissing everybody else, and that's the only reason. You don't mean a thing to me. I told you that before, and I came back to say it again. You don't mean a thing to me."

"Just a minute soldier!" the Colonel said sternly, stepping out from behind the door. But as the boy

Judy Garland sings in the show within a show.

stiffened to attention, his voice lost its sharpness. "What's your name, son?"

"Private Marsh, sir," the boy said. "Private Eddy Marsh."

Kathryn couldn't resist a giggle. "How do you do?" she said demurely.

Her father flung her an amused glance. "You keep out of this," he ordered. "You don't mean a thing to him." His eyes met Eddy's. "Does she?"

"No, sir."

"Then," the Colonel made a gesture of dismissal, "unless you have something further to say—"

"No, sir, I haven't." Eddy's mouth tightened. "Except that from now on I only kiss women I know." He saluted, but he couldn't resist that scowl at Kathryn as he walked out. "You and me are washed up for good," he said.

"And—" The Colonel walked over and sat down beside his daughter—"you and I are going to have a man to man talk." But they didn't. For just then the train's whistle gave a derisive "whoo-whoo" and the Colonel joined in with Kathryn's laughter. It was wonderful finding not only a father, but a father with a sense of humor.

Private Eddy Marsh kept an aloof moody distance, not only from Kathryn but from everybody else on the trip to California. Not for him the impromptu sing songs, Kathryn got up to amuse the boys, not for him the bantering fun that linked all the rest of the troop train together. For Private Eddy Marsh was pretty bitter about this whole army business. He wouldn't have any truck with regimentation or discipline or even fun when that fun meant being part of any army. No, sir! He'd remain an individual to the end.

It was the same at camp. Eddy kept to his proud sullen self. And he never as much as flicked his eyes in Kathryn's direction though at that it would have been pretty difficult, hidden as she always was by all those khaki backs clustered around her, begging her for a dance or to sing another song. Then one evening they met face to face at the crowded soda fountain in the Service Club. There had been a dance, and Kathryn looked so gay and lovely in her long white evening frock, but no one would have known it from Eddy's antagonized stare.

"What's the matter," Kathryn grinned. "Don't you like the soda?"

"Soda's all right," he agreed grudgingly.

Meet the emcee, the great Professor Rooney.

THOUSANDS CHEER

CONTINUED

Virginia O'Brien sings with Crosby's band.

Red Skelton a-talkin' to Margaret O'Brien.

Doc Morgan entertains with advice to Lucille.

"Don't you like the party?" she went on.

"Party's fine," he said glumly. "Haven't you heard? I don't like the Army."

"I haven't heard *why,*" she said quietly.

"Look." His mouth was so young to hold so much bitterness. "One of the first things I learned when I came in was a private don't mix with officers, and he don't mix with their families. And I found out the reason for it. We're not good enough."

"I don't know where you found that out, Eddy," Kathryn said. "But I do know it's not true."

"Don't give me that song and dance." Eddy glared. "What are you trying to do? Improve my morale?"

Chuck, the soldier who had brought (*Continued on page* 65)

BY LEON SURMELIAN

ADVICE TO WAR-LORN WIVES

Laraine Day Who Is One Herself Gives Out With Some Sensible Advice

"WHAT'S the use of our men winning the war if they lose their wives? To fight for something and then come back and find that it isn't there any more—that it's gone, disappeared? The greatest danger confronting war brides and girls with boy friends in the service is this: as we make adjustments, solve our problems alone, make our own livings, pay our bills, assume new obligations, and in some instances even carry on the business of our husbands, we women may become too self-reliant. We may cease being feminine. That would be a dreadful thing for our men to return to."

It was Laraine Day, who is a "war-lorn bride" speaking. One of the most beautiful young girls on the screen, Laraine is also one of the most thoughtful. I saw now that she was thinking deeply.

"We are fighting to preserve our democracy," she said, "our American way of life, the foundation of which is the American home. That home is based on certain traditional relationships between wife and husband. Women are the mothers of the race, in a physical as well as spiritual sense. Even in wartime, the wife must remain true to her destiny—in other words, be feminine. It would be entirely women's fault if in working, striving, sacrificing for and with our men, we inadvertently destroy the very thing we're trying to preserve."

Laraine has something which sets her apart from the majority of Hollywood's professional charmers—a tender, subtle, mother-of-the-race quality. She isn't a flamboyant blonde, though she has the curves and coloring. She isn't one of the town's celebrated "pin-up" girls. But judging by her fan mail, the boys in the camps think of marriage at sight of her.

"They all want me to be their wife," she laughs. "I get such flattering letters from them. And mothers write me, too, saying they'd want their sons to marry a girl like me. Apparently they don't know I'm already married."

Her husband, Ray Hendricks, ex-singer, is in the Army Air Corps Reserve as a civilian aviation instructor. They met originally because Laraine loves to give plays and produce sixteen millimeter pictures with the help of studio stenographers, prop boys, and other studio employees, many of whom nurse violent ambitions to be stars, directors, writers.

Laraine needed a leading man for one of her shows, one who could sing. Friends recommended Ray Hendricks. He not only got the part, but Laraine, too, in the bargain. They married in May, 1942, but until recently war separated them sometimes for months. Ray has now been transferred to Oxnard, California, not so far from Hollywood but that they are able to spend their week-ends together.

"I was confronted with the question of the wisdom of wartime marriage," Laraine said. "No matter how much you're in love, you can't help wondering, in times like these, whether it's wise. There's that inner, universally feminine fear that you might end up an old maid if you don't marry. On the other hand, with your husband in service, you have to live without him, or see him rarely. He may be wounded, come back minus a leg or arm . . . or not come back at all.

"I weighed all these things, as so many girls are doing today. I decided to marry . . . and am so glad I did. I've had a lot of happiness, and I refuse to worry. Courage is a virtue for women, too."

Should a girl live alone, or with his or her parents, while her husband is away? Laraine lives in a French Colonial house in Brentwood, a house with four bedrooms and four baths, and there are times when it seems awfully empty to her.

"No matter what a girl's circumstances," she says, "I believe she's better off if she lives alone, sets up her own household, even if she has to do it in a single room. I'm opposed to living with in-laws, definitely. As to living in or near a camp, I think it is a burden on the husband, and creates many new responsibilities for him . . . unless the wife can really find a place in which to make a home for both of them. That's possible, but I don't think it happens very often.

"To me, the best thing a service wife can do is to visit her husband as often as permitted. She should plan those visits in advance, always according to his wishes and free time, and with the idea of pleasing him uppermost in her mind. When you've been married a short time, you sometimes wonder after your separation, with its terrific tensions: does my husband really exist? You keep thinking of him all the time. He is always in your thoughts. Then when you see him again, it seems a sort of miracle. Yes, you say to yourself, he does exist. He isn't a product of my imagination. I can touch him, I can kiss him.

"Such a visit is a big event. A girl should make the most of it. My tip is: go in for a bit of glamour. Make yourself as attractive as possible—make your man proud of you, for there are other wives at the camp. Clothes are important. I wear sport clothes and take a short evening dress with me . . . just in case. In officers' clubs parties and dances might be formal. A girl can work in an aircraft factory or a shipyard and still be glamourous, on occasion. Incidentally, I'm very much in favor of war brides working. I'm a working girl myself. There are so many jobs now open to women, many of them directly and vitally connected with the war.

"A visit to a camp is a big date. And all the good rules for dates would apply to it. That means don't be too possessive and aggressive. Be on time. Don't make him wait. Don't put on an act. Be yourself. Make him feel important, very important to you. Don't lose your sense of humor. And, above all, be kind. Kindness is just another word for femininity. And, remember, in a camp you may find yourself close to the grim realities of war."

Laraine recalled a visit to her husband in Phoenix, Arizona. "Ray was teaching blind flying to the British

B. Juby

Laraine lunches with husband, Captain Ray Hendricks, at the Hollywood Brown Derby, during one of his leaves. Note the epaulettes of stars she wears in honor of the occasion.

cadets at Falcon Field. Just before I got there, two British boys had been accidentally killed. I never came into a place more depressed than that field that day. The English boys all seemed so much younger than our boys. They were so lonely, and so humble, so grateful for the slightest favor. We Americans take so many luxuries for granted. As I talked to them, I was shaking inside. I could tell by their eyes they had seen a lot, that they had really suffered, and they would have to be in battle as soon as they got back to their native land. As I tried to cheer up those nice polite boys in their shabby uniforms, I kept wondering whether they would be alive in six months."

Laraine was silent for a moment; then she said, "Loneliness is an almost universal disease these days. We all need recreation and friends. Even genius, which flourishes in solitude, needs these. We can't live alone; we are social beings. Yet I disapprove a woman having dates with other men while separated from her husband because of the war. A girl can have a lot of fun with a group of married friends. A couple may be generous enough to invite her to dinner, or if worst comes to worst, she can go to a show alone, and learn to like it."

As for dancing and such pleasant and patriotic pastimes in U.S.O. centers, Laraine thinks they are more proper for single girls. The lonely war bride, finding herself alone in the company of so many attractive, healthy, and lonely young men, would be exposed to temptations, human nature being what it is.

But there are many other activities to absorb her energies and keep her busy—an old, time-honored cure for loneliness. "Take Bob Cummings' wife," said Laraine. "She has been taking flying lessons in Nevada and studying navigation to serve with the ferry command and thus replace a man who'd be more useful in actual combat service.

"There certainly is no glamour in giving bed baths and emptying bed pans, but the nurse's aide, nevertheless, has the satisfaction of knowing that she is doing a vital war job, and she can feel pretty heroic about it.

"Not everybody can take that, perhaps, but almost everybody in good health can give a pint of blood to the Red Cross. I just returned from a tour of fifteen cities on behalf of the Red Cross Blood Bank. Frankly, when they brought a portable blood bank on the set of my last picture, 'Mr. Lucky,' I was scared. But giving a pint of blood wasn't half bad. You feel a little weak for a while, that's all. It would be a good idea if they would label the blood containers with the names of their donors. Then a soldier could go around and say, 'You know, I've Cary Grant's blood in me—he saved my life.' Or Clark Gable's, or Charles Boyer's.

"Or if you can't do that, you can always write letters. My tip is write every day, but don't make your letters too long. When you write every day you escape the danger of being dull. By being brief, you can say something new every day.

"I don't agree with the prevalent notion that the letters of a war bride should always be cheerful. Under that ruling, the husband might feel that everything was going so smoothly that she doesn't need him. Let him worry a little. Make him

(*Continued on page* 87)

Here are Robert Walker, Shirley Temple, and Claudette Colbert, three of the picture's stars.

Monte Wooley takes a priority position on greeting Mary Pickford as she arrives at the party.

PARTY *by* Selznick

Alan Marshall shares a light with his attractive wife. The smile? Perhaps they've shared a joke, too.

Neil Hamilton perches on the staircase to give a few pointers to pretty, young Kim Hunter.

David Selznick gave a "housewarming" party recently for the cast of his newest picture, now in production, "Since You Went Away"

Mr. Joe Cotten helps the glamorous Miss Ingrid Bergman to the unglamorous (but good) potato salad.

The young maestro himself, Mr. Selznick, with that nicest couple, Bob Walker and Jennifer Jones.

The two newest Selznick discoveries, Gregory Peck and Kim Hunter, beam over their fortune.

MOVIELAND'S *Beauty Parlo*

Wash your neck with a good, mild soap and warm water . . . after, of course, you have applied and removed your cleansing cream as described below.

Take just as good care of your neck as your face, advises Frances Rafferty, MGM actress. Every night start with two applications of cleansing cream, removed with tissue. And be sure to use the fundamental movement of massage—upward and outward.

After your soap and water treatment, pat your night cream on with your finger tips, again using the upward, outward, circular motion. Pat up to and beyond your ears. For under your chin, Frances says you should use the backs of your fingers.

For double and flabby chins—and Miss Rafferty, we assure you, has neither—do this after your nightly cleansing: Soak a piece of absorbent cotton in skin freshener or astringent and hold it beneath your chin for at least five minutes. It really will help.

THE holiday season is bringing its dreamy, child-like air into our beauty parlor.

Even more than ever, in wartime beauty remains in the foreground as an ever-present topic of conversation. This tired world needs every bit of feminine beauty which can be produced.

The immediate effect around Hollywood these days is that every star and starlet is searching around for new and more startling hairstyles . . . but they agree that hair must remain on top of the head, with a "dressed," completely feminine look.

Facial bookings are their heaviest, because what woman doesn't want her complexion to bloom its loveliest at Christmas and the New Year?

All of which is our way of leading up to this month's lecture in the Movieland Beauty Parlor. For, speaking of facials, whenever you've had one, you've probably noticed how much attention your operator pays to your neck, along with your face. There's a reason: beauty isn't supposed to end at the jaw and chin-line, and don't ever forget that true fact that your neck ages before your face!

Bearing this in mind and having, on many an occasion been shocked upon noticing an aged neck under an unlined face, we decided our Christmas beauty present to you should be a practical talk on the subject. So hang on to your cold cream jars, girls, for here we go.

From twenty on, every woman should take the exact same care of her neck as she does of her face.

That's our neck orders in a sentence.

Just for some of you beauty laggards who may still remain unacquainted with the correct procedures of cleansing, we asked Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's pretty Frances Rafferty to illustrate some of the more important points. Incidentally, you'll soon be seeing Frances in "Girl Crazy," starring your two favorites, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. But on with the matter of cleansing . . .

In the nightly procedure, the initial step is, of course, two applications of cleansing cream, each of which is removed with tissue.

The method of application is of importance. Starting at the base of your neck, the cream should be applied in an upward, outward, circular motion. This is the elementary movement of massage, remember? Even your use of tissue should be handled in the same way, and it doesn't take a bit more time than slathering your cream on in any old fashion or dabbing haphazardly with tissue.

Now, we come to the important question of soap. What kind are you using? Preferably, it should be a good, mild soap, and super-fatted. Any druggist or beauty counter will be happy to recommend such a soap. You see, along with many famous beauty experts, we, too, believe there can be no thorough cleansing of face or neck without the use of soap and warm water, so lather it well into the cloth and get on with the scrubbing act. Gently does it, however!

It's of special benefit, too, if you do as Frances does and slosh three or four rinsings of cold water onto your head-holder-upper. It helps the circulation, in turn stimulating the skin.

On to your night cream and a five-minute exercise. Think you can spare those minutes? You'll never be sorry in the years to come!

And do you recall that upward, outward, circular motion we were harping on? Use it again; only this time, pat the cream into the skin with the tips of your fingers, as does Frances. Don't, above all, forget to continue the patting process (*Continued on page* 87)

Movieland Selects Five "Best" Pictures This Month

JANE EYRE

(20th Century-Fox)

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S classic novel reaches the screen as an enormously moving drama of a woman's love. Playing the title role of "Jane Eyre," Joan Fontaine attains new heights to substantiate the Academy Award she won for a far lesser performance. Something of matchless appeal arises from her interpretation of the elfin-faced girl who comes to grim, foreboding Thornfield Hall to accept the position as governess of Edward Rochester's little French ward. Hers is a full rounded character as one utterly unacquainted with happiness until she finds it in love for a man even then married to a mad creature he keeps hidden in a barred tower of his castle.

Just as this superb Jane Eyre steps directly from the pages of Bronte, so, too, is Orson Welles magnificently right physically as Rochester. It happens that the swashbuckling he is permitted frequently offends as downright overacting, for all the magnificence of its manner. His work would be of more value for an ounce of restraint, a word with which Welles is totally unfamiliar. Still the fine calibre of the film which is "Jane Eyre" cannot be spoiled by any such single false note. No woman will ever forget it.

Two splendid juvenile portrayals are contributed by Peggy Ann Garner as the ill-treated Jane as a child, and by Margaret O'Brien, of "Journey for Margaret" fame, in the role of the French ward. Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, is excellent in the hands of Edith Barrett, as are Sara Allgood's Bessie and Agnes Moorehead's Aunt Reed. You will like John Sutton's Dr. Rivers and properly loathe Henry Daniell's evil Brocklehurst.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE

(Warner Bros.)

BY ITS own admission, "Princess O'Rourke" is a Cinderella story. Only everything is backwards, for the boy is Cinderella and the girl a royal princess born to the purple.

In this sparkling modern romantic comedy, Olivia de Havilland plays the Princess Maria, and Robert Cummings a transport airplane pilot named Eddie O'Rourke. They meet through the accident of Maria taking a few too many sleeping tablets. He has no reason to doubt the alias under which she is traveling and readily believes her yarn about being a refugee.

On their dates, they are shadowed by a secret service agent who reports every word to Maria's royal uncle. So it is no surprise to him that Eddie has proposed. Maria is the astonished one when the engagement gains the approval of her family. As for Eddie, he is dumfounded at the prospect of becoming a Prince Consort. The finale staged in the White House is riotous. It is there that Falla doubles for Cupid.

Olivia and Cummings are in excellent form as the romantic pair, Charles Coburn a joy as her uncle, and Jack Carson and Jane Wyman very able as a young married couple who are O'Rourke's buddies. Outstanding bits are contributed by the supporting cast.

Norman Krasna wrote and directed the exceptionally natural comedy just before departing Hollywood for Army service. It is a tribute to his craftsmanship that "Princess O'Rourke" has remained fresh and undated although the picture was completed more than a year ago. Your attention is particularly called to a satiric accompanying music score by Frederick Hollander. It furthers your enjoyment of the farce.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

(20th Century-Fox)

HERE is not only one of the month's five best pictures, but probably the very best in which Betty Grable has ever appeared. "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" has a story that matches the vitality of its star and gives her the reliable Robert Young for a leading man to keep her stepping.

The period of the musical is that flamboyant decade known as the "Elegant Eighties," certainly an era which demanded the Technicolor in which it is photographed. An American stage star, who has scored a terrific hit in London and has become engaged to a Duke, returns to the States. She finds that a reporter on the Police Gazette has been busily running an expose which reveals her beginnings in a Bowery beer hall where she sang under her real name of Rosie O'Grady. Vowing to get even with the reporter, Rosie admits the truth of his charges and thus begins their battle of embarrassments that extends to the reaches of greater New York in the days of Delmonico's, Rector's, and Sherry's.

There are four lilting new songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren in the show. The dancing is way above par, and the comedy is really very funny. All this and Grable, too.

Reginald Gardiner steals more than his share of scenes as the Duke. Adolphe Menjou bounces in as the Police Gazette editor, and Virginia Grey gives Betty some competition in the glamor department. Those who have missed Phil Regan will be happy to greet him in the resumption of his film career. And Hermes Pan, the dance director who staged the musical numbers, again has been prevailed upon to appear on the screen as his star's dancing partner. Watch them step.

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS

(Warner Bros.)

SECOND in this month's array of multiple-star musicals, "Thank Your Lucky Stars" bases its entertainment on the surprise value of seeing stars perform unexpected screen chores. For example, the usually dramatic Bette Davis appears to sing a torch song, a number which is the lament of a wartime lonely gal who says of the men she meets "They're Either Too Young or Too Old." Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, and George Tobias team up in a hilarious parody on a hot-lick sister trio. Errol Flynn warbles a Cockney barroom ballad, hiding behind a handle-bar moustache. John Garfield does a tough-mugg interpretation of "Blues in the Night," and Ann Sheridan sings romantic advice to the effect that "Love Isn't Born, It's Made."

All of this should give you a rough idea of what "Thank Your Lucky Stars" is about. There are other surprises such as Alexis Smith dancing an adagio with two male partners, and Jack Carson and Alan Hale offering a corny act as an explanation of what helped kill vaudeville. There also is a story of sorts, a slight yarn about a guy who looked too much like Eddie Cantor to carve a career for himself. Cantor of course—need we say—plays both roles.

In its entirety, the picture is not so good as it should have been. Only because of its novelty is it recommended among the month's best. Dennis Morgan, as an aspiring singer, and Joan Leslie, as an amateur song writer, have parts that are unworthy of them. Nor is full advantage taken of the singing of Dinah Shore. It is S. Z. Sakall who walks off with the comedy honors as the producer of the charity benefit.

THOUSANDS CHEER

(MGM)

HOLLYWOOD is busily engaged in turning out all-star musicals this season. Almost every studio has made or is planning to make at least one such song and dance picture to utilize the talents of nearly the full roster of contract players on the lot. If you remember the pioneer talking pictures, you will recall a group of musical revues in the early days of sound on the screen. The present group is fast, funny, and extremely worth your while.

"Thousands Cheer" is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's entry in the current crop of all-star musical extravaganzas. On page 51 of this issue you can read the plot of the story.

Kathryn Grayson, in splendid voice, is at her charming best as Private Miss Jones. It sets the little Grayson on the high road to film stardom. Gene Kelly plays the misfit rookie for a personal hit, and you'll thoroughly enjoy John Boles and Mary Astor as the Colonel and the Colonel's lady. Yet some of the brightest moments in the picture are provided by Jose Iturbi in a delightful movie debut. When this fine pianist plays boogie-woogie, he brings down the house, and we don't mean perhaps.

Mickey Rooney emcees the climaxing camp show which includes such grand entertainers as Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Lena Horne, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, and many other film favorites all in top form. With the troupe come the orchestras of Kay Kyser, Bob Crosby, and Benny Carter, and they are all terrific.

It adds up to swell, hot entertainment which entire families and all ages can equally enjoy. No matter who you are, you can't miss on this.

Claire Trevor tells this soldier hitch-hiking story. Her car broke down on the road while she was trying to make an early studio call at Columbia. She stood helplessly by, until a car slowed down for her. Two soldiers were in it. They were more than glad to drive her to the corner of Gower and Sunset. But no sooner had they driven away, than Claire discovered she had left her make-up kit in the car. She hailed a passing car frantically. There were three sailors in this one. They were happy to chase after the soldiers and retrieve the kit. The five of them wound up having lunch in Columbia's tiny commissary.

Uniformed
HITCH-HIKING IN HOLLYWOOD

Maureen O'Hara is partial to service men, especially Marines, since her husband Will Price is in the Corps. She unwittingly caused a Marine to lose a $10 bet—and she thought she was doing him a favor.

A Marine approached her on the set and told her a heart-rending tale about his buddy who was lonesome for his girl at home. He laid it on thick, and as a result Maureen found herself promising the Marine to take his buddy to a radio broadcast with her.

Now Maureen is back with her husband at Quantico, Va. and it's the joke of the company, she learns that the heart-broken Marine lost a ten dollar bet because of her good deed. His buddy, the one who approached her, had wagered him that amount that he could get him a date with the beautiful, red-haired star!

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

INFORMATION ON ELLA RAINES

Wolves of the town are hanging around Ella Raines, who is the beauty under personal contract to Charles Boyer and director Howard Hawks. She is wonderful in "Corvettes in Action" at Universal, her first picture, and also in "Cry Havoc" at MGM her second.

Miss Raines is taking the place of all the last season's glamor girls rolled into one. She refuses all dates and only goes out with her mama. That beautiful emerald and diamond bracelet that she wears is not from a nameless admirer. He can be named. Her father sent it to her from Seattle upon completion of her first picture.

Tip to the boys: When you can afford to give Ella all the things her daddy does you might have a chance. It is a mighty expensive proposition for her father is very wealthy, and Miss Raines is used only to the best.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL?

The pat phraseology of telephone operators is undergoing expansion these days, as Jean Brooks, star of RKO's "The Seventh Victim," discovered when she made a long distance call to New York, where her husband is stationed with the Signal Corps.

When the three minutes were up, the operator—evidently a newcomer to the job—cut in per schedule. Then she began to stutter frantically as she groped for the phrase she had been instructed to use at such times. Finally, in desperation, the operator turned original.

"Your time has come!" she warned the actress dismally.

Jean ended her conversation as abruptly as if the words had been pronounced by Gabriel himself.

JEANETTE MacDONALD IS A STUBBORN GAL

She insists upon raising bees . . . and now after her second bitter sting, she still insists. A few months ago, Jeanette was stung on the hand and wound up in the hospital taking sulpha. Last week she was stung on her ankle and at this writing is obediently tucked in bed with the bad foot strung up. Jeanette's doctor shakes his head wearily and warns her that she's allergic to bee stings, and to get rid of her apiary.

Jeanette calls her guests and breaks social engagements with a sense of humor. "So sorry I can't come to dinner. I was stung by a son of a bee."

VITAMINS FOR CARRADINE?

The other night at the Brown Derby actress Mary Rowland, who will make her film bow in United Artists' "The Moon, Their Mistress," was kidding John Carradine about his wraith-like figure. "Why don't you take vitamin pills?" she teased.

Carradine threw up his hands in horror. "Vitamins!" he snorted. "I'll have nothing to do with them. I suspect them of being a capitalistic invention designed to get more work out of labor—which is me."

(*Continued on page* 90)

THOUSANDS CHEER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

Kathryn in for the soda maneuvered his way between her and Eddy. "Shall I sock him, Miss Jones?" he asked. But Kathryn shook her head.

"Never mind, Chuck. Let's go," she said.

The other boys, those who hadn't gone along with Kathryn for it was never possible for any boy to see her home alone, crowded around the still belligerent Eddy.

"How do you like that," the one named Sam said. "An individualist. Woman hater, huh?"

"I don't need her," Eddy said. "I got plans of my own. I'm leavin' this outfit."

"Going to resign from the Army?" some one mocked.

"No." Eddy stood his bitter ground. "I'm rigging up a little transfer. Air Corps, soldier, Air Corps. She hasn't got anything to do with that."

"Somethin' musta stunned your thinking," a boy called Jack put in. "Her father's the Colonel, ain't he? They talk things over, don't they. It don't do any harm to be nice to the boss's daughter."

"Come on, Jack," Sam said. "It ain't any good tryin' to tell ol' Big Brain Marsh what a chance he's missing."

Eddy hadn't thought of influence before. Well, why not, he decided squaring his shoulders. He'd do anything that would help him get in the Air Corps, anything that would give him a chance to be something on his own instead of just a private like millions of others. So what would be the harm in using the girl and her influence? Eddy decided there wouldn't be any at all, but when he reached the house he couldn't quite get up the nerve to go boldly up to the door and ring the bell.

From where he stood he could see the lighted window of the room on the second floor and Kathryn sitting at a desk writing a letter. And acting quickly, so he wouldn't have a chance to change his mind, he climbed up the trellis and sat astride the window sill.

"You think we got a future together?" He grinned as Kathryn stared in amazement.

"You've got a future in the guardhouse if you don't get out of here," she whispered with a warning glance toward her father's door. "Eddy, *please*, you'll get in trouble."

"I want to apologize," he said. "I changed my mind. I like the Army better, with you in it."

"That's not what you said a half hour ago," she said.

"That's what makes me so interesting," he said. "I'm undependable."

"What's the matter with you?" Her gray eyes looked at him curiously. "Why are you always so disagreeable? I can't figure you out."

"Tell you what. Let's you and me have a date and I'll explain the whole thing." Then as she hesitated, "Aw, c'mon! Be good for my morale. Be good for my family's morale. We'll go see them. They live in Belford. I'll get hold of a car."

Kathryn was intrigued in spite of her better judgment.

"You think if I meet them I'll understand just what it is that makes you so ornery?" she asked.

"The key to my whole personality," he promised.

"When?" She was giving in.

"Saturday night. I'm getting a pass." Suddenly he froze to attention. The door to the adjoining room had opened and the Colonel stood there.

"You may go, Private," he said. And then as Eddy frantically tried to explain it wasn't Kathryn's fault, that he had sneaked in, the Colonel abruptly repeated the order and with a forlorn salute Eddy disappeared out of the window.

"I'm sorry, Dad," Kathryn said.

"Kathryn." His voice was very serious. "The thing I've admired about you most was your ability to be friendly with all the men without showing favoritism."

"But, Dad," she said. "Some of them need more help than the others. Eddy's the only one I've met with low morale. His morale is just awful."

"I don't want to be unreasonable," her father went on. "I think you've been doing a fine job, and I trust your judgment—"

"Then it's okay if I go out with him?" she asked quickly. "I—I sort of made a date with him."

"Of course," he agreed. "It's not in the book but you do whatever you think best. Only," he grinned, "I hope your mother doesn't hear about this. I'm *supposed* to be taking care of you. If she thought I needed help, she'd come flying out here on the first plane she could get."

Kathryn stared thoughtfully after him. Then she giggled as she tore up the letter she was writing to her mother and began a new one.

"Dear Mom," she wrote, tongue in cheek, *"I have fallen in love, madly, desperately in love with a soldier. From now on it's the Army life for me."*

There, she thought triumphantly, that should do it. Nothing like strategy to gain your objective, your heart's desire. And she didn't feel the least bit guilty using Eddy either when she met him on Saturday, for he was as arrogant and cocksure of himself as ever, refusing to tell her where they were going.

The gay, brassy music gave her the first clue; then as they turned a corner, she saw the circus grounds and the big tent and as they went inside her eyes widened in wonder. For Kathryn's childhood treats had been matinees at the opera and symphonies and concerts. She'd never known the excitement of spangled bodies whirling through the air, of dancing elephants, of laughing girls pirouetting on horseback, and the tantalizing smell of tanbark.

"It's wonderful, Eddy." She smiled. "Only I thought you were going to take me to your home."

"This is my home," he said.

"Sure." Kathryn grinned mockingly, looking at the audience. "And these are all relatives, huh?"

"No," Eddy said. His eyes were glued to the middle ring, where the star act was about to begin. "They're up there." Then, as Kathryn's eyes followed his to the top of the trapeze, "The one swinging up there is Papa."

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Kathryn thought it was one of Eddy's jokes.

"And who is the one hanging upside down?" She grinned.

"Uncle Algy," he said. "And the two girls are my sisters, Marie and Ellen, and there, down below, that's Mother." Then as Kathryn's eyes went towards the middle aged woman who caught the shimmering cloaks the girls threw down to her, posturing as if she'd just performed a difficult trick, Eddy grinned proudly. "How do you like them?"

Kathryn was convinced now.

"They're the most wonderful acrobats I've ever hoped to see," she said.

"Acrobats!" Eddy repeated scornfully. "They're the flying Corbinos. *Aerialists!*"

"Oh, there's a difference, huh?"

"Sure," he said loftily. "There's even a difference among Aerialists. There's flying acts like this one, and there's double trapeze, swing ladder, iron jaw, that's the kind where the girls hang on with their teeth, then there's one arm and high wire. My folks did the high wire."

"You said *they* were your folks," Kathryn said gesturing towards the trapeze.

"My real folks were killed when I was four," Eddy said. Then at Kathryn's sympathetic exclamation, "Don't feel bad about it. I never had 'em, never missed 'em. The Corbinos have been swell to me, raised me and trained me."

"Can you do those things?" Kathryn asked completely awed.

Eddy flung her an indignant glance. "Can I do them!" he demanded scornfully. "I was the star of the team. The act used to be known as Eddy Marsh and the Flying Corbinos. You should have seen them when I was with 'em." He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. "Come on. We can beat 'em back. Hurry it up!"

At first glance it would have taken an awful lot of imagination to think of the Corbinos' trailer as a home, with its practice bars and rigging, its dressing tables littered with jars and tubes of greasepaint, its most conspicuous furniture, the five wardrobe trunks cluttering up the floor. But when the Corbinos came in, bringing that gay warmth with them, it was a home all right. It felt good just being there.

"Eddy! Eddy!" They were all talking at once; they were all laughing at once. "Oh, Eddy, you look good. You look fine. How do they treat you, Eddy."

"Wait a minute." Eddy laughed as they crowded around him. "This is Miss Jones. Kathryn Jones." And then as Mama Corbino began pulling out chairs, he shook his head. "We can't stay, Mama, we have to go back to camp."

"Ah, camp!" Papa Corbino shrugged. "They'll wait for you."

"Papa, please," Mama broke in, "Eddy is a very important man in the Army. If he has to get back, he has to get back."

Even Eddy had the grace to blush at this as he glanced at Kathryn. "I'm not as important as all that, Mama," he said.

"Modest, Eddy?" Marie giggled. "You never used to be." She turned to Kathryn. "He used to tell people he was the best flyer on the high traps, and he was!"

"You should have seen our Eddy." Mama Corbino's pride was spilling out of her shining eyes. "You should have seen him do a triple somersault!"

"Ah, Eddy, come back with us." Papa's voice was warm with remembering. "We need you more than the Army."

"First let him win the war," Mama said practically. "He can come back to us later." Then with gay illogic: "Stay for supper, Eddy. No back talk now. In ten minutes we are ready; then we all have supper together."

"Well—" Eddy hesitated, and Kathryn turned to him eagerly.

"Let's," she said. "I'd love it."

Kathryn was entranced with everything, the bountiful supper prepared so effortlessly with everyone helping, the camaraderie that held them all together in that close affection. And it was wonderful when Eddy asked them whether they would do their act for the gala show she was planning and they all said yes at once. Then afterwards, that was wonderful, too, walking over the deserted circus ground, going into the big tent and looking on as Eddy climbed up on the trapeze, as he performed just for her.

"You were a pretty important fellow, weren't you?" she said as he climbed down beside her again. "Is that why you don't like the Army?"

"Well—" there was the old belligerence again—"do you think they've been fair to me?"

"I'm just asking," she said.

"You think I got to the top over-

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night!" he demanded. "You know how many years I spent working at it? My whole life! And where do they stick me? In the infantry! A man who spent his whole life in the air. And let me tell you something. It takes the same sense of balance and timing to fly a plane as it does to work on the traps. I got a talent! Some people feel happier on the ground and some people—"

Kathryn looked at him thoughtfully. "Maybe I ought to talk to my father about getting you a transfer to the Air Corps," she said.

"Gee!" Eddy put everything he had into the surprised, ingenuous exclamation. "Do you really think so?" And then as if he were giving serious attention to something he'd never as much as thought of before, "Maybe you're right. Maybe that's what you oughta do. Only natural, I guess, for you to understand about all this. You were in show business, yourself, weren't you?"

"Uh-hm." Kathryn nodded. "I used to sing for Iturbi. You know, the symphony conductor."

"Oh, sure," Eddy dismissingly. "The long hair league. One of those hundred piece bands that plays classical. Didn't they drown you out? A hundred pieces play louder than you can sing, don't they?"

"Well, no," Kathryn said. "Not when I'm actually singing."

"Oh, I see." For the first time he looked impressed. "You're the star. When you sing, they all play soft, huh?"

"No, that's not the way it goes at all," she said. "Sometimes they play soft, sometimes loud. We reinforce each other." Then as she saw, he didn't understand at all, "It's like this, suppose there's the orchestra and here's me. The oboes start the overture, softly, then the bassoons come in, the clarinets, then the strings pick it up, the violins and violas. They begin to get louder, the French horns come in, the rest of the brasses—"

Suddenly it was like being back at Carnegie Hall, back with Iturbi and the orchestra. Suddenly she began singing, the song different now from the gay popular tunes she had sung for the boys. Something happened to Eddy, standing there looking at her. Something he'd never thought would ever happen to him, making him forget himself, thinking only of her, feeling that stirring in his heart, that feeling halfway between ecstasy and pain.

And as she sang, there was a stirring outside and the circus people began coming into the tent. The Corbinos and the clowns and the roustabouts and the bareback riders, the lion tamer and the elephant boy, they all came in and stood listening. But Eddy didn't see them. The whole world was there in that circus tent, and he and Kathryn the only people in it, and as the last lovely note faded away, he went over to her and took her in his arms.

There was the applause first to tear them out of that little world of their own, but they couldn't feel embarrassed long with the Corbinos crowding around them their voices raised in happy congratulations. "This is wonderful, Eddy. We didn't know." And then Mama Corbino herself, taking Kathryn in her arms, "We always hoped our Eddy would find a girl like you." And it was funny how right it seemed they should talk like that.

Then at last they were alone again in the small car Eddy had borrowed, but he found he couldn't meet her eyes. He had to put himself straight with her. That's what happened when a man fell in love, he had to put a girl straight about everything.

"Kathryn," he said, abruptly stopping the car. "It wasn't your idea talking to your father about a transfer. It was mine. That's why I took you out." Then as she looked at him in that quick, hurt way, he hurried on, "But I don't want you to think I kissed you because—"

"I don't think that, Eddy," Kathryn said gravely. "It wasn't that kind of a kiss. It was—this kind." And with her arms around him and her lips reaching to his, Eddy knew it was going to be all right, that everything was going to be all right.

You wouldn't have known Eddy after that and after that long talk with the Colonel the next day and the Colonel understanding everything he was trying to say and promising that he would get his transfer. And then when it came, Eddy suddenly realized what it would mean, that transfer. It would mean saying goodbye to Kathryn.

It was going to be awful leaving Kathryn. Her eyes were shining when she met him outside the barracks thrusting a telegram in his hand, a telegram from Iturbi saying he and his orchestra were coming to

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play in Kathryn's show. That meant Kathryn would be singing and he wouldn't be there to hear her.

"You know somp'n?" he asked with all his old nonchalance. "I'm tearing up my transfer to the Air Force. It came today, and I'm tearing it up."

"But you wanted it so badly," she protested.

"I dunno. I'd rather be with you."

"I'd rather be with you, too." She smiled. And then suddenly Eddy's arms were around her.

"Kathryn, do you want to get married?" he said. "When I get back."

"I—" She looked at him breathlessly. Then she smiled. "It's a date," she said.

"Do you think I will get back?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it," she whispered.

"So am I." He nodded. "So is every guy in the Army."

"You—you'd better go," she said, and it was so silly that with her heart so full of the things she wanted to say to him she could only think of those drab, commonplace words. "You—you know you're on fatigue detail."

"I know." He grinned. "I better go fast." But he didn't make any move to go. He just stood there staring at her. "I love you," he said.

"I love you, too," she said.

She didn't know people really cried when they were happy. She'd always thought that was something poets had made up. But it was true. As she ran back to the house her eyes were misty with tears so that at first she didn't see her mother sitting there on the sofa in the living room until she heard her voice. And then as she looked up Kathryn saw her father standing at the window, his eyes looking at her in that sombre and very intent way.

"Mom." Kathryn found her voice at last. "Oh, Mom, it's good to see you. When did you get here?"

"About an hour ago," Hyllary said. "I got your letter and suspected you need a mother rather quickly."

Kathryn felt as if her heart was riding around on a merry-go-round. She had forgotten all about her strategy, that letter she had sent, in all the excitement of falling in love.

"Your mother wants to take you home," the Colonel said coldly. Then as Kathryn gave that small, protesting cry, Hyllary frowned.

"That's not the way I would have phrased it, Bill," she said sharply.

"No." His smile twisted. "You would have broken her heart gently."

"Your father?" Hyllary ignored her husband's smouldering eyes—"well, he seems rather sympathetic to the boy. Though from what he's told me about him, it's hard to see why."

Kathryn looked up defiantly. "Don't you think you'd better meet him, before you judge him?" she asked.

"No," Hyllary said with quiet finality. "Listen Kitty Kat." Her voice softened. "He's wonderful. He's wonderful or you wouldn't want him. But right now he's in the Army. What kind of life can he give you? His life doesn't even belong to him." She turned abruptly to her husband. "Did you tell her about the Army wives and the gossip and the politics and the sitting around? Did you tell her about having a baby with her husband five thousand miles away?"

"The same old song," the Colonel said bitterly. "The same tune and the same words."

"Kathryn, darling," Hyllary went on as if he hadn't spoken at all. "It's no good. Even if you love him enough not to care where you live, or how you live, it's no good. In fact," her eyes were carefully turned away from the man who had been her husband, "the more you love him the worse it is. The more you love him the more terrified you become that something might happen to him. That's what polite people never mention. That's what you and the boy never talk about."

"We did tonight," Kathryn said.

"Not really," Hyllary said. "Casually perhaps or sentimentally. But it's something you haven't faced. It's something that comes later. You'll try to push it out of your mind, but it won't be in your mind. It will be part of you. It'll be with you night and day. And that's why you're coming home with me now, tomorrow morning, before you find out for yourself."

"No," Kathryn said. "I won't go. You can't make me go. We're having a show Sunday. Movie stars from Hollywood. Iturbi's coming. Eddy asked his folks to set up their trapeze and do their act. All for my show. I don't care what you say. I love him and I'm going to stay with him. Just because you left my father is no reason I—"

"Kathryn," the Colonel said quietly, "I think you'd better let me talk to your mother alone. Do you mind?" He walked over to Hyllary as Kathryn ran from the room. "Would it change your mind if you knew the men were embarking soon?" he said slowly. "This show is very important to them."

Hyllary's voice sounded different. "Are you leaving too, Bill?"

"It's my regiment," he said. They stood looking at each other and for a moment they felt almost close again.

As soon as she saw Eddy's face, Kathryn knew she shouldn't have come to him, that she shouldn't have told him. All the old arrogance came back as without a word he dropped the mop he'd been using on top of a pail and stalked out of the barracks, brushing past the sergeant who tried to stop him, Kathryn couldn't keep up with his long furious stride. He had already gone into the house when she reached it at last.

He walked right over to Hyllary. "Kathryn tells me you want to take her home."

"We've decided to let her stay till after the show," Hyllary said. But her words didn't mollify Eddy at all.

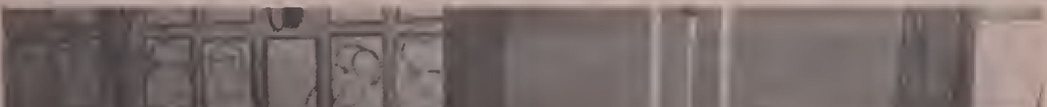
"What gives you the right to decide?" he demanded. "She's over eighteen, isn't she?" He ignored the frantic appeal in Kathryn's eyes as she came into the room. "We're in love. Hasn't she told you?"

"Please, Eddy," Kathryn pleaded. But even Kathryn couldn't reach Eddy when he was in one of his rages.

"You want me to be polite, don't you?" His fury included even her now. "You think she's being polite. She tells you the guy you picked isn't good enough. I'm Eddy Marsh," he said proudly. "I'm no beat up private in the ranks! I'm the guy who—"

"Marsh!" The Colonel called warningly. "Aren't you supposed to be on fatigue tonight?"

"Yes." Two flaming spots on Eddy's cheekbones showed how hard it was for him to be reprimanded. "It wasn't important. Just mopping up the place."



Pleasantest thing about that pleasant little picture "Hi Diddle Diddle" is that it marks the screen return of Pola Negri. You can see here how wonderful she looks. Pola may also go on the radio, which deal is what she's here discussing, seated between (left) C. P. MacGregor, producer of the Hollywood Radio Theatre, and Wynn Rocamora, her agent, at the Brown Derby.

"In the Army every job is important." The Colonel's jaw tightened. "Report to your barracks and have yourself placed in confinement."

Eddy didn't take it easy, being reprimanded like that, as if he were a kid. Being locked up like a criminal. He'd been a sucker going so soft before, trying to be a soldier. Well, he wasn't a sucker anymore, not even for Kathryn. That day she came to the guard house he told her what he thought of an army that slapped a man down just because he spoke his mind, of an army that liked a man better if he was so yellow he kept his mouth shut when everyone shoved him around.

Kathryn wanted to go home after that, but she couldn't when her father reminded her she'd be a quitter running away from her own show. He had been stern with her, much sterner than he had meant to be and he couldn't forget her eyes looking so much younger and bigger than ever with all those unshed tears in them. Maybe he was nothing but an old busybody, he thought as he walked over to the parade grounds where the Corbinos were setting up their trapeze, but when a man has lost out in love himself it's hard to stand by and see his daughter's love smashed, too. And besides he liked Eddy and knew how fine the line is drawn between courage and defiance.

The Corbinos were antagonistic at first when they realized the Colonel was the man who had put their Eddy in jail. Then as he explained why he had to discipline the boy, Uncle Algy shook his head.

"Leaving a post is very bad," he said.

"But why?" Mama Corbino asked in her soft puzzled way. "Why did Eddy do this thing? He is a big man."

"There's one thing Eddy doesn't know about," the Colonel said quietly. "A thing we must have in the Army. Team work."

"But our act is all team work." Marie looked at him in amazement. "Eddy knows that. He must."

"Let's just say he has forgotten it." The Colonel smiled. "Now if you could refresh his memory—" He didn't finish the sentence, he didn't have to with the others smiling like that.

Eddy wasn't turning any hand springs when they let him out of the guard house to do his act. So the Army had found out it needed him after all, had it, he thought bitterly. Shut him up when they didn't want him and then take him out when it did. Oh, he was wise to their tricks all right, he thought as he mounted the ladder to the highest wire and the old arrogance was there in his eyes, the bitterness twisting his mouth as he stood looking down on the audience below.

At first Kathryn's heart had lifted right up into her eyes when she saw him running up the ladder, and then when she saw his face, all the elation was gone. Eddy saw the happiness draining out of her eyes as she looked up at him, but he told himself he didn't care. She was a part of all those things he hated, of the Army, of discipline, of being regimented. For a few minutes anyway he was Eddy Marsh again, Eddy Marsh who didn't need anybody but himself.

He posed for a moment on the platform, adjusting his wrist bandage. Then with an alley oop he was swinging towards Uncle Algy's waiting hands. Then his heart skipped a beat. He had almost missed his grasp.

"Gee," he muttered. "I'm rustier than I thought."

"It's not you," Uncle Algy said. "It's me. I wasn't sure I wanted to catch you." Then as Eddy gave him that quick, are-you-kidding glance, he went on, "Aren't you glad I'm at my post when you need me, Eddy?"

It was the same with all the others. Everytime one of them caught him they reminded him of how much he needed them. Eddy couldn't get it at first. Not until Algy spoke with that new edge to his voice. "Aren't you glad everyone doesn't desert his duty, Eddy?" Then as Eddy didn't answer. "Are you mad?"

Eddy understood things now that they had been translated to his own language. He knew what a quitter he'd been.

"Yes." He ground out the word between his set teeth. "At myself."

Kathryn wasn't at the officers' meeting when Eddy pleaded his own case.

"I'm guilty and I know it and I'm ashamed of it," he said. "Anything you decide to do with me, I can't kick. But I want to say I think I've learned my lesson and not in a guard house either. Not that I got any complaint against the guardhouse," he added quickly. "I'd just rather not go back there. My regiment is leaving, and I want to go with them; I want a chance to be the most important man in the world, a private in the Army of the United States."

Kathryn couldn't hold back her tears when her father told her about it afterwards and that Eddy had been released. She had to see him right away and tell him how proud she was of the way he had taken it. But when she got to the barracks she saw they were deserted and that the army trunk at the end of each cot was gone and all the mattresses rolled up.

She knew what that meant. She whirled around as she heard the sound of marching feet outside, as she saw those long khaki columns marching towards the railroad siding. She ran along side the marching men, until she found Eddy and then she marched beside him, keeping step with him.

"Kathryn," he whispered, his voice shaky with the relief sweeping through him, "I was afraid I wouldn't see you. There's so much to say—"

"Don't say anything, Eddy." She smiled. "Just say you'll come back."

"Got to." Eddy grinned. "There'll be a girl waiting." His hand reached for hers and held it. It only lasted a minute, but it was enough. Kathryn felt as if he were still holding her hand long after he had gone on the train, as she stood there just looking after him.

Then she was conscious of someone else standing beside her. And when she turned she saw her mother and father.

"I'm glad it's time," her father said.

"Yes," Hyllary said and her voice wasn't resentful any more. It sounded wistful and a little lonely. "This is familiar territory, Bill. Our life seems to be made up of farewell scenes."

"But there was something missing in the other ones," he said. "Something like this." He took her in his arms, and as he kissed her Kathryn knew that it wouldn't be too lonely, waiting, not with her mother waiting, too, not with all of them a family again.

THE END

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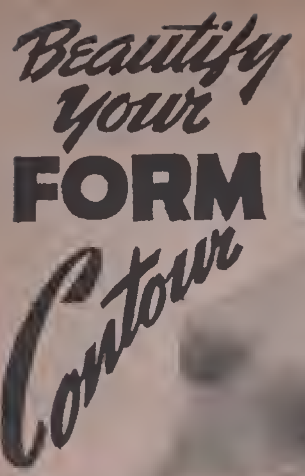

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WHAT THEY ARE THANKFUL FOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

they are all well; that my young brother is studying to be a comedian at the same school in Paris where I once studied! They had read a story in an English paper that must have been smuggled in, telling about my marriage; they were so relieved and delighted to know that I am happy, and say they know they will love Bill if I do. They have seen pictures of us together and are so pleased that I look so well.

"They say—and this thrills me!—that the morale of Paris is high and they all confidently expect to see me before Christmas. Doesn't that sound as if they expect us to free them by that time? I am so happy! I have prayed and wept for them so long, so very long. I cannot be thankful enough!"

"I realize that fathers must soon go to war," Dana Andrews told me. "I know it's right they should go if needed. I'm sure I'm one of the fortunate fathers to have had success first. I have a wife and two fine children; I've been able to give them a home and provide for them so that I needn't worry over their financial future while I'm away, as so many other fathers must do.

"I'm young enough that I might so easily not have been settled, not have done any of the things I wanted to do, not have reached stardom, but have been floundering around, struggling, despairing, as I was a few years back."

Rosalind Russell's reason for thanksgiving can be put in two words: her son. "I didn't know babies were so remarkable until I had one," she observes.

Irene Manning's husband, Het Manheim, couldn't have a home furlough, but he was stationed with the signal corps in New York City for four whole months, coinciding with Irene's vacation from the screen.

"I'm thankful for that," Irene says. "We took a small apartment in New York, and I kept house. He came home every night, and we were like bride and groom. Because our time was so short—we never knew how long we'd have—we were more considerate of each other. We took time to do things we'd always talked of doing. We didn't waste hours as we usually do on people who don't matter or things we hate doing. It was four months of heaven, more than lots of people ever get out of a lifetime!"

Gracie McDonald, singing star, confides that until she went out on army shows more than a year ago she knew nobody in Hollywood. Now she's fast friends with practically everyone in the industry.

"You start out at nine a.m. with a girl you meet for the first time and that night you share a tent with her. In twelve hours she has become your bosom friend, and the friendship lasts! I've never had so much fun in my life as I've had since I began to do these shows. The men in the service are the finest in the world and I'm proud to meet them."

To Basil Rathbone the fact that he is in this country during this war is grounds for extreme thanksgiving.

"I feel that Great Britain is my mother and America is my wife," he explained. "I could not love one more than the other, for they are different loves. In the other war, I fought for four years as a soldier of Great Britain. They will not take me as a soldier in this war, so if I were in England now I should be doing war work there. I do it here now and I am thankful for it, the scope of my work is far wider than it could be over there, the results much greater."

"I'm thankful I happened to say hello to Steve Trilling, Warners' New York casting director," confesses Robert Alda. "I had met him earlier and might easily have missed him when he passed on Broadway one day. Just in time I remembered and gave him the high sign. If he hadn't looked at me that day, he wouldn't have sent me to the coast. And I'm thankful I arrived when they were looking for someone to play George Gershwin. They selected me.

"We have our first real home, my wife, my son, and I. The boy is seven, and this is the first time since he was born that someone wasn't *shushing* him. 'Remember the people upstairs!' 'The people below won't like that!' 'No, no, kid—too much noise!' Now he can live as a normal boy should. California is the place to raise a child."

Danny Kaye and his wife have achieved their special pet ambition this year—he is singing the songs she composed for him in his first picture "Up In Arms!" Mrs. Kaye is a professional pianist, and is, he says, the only person who could write his songs.

"The thing that gives me the big kick," Danny asserts, "is that now I'm able to watch myself act and listen to myself sing for the first time!"

THE END

Betty Grable pulled a surprise on the executives of the Third War Loan Drive.

Betty was scheduled to appear at the Long Beach (California) Recreation Park with her husband Harry James. James and his band were playing baseball against the local shipbuilding yard team, and Betty was to auction off her stockings.

So far, so good. Betty pulled off the coveted hose and they went for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Then she reached down into her purse and pulled out a pair of short white angora bobby socks she intended to wear that afternoon.

She said, "This isn't scheduled on the program, but if those other stockings are worth all that money, what about these?"

She got the bidding up to seventy-five thousand dollars, while the Treasury Department boys stood by with open mouths and eager eyes.

Might call it head and foot work, and all for Uncle Sam!

THE COURAGE OF KATINA PAXINOU

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

an omelette."

During the weeks that followed Katina and I saw much of each other. Katina's friends for the most part were diplomats connected with the Greek Embassy and had little time to spare. But we were both in the same predicament. We were both foreigners, trying desperately to secure passage to the United States. As a neutral American I was of no use in England those days, and Katina, although she worked twelve hours a day for a relief organization, felt she would be more help to the Greek cause in America where she was slated to appear as "Electra." However, the more we tried, the less success we had in securing passage.

Just at this time the Germans declared war on valiant little Greece. "The devils!" Katina swore. "We would have thrown that army of Italian tenors into the sea if it wasn't for those Huns! Ah, if only I could get to Greece and fight, too."

"Have you much family there?" I asked.

"Everybody," she said. "My mother, my child, my husband, my sisters, and brothers—everybody and everything that belongs to me is in Athens." She impatiently snatched a cigarette. "They are fighting for their very existence, and here I am hiding in a shelter," she continued with disgust.

The next afternoon, after a fruitless morning spent at numerous shipping agencies, Katina saw me in the lobby and rushed to me. "I have finally had success!" she exclaimed, "And what is more, I spoke for you, too."

"Oh, Katina, you don't know how grateful . . ."

"Save all that until you are safely signed on."

"Signed on?"

"Sure. You don't think you can reserve an outside cabin in the center of the boat these days, do you? We are to go as members of the crew. I am a stewardess, and you are to be a steward. The boat in question is a whaler and leaves Scotland tomorrow night for one of the Americas."

"Which one of the Americas?" I asked. "There are several."

Katina scratched her brow. "I was so happy I didn't think to ask. Anyway, what does it matter? Here is the address," she said, giving me a card in her illegible handwriting. "Hurry, now, because we leave for Glasgow tonight."

The following night Katina and I boarded the whaler that was to take us to Curacao in the Dutch West Indies from whence we would have to find some means of transportation to New York.

We joined a large convoy late the next afternoon, and Katina and I settled down to a monotonous and uneventful crossing. Each morning after breakfast we took walks on the large open deck, both of us bundled up to the neck with everything we could find to protect us from the icy winds of the North Atlantic. However, most of the time we remained inside where we played endless games of poker, backgammon, and bridge whenever two of the officers were free at the same time.

Although he treated us like honored guests, the Captain, a big jovial Norwegian, very seldom left his bridge. We saw him only at meals and in the early evening when he descended to his cabin to catch a few minutes of rest. He generously offered us cocktails and choice tid-bits before meals and tried to be a carefree and casual host, but somehow he always looked worried and preoccupied. Katina and I saw no reason for this because in some strange way we both felt that no harm could befall such a large and sturdy ship.

We were soon to learn to the contrary. The fifth night out Katina and I said goodnight as usual and went to our respective cabins. After undressing I found I couldn't sleep. Thinking a change would help, I climbed to the upper berth. I distinctly remember looking at my watch. It was five o'clock in the morning. The steady hum of the engines had lulled me into a half slumber before the first torpedo struck us.

The force of the explosion threw me onto the floor. I dashed down the passageway toward Katina's cabin and flung open the door, thinking I would find her prostrate on the floor. The sight of her sitting calmly on the sofa smoking a cigarette was even more startling.

"We've been torpedoed," I cried.

"Yes, I know," Katina answered, "but an officer just told me to remain here quietly, and that if there is any immediate danger, he would come for me." While she spoke I noticed that the curtains on the window behind her hung almost horizontally because of the list the ship had developed.

"Here," Katina said handing me her tweed sport coat, "you're indecent!"

To my horror I discovered I was stark naked. Just as I struggled into her coat which ended somewhere above my knees, the second torpedo struck us. The ship shuddered from stem to stern.

"To the boats!" an officer shouted from the doorway.

Katina and I rushed to the boat station assigned us the first day out, only to discover that it had been blown to bits. "This way!" another voice called in the dark and I felt a strong arm grab me while Katina and I slid toward the edge. In the semi-obscurity I saw the dark form of a lifeboat swinging from the ship some ten feet below. Further along, another boat had just been lowered and was swept away by the swell only to be carried back by a gigantic wave and smashed against the steel hull of the ship amidst the screams of its doomed occupants.

"Jump!" the first officer ordered, and a hand pushed us toward the edge. I saw Katina's white-clad form hurtling through space. Then I jumped.

Neither of us moved after we landed on the bottom of the lifeboat. It was bouncing dangerously over the angry white-capped sea and fearfully we waited to be carried back, like the other boat, and be likewise smashed to splinters. But after agonizing sec-

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onds we relaxed. We opened our eyes and saw that we were already hundreds of yards from the rapidly sinking ship. There we were, twelve shivering forms huddled in a tiny bark, floating aimlessly in the North Atlantic, and we feared that none of us might survive.

It was only then that I realized that it was the month of March and that I was clothed uniquely in Katina's tweed coat. Katina was no better off—over her nightdress she was wearing my camel hair coat which I had left in her cabin the previous afternoon. To this day I shudder to think of all her beautiful furs lying at the bottom of the ocean. I remember mentioning this to her when we were rescued by a British destroyer some eighteen hours later. She pointed to a small valise which had never left her side. "The coats are nothing," she said, "as long as I have this."

"Oh, your jewels," I remarked.

"Jewels?" Katina laughed and opened the valise. To my astonishment the small bag contained nothing but press clippings. "These are my jewels," she said. "In America where I am unknown, these will be worth more than emeralds to me."

When we boarded the destroyer, we were more dead than alive. Everyone was suffering from the intense cold, but after a generous portion of rum and a hearty breakfast we began to feel at least a little human. Katina was the only woman aboard, and the Commander generously offered her his quarters.

"I wouldn't dream of putting you to such inconvenience," Katina protested.

"It isn't an inconvenience," the Commander assured her. "In any event, while we are in these dangerous waters I always bunk on the bridge."

One of the officers told me I could have the upper in his cabin, and, after a warm shower and shave, I put on the dungarees which he had given me and went in search of Katina. I found her dressed like myself in dungarees, calmly sitting in the cabin, smoking as usual. There was no ash tray, and her eyes fell upon the depth charge which protruded from under the bed table. "What a strange room mate," Katina remarked as she crushed her cigarette on the depth charge. "The Commander must have a weird sense of humor to keep this dummy in his cabin."

Just then a siren went off, and hell broke loose as the ship's guns took up the challenge. We could hear bombs dropping all around us as we sat helpless in our iron cage. We chain-smoked in silence for the better part of half an hour when the shattering din ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Perfectly timed with the order to cease firing, an officer reappeared at the door. Saluting Katina, he informed her with the Commander's compliments that the raid was over. Katina and I unbelievingly looked at each other.

"The English," she said, "even at a time like this, they can still remember their manners."

Other than this, they told us nothing. At lunch the alarm went off once more. We sneaked up on deck this time and watched the battle. Three planes were attacking us, but after a few near misses, were driven off. Relieved, we started on a tour of inspection. To our horror we discovered that there was not one lifeboat aboard. We quickly informed the officer with us about this stupid oversight.

"What use would they be?" he smiled. "If a torpedo or a bomb hits us, we won't need any lifeboats. You see," he added, "the hull of this ship is loaded like an arsenal."

Later that day a submarine was sighted and, fascinatedly, we watched the depth charges flying into the sky; then, as an appetizer, we had another little air raid before dinner.

It was after this meal that Katina became the mascot of the ship. There was a small piano in the lounge, and when they heard that she could play, the chief gunner and ship baritone handed her the music of the "Lambeth Walk." We had quite a concert, and then after a game of darts it was time for bed.

Every day was much the same during our stay aboard the destroyer—air raids, submarine attacks, concerts and darts, and the added attraction of Katina cooking dinner the last days out. When a week later the destroyer docked in the tiny Scottish port of Gourock, we almost regretted to leave. The crew was on deck to see us off as Katina limped to the gangplank.

"What has happened?" the Commander asked with concern.

"Oh, it's that dud you keep in your cabin," Katina said. "I was always bumping into it."

"A dud?" he snorted. "The ship's papers and code books are in my cabin, and that dud as you call it is very much alive. In fact, it is the only one on board that is constantly timed to explode!"

WHEN we reached London, Katina and I started out to replenish our wardrobes. I was gone all afternoon at a tailor's, but when I got back to the hotel, the clerk told me that Katina wanted to see me the moment I got in. I found her beside herself with agitation. "Please," she informed me, "call all your girl friends and see if you can get me something to wear. I've just been summoned to Buckingham Palace."

I appreciated her predicament and started out at once to assemble an outfit. A dear friend of mine and fan of Katina's came to the rescue. The dress she brought was very smart, but as she was on the stout side we had to pull the dress tightly in front and sew it up the back. It's hopeless, I thought, when I stood back and surveyed the thick tuck down Katina's spine. However, I should have known better than to think a little thing like a tuck would floor Katina. My friend saw her eyeing the mink coat she was wearing and understood instantly.

"I needn't take it off," Katina beamed as she looked at herself in the becoming fur. "Now, if I don't rip it down the back when I curtsy, all's well."

Katina was gone all afternoon and it was after six when she burst into the room. "We're leaving for Lisbon at the end of the week!" she exclaimed.

It took ten minutes before I could calm her down sufficiently to force an explanation from her. "The Duchess of Kent," she began, "wanted to hear all the details of my miraculous escape, but when I finished by telling her that I was trying to get another job as stewardess in order to reach America, she wouldn't hear of it. I told her about you, too, and now we have two tickets for the Clipper."

Of course, I was so elated by this good news that it was some time before I noticed the change in Katina's appearance. "Where did you get . . ."

"Oh, the dress," Katina said guiltily, "you see, since the Duchess and I are the same size she insisted . . ."

WE dined with friends the last night of our stay in London, and in our joy to be off the first thing in the morning we were oblivious of the hotel rocking under us. Suddenly a land mine exploded on the embankment in front of the hotel, but since we were dining in the Grill we were only jostled by the explosion. We resumed our dinner, and it was only when we said good night and started for our rooms that we were told they no longer existed. We spent our last night in the lobby. The next morning with the little valise containing Katina's press clippings which we had managed to salvage from the wreckage as our only luggage, we left for the station.

That afternoon we reached Lisbon. As we possessed only the ten pounds allowed us when we left England, we stopped at a modest hotel so that our money would last the several days we had to wait for the Clipper. As a further economy we gladly accepted the invitation to dine with the Greek Ambassador. At the hour of our appointment, I descended to the bar.

I was surprised to see Katina, the Ambassador and his wife sitting forlornly at a corner. They all looked as if they had been crying, and I inquired what had happened. His Excellency was the first to find his voice: "The Germans invaded Athens this morning."

"Poor little Greece," I sighed, "conquered at last."

At the word "conquered," Katina sat upright in her chair. "Invaded!" she corrected me, "not conquered."

We drove to the Casino at Estoril in silence. None of us was hungry, but since the Ambassador had invited friends to join us there, it was impossible to put them off. The conversation throughout the meal was centered on German atrocities and the ridiculous Italians, who, at the heels of their masters, were marching victoriously into the city which had given birth to civilization.

I saw Katina wince when she heard a passing couple glibly conversing in German and later when she got up, I followed her into the gambling rooms. She spotted a large, well fed German woman sitting at a table of Chemin-de-Fer. Katina saw the pile of chips in front of the woman, and suddenly turned to me with her eyes ablaze. As I had her ten pounds as well as my own, she put out her hand. "Give," she commanded.

"But, Katina . . ."

"Give!" she insisted. "If it's the last thing I do, I'll send that German —— home penniless."

Before I could advance a further argument she turned to the woman who was waiting confidently for someone to call her bank. "Banco!" Katina called, and the woman dealt her two cards. I held my breath as Katina threw down a nine. Although the bank was not large, had we lost, it would have been desperate. Katina reached for the chips and sat down opposite the woman who looked at her as if to say, "I'll get you next time."

Although there were seven other players, the German woman ignored them and concentrated on Katina. When it came Katina's turn to hold the bank, the grosse frau called banco before Katina had a chance to mount her bet. At this, Katina put all her chips on the table and topped them with the two English ten pound notes. The woman sneered when she saw the English money and defiantly repeated the word "Banco."

Then as Katina began to deal the cards, my nerves got the better of me and I hastened to the bar. When I finished my second brandy and soda, and Katina still hadn't come to fetch me, I returned to the table with my heart in my mouth. I stumbled giddily when I saw the pile of chips in front of the radiant Katina.

"Come," I implored her, "don't tempt fate any further."

"She still has two chips," Katina answered and called the woman's bank. The latter placed an eight on the table and a somewhat pale Katina glanced at her cards. "Nine!" she shouted triumphantly and then glared at the woman. The latter searched nervously in her bag, but finding it empty, rose from the table.

For the remainder of our stay, Katina was busy spending her winnings, and when she boarded the Clipper she had a large valise full of new clothes. Thirty-six hours later, a happy and determined Katina arrived at La Guardia field in New York City with exactly thirty-eight cents in her pocket.

Morris Gest, the producer, was waiting for her as she stepped from the plane, and in the cab on the way to the hotel he described at length his plans for producing "Electra." I left for California the following week. When I reached Hollywood, I read of the sudden death of Morris Gest. This brought to an end Katina's hopes of making her American debut in her favorite role.

The future was gray for Katina. She had no money and very few friends who were in a position to help her. What a pity, I thought, that such a great artist should be forced to seek some obscure employment in order to live.

But again I was forgetting Katina's tenacity. There are people who can meet failure face to face and still refuse to see it—people who know their own value and regardless of the setbacks they encounter, redouble their stride, and march with ever increasing energy toward their goal. Katina is one of these people.

(To be continued)

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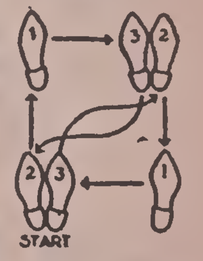

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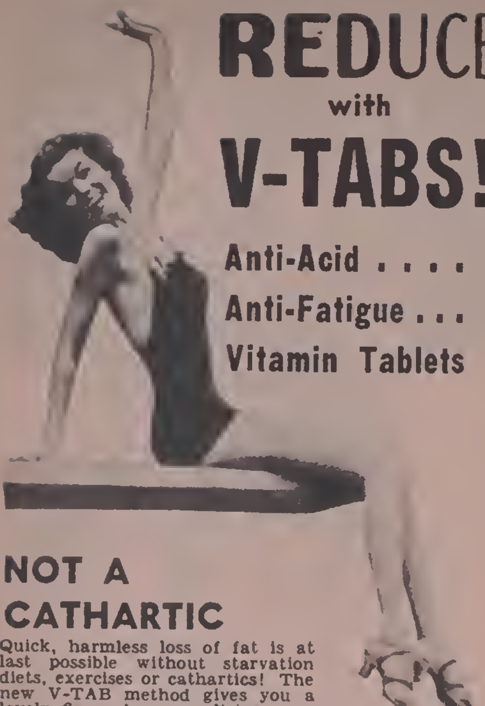

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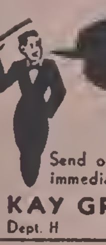

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HAYWORTH-WELLES MARRIAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

—their first pairing in the news struck sparks of interest, and we might say protest.

Movieland told you several months ago about the first coupling of their names. This was an item in Sidney Skolsky's column in which Orson said he wanted to meet Rita. One night at Lucey's, a small restaurant across from Paramount, he did meet her. They dined and they talked. They were seen together frequently after that. Yet it was a long time before people began taking their dating seriously.

First, absolutely nobody had thought of these particular two people "getting around to each other" as the Hollywood saying goes, and so it just didn't seem "right." (As a matter of truth, there are probably no two individuals we know who are right-er for each other—a point we hope to make clear later in the story.)

Second, there was the fact that the newspaper ink had barely dried on Rita's announcement of her intention to wed Victor Mature, a romance which in itself had been as fraught with shoals as the unquiet seas Victor now sails with the U.S. Coast Guards. Orson, who makes headlines like other people make conversation, was not too far removed from a long-standing romance with Dolores del Rio, had publicly expressed a yen to become better acquainted with Hedy Lamarr, and had otherwise acquired himself a reputation as a collector of beautiful things to wear on his arm.

There was every reason to believe that nothing permanent could develop from this casual first-dating—which made it a sure bet that something would. If there was one bit of compatability this love had to build on, it was the happy faculty possessed by both Orson and Rita for following the line of most resistance. Columnists shoved their typewriters into second gear to be ready for the take-off.

Followed, in quick succession, (1) an announcement by Orson that his object was not love but legerdemain, and a protest from Columbia Studios against the star of their current extravaganza, "Cover Girl," taking time off from her beauty sleep to be sawed in half each night at Orson's tent show, and (2) a mid-ocean phone call from Mature, challenging Rita to break off either her engagement to him, or her appearances (private and professional) with Welles.

Although, in the case of Victor, there is naturally much sympathy, it is a fact that both he and Columbia should have known better. Orson's most triumphant trick on the opening night of his magic show was pulling the heavenly Hayworth from his hat. It was a feat topped only by (3) his marriage to her a little over a month after that first dinner date.

Just what precipitated the marital bombshell—and it was literally that to all those Hollywoodians who pride themselves on being a hop ahead of the news—is not clearly known. The release of virile Vic from sea duty for a bond-selling tour, may have built a fire under Orson's intentions. On the other hand, a close confidante of Rita's quotes her as having said, some days before, that she was praying for a Welles proposal and had a quick "Yes" ready when it came.

There is also a possibility that the two who had dreamed and worked together to bring Hollywood's first privately financed and executed free-entertainment to service men, had gained a little by that experience. Could be that working with the art of illusion, they learned to recognize and appreciate real magic when it happened to them.

For most people, September 7th dawned just like any other day. On that particular mid-morning, however, the six-foot figure of Orson the Magnificent was noted standing on a Beverly Hills corner in what might be likened to a daze. At least he seemed not to be going anywhere, doing anything, and to all appearances was even oblivious to the passers-by. Since it is well known that this twenty-seven-year-old genius has been going places and doing things since the day he stepped out of his crib, and moreover, that any collection of more than two people is considered by him to be an audience, this public inertia was in itself enough to cause comment.

Word got around that in addition to the imminent surrender of Italy, other things were brewing. Not until some hours later did it become known that it was not coma, but the confusion suffered by most young men on their way to buy a wedding ring. For the statisticians, the ring was a plain gold, triple band circlet and cost thirty dollars. "A temporary ring," as he afterward described it.

On that same morning, the star of "Cover Girl" reported to her set as usual. She made her usual appointment at the studio hair-dressers, donned her screen make-up, and faced the cameras with no undue excitement. The excitement came along about lunch-time when she stopped in at the front office to inform Columbia prexy Harry Cohn that she was taking a few hours off that afternoon to run over to Santa Monica and get married.

Although "quiet" marriages, elopements, and the like are not unknown in the film colony, the stage is usually pretty well set beforehand. But here was a glamor girl who said she wanted no fuss, and evidently meant it. Unfortunately for glamor girls, however, their lives are not their own. In the future, many a press and publicity department ulcer will be traced back to the three hours of panic which ensued between lunchtime and three o'clock of the Hayworth-Welles wedding day.

After hurried inquiries of every license bureau in Southern California, the possibility that Miss Hayworth meant Santa Monica when she said "Santa Monica" was gradually accepted. After a clue-chase that would do credit to the FBI, a perspiring troop of photographers, press representatives, and publicists, literally burst into the quiet offices of one Judge Orlando H. Rhodes who, under pressure, admitted he had a wedding ceremony scheduled for four-thirty that afternoon.

The Judge, an affable, dignified

fellow, had no idea who the prospective bride and groom might be. A friend of his, attorney Lloyd Wright, had phoned and asked him to stand by to perform a marriage. Lawyer Wright has many clients among movie folk. The publicists were convinced they had guessed correctly.

"I hope you are not disappointed," said the Judge in some confusion as the determined press stampeded him into a corner of his private office and took over his reception room and telephones. For avid movie fans, it is recorded that some time later the jurist called a publicist to one side and diffidently asked, "Would you mind telling me a little about these people you are expecting? I don't read the columns much—just who are they, this Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles?"

Closing hour for the twelfth floor license bureau was set at four-thirty. At four-twenty, there was no one at the license counter except an unknown soldier and his trembling bride. With eight minutes to go—with photographers covering the front entrance, the elevators and two floors of the Bay City building, word finally passed along the grapevine that THE wedding party was on its way up.

The party consisted of the two principals, actor Joe Cotten who expected to act as best man, Dr. and Mrs. Bernstein, guardian and foster parents of Welles, and Jackson Leightner, Orson's business manager.

Rita wore a suit and large hat of a shade called "burnt toast" although almost a perfect match for her lovely, flaming hair, which is of a shade called titian. It was an ensemble she has had in her wardrobe for some time—she wore no flowers, because in the excitement, no one had remembered a wedding corsage. Orson was clad in a familiar pin-stripe suit, black bow-tie, a shirt of the pink known as "Shocking," and a heavy bead of perspiration on his brow. It may be noted, too, that since no important event of his life has found the ruggedly individual Mr. Welles ready and waiting with a hair-cut, his leonine mane was worn as usual, covering his neck almost to his collar.

The one festively-clad personage was Mr. Cotten, sporting a dapper gray suit with boutonniere and pearl gray gloves. Cotten, currently filming "Gaslight" with Ingrid Bergman at Metro, was obviously pleased with himself.

"Don't tell me I wasn't smart to take the afternoon off," said he. "I had a hunch *something* was cooking!"

Cotten's appearance was paid appropriate tribute later, when Orson got around to it.

"Somehow or other, this is going to wind up with you and Rita walking out the front door and being pelted with flowers," said the groom, giving a hitch to his own drooping bow-tie.

Have you ever applied for a marriage license eight minutes before closing time, a battery of flash-bulbs exploding in your face, a bevy of pressmen leaning over your shoulder to witness your signature? *"George Orson Welles"* wrote the groom shakily, and *"Marguerita Judson"* appended the bride, with a blot in lieu of a period.

"I know why you have to go through this," muttered the tortured Welles into his collar. "If you can take it, you can stand anything. I'm waiting for the part where they turn out the lights and start beating you over

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the head with rubber hoses—"

In a strictly clinical tone, the lady license clerk made observation that for a couple with a previous marriage apiece to their credit, this was the most nervous couple she had ever seen. Her remark was given substantiation a second later when Orson snatched Rita's hand and the application blank, and tore for the elevator. It took some persuasion to convince him the application was not a certificate, and that he was not yet ready to be married.

In the judge's chambers, the wedding of the young man who is generally acknowledged to be the most astounding showman of his decade, also missed most of its cues. Undoubtedly scheduled to be performed in some privacy, the ceremony took place in a small office crowded to the doors with press and publicists, with photographers standing on chairs and actually hanging from the chandelier.

There was a lot of laughing and shoving and shutter-clicking, and someone had just made a remark about "when do we do a dissolve into the Judge's office?" and Orson had just replied, "Right after the part where Eugene Pallette enters in the irate father role—" Then, all of a sudden, there was the Judge standing across a desk from a couple of the most famous people in the world, and asking them a question that had nothing to do with show business or ballyhoo or glamour.

"Here in this company," intoned a solemn voice, "is it your desire to become man and wife?"

And here in this company, some of them strangers and all of them unsentimental until this moment, there came that hush which always comes in the face of something real in the lives of people, great or small.

"Do you, Orson, take this woman—?" "Do you, Marguerita, take this man—" "For richer for poorer—in sickness or in health—do you promise to love and to cherish—" Here in this company, two voices that have been heard around the world, trembled, and were almost inaudible as they said their "I do's."

The best "shots" of the Hayworth-Welles wedding were never taken. They might have included that awkward moment when Orson's fumbling fingers couldn't seem to tear the new wedding ring from its tissue paper wrappings, and that very human moment when Rita's slender shoulders shook so the Judge found it necessary to ask the man she was marrying to hold both of her slim hands within his own to ease her trembling.

The pictures weren't taken simply because not one of the rightfully labeled "hard boiled" photogs present could bring himself to click a shutter. Not a flash-bulb exploded, either, during that long breathless silence when Rita and Orson stood clasped in their first wedded kiss. This was a moment which had nothing to do with acting, and somehow, everyone in the room knew it.

There were re-takes on the kiss a minute afterwards, when a photog said, "Look this way, please, Mrs. Welles," and like every other bride, the movie star failed to recognize her new name. This is the place, too, to observe that best-man Joe Cotten was "standing up" with a newspaperman all during the ceremony, and not until he was wanted for photographing was he allowed to push his way to the side of the groom!

Doctor and Mrs. Bernstein, also, were crowded out of their rightful place during the proceedings, but the foster parents of Welles were probably the only two persons who stayed entirely unruffled during the whole hectic half-hour. Like most "dads" the doctor was heard to observe that he wasn't a bit surprised, "knew it all the time." Mrs. Bernstein was holding tightly to a small gift-wrapped package, the only wedding present in sight.

The gift was a pair of very old Spanish earrings, diamonds and emeralds set in antique gold, once the property of the legended Borgias.

"They were given to me by Lucretia Bori, who traces her ancestry to the Borgias," said Mrs. Bernstein. "I want the loveliest Spanish girl I have ever known—Rita—to have them."

Her explanation was interrupted by a cameraman who pushed past calling for "One last shot, Orson!"

"Okay, fellow," said the groom, "but this is *it!*"

"All right, come upstage a little please, Mrs. Welles—"

"'Upstage,'" groaned the groom. "I'm sorry, darling, really I am—"

"I don't care—" And judging from the radiant Hayworth expression, she really didn't.

As the newspapers quipped, the "honeymoon" was spent in the elevator leaving the Bay City building. "Are you going away?" Welles was asked. "Are you kidding?" he retorted, and headed back to Hollywood.

Rita reported for make-up at the studio next morning at six-thirty at which time she was greeted by a male star.

"Rita, darling," said he, kissing her in congratulation, "what are you doing here today? This is one day that should belong to you and Orson—"

"It doesn't matter," said the bride dreamily, "we'll have such a long, long time—"

Betting on a Hollywood marriage is gambling to the point of frenzy. We wouldn't plunge on the permanency of any Film Town twosome, especially on two such mercurial personalities as the new Mr. and Mrs. Welles. Where this particular pair is concerned, however, we wouldn't bet against it.

Of entirely opposite dispositions, they still have much in common. They have youth, but it is youth tempered with experience. Sudden fame or riches can hardly upset this couple, since both have already had a full measure of each. Each is alive with a variety of talents, there can't be much quarreling over that spotlight which both know so well how to attract and to hold.

Considering the purely human equation, these two have much to offer each other.

Orson is a bitterly brilliant young man, erratic and possessed of a great restlessness. His ego could never be satisfied with anything but a lovely and talented wife. Rita, for all her flashing beauty, is one of the simplest, most unspoiled, placidly sweet personalities in all of Hollywood. In old-fashioned verbiage, she is decidedly the "clinging vine" type, needing a dominating male to give her life purpose and direction. The qualities of one should counter-balance and fulfill the needs of the other.

THE END

BETTING ON CHAPMAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

titled "My Kingdom for a Cook."

Director William Seiter is definitely the fellow who stepped into young Miss Chapman's life and stopped Fate from using her like a yo-yo. Assigned to bring "Destroyer" safely to port, he wanted a leading woman who looked as though she could hold the affections of Edw. G. Robinson (Paternal) and Glenn Ford (eternal). He reached into the "B" file and pulled Maggie out.

While "Destroyer" provided her with two topnotch leading men, it also provided her with the strongest competition a feminine player ever runs into—the over-powering allure exerted upon men and audiences by a plunging ship on a seething sea. Nevertheless, Maggie managed to make so many of the film's moments entirely her own, the studio immediately rewarded her with one of the best dramatic roles of the year, the lead opposite George Sanders in "Appointment in Berlin."

For many a twenty-three-year-old actress this would have been murder, but for Chapman it was the beginning of a new life. Any young player, who, in a single role, can successfully cope with a Sanders performance, an assumed accent, and a death scene (any one of which is sufficient to show up the "ham" if it is there), is well on her way to stardom.

The first two pictures were made in six months, and Marguerite would have liked a vacation when they were over. She was tired . . . but as far as the studio was concerned, she was too hot a bet to be allowed to cool off. According to their long-range planning, by the time "Destroyer" and "Appointment in Berlin" were released, Maggie would definitely be big-time stuff. There would have to be a third picture ready and waiting, for the follow-up.

Betting on people is much riskier than, say, betting on horses. People can do a dozen more things to prove you're wrong than a horse which can only bolt the track, finish last, or maybe sit down and refuse to run. People—and movie stars are people in spite of a lot of public opinion to the contrary—are the greatest gamble in the world. Yet Marguerite was far from being a longshot when her studio decided she was worth an "A" picture plunge.

To begin with, there was her beauty—an asset not uncommon in Hollywood, although the quality of it is. If you bumped head on into the little Chapman on the boulevard, you'd probably think she was one of the prettiest girls you'd ever seen, but there is nothing to signal to you from across the street that she is an "actress."

It was the particular quality of her loveliness that delayed her start in Hollywood. Unlike the majority of the little girls who get big chances out here, she looks neither like a Petty drawing, and Oh-Mama doll, nor a composite of six other screen glamor gals. The movie town didn't know just how to type her.

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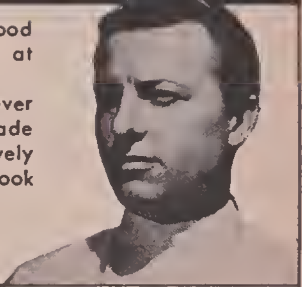
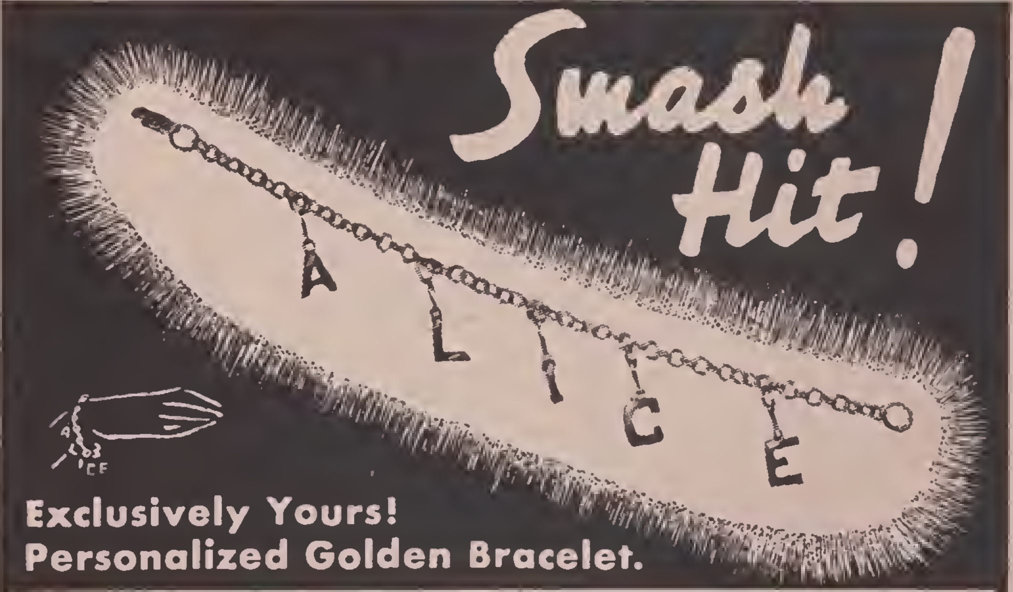


Wally Westmore, Director of Makeup at Paramount Studios in Hollywood



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LETTER FROM A BOY IN THE SERVICE

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Since you would like to have someone write about Hollywood, I can say something about that lovely place and everything that goes with it.

I went to Hollywood on my seven-day furlough and had the most glorious week of my life. I had the pleasure of meeting one of the loveliest persons I have ever come in contact with—Betty Grable. I also met and took pictures of three of the Warner Bros. girls at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. They were Miss Joyce Reynolds, who is as darling and sweet as they come, Miss Julie Bishop, and Miss Eleanor Parker.

Others I met are Lana Turner, Janet Blair, Joan Leslie, Nancy Coleman, Anne Shirley, Anne Gwynne, Katherine Booth, Florence Lake, Bob Hope, Robert Young, Allan Jones, Paul Henreid, and Laird Cregar. I assure you that to meet these people is to know how wonderful they really are. They didn't seem like actors—rather like people I've known all my life.

I come from New York, where the people are hospitable, but no one anywhere can be as hospitable as the people in Hollywood.

When I was in New York on May 15th, I did a broadcast with Paula Stone about my trip to Hollywood, and was thrilled by it.

I don't know whether this will win a prize, but I assure you that it was a privilege and a pleasure to write and tell about my experiences in Hollywood. I neglected to mention that several stars write me. I receive mail from Olivia de Havilland, Joan Leslie, Nancy Coleman, and last but not least, a person who is going to be very big shortly and who has a heart like a mother, God bless her—Joyce Reynolds.

Pvt. Sam Pomerantz
420th Bomb Sqn.
A.A.B., Clovis, New Mexico

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an artist had painted them—photogenically she is perfect, but her features are much more than classic. They are also alive. Out of this facile set-up looks humor and intelligence, a lot of spunk and a little temper—all of them things that don't always make a screen star, but definitely make an actress. (Notice we've dropped the quotes.)

To understand all of the things that look out of Marguerite's face you'd have to go way back to the very beginning of her twenty-three years, to Chatham, N. Y., where she was born to be the kid sister of four husky males.

"I spent the early part of my life being a victim," she says, using some of the humor the experience gave her. "Any girl who lives through a childhood tagging along after four brothers learns at least three things—how to dodge, how to bounce, and how to laugh!"

There are other things that contributed to the character and intensity she brought along with her when she started out after a screen career. The Chapmans were a medium-circumstanced family. Marguerite took her first job, watching babies, at the age of eight, to earn a pair of red slippers she wanted very much. She worked her way through high-school doing extra typing at thirty-five cents an hour for the school superintendent. She quit only because the superintendent's wife was suddenly taken with operatic aspirations and insisted on making the daily painful ascent to high C right next door to where Marguerite was trying to concentrate on her typing.

By the time she was eighteen, she had worked at a dozen different jobs, each a little better paying than the last. She operated a switchboard, worked as a dental assistant and made hats to earn money enough to pay tuition on a New York modeling school course.

Skipping the school's not too promising leads, she headed straight for the mecca of models, John Powers' office. Going up in the same elevator with her was a young man whose eyes had made a sort of Cook's tour of her face and figure, stopping off at all the right places, by the time they reached her floor. He turned out to be Powers himself, and before the afternoon was ended Maggie had five modeling appointments.

This was positively one of the "up" periods in Chapman's life. She started out on her first assignment with a dollar and eighty-two cents in her purse and in no time at all was carting several hundred dollars to the bank every week. She was pitching some beautiful curves in all the very best magazines when a Howard Hughes talent scout saw her. "You ought to be in movies" was a moth-eaten crack, but she believed him.

The first bump she took in on the West Coast was the one she sustained in the tumble down the stairs of movie mogul Jack Warner's home, when the thin spike of her heel caught in the tulle spray of her best party dress.

"Whose feet did you land at?" we asked.

"At Errol Flynn's—but maybe you hadn't better say that. Just state that practically nobody missed my entrance!"

It was at this party, later in the evening, that Marguerite noticed something very strange about Hollywood males. She didn't know, at the time, how important a "name" was.

"Whenever someone took me over to a man and said 'I want you to meet Marguerite Chapman,' it seemed to have the oddest effect. The man would just mumble something coldly polite, and never raise his eyes from his cocktail glass.

"I was beginning to get a complex. I thought maybe I just wasn't worth looking at—and then I was introduced to Charles Boyer. He was the first man in the whole crowd who stood up and looked me full in the face and smiled. He was gracious enough to say, 'This *is* a pleasure, Miss Chapman'—and acted as if he meant it.

"It was a simple thing, but it did wonders for my sagging ego. I'll always be grateful to Mr. Boyer for that amount of kindness."

One other incident helped her decide to stick it out. The "Outlaw" role went to voluptuous Jane Russell, but Marguerite's test brought her an acting job at 20th Century-Fox. The first day on the lot she was allowed to use, as a temporary measure, a star's portable dressing room. The makeup of the other actress was spread out on a towel on the table. Wanting to look professional, Marguerite spread out a towel on the same table, carefully placing her make-up articles in the same order.

The star, returning to the dressing room, took one look and swept the little bit player's articles to the floor in a rage. "Don't ever do that again!" she said, without further explanation.

"I didn't know about class distinction," Maggie recalls. "Where I had come from, the 'big shot' models were the first to help a beginner. I'd helped many a newcomer fix her hair, and fix her lips, so they'd photograph right. I made up my mind I'd be a bigtime screen player some day just so I could be kind to a little one!"

Nice things happened to the newcomer, of course, but things had a way of looking bright, then clouding up again. The day Fox dropped her option, she was in bed with a strep throat. She won the second lead in an RKO picture, "A Guy, a Gal and a Gob," and did a good job of it . . . but opportunity languished again. She was in and out of debt so often, she began to feel like a revolving door.

The "Navy Blues Sextette" job at Warners' gave her experience—both good and bad. A nine months' personal appearance tour taught her poise and how to meet people in the mass . . . but after she was back, and the studio had terminated her contract along with the six other beauties, she found out just how hard it is to live down the "chorus cutie" stigma at the casting office.

Luckily, a test made for Columbia sometime before "Navy Blues" resulted in a contract, which is now a year old. During that year, Maggie accomplished the almost impossible: she began in "B" pictures and advanced to "A" productions. The reverse has happened a tragic number of times in Hollywood, but the "B" to "A" routine develops very seldom. Also in that year, Maggie became the only one of the Navy Blues Sextette who has attained leading roles in major pictures.

Anytime you're an "only" in the picture business, you're a success.

THE END

HALF A BILLION BEERY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

Beery vehicles—the Mack Sennett comedies, for instance, "Min and Bill," "The Big House," "The Champ"—are still earning money! It doesn't seem fantastic, now—indeed it appears conservative and reasonable (if you count in Broadway starring vehicles)—to estimate that Beery "works" have grossed five hundred million dollars.

Half a billion dollars! It's a hard idea to grasp. Put it this way. You always think of Bing Crosby and Charlie Chaplin as among the greatest all-time money earners. You could roll all earnings of the Crosby pictures *and* the Chaplin pictures together, subtract them from the earnings of Beery "works," and have a comfortable margin left over. Or . . . go classic a minute. Suppose you were able to take from museums all the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, two of the greatest painters, and put those combined paintings on sale. They have had the benefit of centuries of publicity, of millions of reproductions, of agreement by mankind on their essential greatness. Those paintings might—they *might,* mind you—gross five hundred million dollars.

What does it mean? I never heard but one critic refer to a Beery picture as "Art." That critic is head of one of the finest University English Departments in America—never mind which, I don't want to get the man fired. He considers that Frances Marion's screenplay, "The Champ," "ranks with Shakespeare," and that "The Champ," as played on the screen by Wally and Jackie Cooper, "equals in dramatic value the finest Shakespeare presentations of our time."

We know this about the pictures business—you're supposed to last in it, as a top star, about five years. Exceptions are few. So—hold your breath—Wally has been a top movie star *thirty-seven years.* What has the man got? What's inside?

The camera role most played by Beery is The Roughneck With A Heart Of Gold. They don't call the picture that, but Wally has played it, in one form or another, too often to count up. It has become a commonplace to say, "Oh, Wally—he's just playing himself!" Is any human being that uncomplicated? Are we all so simple, like a photograph where harsh lighting has turned everything into shiny black and sharp white?

There'll be shadings in Wally's character, for any new wife to find, and . . . it should be said in justice to the man . . . one of them will be the Heart of Gold. Beery proved it, beyond doubt, by his behavior in 1938, at the time of his break-up with Rita Gilman. As at the time of his first marriage, to Gloria Swanson, Wally was, when he married Rita, one of the screen's top actors. It was 1924, and he had just played King Richard in the Douglas Fairbanks version of "Robin Hood," played it so convincingly that many critics said the characterization had stolen the show. Be that as it may—Fairbanks never appeared on the screen again with Wally.

Rita played a small role in that Robin Hood movie. She was more than pretty—bright and attractive—and Wally, drawn by her sunny nature and her obvious admiration of the big, kindly guy playing Richard the Lionheart, tried matrimony the second time. For fourteen years, it looked like a deal. The pair adopted, in 1931, the nine-months-old Carole Ann, who became an idol in Beery's sentimental heart.

In 1938, black, dismal disappointment struck.

Rita announced:

"Wally, I want my freedom."

The big man took this second tragedy in his life very quietly. First he said, without hesitation, "Certainly, Rita. Whatever you want is what I want." However, when Rita later contemplated a second marriage, Wally worried for fear it would prove unhappy.

"I don't like this guy," Wally told himself. "I just don't like him." It wasn't jealousy—believe that; it was a fierce, deep-seated hunch on Wally's part that the man (his name doesn't matter in this story) wouldn't make Rita happy. Wally is a cop's son and a realist. He hired more detectives to trace the man's early life than the G-men would need to investigate Nazi spy No. 1. If Rita's intended ever stooped to tie his shoelace in Detroit twelve years before, you can be sure Wally found out about it. Wally's detectives discovered no jail sentence anywhere against the man—not even an indictment. They did secure records of a few instances where police had questioned the gentleman at length. But that doesn't mean crime. Many men have been questioned, who were innocent.

Financial arrangements were generous. Rita thought one hundred thousand dollars would be right as a settlement. Wally gave it to her . . . in an irrevocable trust fund that could never be touched by anyone but her. Then he added fifteen thousand dollars cash for a wedding present. Rita thought a home was only fair. Wally gave her one—free of strings—and another, tied up in an irrevocable trust!

Most generous act of all, Wally agreed that Rita should share with him the beloved Carole Ann—six months out of each year with Rita, six months with Wally.

The ex-Mrs. Beery's new marriage went on the rocks, almost at once, as Wally anticipated. The money went, too. She still has the one hundred thousand that Wally put in trust for her, and the house that was also in trust. To the few writers who get close enough to Beery to relate his life with any authority, he says, "Go lightly on Rita. She's had her troubles, too."

So much for The Heart of Gold. There's another quality in Wally that it will be well for any bride to remember—he can be hurt, and hurt deeply. His marriage to Gloria Swanson proved that.

In 1915, Wally was an actor-executive with the old Essanay Company in Chicago. He had a say in story, in direction, and in casting. Among the extras he picked for a comedy whose name he has forgotten was a dark-haired, blue-eyed youngster. Her real name was? Wally, or the press agents around the lot, renamed her

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Gloria Swanson. And so it has been.

Hollywood was coming into being at that time. From California Wally received a wire, tripling his Essanay salary. It was from Keystone, a firm about to make comedy history. Wally moved out West, and soon the extra who had worked in Chicago, and her mother, arrived in Hollywood. Wally got the youngster another job—in 1916 he married her.

Beery watched with greatest interest—he more than watched, he helped—while the extra got her chance (something extras seldom do now). In two years Gloria was a top star, bigger, for the moment, than Wally. Something sensitive in him told him that his wife had reacted—all out—to glamour; that she had "outgrown" the comedian who so deeply loved her. In the stress of emotion . . . and plain hurt . . . Wally did a fool thing: he went to Japan for a year! The excuse was to make a picture; the picture never came to anything. What Wally had really wanted was to get away, with his hurt—away from all who knew him and from all whom he knew.

When he came back from that bitter year, doubt, if there had been doubt, no longer existed. Gloria definitely had other interests. In 1920 she and Wally secured their divorce.

Generosity and the capacity to be hurt are by no means Wally's only qualities. A very close member of his family says of him: "He is a morose and moody guy, at times. He never says much about it; he is very quiet; he just has to get away. With him loneliness isn't a hunger—he has a hunger *for* loneliness. There's much to be said for both his wives. What would you do if you had a husband, and dinner was ready, and eight o'clock came, and nine, and you received a telephone call from Saugus, or Newhall, and your husband said, "I'm sorry. I'm at the airfield here. I'll be flying around a few days." Women get tired of that. Or . . . you might hear that he was in Wyoming, riding horses like mad . . . with real cowboys . . . and you could assume he'd be back in a few days, unless he broke his neck. A restless man.

Next month we'll tell the story of Wally's astounding youth, of the incredible things he did and did well. We'll see those early markings of character that help explain this big, generous, easily hurt, *restless* man, now apparently about to begin an important new chapter in his emotional life.

THE END

LETTERS FROM JANET BLAIR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

his Music in it as well as clothes. Nobody was around because they were all rehearsing over at the Hotel Ballroom, so I went over to his room and Ironed away. The only trouble was I forgot and left the Iron on top of the trunk, and I went off and got dressed for tonight and never thought a thing about it until I heard the fire engines come clanging up the street and saw smoke seeping under the Door. So then of course I ran out and, Mother, it was just Bedlam, with everyone and firemen fighting their way through the smoke, and flames here and there.

Actually, his room doesn't look so bad now that they're all gone away and the fire's out. But you should see his brand new Imported Leather trunk, it is ruined and burnt Black. As soon as I saw it I ran and locked my door. But Louis came and stood outside and shouted angrily through it, adding sarcastically, "I am ordering a new four hundred dollar Imported Leather Ironing board for you at once, my dear Janet!"

Then he stamped away, and I cried and couldn't eat any dinner, and kept Crying all evening so they had to play sad songs for me to sing. I am feeling very, very . . . (THIS IS FIVE MINUTES LATER!)—Mother, everything's all right! He poked a note under the door while I was writing this letter to you, and just saw it and pounced on it, and it says, Let bygones be bygones and how about a date tomorrow night—but please not to press my dress for it, a wrinkled one will do just as well!

So everything's all right again, Mother. I'm so relieved. Whoopee! Love,

JANET.

April 3, 1941.

MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DON'T GET EXCITED WE ARE NOT ENGAGED. I AM WIRING YOU THAT I HAVE LANDED A JOB IN HOLLYWOOD, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WORRYING EVER SINCE THE BAND BROKE UP TWO MONTHS AGO HERE IN LOS ANGELES. LOUIS IS HERE TOO ARRANGING SONGS FOR CBS RADIO STATION WHILE I AM A MOVIE ACTRESS AT COLUMBIA STUDIOS. THEY ARE PLANNING SOME PICTURE FOR ME CALLED "MY SISTER EILEEN." NO ACTION ON THE MAJOR PROBLEM HOWEVER. SUGGEST YOU WIRE ADVICE AFTER ALL YOU ARE OLDER THAN I AM AND MARRIED. LOVE TO ALL

JANET.

September 10, 1942.

Mother dear:

Oh, Mother, I am Heartbroken. This morning Louis left for the Army and Heaven knows where they will put him—he is gone out of my Life for good I know. I cried Buckets all last night but did some thinking too, and reached the conclusion that I must take some Action, although I don't know what yet. But here are my reasons Itemized for taking Action:

1. Louis will probably only be in this country for awhile before being shipped overseas, so I must act Quickly.
2. I am twenty-one and grown up, but he still thinks I am a Child.
3. He is thirty-one, and convinced I don't know my own Mind, and not really in love with him. He told me to make Sure by dating other men, so I did, but none of them mean Anything to me since

I could only think of Louis. But he won't Believe me.

4. It is no use trying to convince him any longer, I will just have to Act. What I will do I do not know, but I will do something—this has gone on for three years now and might become Monotonous in his eyes if I let it continue much longer. Or else he might meet some Dangerous older Woman of twenty-six or so who would snag him Away because she is the right Age. So I am going to *Act*—but how I don't know yet.

I will keep you informed. I just wanted to warn you. Yours with love,

JANET.

October 8, 1942.

Mother my Pet my Darling:

It is done! We are publicly Engaged! And he doesn't mind a bit. I would have wired you as promised but wanted to tell you in Detail how it came about.

You know how the Newspapers have been constantly saying for months now, *"Are Janet Blair and Louis Busch engaged or aren't they?"* It has been very Annoying. So this morning at eight when the phone rang and woke me up I really saw Red when a reporter's voice said, "Miss Blair, tell me . . ."

So I shouted Angrily, "Yes! YES! We're Engaged! Now let me go back to sleep!"

It was all kind of a sleepy accident, you see, but it was Announced in the papers this afternoon. When I read it, I was shaking in my boots . . . but you never know Men! Instead of being Startled or upset or anything, Louis was pleased, and not only that but when he came up from Camp Santa Ana tonight he had a Newspaper in one hand and a Gorgeous diamond-and-ruby ring in the other. "As long as you Announced our engagement, dear," he said, "I thought you should have a ring."

The only Fly in the ointment is that he thinks we should wait until after the War to get married, because of his Uncertain plans and everything.

But even so, congratulate me, Mother, because at least he thinks I'm old enough now to be Engaged, if not Married.

Yours with love,
JANET.

July 9, 1943.

MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

YOU AND DADDY COME AT ONCE TO CALIFORNIA TO LOUIS' AND MY WEDDING. I FINALLY JUST RANG HIM UP AND TOLD HIM WE WERE BEING MARRIED THIS WEEK END AND HE IS DELIGHTED, AS IF HE'D BEEN WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR WORD FROM ME. I CANNOT UNDERSTAND MEN THEY ARE MYSTERIES BUT ANYWAY WE ARE BOTH WILDLY HAPPY COME AT ONCE LOVE.

JANET.

August 12, 1943.

Dearest Mother:

We have been married one month today, and we are both so Divinely Happy that we both keep wondering why I didn't Propose four years ago when we first Met. All evening we have been recalling the wonderful Wedding at Lake Arrowhead, in my agent Frank Vincent's house with you and Daddy and Sister and Rosalind Russell and everyone, and the lake water lapping outside and the Wind in the pine trees. And Louis, who is the most Forgetful man usually in the world, has remembered to bring me an Orchid every weekly anniversary, and tonight he brought me a ruby and diamond Wristwatch for our monthly anniversary. Everything is just Heaven!

But we cannot wait until after the War, when we can build a house of our own. This is like Camping Out, having Louis come up once or Twice a week from camp to my apartment, loaded down with his music arrangements for the Santa Ana Air Corps Band. Then I cook dinner, and we have a Jam session of records, and we play Gin Rummy—with him trying to Win the fifty dollar allotment I got from the Government for being an Army wife. So far he's got thirty dollars of it, which he says he will Spend on a Letter-Writing course for me, which is the only critical thing he has said since we got Married. But anyway he says, even though I get a Zero for Capitalizing everything, I get Excellent for just making him Happy and for being (at long last!) the very, very blissful Mrs. Busch!

Goodnight, Mother dear, and we both send love.

JANET.

THE CHARM OF DINAH SHORE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

the dime and at the weather, which was cold but clear, and decided to squander the dime on a Fifth Avenue bus, instead of traveling by subway and saving a nickle. When she left the bus at the apartment building, she was penniless.

As she entered his cage, the elevator man handed her a telegram cancelling the party. It was a body blow. Lonely, discouraged, and beginning to be hungry and frightened, Dinah longed for her father.

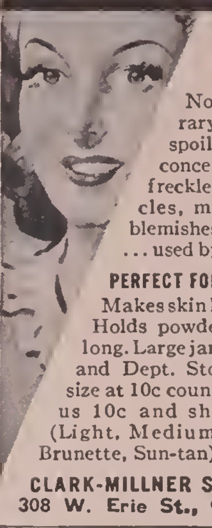
"The Negro boy who ran the elevator was the nicest person! He lent me a nickle to call Daddy and reverse the charges. I'll always remember how kind he was!

"I told Daddy how things were and offered to come home. But he was so understanding! 'Check on me right away,' he said. 'Maybe I'm wrong. You've tried hard and you like it there; so stay and try it out a little longer. I'll give you your chance.'

"Almost at once, luck turned for me. I was signed on the NBC network a few days later, and after a while Eddie Cantor hired me."

Her records began to reach top sales. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" sold half a million copies.

When Eddie Cantor came to Holly-



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wood, Dinah came, too. By then she also had her own program. She was topnotch singer with an almost fantastic following. "I feel she's singing to me personally!" is an almost universal comment. *"Dina couldn't sing to me last night,"* a boy in a far-off jungle wrote, *"the static was terrible."*

The secret of Dinah Shore is that when she sings, she really is singing to just one person.

"I fit each song to someone I know . . . or imagine," she confessed. "When you sing, you can be fretting about tempo or phrasing or that . . . or you can put yourself into it and stop worrying about mechanics. When you are in high school, you fall for the captain of the football team and sing your songs to him. Say, 'My Man' or 'Why Do I Love You?' There's a song I sing called 'Curly Locks,' about a little boy whose father has gone to war. When I sing that, I feel as if I were my sister, who has the dearest little boy. His father has gone to war, too."

She digressed to explain how wonderful her sister is. Another Dinah Shore secret is that to her all her friends are wonderful. It would have been grand, thinks Dinah, if she could have had a romance as perfect as her sister's.

"They played together as little children; they went to school together. When we took vacation trips, he usually went along. When they grew up they married, never any other sweetheart for either of them. They have two children, and they're truly happy."

In Hollywood her name has been associated with that of two men, both stars, both heartbreakers. One is Lt. James Stewart, and the other is George Montgomery who is in the Army now, too. Dinah refuses to talk about either of them though her closest friends insist that with George she was being merely just as flirtatious as he . . . and that her heart belongs exclusively to Jimmy and that when the war is over, you will hear more of that.

Right now she will only say when she marries, her marriage must be "forever." "Our family has never had a divorce, and I wouldn't want to start anything. If the marriage turned out to be a catastrophe, I wouldn't be too stupid about it, but I think I'm less likely to make a mistake if I take my time." Her face crinkled into laughter.

"The man will wear the pants in our family, definitely. Not dictate to me, like a fuehrer, but if I'm wrong, explain why. I'm fairly reasonable, but I can't be bullied.

"Marriage will be the most important thing that ever happened to me. I'll be like Ginger Rogers, spending my time wherever he is. I'd never dash off to New York on a holiday if he has to be here! I think you can tell when a marriage is beginning to break up: you see the two around in night clubs or out in crowds. When you have things in common, you want to spend your time together, to sit at home and talk and plan."

Home means a lot to Dinah. She shares a house with three other girls, a singer, an actress, and Rufus Crane, a girlhood chum who acts as secretary. They have a cook and eat at home nearly every night, getting a great kick out of inviting boy friends to home cooked meals. None of the girls drink, and they all work hard, so evenings at home seem nicer than dates. If there's no company, they wash their hair—Dinah refuses to sit under a drier, convinced that her generation is going to be bald. Or they cook things. Or Dinah plays around with her camera. She's crazy about cameras, and likes to make portraits of her friends—sympathetic ones that look like them, not weird character studies with creepy shadows.

"We get along beautifully. We like each other. I hope I don't grow bitter as I grow older—it would be nice to mellow like good wine, not turn sour like vinegar. But maybe I shouldn't talk—I've been so lucky!"

Her first salaried job in radio paid Dinah seventeen-fifty a week. That seemed a lot after singing for nothing. But what worried the little redhead, after she had had time to look around, was that so many people who seemed to have a future faded away quickly.

"I knew a publicity man," she told me. "I didn't want him to do publicity campaigns on me, but I did ask him not to let me get lost. I paid him twenty-five a week, and it was the best investment I ever made. All I was getting was seventeen dollars and fifty cents, but I sang here and there for ten to twenty-five dollars every so often, and he was good at waiting for money if things were slow. He stayed with me until recently when he got a wonderful offer. But he was so *nice* to me! I was so lucky!"

When she arrived in Hollywood, Dinah had several movie offers, but at first she was afraid. Then Warner Brothers asked her to act as well as sing in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." That was fun, and her work led to a long term contract.

Now Samuel Goldwyn has borrowed her for "Up In Arms," in which she co-stars with Danny Kaye and Dana Andrews. Another lucky break.

She's lucky in fathers, too. Mr. Shore understands everything except the "hep" language his daughter speaks.

"If you're around musicians, you naturally pick up 'hep' language," laughs Dinah. "Last night Daddy called up, asking about a boy we know. I said, 'He's in there pitchin.' Daddy said, 'I didn't know they played ball in the Army.' 'They don't— I mean he's in the groove—I mean, he's right on the beam—he's a right—' . . . I almost said, 'He's a right guy'—but if I ever said 'guy' at home, they'd die! 'Daddy, he likes the Army!' I told him.

"But Daddy's learning. When someone's not 'hep,' you say, 'he's strictly on the square,' or you make a square in the air with your fingers—especially if two people are making love in public, which is pretty terrible, you say, 'Get a load of a couple of squares.'

" 'What does "get a load of" mean?' Daddy asks. 'It means "Look at," ' I explain. 'Why not say "look at"—it's shorter!' he says. But now he signs his letters: *'Affectionately, Daddy—(probably a square).'*

"I'm so lucky!"

THE END

John Carradine's defense of his miniature train hobby—
"Only highly intelligent persons con understand their oppeal. They are informative, useful, productive, ond I understand they've even token the place of sex in some of the more effete homes in the Eost."

LET'S CALL ON THE McDOWALLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

Over the bed is hung an Indian pennant, and on one chair a souvenir pillow from a friend at Fort Leonard Wood, Maryland. On one shelf of a bookcase, crowded against volumes of Benjamin Franklin, Carl Van Doren, and "Renfrew," is a baseball, personally autographed by Babe Ruth, and on a small table is his treasured typewriter, with which he keeps up on the history of "Fidelis," the imaginary country he invented at the age of six. He's been at work on it ever since: the history of its kings and queens for a thousand years; maps of its principal cities and of the countries surrounding. Roddy has blueprints of which an architectural engineer might be proud, drawn to perfect scale, of such things as the royal palace of "Fidelis," complete down to the final details of even the maid's linen closet! He knows more about the history of "Fidelis" than most of us do about the history of our own country. For that matter, he could put many to shame there, too, for American history, long before he came here, was one of his favorite subjects at school. How did he come to begin the endlessly detailed saga of this country, "Fidelis?"

"I believe," he reflects, with an air of quiet mischief, "it was in a history class where I'd read pages and pages ahead of where we were studying. I started it to pass the time and it—it got me."

When the McDowalls start telling jokes on one another, everybody bubbles at once. Roddy's favorite gag about his mother is of an incident which occurred during their recent tour. When people would ask her for autographs, she would sign, with charmingly characteristic modesty, *"Mrs. McDowall—Roddy's mother."* Roddy turned the tables by signing himself, *"Roddy—W. L.'s son."*

"The W. L.'s for 'Winifred Lucinda,'" he teases, "and she's got four other names, which I daren't tell, if I did know them!"

Virginia's favorite tale about Roddy concerns the time a luscious peach she'd saved mysteriously disappeared from the dining room bowl. She was busy with the evening dishes, and scolding him from the kitchen. When she got no answer, she tiptoed back to the dining room. Roddy had vanished. He couldn't have left the room without her seeing him. She looked under the table. No Roddy. Suddenly she cried aloud, laughing, "No, no, it can't be!" But it was. Roddy had contrived to crawl into the buffet, shutting the doors behind him.

"I sure pulled him out of there," Virginia exlaims.

"But not," shouts Roddy, "before I pulled her in. She got stuck half-way and wound up by me having to rescue her!"

At any meal . . . or at any hour of the day or night . . . a boy in uniform may dash up to the McDowall household . . . or into it, since they've given their favorite service men latch keys of their own. These are youngsters the McDowalls have met at the Hollywood Canteen or just along the road, thumbing a lift. They're boys who relish a touch of home, and that's exactly what they get. You'd think they were boys the McDowalls had known all their lives . . . until you find out it's just been the past couple of weeks since they met. They get their favorite dishes at the table; they rib Roddy the way they would their own kid brothers; they go jitterbugging with Virginia. They tell of their dreams, their "other" homes, and of their problems, to Mother McDowall. And when they are shipped away, the McDowalls, though they've an endless tide of fan mail to take care of, keep regular correspondence with them whether they're in Tunisia, New Guinea, or Sicily!

Sometimes there's talk about the difference between Americans and Englishmen. Well, the McDowalls have been here only three years, and their home is as typically Yankee as can be imagined. Even to the food. When it comes to Philadelphia scrapple, hot cakes, waffles, and crullers, the McDowall kitchen is as typically American as they come. It's their American friends who insist upon English sausage and Yorkshire pudding, according to Mrs. McDowall.

"In our first lonely days here," Mrs. McDowall recalls, "there were two men who made it possible to go on. Ed Morrow's broadcasts from London and Ernie Pyle's news reports telling of the courage of those at home gave our life meaning."

But there's no time for melancholy today. Aside from turning their home into a branch U. S. O., the MacDowalls spend their Saturday nights at the Hollywood Canteen, "at the coke stand, in the kitchen or wherever they want to put us."

And bonds? Whenever and wherever Roddy possibly can, he's out making speeches at defense plants, speeches he often writes himself. He closed one speech, to a crowd of workers at an aircraft plant, with a hope which left thousands of men and women reverently silent. "Today America and England stand together building to beat three countries that would like to destroy the world. We are United Nations, and let us hope that after this war we will still be United Nations . . . still building, building for an everlasting peace. And remember, when you go home to your comfortable beds at night, that people in many countries, cities, towns, and villages, do not have beds . . . or homes . . ."

The McDowalls, during their last six weeks in London, lived through six weeks of continuous air raids. Not once did they sleep in a bed. On the voyage across the Atlantic, their convoy was repeatedly bombed.

Is it any wonder, then, that twenty-four hours a day Roddy and his mother and sister live in such a way that their house fairly sings at the top of its voice—"Welcome—here is home!" If this house could talk, it would wink and say, "Huntin' a cure for those woe-is-me blues? Come on over to McDowall's!"

THE END

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WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

switched from the Variety formula with comedians, etc., to just straight music. "Your Dubonnet Date" with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and Lina Romay and Don Rodney in the vocal spotlight, is now heard over the Blue Network. This program is the only big time musical show presented during the morning hours—check your local papers for exact day and time. . . .

It's nice to have Dick Powell and Martha Tilton back on the air—they're both on CBS's Campana Serenade, another all-music show. . . .

David Street, the vocal boy on the Joan Davis-Jack Haley Sealtest Show over NBC, is a lad to watch. He sings a rhythm tune as well as he does a ballad, plus doing a good job on reading lines, and, girls—he's not married. Take a gander at the picture of him in this issue. . . . Nan Wynn, who has voice-doubled for Rita Hayworth whenever Rita has had to sing on the screen, is now concentrating on her own singing career over CBS. . . . Have you noticed that Bea Wain has been singing with more oomph and spirit lately on the Hit Parade? Maybe it's the Sinatra influence. . . .

SWOON STUFF:

Speaking of Sinatra, to say that Frank took Hollywood by storm would be putting it mildly. He packed the Hollywood Bowl for his concert, tied up Vine Street traffic the days he did his broadcasts, and the line formed to the right outside the stages of the RKO lot when he made his picture. He sang at a big benefit show at the ultra-smart Mocambo and was a sensation. His audience consisted of movie bigwigs, stars, executives, etc., who had paid twenty-five dollars a plate, and though they didn't swoon, they made up for it with applause. Frank came prepared to do six numbers, and wound up doing fourteen. . . . An amusing thing happened one afternoon at Brittingham's, a restaurant next door to CBS on Sunset Blvd. Frank was sitting at the counter alone, having a cup of coffee. Two CBS secretaries came in and sat right near him, but didn't notice him. They were chatting about the fact that they couldn't understand all the hysteria over Sinatra—what did he have that was so terrific?—oh, of course he did sing wonderfully, but they just couldn't understand silly girls getting so excited over a guy who wasn't even good looking, wasn't tall enough, and he was married besides, etc. All of a sudden, Frank, who had heard the whole conversation, started to laugh out loud. They turned and saw who it was and made a hasty, embarrassed exit. Which proves that Frank has a good sense of humor about himself. . . .

JAM NOTES:

It's hard to keep up with Benny Goodman the way he has been changing his personnel. He's had five new girl singers in as many months, and his musicians barely get to know each other before Benny decides to change men again. He goes on one of these rampages every once in a while, but somehow he always manages to have a good band. . . .

Tommy Dorsey did a little changing too, and when he opened at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, he had a completely new orchestra, with the exception of three or four men and vocalists Betty Brewer and Skip Nelson. . . .

Jane Pickens, formerly of the Pickens Sisters Trio of radio fame, is now soloing it and doing a swell job. She has been appearing in night clubs. . . .

Paula Kelly replaced Marion Hutton with the Modernaires when Marion decided to try movies. . . . Buddy Moreno, Harry James' singer, was given a 1A classification and a deferment until James finished his Metro pictures. . . . The Delta Rhythm Boys, negro quartet from radio and nightclubs, have been signed at Universal. . . . Elizabeth Tilton is with the Jan Garber band, now playing theatre dates. . . . Mitchell Ayres doubled at the Aragon Ballroom on the Santa Monica pier while making his Universal Picture and made a hit on his first West Coast appearance. . . .

If Harry James' baby turns out to be a little "trumpet player" he wants to name it Joshua. . . . Corky Cornelius, the famous trumpeter with the Casa Loma band, died in New York in August of an acute kidney condition after only a three-day illness. His widow, Irene Daye, plans to go back to singing, but in radio this time. She says that working with a band will keep her away from her baby too much. Irene and Corky met when they worked with the Gene Krupa band. . . .

THE END

Pat O'Brien's camp show patter, his readings of "America," Patrick Henry's speech, and the rest, which the service boys applauded so heartily on his tours, is being recorded and will become an album for Decca's new season. Yep, there's also an Irish song by Patrick—and even Sinatra thought he was good.

MIRACULOUS HEALING OF JOE E. BROWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

We just can't listen!"

"So I went on for an hour and a half in pitch black night. It began to rain and poured down in buckets, but they didn't mind that either."

Just as in Alaska and the Aleutians, Joe found the boys on Rabaul, Tulagi, and the other islands literally with nothing in the way of entertainment. Even with the crudest kind of set-up, there were no picture shows because the enemy was such a little distance away—just across the water on the next island. They had no equipment for sports because no one had sent them any.

They had been actually carried away from civilization and everything to which they had been accustomed. They had been set down in a primitive life, tropic, strange and lonely. They were entirely dependent upon each other for any meager entertainment.

But out of that loneliness and often frightening strangeness, Joe found that they have developed strength and self-reliance. He found it true that there are no atheists in fox holes.

Those boys, many of them little more than children when they went into service, were now always ready to joke and wise-crack in the palm-thatched hospitals. Yet when the Padre came to talk with them and to pray, they joined him gladly, and they were not ashamed to be seen reading their Bibles. All they seemed to want was to be well quickly as possible so they could get back on duty to fight the enemy they hated with a clean and searing hate.

"I learned to lose fear after I'd talked to them," Joe said. "In fact, I found I just didn't have any fear. The doctors and nurses told me I'd better not go into the wards where the boys with contagious diseases were, but I never thought of not going. I shook hands with them and cheered them up just the way I did the wounded boys.

"The infections didn't get to me. No illness attacked me . . . and that's the way it was meant to be."

Thus, through those soldiers' faith, Joe learned a faith that helped him who had come to help them.

He played two hundred and seventy shows in one hundred and three days, going from island to island. He met many men he had known in civilian life—Lloyd Pantages, theater owner and Hollywood personality, looked up at him from the audience with the one good eye he had left. At another show, a Hollywood columnist stopped to say hello as casually as if they had met on the Boulevard. Everywhere notes with names, addresses, and telephone numbers were passed up to him with bashful, homesick requests to write to or call up Mom or Dad or the Best Girl.

Then came the miracle. Joe feels shy about discussing it, but Kathryn Brown, with all the joy of a loving wife whose heart was heavy for him, then, tells you:

"We don't try to explain how it happened, but suddenly Joe was well. On one of the rough, makeshift, plank stages, out there in the South Pacific, he found himself dancing. He just couldn't believe it, he who had been hardly able to walk when leaving home—there he was . . . dancing.

"Joe and I talked it over after he got back. We'd got out a big package of letters that had come from all over the country when it was known Joe was going to the Southwest Pacific. Mothers had written those letters—mothers of boys in the service out there—and they all said they were praying for Joe's safety and well being because he was trying to bring a little happiness to their sons.

"We believe those prayers healed Joe. Or maybe it was the prayers of the boys he visited. Something did. His shortened leg has come back to normal now. And from that day on, he hasn't had a twinge of pain."

Joe's back now. In the meantime, he's playing in "Pin-Up Girl" with Betty Grable at 20th Century-Fox. He has a show on the radio, too, Sunday nights over the NBC Network. And he's getting a mammoth baseball game under way with all the Big League players on the field and picture stars in the boxes. The proceeds of the game are going into a fund to buy sports equipment for the boys overseas.

And just so this good work won't end there, he's formed a corporation of business men—which they hope to make into a million-dollar undertaking and nationwide—to raise more funds for the same purpose.

And where's Joe going next?

"Why, to Rome, of course. And when I get back from there, General MacArthur's promised to take me with him on the first plane into Manila. After that, it's just a short hop to Tokyo."

Some people talk about the sorrows that have hurt them deeply; others find relief and a greater joy than they have ever known before in helping other people.

Joe E. Brown is one of these . . . and perhaps in the seas of laughing faces that have looked up at him so eagerly, he sees just one face that he misses very much.

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 6

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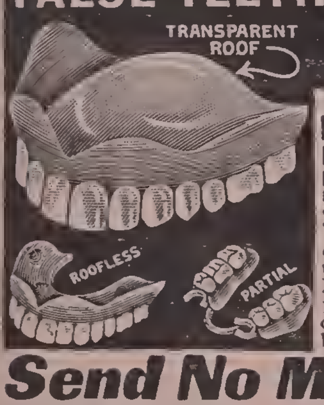

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JUDY GARLAND SAYS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

numbers were tunes like "Stormy Weather," which I sang wrapped in a black shawl, sitting on a piano on a dark stage, only my face spotlighted. At the song's conclusion, I threw off the shawl and the lights came on. I then did my six-year-old curtsy. I wanted to do "Drums of My Heart" for my first screen song, but Roger said no. Simple songs were best for children. He wrote "Dear Mr. Gable" for me; he was right. The people liked it, and it started me on my real screen career.

I'M LEFT HANDED:

When I write, my hand smudges the ink as I cross the page. I've discovered that putting talcum powder on my hand will permit it to ride along without smudging. South Paws, attention!

I'M FOND OF:

Penny candy . . . John-Frederics cologne . . . Novelty jewelry . . . Good Humor ice cream . . . Biographies . . . Surprises . . . A Tuesday special (a hug and a kiss from my little niece).

I WONDER:

Where all my best answers go when I wish I could think of them . . . Who invents those frightful lipsticks some girls wear . . . Why weeds grow so much larger than anything else in a victory garden . . . If hair that's flat on top of the head will really come back soon . . . And when the war will end.

WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL:

At Lawler's Professional school for children, twelve years ago, my schoolmates were Mickey Rooney, Anne Shirley (then Dawn O'Day), Jackie Cooper, Frankie Darrow, Diane Lewis; they all made good, and we're all still friends.

I was always so busy trying to get out of studying that I never really learned anything.

I THINK IT'S FUN:

To wash my own hair . . . Dust furniture that gleams after you dust it . . . Go into a shop and buy what I want without tiresome delays . . . To cry at movies and eat candy while I cry.

MY NICKNAME:

"Judaline" was given me by Director Victor Fleming in "Wizard of Oz," but only my family uses it. My sister, Jimmie's baby, Judy Gail Sherwood, is also nicknamed "Judaline."

MY BIGGEST THRILL:

Was my twenty-first birthday party last June. My sister, Jimmie, Danny Kaye, Keenan Wynn, Dore Schary, and Betty Asher surprised me by making records of a script they'd written called "The Life of Judy Garland." It began with my first cry, which Danny Kaye gave to the tune of "Over the Rainbow" and continued in a kidding vein to tell what had happened to me in twenty-one years. It was terribly funny, but it ended with a serious little speech given by Keenan so beautiful that I cried—I was so touched and so happy.

MY SPECIAL HEROINE:

Is Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

MY FAVORITE FICTION CHAR.:

Is Claudia. And I want a little farm in Connecticut like the one she had, and a little house exactly like hers.

MY SECRET AMBITION:

Is to write fiction. I've written a book of verse, and I love to write stories. I don't believe I'd care for literature as a living because I can't write unless I'm in the mood. But when I am in the mood, I can write for hours.

I'D LOVE TO:

Do a big musical show on the New York stage.

I ADORE:

Richard Tabor's recording of "Vienna, City of Dreams." I wish I could have seen Vienna as it was in his time. I'd like to have been part of that life where all women were glamorous, all men romantic, everything was exciting, and no one was ever dull or lonely or sad.

THE END

The soldiers address Loretta Young as "Mrs. Colonel Lewis," and how she likes it! Since returning from her camp tour, Loretta has been band-wagoning for other stars to go out as she did—simply to meet and visit with the boys. Loretta experimented with this type of "personalized" personal appearance at the camps last spring—made no stage appearances, no speeches, no planned program patter. She simply went into the hospitals, to the training centers, posts, and on ships—met the boys, hundreds of them, face to face, talked to them individually, had mess with them, attended chapel and comforted the wounded.

"I didn't have to sing, or dance, or be funny," said Loretta, "and neither do other stars, whose principal forte is acting. The boys were grand, and I enjoyed every moment. I'm going out again as soon as I can."

Ann Sothern is another star who regularly makes these tours. Ann calls them "hand shaking tours" and she concentrates on hospitals. The boys all call her "Maisie" and Ann obliges with typical Maisie cracks.

LARAINE DAY AND WAR WIVES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

feel he is still the boss, and don't make all the decisions yourself. It's wrong for a wife to give her husband the impression that she is so efficient, so capable, that she can do without him. And if she is lonely for him, she should certainly tell him. In many cases, when couples have lived together only a few days or weeks, they can really get acquainted through correspondence, and build something solid and beautiful between them.

"Another tip," she said smiling, "and this too comes from my experience: don't feel sorry for yourself! Self pity is the worst thing for the morale of a war-lorn bride."

She said once she hadn't seen Ray for four months. Just when he came to Hollywood on a brief furlough, she was leaving town on a bond selling tour. They couldn't meet, just talked on the phone. She felt so sorry for herself that she couldn't help crying. The more she cried, the worse she felt. Then she saw a boy on the train, a boy invalided home from the Solomons.

When the war is over and the men come back? That would be the climax of this whole national and international drama of women without their men. In some individual cases that climax would be also a crisis, no doubt, as couples grow away from each other and change so much that they become strangers.

"When the war is over, Ray and I will forget everything and have a honeymoon," Laraine said. "I think all American wives will come out of this war better in every respect, more tolerant, more broadminded, more cooperative, with bigger hearts and bigger minds, mellowed by suffering, by loneliness, by common sacrifices. Out of these sacrifices there will be a new American unity, such as we've never known before."

THE END

MOVIELAND'S BEAUTY PARLOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61)

up to and behind the ears. It's important from the standpoint of accelerated circulation.

It isn't necessary to allow your night cream to remain on all night. Fifteen or twenty minutes is sufficient for skin absorption, after which the surplus can be removed with tissue. Simple enough, isn't it?

If you're one of the unfortunates who has a double or flabby chin, we offer another little helpful hint. Frances is far from ever having such a chin, but she was gracious enough to illustrate the simple trick.

Just soak a piece of absorbent cotton in skin freshener or astringent and hold it under your chin for four or five minutes nightly, and you'll find it beneficial.

Your morning cleansing of the neck should be made with an application of cleansing cream, removed with tissue, and followed by a quick run-over with cotton soaked in skin freshener to tone your skin and remove any remaining traces of cream. Don't allow the skin freshener to dry on the skin, but remove it, too, with tissue or a soft towel.

If you're an all-week-at-home body, or if you're spending Sunday in the back yard or just lounging around the house, we offer a one-day skin rejuvenation that is wonderful for both face and neck.

Dash to the nearest drugstore and equip yourself with a bottle of baby oil . . . and therein lies the secret. It's a perfectly wonderful lubricant. Smooth a thin film of the oil over your face and neck and allow it to remain on as long as possible— all day, if you can. If you are in a warm winter climate, a la Hollywood, it's good in the sun, too, but common sense must prevail here as with your use of all other oils under the sun. You are not supposed to cook in it. There's a time limit to sun dosage, with or without oil.

Wash the oil off with warm water and soap, and feel the luxurious silkiness of your skin. Not to mention the fact that you'll find that a goodly portion of those tiny lines have completely disappeared.

If you've kept this baby oil on all day and aren't stepping out for a date, after washing it off, follow your regular nightly routine with night cream. The following morning, we assure you, you'll present a baby face to the world.

This is a really inside Hollywood beauty secret, and we always figure that anything that's good enough for the stars must be good enough for you, too.

Do all these things, and you'll win the beauty race "by a neck!"

* * *

Exercise of the Month:

Here we are, back in the neck division again! We couldn't leave the subject, though, because Ginny Simms came to the fore with such a swell, trouble-solving routine.

If you're the possessor of a "hollow neck," it's for you.

Ginny crooks her elbows at shoulder height, with the fingers of her hands touched lightly together and pointed outward. Then, clenching her teeth (really clench them, drawing the corners of your mouth outward!), she presses her fingers tightly together and exhales.

She relaxes while inhaling and then repeats.

After several times, Ginny varies this exercise by holding her fingers at bust height and then again at waist height.

If you like this exercise, a word to you as a beginner: To start with, don't do the exercise more than four times in each position.

This nice Simms gal does double

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Movieland, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1943

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Phil Keenan who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Movieland and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Movieland, Inc., 1476 Broadway, New York; Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 1476 Broadway, New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Phil Keenan, 1476 Broadway, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Movieland, Inc., 1476 Broadway, New York; Hillman Periodicals, Inc., 1476 Broadway, New York; Stockholders: Rita Hillman, 1476 Broadway, New York; Alex Hillman, 1476 Broadway, New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1943.

(SEAL) GEORGE GORMAN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

duty as a movie and radio star, so it isn't surprising that she likes her exercises to do double duty, too. She told us of one exercise that gives her more than triple value for each minute she devoted to it, for, while reducing the hips, it strengthens calves, arches, and ankles.

Here's the way Ginny does it: Standing with her feet parallel and about eighteen inches apart, she rises on her toes, turning her heels inward as far as possible. Then she relaxes and repeats. (Believe us, you'll be glad to relax before repeating!)

As a beginner, this exercise should not be done more than eight times daily. We offer this precaution, but we rather think you'll find out for yourself that discretion is the better part of valor.

* * *

Exercise of the Month:

We're cheating this time, but we have a hunch you're going to like cheating with us.

It's human nature to revolt against exercises that seem troublesome or at all strenuous, so we're stepping out of line and giving you two Hollywood exercises that are so easy that even the laziest of you will welcome them . . . and, best of all, they tie in directly with beauty.

Do you remember "Alice in Wonderland?"

"You are old, Father William," Lewis Carroll's "young man" said, *". . . and yet you incessantly stand on your head."*

Silly? Not at all. Beauty experts have long claimed that headstanding is tops for the circulation, which in turn promotes good complexions.

Like you, we have a hunch that Nancy Coleman is a little on the less energetic side. She tells us she likes the principle involved and the results to be obtained; but she doesn't go all-out on the headstanding routine. Nancy's trick is to lie across her bed every morning, with her head hanging lower than the rest of her body. And, confidentially, she confides that it's a wonderful routine for waking up when the alarm clock is snarling at you.

Then there's relaxation for beauty.

Ida Lupino gives us what she claims is a most potent means of relaxation. Ida lies flat on her tummy, head to one side, one arm crooked above her head and the other lying at her side. Such catnapping for five minutes, with no worries allowed to crowd into your mind, will work wonders for the weariest of weary bodies.

Exciting news this month was the birth of twin sons to Jane Wyatt—arriving two months prematurely. One weighed only four pounds and the other, three. The doctors despaired of the smaller one's life, at the beginning. But miraculously, it grew stronger daily. Michael and Nicholas, the twins have been named. Offers for new picture roles started pouring in, with Jane still at Good Samaritan hospital. It's said she'll resume work in a very short while.

* * *

Eye-Tagging With Tea Bags:

Over on the MGM lot, we found that star of "Cry Havoc," Ann Sothern, who chose to talk about tea, of all things, in connection with beauty.

Ann, it seems, not only drinks her tea but uses it, too, for beauty, which is a cute trick. She saves her tea bags from her luncheon tea for that period before the night's social doings when all of us, if smart, endeavor to lie down and relax for fifteen minutes before dressing. During that fifteen-minute period, Ann places a still-damp tea bag over each closed eye, and allows it to remain for the full rest period. She assures us it's soothing to the eyes, and relieves any feeling of strain, in turn smoothing out those tiny wrinkles caused by the day's fatigue.

* * *

Growing, Growing, Grown!

Having trouble getting your hair to grow?

Donna Reed, another of MGM's lovelies, has the same problem. She finds that hot oil treatments do wonders for her hair and scalp.

Even as you, Donna can't always find time for a beauty parlor appointment, so she ups and gives herself hot oil treatments.

Her recipe is to mix castor oil and and olive oil in equal portions and warm the mixture. She parts her hair in sections and, with a piece of absorbent cotton dipped in the oil, rubs it onto her scalp, being careful to cover the whole head.

Quickly, now, all hair goes on top of the head and is covered with a hot, steaming towel. (Careful on that steam, so you don't burn your scalp!) Once isn't enough, my hearty. Put on a second steaming towel, just as Donna does, to be sure that the oil really penetrates.

For the shampoo proper, Donna uses soft water and a liquid soap, and lets us in on her secret for successful removal of all traces of oil: She rubs the soap directly on the oily head, before putting water to it, and thus cuts the oil and allows for its easy disappearance.

It's a swell home treatment, but be certain you shampoo with enough soap and vim and vigor to get rid of every trace of oil or yours is going to be a sorry head!

* * *

Beauty Chatter:

Perk up your ears, girls, and we're off on another gab-fest.

Number 1 among the soap and water addicts is Joan Crawford, who follows her face scrubbing with heated cream. Joan takes a bit of cold cream on a tablespoon, holds it close to a heater until it is liquefied. She finds it penetrates more readily. . . . And Olivia de Havilland, who, besides sporting a set of Hollywood's most beautiful eyebrows, is constantly burying her lovely nose in some book, comes up to inform us that bronze tweezers were used to keep eyebrows neat and arched as far back as 1500 B. C. Maybe there isn't anything new under the sun . . . if you're wearing your hair in reverse rolls and having trouble getting them to stay, here's a tip from Evelyn Ankers. Taking an underneath part, she makes a tiny braid which acts as an anchor for the bobby pins put into the reverse roll . . . Joan Leslie "sets" her make-up and gives it extra sparkle by running a slightly dampened sponge over the finished job . . . Eyes tired? Try Nancy Coleman's trick of staring at an object about forehead level, then, without removing your eyes from the object, swing your head left, then right, repeating until all strain is gone . . . For exercise, Rita Hayworth says, "Dance!"—just simple steps to your favorite records for a half hour daily. It's fun and it's pleasant . . . And Paulette Goddard is emphatic in saying that skin beauty comes from within. Plenty of milk and raw vegetables, exercise and regular sun baths, all contribute to Paulette's beautiful, clear skin . . . Last but not least, Alexis Smith applies vaseline sparingly over her eyelids to highlight the eyes. Judging from the beauty and sparkle of Alexis' eyes, it's a swell tip!

THE END

MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

cut narration spoken by Brian Donlevy clarify the strategy and take an audience into the confidence of the general staff much as did "Desert Victory." You will see the use of a secret rocket weapon of which no more is known than is herein disclosed. You also will see bazooka guns in action and wave upon wave of swift tanks and horse-mounted Cossacks. For such great moments as the joy of the Soviet soldiers when the spearheads join, "Heroic Stalingrad" is very worthwhile. See it if you can take the current war straight.

FIRED WIFE (Universal) is a bubbly marital farce ingratiatingly performed by Louise Allbritton and Robert Paige, both of whom are on the high road to screen success. The plot is nothing more than a variation of a familiar theme, the conflict of marriage and careers. Yet it has been handled brightly enough in a sophisticated style to hand you a lot of new laughs. You can believe the majority of the comedy entanglements, although it is difficult to believe Diana Barrymore in her role of an enchantress. The daughter of the late John appears much too dowdy and overweight to enchant anyone, particularly when she is sharing the screen with the slick and fascinating Louise Allbritton. Walter Abel has a good role which helps balance the fun, and the chap playing a foreign actor is a comparative newcomer named George Dolenz. He is likely to become important.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners) the Irving Berlin all-soldier entertainment is still coining profits for the Army Emergency Relief Fund, the answer being that the screen version is something you can't afford to miss for your own morale.

HOLY MATRIMONY (20th Century-Fox) one of the funniest comedies of the season, with Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields deliriously concerned.

WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warners) a splendid, thought-provoking drama superbly brought home by the fine acting of Bette Davis and Paul Lukas.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) an enormously moving tribute to the heroic nurses of Bataan as personified by Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake.

LASSIE COME HOME (MGM) a simple and sincere story of a dog's love for a boy which will appeal to the whole family.

CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) a slice of domestic American with Dorothy McGuire repeating the hit she made in the title role on the stage.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) a pretentious depiction of Hemingway's novel of the Spanish Civil War, with Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, and Katina Paxinou.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) a gay time with Ernst Lubitsch looking at life after an old blade seeks admission to Hades.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER (United Artists) Walt Disney making graphic, as only he can, the argument by Alexander P. de Seversky for an immediate blow to wipe out the Axis.

HERS TO HOLD (Universal) the modern wartime comedy that brings Deanna Durbin to graceful maturity.

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)

NEW DANCER IN FAMILY

Since Betty Grable is retiring to await the stork her husband Harry James is taking up the dancing department for the family. He is taking dancing lessons for "Mr. Coed," his M-G-M picture.

His coach is the famous Jack Donahue, who used to teach Shirley Temple at Fox. Donahue was the last American to leave the Scandanavian Peninsula after the outbreak of the war. He had been in England where he had his own nightclub and appeared in plays in London. He was visiting his wife Tutta Rolfe, famous Norwegian actress, in Norway when the Germans came. They commandeered his car and made him drive them around. How he and Tutta escaped is a harrowing story and one that Harry James is trying to get Donahue to write for the films.

STORIES ABOUT GARBO

A certain young man in town captured the fancy of the great Greta Garbo. He basked in the limelight of her favor for about two months. Friends of his asked him what he and Garbo talked about.

This is what he told.

They would sit on the terrace at her house, hold hands, and Garbo would say, "Close your eyes and let's go to Paris." They would and did. Then they would journey in their imagination to London, to Siam, and all far countries.

That is the fun of falling in love with the ethereal Swede. You go so easily to such amazing places.

Another Garbo chuckle is one she tells herself. She is ever on the hunt for a new house. One day she went to inspect the house of Producer Brynie Foy.

After seeing the whole house, Mrs. Foy asked Greta whether she would like to see the swimming pool.

Miss Garbo looked out the window and said, "But there is a man down there." Mrs. Foy explained that it was just Mr. Foy, and he didn't really matter.

Garbo turned to Mrs. Foy and said, "But it might be embarrassing to him to see me looking at his house and besides 'I want to be alone.'" It was out before she knew it, and she even broke herself up. She and Mrs. Foy leaned against the wall and laughed until tears rolled down their cheeks.

Then they went arm in arm down to the pool. Miss Garbo inspected the pool, spoke to Mr. Foy, and left. But she didn't rent the house!

WARNING FOR PIN-UPS

The Pin-Up girls of the motion pictures are having a run for their money. The Walt Disney studio sends out once a month a series of wonderfully drawn pin-up girls. They are sent to Disney employees now in the service and then the left-overs to whoever request them.

The trick on the pictures is that they don't have to go through the Hays office in Hollywood, thus they are very undressed young ladies. Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour better watch out.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

The new rave, Sonny Tufts, is safely married and very happy, although his studio doesn't publicize it . . . Lieutenant Eddie Albert keeps the long distance wires hot at Anne Shirley's house; even if she doesn't care, he still does . . . Irene, dress designer at Metro, had a whole new wardrobe made for herself before her husband, Captain Elliot Gibbons, returned from a year's service with the Ferry Command in Africa.

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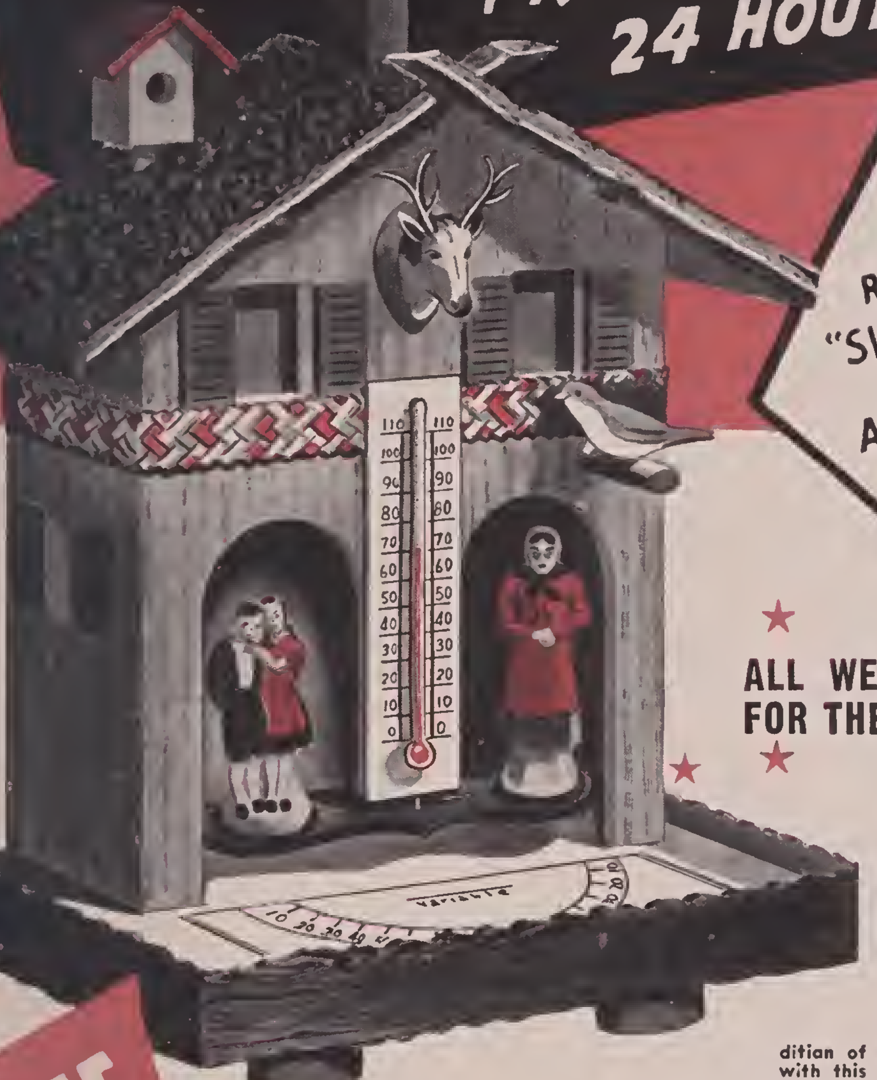

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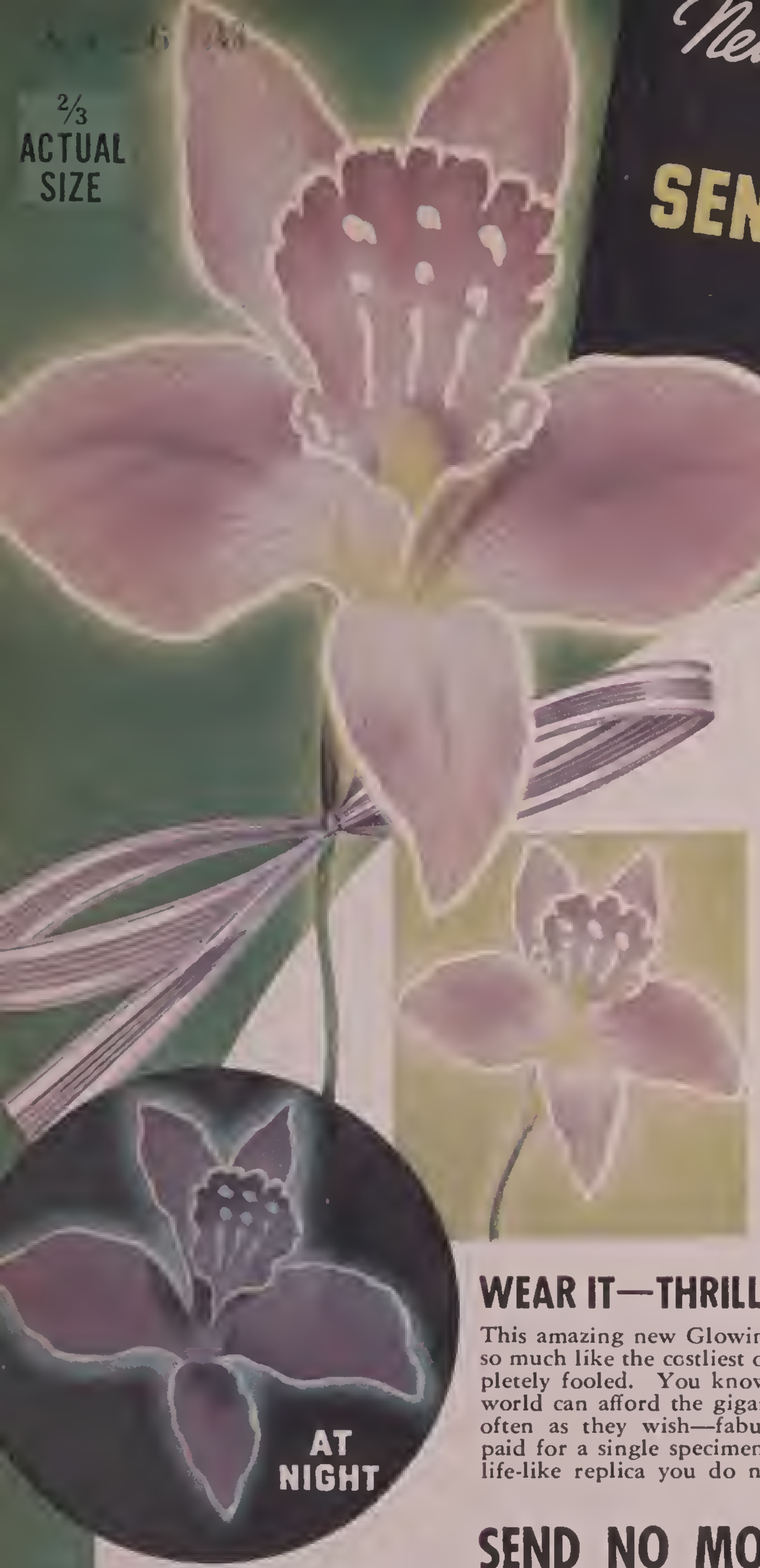

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SEND NO MONEY—*Merely Mail Coupon*

All you need do is to pay the postman 94c plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. B-2, 407 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago 5, Illinois

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only 94c —3 for $2.50!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER MAIL COUPON NOW

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. B-2, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only 94c plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

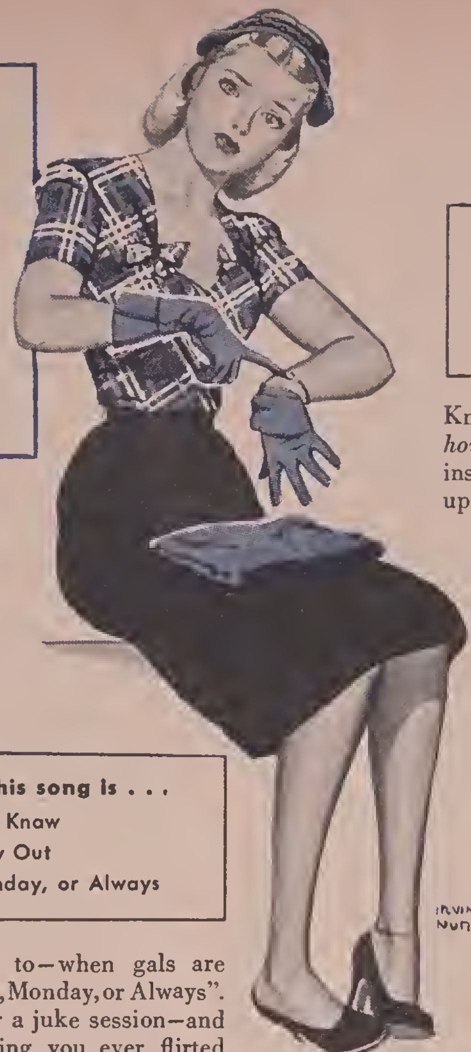
If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( )

Name...

Address...

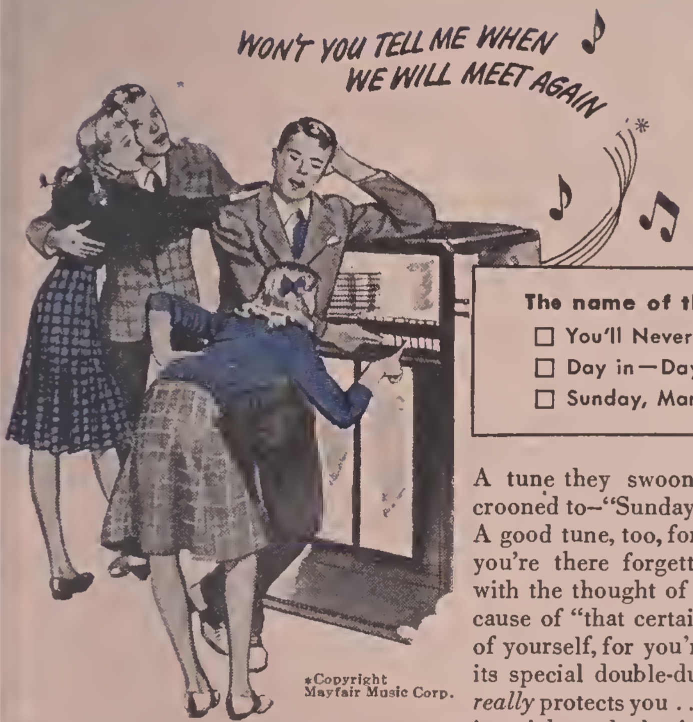
City..*State*..............

Are You in the Know?



Would you wear this number for
☐ School
☐ Dating
☐ Ping Pong Parties

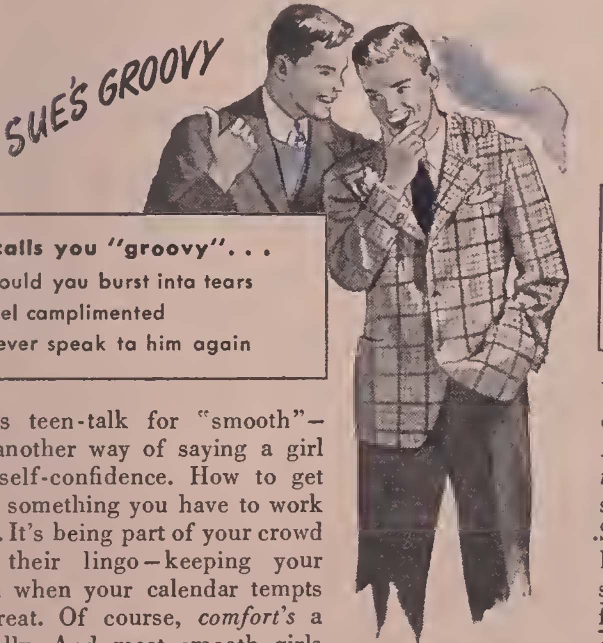
Know what's what to wear for *when!* But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital.* For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.


WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN WE WILL MEET AGAIN*

*Copyright Mayfair Music Corp.

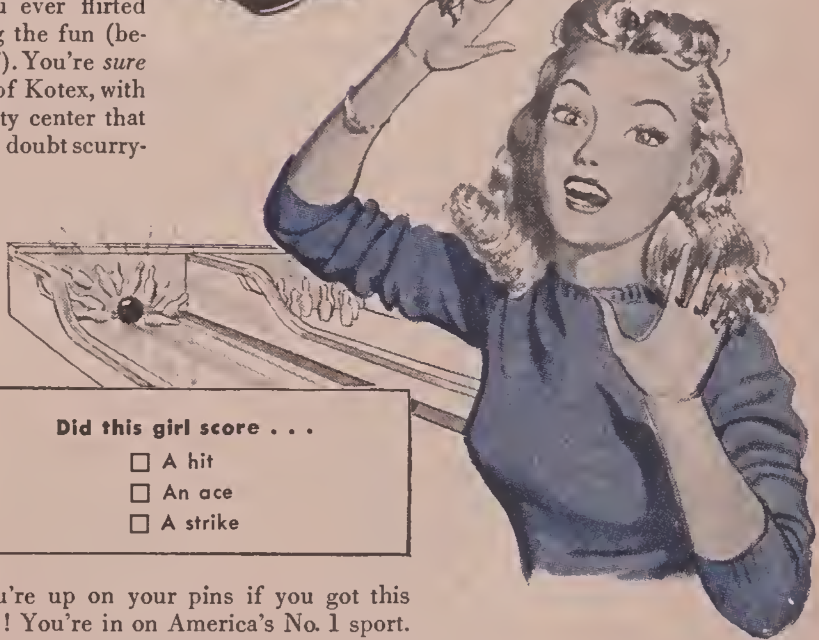
The name of this song is . . .
☐ You'll Never Know
☐ Day in—Day Out
☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that *really* protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!



If he calls you "groovy". . .
☐ Would you burst into tears
☐ Feel complimented
☐ Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that's another way of saying a girl has poise, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It's something you have to work at, full time. It's being part of your crowd—speaking their lingo—keeping your dates—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, *comfort's* a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex *is* more comfortable.



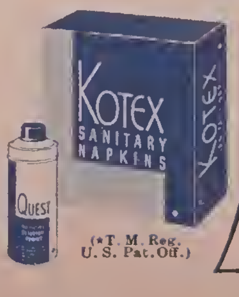
Did this girl score . . .
☐ A hit
☐ An ace
☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if *you're* a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike!*)

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

STOP GUESSING!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

If you're the mother or friend of a teen-age girl and want the booklet "As One Girl To Another", please check here ☐

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again". It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting.

Address: Post Office Box 3434
Dept. HG-1, Chicago 54, Ill.

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*____________ *State*________

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

On all the Broadways of America, there's a milling to get into the most extravagant extravaganza in years entitled "Thousands Cheer".

* * * *

It is "M-G-M's Thousands Cheer" if you please, for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio is represented in the cast.

* * * *

It is essentially a love story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. But they are the baton wavers in a parade that brings out the exact and thoroughly demonstrated talents of—

* * * *

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne—Shall we go on?

* * * *

Oh very well—Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

* * * *

Well—Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—whew!

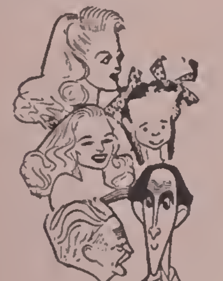
* * * *

Plus three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band.

* * * *

And lest we forget, the incomparable Jose Iturbi not only plays his immortal piano but acts like a Lunt.

* * * *



This remarkable three-ringed show is photographed in Technicolor, directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. It is an original screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream of a story about Private Miss Jones.

* * * *

It has the true Army flavor. That's why the most important letters in "Thousands Cheer" are U.S.A.

* * * *

You'll be one of the millions to cheer M-G-M's Thousands. We're in it too—at the very beginning we roar. — Leo

Movieland

VOL. 1, NO. 12 JANUARY, 1944

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Cover of Ingrid Bergman photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

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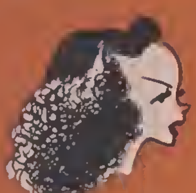
STORY OF
AN ARMY
CAMP

DIRECT FROM
ITS WORLD
PREMIERE
ENGAGEMENT
AT BROADWAY'S
FAMED ASTOR
THEATRE!

MGM's
GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!



KATHRYN
GRAYSON ☆

GENE
KELLY ☆

MICKEY
ROONEY ☆

JUDY
GARLAND ☆

LUCILLE
BALL ☆

RED
SKELTON

ELEANOR
POWELL ☆

ANN
SOTHERN ☆

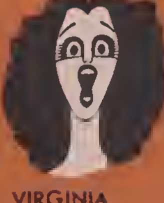
MARY
ASTOR ☆

LENA
HORNE ☆

FRANK
MORGAN ☆

JOHN
BOLES

MARGARET
O'BRIEN ☆



VIRGINIA
O'BRIEN ☆

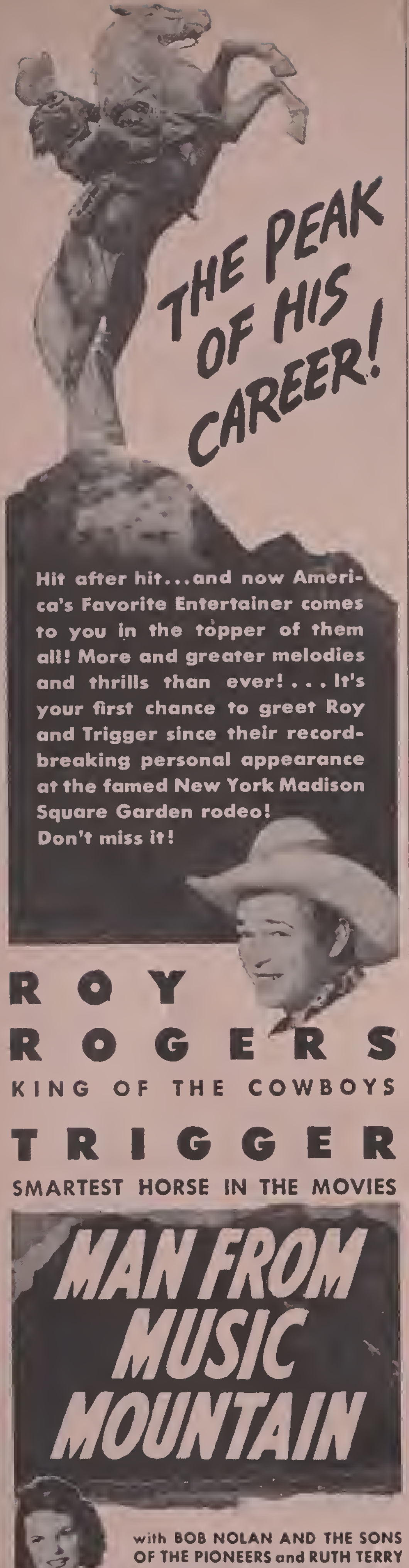
KAY
KYSER ☆

BOB
CROSBY ☆

MARSHA
HUNT ☆

JOSE
ITURBI

also: Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Benny Carter, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones"


THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER!

Hit after hit...and now America's Favorite Entertainer comes to you in the topper of them all! More and greater melodies and thrills than ever! . . . It's your first chance to greet Roy and Trigger since their record-breaking personal appearance at the famed New York Madison Square Garden rodeo! Don't miss it!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER
SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

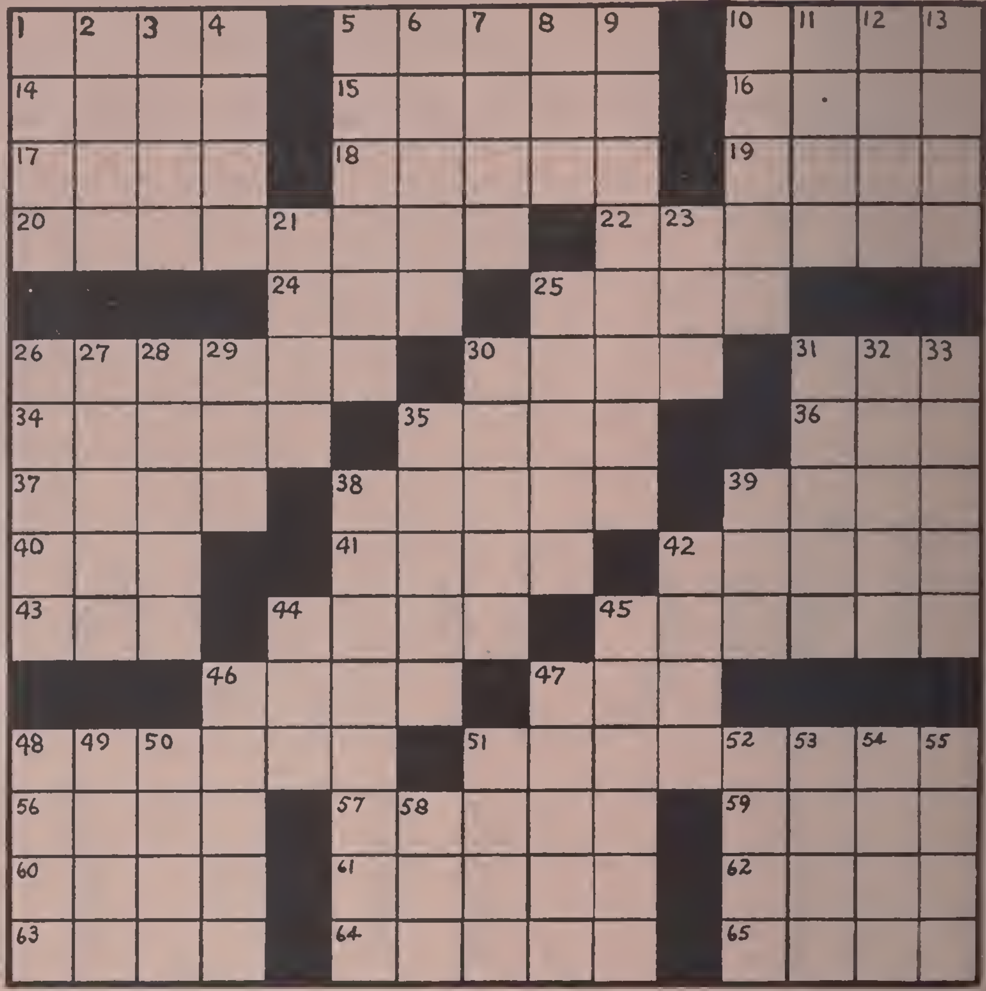
MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN

with BOB NOLAN AND THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS and RUTH TERRY
PAUL KELLY • ANN GILLIS • GEORGE CLEVELAND • PAT BRADY

Hear Roy Sing: I'm Beginning to Care • Wine, Women, and Song • Deeper and Deeper • Song of the Bandit • After the Rain • Roses on the Trail • King of the Cowboys—and more!

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Precipitate
5. Movie Western or Horse - - - - -
10. "He Hired the - - - -"
14. Famous Italian family
15. "The Black - - - - -"
16. Send forth
17. Floral perfume (var.)
18. Friday is a - - - - - in "Eyes in the Night"
19. "Rip - - - -"
20. He is in "Moon and Sixpence"
22. He is in "Shadow of a Doubt"
24. She is in "This Is the Army"
25. Sings in "The Phantom of the Opera"
26. Sidney Blackmer in "Murder in Times Square."
30. Variant spelling of Chloe
31. Dolt
34. A movie premiere is usually a big - - - - -
35. Ethel Barrymore (Mrs. - - - -)
36. Lawn Tennis Association (abbr.)
37. Conceited
38. "Salute for - - - - -"
39. "Best - - - - Forward"
40. Movie fade-out
41. Kind of horse
42 Ann's husband in "George Wasbington Slept Here"
43. Romantic Screen Team (abbr.)
44 "Mark Turner" in "All By Myself"
45. Wife of Walter Slezak in "Once Upon a Honeymoon"
46. "Journey into - - - -"
47. Mr. Colman, familiarly
48. Jean and Greer received - - - - - -
51. "Albert Lory" in "This Land is Mine"
56. F. D. R.'s pet movie actor
57. Employing
59. Unctuous
60. Hotelkeeper in "Five Graves to Cairo"
61. Andre Charlot is "Dr. - - - - -" in "The Constant Nymph"
62. Wan
63. Plexus
64. "Johnny - - - - -"
65. Epochs

DOWN

1. Paper measure
2. Canine movie actor
3. Bud and Lou - - - - in "Hit the Ice"
4. "- - - - to Hold"
5. Many movie shorts are educational - - - - - -
6. Joyce Reynolds in "The Constant Nymph"
7. Unpropitious
8. He is in "Panama Hattie"
9. Brief amusing narrative
10. "Kate Farley" in "Coney Island"
11. Neglect
12. Lateral
13. "Frau Reiker" in "They Came to Blow Up America"
21. "Diana Steed" in "The Human Comedy"
23. Keats' poem: "- - - to Autumn"
25. "Ann Richards" in "Night Plane from Chungking"
26. "We've - - - - - Been Licked"
27. Lana Turner in "Slightly Dangerous"
28. He is in "Above Suspicion"
29. "Holiday - - -"
30. Battle of the - - - - - Sea
31. "Drums - - - - - the Mohawk"
32. "Judge Hardy"
33. Sylvan deity
35. Bob Mitchell Boy - - - - - is in "Good Luck, Mr. Yates"
38. "- - - - - - - - Island"
39. Marsh
42. Did you see him on "The Road to Morocco?"
44. With his deadpan face, is in "Stage Door Canteen"
45. Groove cutter
46. Movie villains often try to - - - - - the heroes
47. Hindu princess
48. At a great distance
49. "- - - - Island"
50. Dismounted
51. Heather
52. "Robert Kittredge" in "They Got Me Covered"
53. Coronet (var.)
54. - - - - podrida
55. Pheasants' broods (Dial.)
58. "Souls at - - -"

(For Solution See Page 80)

GLORIFYING THE ALL-AMERICAN *PIN UP* GIRL!

Here's the girl in every serviceman's dreams . . . set to music, set to dancing, set to loving . . . in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty GRABLE in

PIN UP GIRL

in Technicolor!

with

JOHN HARVEY · MARTHA RAYE · JOE E. BROWN

EUGENE PALLETTE · SKATING VANITIES

CHARLIE SPIVAK

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON

Screen Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin

You'll laugh your head off when Martha and Joe get together again!

SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING FROM BROADWAY TO GUADALCANAL!

"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"
by Mack Gordon and James Monaco

Make your Christmas gift a War Bond. Your Movie Theatre is happy to serve you.

*Another **BIG** one in 20 CENTURY-FOX'S mighty parade of HITS!*

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE in JANE EYRE

EDWARD G. ROBINSON · LYNN BARI in TAMPICO

MERLE OBERON · GEORGE SANDERS · LAIRD CREGAR in THE LODGER

Three great DARRYL F. ZANUCK *productions:* THE PURPLE HEART · WILSON · WENDELL WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD

Early in 1944
The most entrancing picture of the year!

Rita HAYWORTH
Gene KELLY
in
"COVER GIRL"
in Technicolor

MUSIC BY JEROME KERN
LYRICS BY IRA GERSHWIN
with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS
JINX FALKENBURG · LESLIE BROOKS
EVE ARDEN · OTTO KRUGER
and
THE COVER GIRLS
15 of America's Most Beautiful Women
Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

WHY DEANNA AND PAUL ARE SEPARATING

Hollywood was very sorry to hear that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul had come to the parting of the ways. It was no surprise, however, even though you may read, here and there, that it was. There had actually been trouble brewing for a long while.

The first inkling of trouble was when Deanna began appearing socially with Edmund O'Brien, her leading man in "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday." In any other town a young wife, separated by war from her service husband, might have appeared with a handsome "other man" and had that date be meaningless. But in a place like Hollywood such meetings assume a special significance, no matter how casual they may actually be. So the Durbin-O'Brien date did cause eyebrow-raising in the film colony.

It's saddening, though, that it did happen. Vaughn, now Lt. Paul of the U. S. Navy, was Deanna's first beau, her first love. They married in an aura of romance, and most certainly they intended to live happily ever after. "Ever after" turned out to be only about two years.

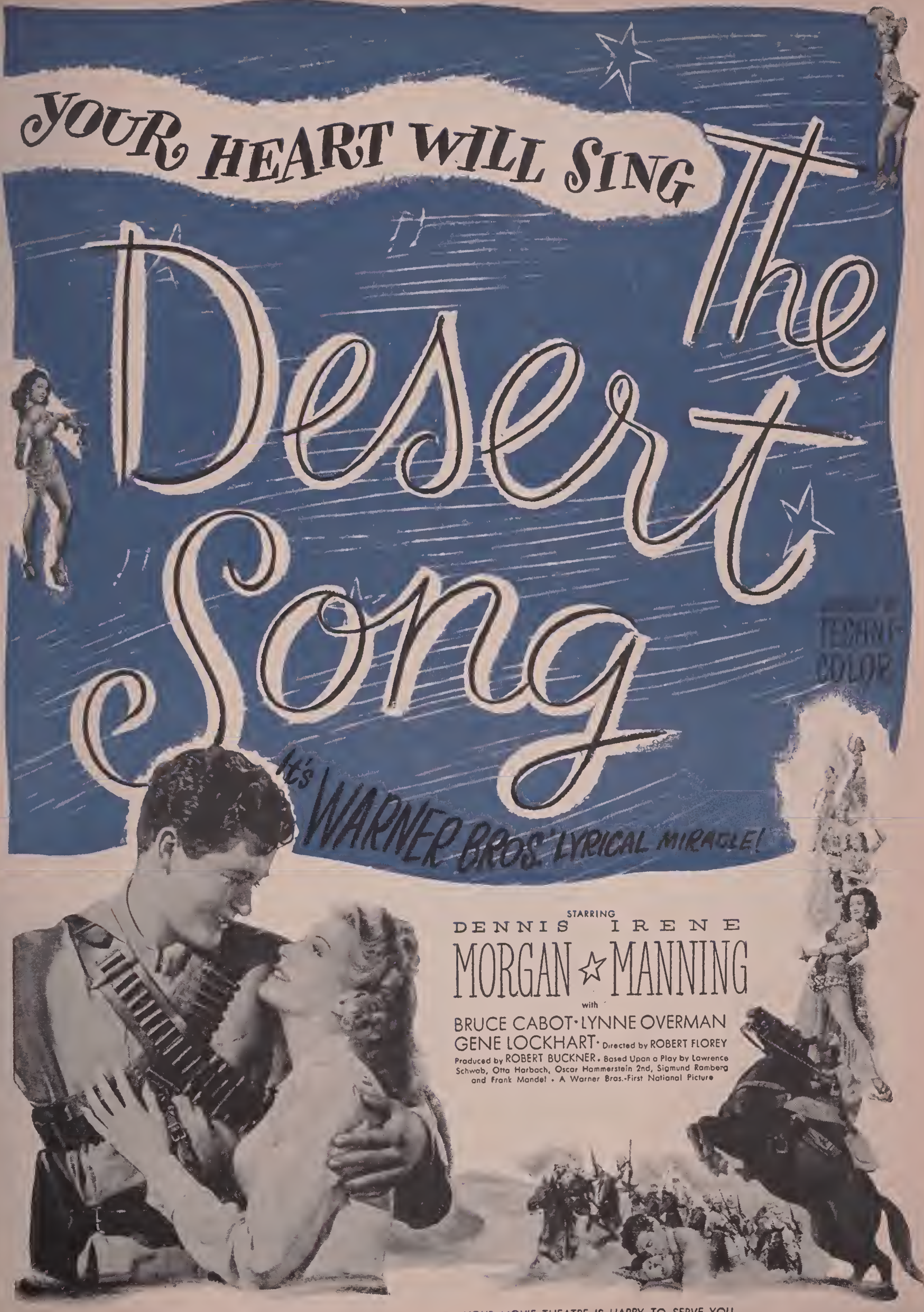
The separation that the war put upon them, Deanna's growing up, both in years and in her work, the handicaps that fame and fortune puts on all movieland marriages; these factors conspired to kill this romance.

SOMEBODY LOVES DEANNA

There is one romantic story about Deanna that I do not believe has been told until now. It concerns a particularly nice young man about movieland. Ever since her first films, this intelligent, charming young man has been unrequitedly in

(More Inside Hollywood on page 10)

A preview of the newest, hottest romance in town—George Brent and Janet Michael at Club La Maze. Keep your eyes on this couple.


YOUR HEART WILL SING
The Desert Song
TECHNI-COLOR
It's WARNER BROS.' LYRICAL MIRACLE!

STARRING
DENNIS IRENE
MORGAN ☆ MANNING
with
BRUCE CABOT · LYNNE OVERMAN
GENE LOCKHART · Directed by ROBERT FLOREY
Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER. Based Upon a Play by Lawrence Schwab, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND. YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO SERVE YOU.

FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

every wife should understand

Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information . . . make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today modern, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and *give continuous medication for hours.*

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

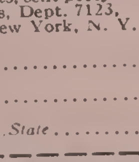
FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7123, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . *State*. . . . .

Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

love with Deanna.

He doesn't go about making any nuisance of himself, or carrying one of those highly visible torches. But everybody of inner Hollywood knows his feelings. He has never married and he says unless he can have Deanna, he never will, despite his high eligibility and the number of other glamour girls who have pursued him.

Right now, with Deanna free, the situation gets more than ever ironic. Because Deanna still is not interested in him, save as a very good friend.

PITY FOR THE MOVIE BRIDE

Girls in love in other towns, girls dreamily in love with their fine new husbands, are much luckier than the movie brides. Juliet Capulet of Cupcake, Nebraska, has a very swell chance that she'll hold her Romeo. But the Hollywood brides can scarcely hold their happiness. They have their careers and they have their money, but their homes are very lonely.

Look at that haunted, hungry look on little Judy Garland's face, for example, just in case you don't believe me.

HAPPILY MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

There are two outstanding exceptions, however, one girl about the most provocative and charming young thing currently on screen, and the other a young American just returned from England's war zones. The first is Gene Tierney, who has just had her daughter, Antoinette Darcia Cassini, whom Gene and Oleg Cassini, her soldier-husband will call Toni.

When Gene married Olie more than two years ago, there was everything against their union, yet they have been blissful and grown steadily more devoted to one another.

Now that their first baby is born, Gene will return from Fort Riley, Kansas where she's been with her husband. She is not giving up her career, but she says she wants to have a family of six, at least.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 12)

Left—Together again. Now that Frances Langford is back from the Bob Hope overseas trip, she and husband Jon Hall are once more seen around town. Right—Mr. Bill Powell gives out with the look of all husbands of pretty wives when the pretty wife does a neat rumba, and the husband can't get it at all—and a handsome captain comes along who rumbas like a dream. Pretty wife is Diana Lewis, you know.

THE SINATRA SHOW!

IT'S THE SEASON'S TOPS!
in LOVE! in LAUGHS!
in SONGS! in STARS!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie wow 'em as he woos 'em with song! It's an entertainment treat that'll make your heart skip a beat!

MICHELE MORGAN
JACK HALEY
FRANK SINATRA

in

"HIGHER and HIGHER"

WITH

LEON ERROL · MARCY McGUIRE
PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN
BARBARA HALE · DOOLEY WILSON

Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Spence
Additional Dialogue by William Bowers and Howard Harris

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Hear Frankie Sing His Own Hit Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," "The Music Stopped," "You Belong in a Love Song," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."

Make-up
by the men who
make-up the
Hollywood Stars

OLIVIA
DE HAVILAND
IN
Princess O'ROURKE
A Warner Bros. Picture

House of
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP

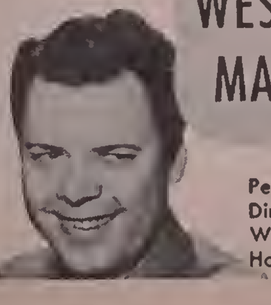
FOUNDATION CREAM
FACE POWDER
ROUGE
LIPSTICK

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty . . . goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes . . . does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin . . . never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP



Perc Westmore,
Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios,
Hollywood

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

('CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

The other girl is Ann Dvorak. She's been away from the screen three years.. She left to follow her English husband, Leslie Fenton, when he went into the service of his native land. In England, Ann worked in an ambulance unit during the worst of the blitzes; was a member of the hard-laboring Women's Land Army; did camp and hospital entertainment tours in her few, free hours.

Now with Leslie invalided out of service and back to Hollywood, Ann's back, too. She means to return to the screen. But if Leslie should leave the film colony, for any reason whatsoever, Ann would leave also, even if she had the chance at a role as important as Scarlet O'Hara. For that's the way Ann loves her husband, the "whither thou goest, I shall go" feeling.

So some movie stars do know what marriage means, in the true sense of the word, but they are, I insist, exceptions.

WATCH THAT MAN—GREGORY PECK!

I may be wrong. I've been very wrong before, but I do believe I've seen the next great lasting star of the screen.

He's Gregory Peck, very tall, definitely dark with straight black hair, and handsome in a sensitive, distinctive way that makes him stand out even in a town populated with such as Gary Cooper, Cary Grant and Walter Pidgeon.

There are a lot of handsome new young men around Hollywood these days, of course, taking the place of the departed Gables, Taylors, Montgomerys and Matures. But Peck has the advantage not only of being new and very good looking, but also of being a magnificent actor.

I saw his love scenes in "Days of Glory," which Casey Robinson is making for R-K-O. This is another story of Russian guerrillas, but it is a simple, intense love story set against heroic action. Opposite Greg is Tamara Toumanova, straight from the Monte Carlo ballet and making her film debut.

I went to lunch with the three of them, Robinson, the excellent writer (he wrote the screen plays on "Kings Row," "Dark Victory," "Now, Voyager" and "This is

(More Inside Hollywood on page 81)

A lovely lady goes out with her husband, Paul Lukas. And he is now a hit again in Hollywood since his appearance in "Watch on the Rhine."

CHARLES BOYER ★ BARBARA STANWYCK

★ ROBERT BENCHLEY ★ ROBERT CUMMINGS ★

★ EDWARD G. ROBINSON ★ THOMAS MITCHELL ★

FLESH AND FANTASY

The story of four Fates... eight lives...any one of which could be YOURS...in

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

every man...every woman ...will find a scene from their OWN life in this motion picture!...Strange?... Impossible?...then let it challenge your secret hate... your hidden love...your quarreled fears...with its climax upon climax of gripping drama!

The Great Motion Picture with Thrills above all!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD
ROBERT CUMMINGS
with EDGAR BARRIER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
with THOMAS MITCHELL
C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE
DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER
BARBARA STANWYCK
with
CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph

Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Laslo Vadnay • Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETTY FIELD ★ CHARLES WINNINGER

Movieland's NEW PICTURE GUIDE

THE NORTH STAR (Samuel Goldwyn) will disappoint all who had reason to expect a great deal more from Hollywood's first important drama of the war in Russia. That a producer of the standing of Samuel Goldwyn spent several million dollars in bringing "The North Star" to the screen gave promise of an outstanding cinema, as did the authorship of its story by a playwright of the reputation Lillian Hellman attained with such fine dramas as "Watch on the Rhine" and "The Little Foxes." What their collaboration brings forth this time is distinctly not up to standard.

The picture tells of life in a Russian village just before and during the first two days of the Nazi invasion. It gets off on the wrong foot by stressing the happy, carefree life these villagers led until even the children are forced to fight for their very lives. Unfortunately, the opening sequences are too much like comic opera to have any impact of reality. This spoils the force of the magnificent moments later depicted in all the harrowing details of war with a ruthless enemy.

In order to bring the grimness of the fighting closer home to Americans, the cast performs without accents. A notable film debut is scored by Farley Granger as one of the group of school children caught away from home by the Nazi attack. Other students in the party are well played by Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Jane Withers and little Eric Roberts. There are strong adult roles for Walter Huston, Ann Harding and Walter Brennan.

PARIS AFTER DARK (20th Century-Fox) rises above being simply another adventure in the underground forces of Nazi-occupied Europe. Somehow the things that occur in this melodrama have uncommon sincerity.

George Sanders, Philip Dorn, and Brenda Marshall give admirable performances as Parisians who are dangerously allied, trying to overthrow the Nazi rule of their country.

HI-YA SAILOR (Universal) is practically one solid tune. If you are mathematically inclined, you can count up to fifteen numbers in this little picture which features the orchestras of Ray Eberle and Wingy Manone. The answer to how it was done is simple. Donald Woods is cast as a songwriter in the Merchant Marine, and the slim plot tells of his search for a publisher. It's not too hard to take.

IN OLD OKLAHOMA (Republic) is a fast moving, action-packed drama of the early oil drilling days at the beginning of the twentieth century, when fortunes were made over night and Indians still had to be fought.

Martha Scott is an attractive school teacher who has written daringly and scandalously, for that era, about romance and adventure. With the protests of the town's offended petticoat delegation hissing her ingloriously but defiantly out of town, she meets Albert Dekker, a husky self-assured oil operator, and John Wayne, an itinerant cowboy and ex-Rough Rider.

What follows then is far more romantic than anything teacher wrote in her book! Plus some unexpected melodramatic "situations" into which she gets herself. Western backgrounds, fist fights, mustacheoed villains and all work with a plot that eventually gets to Washington and Teddy Roosevelt.

YOU'RE A LUCKY FELLOW, MR. SMITH (Universal) uses the marriage-of-convenience theme for an up-to-date light comedy with music. It is one of those minor offerings into which somehow eight songs have been packed. Allan Jones is a soldier who is tricked into marrying Evelyn Ankers because she has to become a bride by midnight in order to inherit a fortune.

More Reviews on page 64

WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN (MGM) doesn't give Red Skelton time to pucker up. Strictly a slapstick affair about a crime-solving radio star, known to his listeners as "The Fox," this is the third and latest of the series that introduced Skelton to the screen. It is also his weakest comedy. In attempts to hypo interest in the offering, the climaxing scenes are staged at the Brooklyn baseball park during a game in which "Dem Bums" participate. Actually since Brooklyn lost the pennant this year, only four of the players seen are still with the club, a fact that might serve as a warning to Skelton and others who appear with him.

GILDERSLEEVE ON BROADWAY (RKO) never makes up its mind whether it is bidding for laughs from the juvenile or the adult members of its audience. If Harold Peary, who is the Great Gildersleeve of radio programs, hopes to amuse the kids, his film material should not be so concerned with romantic mix-ups. If he wants to entertain the grown-ups, he will have to grow up first himself. Regrettably, Billie Burke has allowed herself to become involved in this unfunny affair.

FIND THE BLACKMAILER (Warners) could win the prize as the silliest murder mystery of the season. A detective is hired to locate a talking crow. For a finish, the writers seem to have decided that the bird couldn't talk, after all. The crow is a victim of a ventriloquist and the players are just victims of a hoax.

THE DANCING MASTERS (20th Century-Fox) has Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy tripping the light fantastic and incidentally themselves. You have to be a thorough-going addict of these comedians to deem them funny in this show. Both try hard, with merely moderate success.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE

JANE EYRE *(20th Century-Fox)* Charlotte Bronte's novel of a woman's love comes to the screen as a classic drama superbly performed by Joan Fontaine. No woman will ever forget it.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE *(Warners)* a sparkling, modern Cinderella comedy in reverse with Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn.

LASSIE COME HOME *(MGM)* a simple and sincere story of a dog's love for a boy. Will appeal to the whole family. Stars Roddy McDowall.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *(Paramount)* the pretentious depiction of Hemingway's Spanish story, with Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman and Katina Paxinou. Heavy-handed but worth seeing.

THIS IS THE ARMY *(Warners)* the Irving Berlin all-soldier entertainment. Terrific, songs, dances and laughs.

CLAUDIA *(20th Century-Fox)* a delightful slice of domestic Americana with Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young.

FLESH AND FANTASY *(Universal)* a series of inter-related stories of the supernatural which Charles Boyer produced. He also acts in one chapter. Distinctly different.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL *(Paramount)* an enormously moving tribute to the heroic nurses of Bataan as personified by Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake.

WATCH ON THE RHINE *(Warners)* a thought-provoking drama splendidly brought home by the fine acting of Bette Davis and Paul Lukas.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER *(United Artists)* Walt Disney making graphic, as only he can, the argument by Alexander P. de Seversky for an immediate air blow to wipe out the Axis.

IT'S THE JOYPACKED DANCE & ROMANCE HIT OF '44!

WITH A NEW STAR!

MONOGRAM
proudly presents

BELITA
in
"LADY, LET'S DANCE"

It's the big, musical smash that sets the pace for '44 . . . with a great cast starring Belita, the most talented personality in Hollywood . . . 4 name bands, dance-happy tunes . . . and magnificent spectacle!

SHE SKATES
SHE ROMANCES
SHE DANCES

with a great cast
JAMES ELLISON
FRICK & FRACK · WALTER CATLETT
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD · MAURICE ST. CLAIR

AND 4 BIG BANDS
HENRY BUSSE
MITCH AYRES
EDDIE LeBARON
LOU BRING

Produced by SCOTT R. DUNLAP
Supervised by William D. Shapiro
Directed by Frank Woodruff
Original story by
Bradbury Foote & Scott R. Dunlap
Screenplay by
Peter Milne & Paul Gerard Smith

Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters record "Pistol Packin' Mama" for Decca, plus "The Victory Polka" on the same disc. Dig that expression of Bing's!

Al Dexter, the "pistol packin'" man, tells Bing how he dreamed up that millions-selling hit tune.

WORDS *of* MUSIC

Hiya, pals. . . . Gather your wits around while I chop you out the best bit of music news this month—or a lot of months. It's this: Part of that fight between the A. F. of M. is settled and we can all get a few recordings again.

Good news? Wow!

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Decca Records grab the spotlight because they were the first recording company to settle their differences with the American Federation of Musicians and thus were the first to be allowed to record with orchestras again. And the premier pressing after fourteen months of vocal backgrounds, old releases, etc., was made with great rejoicing and photographers galore on hand for the event. It's Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters doing "Pistol Packin' Mamma" and "The Victory Polka." Vic Schoen provides the arrangements and the music. The girls also have one platter all to themselves, "Down In The Valley" and "Shoo Shoo Baby."

On the quieter side there's a newie, Deanna Durbin with Victor Young and his orchestra on "Say A Prayer For The Boys Over There" and "The Spirit Of The Moment."

Save your allowances, gates, because Decca has big plans for lots of new records by their artists, including Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman and Frances Langford. . . .

Victor's new release is "Hotcha-cornia" and "Wild Wild Women" with that King of Corn, Spike Jones and His City Slickers. "Hotcha-cornia" is really "Dark Eyes" but not the way you've ever heard it before. . . .

Columbia Records' Xmas issue

Chorlie Spivok showing Jill Worren the score for his theme song, "Stordreoms," ot his sensotionol Hollywood Pollodium opening night.

By JILL WARREN

is not a swing record, but it's worth telling you about anyway. It's "Night Before Xmas" and "Little Jesus" rendered by Basil Rathbone with a beautiful background by the Robert Mitchell Boy Choir of St. Brendan's Church. . . .

Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael combined talents to compose "Old Music Master," which is the title of Capitol's latest. You'll get your money's worth because Paul Whiteman provides the music and the vocal department is handled by Mercer and Jack Teagarden, both Whiteman alumni. The only disappointment is that "Big T" doesn't play his horn. . . .

THE TUNEFILMS:

When it comes to tunes on celluloid the music makers continue to keep Hollywood on the upbeat, and the musicals are still coming. Twentieth Century-Fox' newest is "The Gang's All Here" and the most important part of the gang is Benny Goodman and his band. Of course, Alice Faye is starred (probably her last appearance before the newest member of the Phil Harris' household puts in his or her very welcome appearance), and for support Alice has such good supporters as Carmen Miranda, Jimmy Ellison, Charlotte Greenwood and Tony DeMarco. The picture has some fine numbers, the most effective of which are "Brazil" and "The Polka Dot Polka" (Cute title, yes?). Carmen does "Brazil" as only she can do it, accompanied by her own band. B.G. drops his clarinet for a few bars to join her vocally on a tune called "Paducah," and he sings a solo, "Minnie's In The Money."

(*Continued on next page*)

Fox has just started production on one of their biggest efforts, "Four Jills In a Jeep" (formerly titled "Camp Show") with Dick Haymes, no less, in the male lead. He will sing three new songs with Jimmy Dorsey and his band supplying the music. Bob Eberly will be in evidence, too. This is the story of the trip which Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye took to the fighting fronts, and the girls will play themselves. . . .

If you're a Ted Lewis fan, be sure to see Columbia's "Is Everybody Happy?", the story of Ted's life and career. Nan Wynn is in this, also Bob Haymes, Dick's younger brother. It's nice actually to see Nan singing for a change. We've only heard her before—as Rita Hayworth's voice double. There is a fine array of "oldie but goodie" tunes in this film, including all the ones Ted made famous. . . .

Universal's "Hi Ya Sailor" features Ray Eberle and Wingy Manone and his band. Ray sings "Just A Step Away From Heaven," and Wingy has a number called "Jazz Babies Ball," which he does in typical Manone manner.

In "Crazy House," starring Olsen and Johnson, you're going to see your old friends, "The Glenn Miller Singers," who are actually nobody else but "The Modernaires" and Marion Hutton. They are heavily featured along with Count Basie and his orchestra. And remember Leighton Noble, who was doing all right with his band when the war came along? He plays a straight role besides making with song. Also present and accounted for are Martha O'Driscoll, warbling on the screen for the first time, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . .

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's "Mr. Co-Ed" is still shooting, though Harry James has finished his chores and started rehearsing for "Two Sisters and a Sailor." He expects to be called into the army as soon as it's completed. . . .

RKO certainly did right by our boy Frank Sinatra in "Higher and Higher." He plays himself in the picture, wins a beautiful girl, Barbara Hale, and sings five songs—"You Belong In A Love Song," "The Music Stopped," "Lovely Way To Spend An Evening," "I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" and "I Saw You First." How about those titles? When he sings them you can readily tell that they were written just for him.

EARMARKS OF HITS:

Phil Moore, the brilliant Negro pianist and arranger, has written a jump tune which will be one of the biggest hits of the year. It's "Shoo Shoo, Baby," and one of the cutest songs I've ever heard. I had the chance to hear Lena Horne rehearse—before she sang it on her personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York. It brought down the house there and it sure laid me in the aisles. You'll also hear it in Universal's "Three Cheers For The Boys" and probably every time you turn on your radio. . . .

"White Christmas" undoubtedly will be revived every Yuletide season from now on, but this year it will have some competition from a new song by Kim Gannon and Walter Kent, "I'll Be Home For Christmas." This is a fine sentimental ballad as you can see from its last line, "I'll Be Home For Christmas, If Only In My Dreams," and if I know my releases, it stands an excellent chance of being a smash hit.

Frankie Masters introduced a novelty ditty which should make the Hit Parade ere too long—"Deacon Jones," all about a handsome deacon who's a killer with the gals. . . .

Allie Wrubel's "I Bet-cha" is a swingy thingy that should get someplace. . . . "From Twilight Till

(*Continued on page 70*)

Lena Horne, the honey-skinned chanteuse, caught at the microphone during one of N.B.C.'s recent "What's New" programs.

Harry James taking a chorus at a jam session in the Palladium. And just see how he squeezes out the top notes!

Read why handsome Dick Haymes ruled out station crowds, wanted only his wife to meet him when he came back to Hollywood.

The fabulous Miss Rogers with "Lady in the Dark" all finished at Paramount and awaiting release (and it's whispered that it is utterly super) has returned to her home studio, RKO, for "Tender Comrade." This is a touching story of a war bride, and Ginger being one herself, is playing it with her suave dash and perfection. Leading man Robert Ryan is adding extra realism, too, this being his final film before army induction.

Not long ago, it was predicted that Ingrid Bergman would become the foremost actress on the screen. In a few short years, she has justified that claim.

Ingrid at nine months, and giving with a great big smile. Too young then to be treating the customers, that grin was probably just to please the cameraman.

Four years old, and going musical. Matter of fact, it was a song which was responsible for Ingrid's coming to America; the title song from "Intermezzo."

Every man who ever meets Ingrid Bergman starts talking like a love song; and our author, as you will see from this magnificent story, is no exception whatsoever

BERGMAN, the Beautiful

By JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

SOMETIMES I think she's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I'm not sure. How can one be sure of such a complete and final conclusion?

The thought disturbs me, and has disturbed me ever since I first met her. Her kind of beauty is always disturbing. Ordinary definitions don't touch it. Like trying to explain in a hundred words the vast and complex nature of radium rays.

In the twenty years I have been in Hollywood I've witnessed a meager procession of beautiful women: Alice Joyce, Katherine MacDonald, Corinne Griffith, Barbara LaMarr, Vilma Banky—a few others. But Bergman is of different stuff. Beauty—not of a Grecian profile or flaming hair or seductive figure.

Let's see what this beauty is made of; what are its symptoms. Several years ago, when Ingrid Bergman was a strange name to the American public, David O. Selznick predicted that one day she would become the foremost actress on the screen. Later, and not long ago, the famed producer of "Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca," to whom she is now under contract, declared without qualification that Bergman would play Maria in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" and, moreover, would win the Academy Award by her performance. He persisted in this prognostication even after another actress had started to essay the role.

What rare human compound was this which so arrested the discoverer of Vivien Leigh, Joan Fontaine, Jennifer Jones, and many others? What is the anatomy of this beauty?

Shyly demure, for all her nine years, here we see the start of the Bergman reserve; the unaffected simplicity of her, which is more frankly appealing than the usual Hollywood glamour.

Grandma's specs make the five-year-old Ingrid rather a precocious child. Reading the news at that age, and with such serious concentration? Oh, but she's only pretending!

In a scene from a Swedish film. Ingrid's dramatic career was underway in Sweden at the age of fifteen. And successfully, we can add assuredly.

Bergman teamed with Cooper again, as they appear in a scene for "Saratoga Trunk," scheduled for release sometime in 1944.

Author Joseph H. Steele meets Ingrid for the first time, greeting her at Great Northern Station, in Minnesota.

BERGMAN

CONTINUED

Carl Sandburg, world famous writer, met his favorite film heroine when he visited Ingrid on the set of "Gaslight," her latest picture.

MY first meeting with Ingrid Bergman was last February in Minneapolis. She was arriving there from her home in Rochester, N. Y., and I had never seen her except on the screen. She was coming there at the behest of the government to make a film about Swedes in America for the Office of War Information. It was a warm day for last February's Minneapolis—only eighteen below zero—and I was one of a delegation greeting her.

Presently the train arrived, and Bergman emerged—without benefit of fanfare and minus a retinue of fourteen pieces of luggage. Several passengers alighted, and behind them she appeared. Dressed in low-heeled shoes, a fur coat, her head encased in a red and blue knit bonnet secured by a knot under the chin. The latter was her very practical and attractive solution to the problem presented by the haircut she wore as a result of "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

I stepped forward and greeted her. "I am Joe Steele," I said. Simply, frankly, warmly she looked at me. Later I was to learn that nothing so characterizes as this way of looking at someone. The word "straight" kept recurring to me. "Hello," she said. But how can I describe how she said it?

"The press would like to photograph you here," I said. "And then they'd like to take some pictures in the U.S.O. room upstairs. Do you mind?" *(Continued on page 72)*

As "Maria" in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; the Ingrid Bergman whom many critics are nominating for the Academy Award. Her producer predicted it would be so, even before she was assigned the role.

Ingrid Bergman and Warner Baxter in a scene from Columbia's "Adam Had Four Sons". Her success in this country was still to be established. Her charm was in being different; real, sincere.

The role she played with Humphrey Bogart, in "Casablanca", was so like Ingrid really is: forthright, honest, direct and unaffected, to the point of seeming naive.

Whatever tips Frank picked up from Joan Davis looks as though they were pretty good.

WITH FRANK SINATRA IN HOLLYWOOD

Or How the Idol of the Slick Chicks Feels About His Newest Triumphs

IN October, 1943, the number of Frank Sinatra Fan Clubs, covering the entire country, and strictly feminine in membership, reached an even eight hundred.

"The Sighing Society of Sinatra Swooners" meets in New Jersey and starts each session with the countersign, a low breathing of the words "Moonlight Sinatra," followed by three short sighs and a long one. Its members are teen-agers.

In Manhattan there is the "Frank Sinatra Fan and Mah Jong Club," which meets to kick the gong and the ivory-pieces around simultaneously, to the tune of his records. The ladies so organized range from forty to sixty years of age.

"The Girls Who Would Lay Down Their Lives and Die for Frank Sinatra Club" will perform the supreme sacrifice, if demanded, in Flatbush, N. Y.

The "Slaves of Sinatra" all wear blouses with the first notes of his theme song embroidered on the

Meeting Lionel Barrymore was the greatest thrill of his whole Hollywood experience.

Frankie and Barbara Hale make up the young romantic team in RKO's "Higher and Higher."

Virginia Weidler, movietown's queen of the slick chicks. Getting a Sinatra autograph means "just everything." So Frank gladly obliges.

The Croon Prince, himself, Frank Sinatra. He did what he wanted to do, and he got where he wanted to be—and he also knows why he'll always be in that spot.

By DOROTHY DEERE

A during rehearsal snack at the CBS Studios consists of a bottle of milk and a couple of sandwiches.

Eating again! This time some lucky gal at the commissary on the RKO lot hands Frankie his coffee.

FRANK SINATRA CONTINUED

pockets. One of the Slaves claims to have seen "Ship Ahoy," in which Frankie sang two songs, one hundred and twenty times. Since the picture was undoubtedly double-featured, this gives rise to the dire thought that maybe the Civil War didn't do as much freeing as we thought it did.

Then again, there's the "Sin Not Sinatra Club," composed of young ladies who frankly admit that if they can't have Frankie, they don't want anybody, which—with the man shortage being what it is—may turn out to be a good thing.

At any rate, it all adds up to the fact that next to World War II, a small guy named Sinatra is the biggest thing that's hit American womanhood since she got the vote. There are some people who would qualify this statement by adding that if it were not for World War II, this particular type of hysteria could not have swept a nation.

To be absolutely fair, any American, male or female, croon-crazy or not, must admit that in a decade when a couple of other little fellows—Hitler and Tojo, by name—do nothing but create suffering, Frank Sinatra, who makes a nation sing-happy, deserves some of the frenzied plaudits he is getting.

Moved by this same spirit of fairness, we are pleased to announce the number of Frank Sinatra Fan Clubs has now increased to eight hundred and one. Just a few weeks ago the "We're Willing to Be Broadminded About Sinatra Club" came into being. Its charter membership consisted of Miss Ruth Waterbury, editor of this magazine, plus the above signed writer, both of whom don't mind admitting they are feminine but refuse to tell their ages.

This latest and smallest group, we believe, is the only Sinatra Club composed strictly of Bing Crosby fans, which as you know, is a breed of partisan even stubborner than a Republican. The immediate circumstances preceding its organization occurred one morning when the staff of MOVIELAND, missing Miss Waterbury, found her sitting dazedly beside a snowdrift of Sinatra fan-mail. In her nerveless hand was clutched a missive signed by some twenty females, reading:

"We love Frankie so much we don't care if he is married. We love his wife, too, and all his unborn children—"

Our first actual glimpse of the Croon Prince occurred at RKO, where they were starring him in a picture called "Higher and Higher," after the career of the same name. He was walking down a graveled pathway, a slim, grease-painted and tuxedoed figure, sort of pulled along by two large men at either elbow and with three more pushing forward at his heels. A man on one side was saying something about the afternoon's filming schedule, the fellow on the other side was

Sinatra still looks at his hero. Actually it was after he had looked at Crosby on the screen one night that he determined on his career.

Just like any movie star, Frankie had to study his script for his RKO picture, "Higher and Higher."

talking about a broadcast rehearsal, and one of the heel-steppers was trying to drown out the others by yelling something about a Canteen appearance that night.

The most overpowering current of personality radiated by the nation's idol at that moment was a strong aura of daze. Our very first encounter with the famous voice without its choral accompaniment, was a short sentence that said something like "Hello glad to know you tell the band I'll meet them there at eight."

The fore-part of the statement we took as our very own, and let the rest of it fall where it would do the most good. His eyes, made bluer by the greasepaint, were friendly, and the Sinatra smile, while it lasted, was of a sufficient warmth to leave us undismayed, even though Frankie, carried onward by the flying wedge, was off across the lot and we were left standing in the middle of the graveled pathway with his friend and alter ego, a gentleman named George Evans.

"Gee," said Mr. Evans feelingly, "if you had any idea of the merry-go-round that kid's been on! Eight months of it, just like this—trying to do a dozen things at once, day and night. Any other fellow would have lost thirty pounds—"

"How much has Frankie lost?" we asked, with a mind for statistics.

"Nothing," said Mr. Evans gloomily. "He was nothing but skin and bones (*Continued on page* 63)

Michael O'Shea remembers the holidays he spent at Grandmother's house. Moonlit snow; a message that made him very happy.

THEIR FINEST Christmas PRESENTS

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

The true Christmas spirit went into the gift Loretta Young tells about as being her favorite. Real love, measured in "blood, sweat and tears."

Every boy wants a bike—and that includes Donald O'Connor. The way he got his was unusual, though. And say, wasn't he surprised!

Joan Crawford's Christmas present in 1942 brought her happiness after heartbreak. And behind it lies a story of love and devotion.

Who says that stars aren't sentimental! Roz Russell's most prized gift came from the most unexpected source. But says she, "I never had a gift that touched me more."

Helmut Dantine received something that even a kind Santa Claus couldn't bring. And he had to come to America so he could find it.

IT WAS Christmas Eve, 1940, a foggy night with rain in the wind. Rosalind Russell emerged from M-G-M Studios with that hard-pressed feeling. Christmas is the silly season! Why do we work ourselves into fevers trying to find things other people don't want?

Late as it was, autograph hunters waited under the street lamps. One little fellow of six or seven, shivering in a shabby sweater, saw Roz and came running. "Merry Christmas!" he cried joyously, thrust something into her hand and ran away. It was a penny.

"I never had a gift that touched me more," said the star.

That same Christmas of 1940 is the one best remembered by Annabella and Tyrone Power.

"I had been talking about having our living room decorated for months," recalled Annabella, "but I never got around to doing anything. The Saturday before

(*Continued on page* 83)

Katina, being puzzled. Replying to fans is something new for her. And what a lot of it she's having to do, after just one picture!

As Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Katina Paxinou, newcomer, in the Hemingway role every actress in Hollywood wanted to play.

THE COURAGE OF

Conclusion of a real-life drama, written in two parts. On page 76, how the story began. Katina, refugee from the war front.

GREECE
Crete, Balkan Invasion Stumbling Block, Faces Reconquest

Separated for three years by the war, Katina and her husband (Alexis Minotis), reunited at last. Alexis tells how he escaped the Nazis, getting out of Greece.

Katina Paxinou

PART II

BY TERENCE KENNEDY

AFTER nearly a year in California, during which time I finished the novel on which I was working, I decided to go East for a few weeks' change and rest. Needless to say, when I reached New York, the first person I 'phoned was Katina.

"You couldn't have come at a more opportune moment," she greeted me. "You who have been to California—you are just the person to advise me."

Of course, all this was said in Katina's usually excited way. And without giving me any further explanation, she commanded me to appear toute-de-suite at her hotel. Somehow I couldn't understand why having been in California put me in a position to advise her, but without wasting time on speculations, I started out toute-de-suite as I was told.

"Tell him to come up," Katina's voice echoed through the 'phone when the desk clerk announced that I was in the hall.

A bell-hop conducted me to an elaborate apartment where he told me Madame would see me presently. "Are you sure this is—" I stopped myself in time. Probably all those tales of Katina's hardship were pure invention. Or perhaps Katina had somehow at last managed to effect the release of some of her wealth from Greece. I was still pondering over the source of this terrific affluence when Katina burst into the room, her arms loaded with stacks of photographs and books. She was followed by a hotel maid, carrying two vases of flowers and boxes of cigarettes. "Hello, darling," she called to me, as if she had seen me the day before.

I watched her while she hurried about the room, placing a photograph here, a neat pile of books there, the while instructing the maid where to place the flowers and cigarettes. I noticed that she was much thinner. She wore a wine-colored velvet house coat which fitted tightly around her slender body. Her thick coal-black hair was thrown carelessly off her forehead. Her cheeks were slightly sunken, and she was very pale. But the fire in her eyes belied these signs.

"There now," she said finally, looking about her contentedly. "The apartment looks lived in."

"But isn't it?" I asked.

"By me?" she laughed. "Goodness no. The management only lent it to me for an hour. Tommy and I share

"Tommy is more than just a dog," Katino says of this huge Great Dane companion, given to her when she needed a friend.

a little room down the hall." Questions were bouncing around in my brain. What had Katina been living on? Who was Tommy? What of her future? How had she survived here in America? I got no chance to ask one of them, for the 'phone rang. "Yes, yes," Katina called into it, "tell them to come up."

She whirled on me, "This is what I wanted to see you about—you who know Hollywood. These men who are coming are from the Paramount Studio. They want me to test for the role of 'Pilar' in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.' "

" 'Pilar!' " I exclaimed. "Why every actress in Hollywood wants to play 'Pilar!' "

"That's why I'm so frightened. Why should I, who have never seen a camera, be chosen?"

Katina Paxinou

CONTINUED

"Because you are a great actress," I said to encourage her.

"There are great actresses who are starving in the world," she answered. "Besides, I'm not a great actress. I only know and understand the characters I portray. Oh, how I understand 'Pilar.' She is in my blood. You must remember my ancestors were guerrillas in Crete. And like Hemingway's 'Pilar' they were rough—but inside they possessed the nobility of Kings."

She saw me looking sceptically at her trim figure.

"You can't imagine me as 'Pilar,' eh?" she smiled. " 'Pilar' was a big woman, you are thinking. That is the first thing these gentlemen are going to say when they see me, but I will tell them what I tell you—it is first here where 'Pilar' is big." She tapped her breast. "The rest is a question of makeup."

As Katina had predicted, I noticed the faces of the three men drop as they entered and saw her. They exchanged astonished glances, but after Katina assured them that she was indeed the Katina Paxinou, they shrugged their shoulders and sat down. After all, they were only carrying out orders from Hollywood and the responsibility was not theirs. They showed her a sketch of the "Pilar" they had in mind.

Katina snorted. "This is not 'Pilar.' This is the 'Golem' made up to resemble a mongolian gypsy."

In my timid way I must say I agreed with her. The sketch suggested anything but a Spanish peasant.

The man who was to direct the test showed interest for the first time. "How would you have her look?"

"Like a woman who has seen better days, and whose bravery and devotion to the cause leaves no time for fancy dress," Katina began enthusiastically. "Hemingway wrote that 'many men had loved her.' So the actress who plays 'Pilar' must give some impression of a past charm and fascination. He also wrote, 'she is all woman'. Therefore," she added, pointing to the sketch, "she couldn't have been this Frankenstein."

The Director seemed pleased. "We will take you to the costumers tomorrow morning and you can choose your own costume. Now, about the test—which scene have you chosen?"

"Ah," Katina smiled, "I was about to mention that. I will only make a silent test *(Continued on page 75)*

Garden flowers raised by Katina, inspected by a critical Tommy.

It took clever makeup for Paxinou to look like the Spanish guerrilla woman, Pilar. Here she is, at her home in Beverly Hills.

Paxinou goes over a script, getting advice from husband Alexis. In return, she'll help him hoe weeds in their Victory Garden.

half a billion BEERY

PART II

—Culver Service

Wallace Beery in a scene from Paramount's "Fireman Save My Child," a sympathetic role of the type his public demands for him. He's been acting since he was nineteen, has made three hundred pictures.

Synopsis PART I

Will Wally marry again? The star who has been one of the very few to make the transition from silent movies to talkies, without losing popularity, who is known as the world's highest paid actor, has had success in everything but marriage. Fans who remember his two previous romantic experiences—with the dark-haired, blue-eyed girl later renamed Gloria Swanson, whom he started in pictures and then made his wife, to be divorced from her in 1920; and with Rita Gilman, his second wife, also divorced—they are all speculating now whether Beery will try a third marriage, with the Texas pretty, Aurella Nawracki. Will she bring him the happiness he so very much deserves, and has missed?

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

IN 1942 Wally Beery went to Johns Hopkins, Baltimore's great medical university and hospital, for a minor operation. When they handed him his bill, on departure day, he frowned.

"Where," he inquired, "is the surgeon's fee?"

"There isn't any."

Wally at once demanded the way to "the Doc's" office.

The Doc, it happened, used to be one of Vienna's greatest surgeons. He listened with a twinkle while Wally explained that he always paid his way, while he stammered, "Save your for-free work for cases that need it. Not that I don't appreciate—"

"This is a personal indulgence," the Viennese smiled.

Louise Fazenda, and the Beery fans cheered in the movies of 1918, when he was making good on the old Keystone lot.

—Culver Service

The screen's leading character star got his film start in Chicago, doing "Sweedie" comedies at the Essanay Studios.

—Culver Service

Wallace Beery (center) plays a scene in a picture called "A Dash of Courage," with Gloria Swanson and Harry Gribben.

—Culver Service

In 1923, Wally co-starred with his pal Buster Keaton. It was a comedy made by Metro, released as "The Three Ages."

WALLACE BEERY CONTINUED

"There are two men in the world who have put so much pleasure into my life, during many years, that I could never accept money from them."

Wally felt embarrassed. Then he grew curious, and couldn't help asking,

"Who's the other fellow?"

"Clark Gable."

They almost had to put Wally back on the operating table. A red-hot Gable fan, both as to screen work and off-screen personality, he thought it was very nearly irreligious to compare him with Clark. "Why—why—" he stammered, "he's *handsome!*"

"That's fine for the ladies," the surgeon replied. "But you and Gable both have something that appeals to men, women and children alike. Something that seems more valuable today than ever before in history. It's sincerity."

Wally doesn't know there's anything special about his loyalty and sincere quality. What's "corn" to many people is to him merely the right way of life. Like Popeye, he is what he is.

For instance, on the set of "Rationing" I asked, "Tell me something of your mother, Wally. Wally was silent a long minute, knitting his brows over what to say. Then—very slowly he said, "All that I am I owe to my mother."

How many people do you know who are unselfconscious enough to speak that line!

Wally's Mom was a hard-working woman, in the old frame house at 18th and Paseo Streets, Kansas City, Mo. There were three boys, and Pop's salary (except on the rare occasion when the Republicans won an election and he got promoted from Patrolman to Police Captain) normally ran about eighty dollars a month. Each Saturday night Mrs. B. substracted from Patrolman Beery's pocket enough money to buy music lessons for her boys. At fifty cents an hour.

The lessons couldn't have been much, but the sacrifice was genuine. Countless mothers have drawn neighborhood laughs for similar sacrifices. Yet the determination of the Kansas City Patrolman's wife that her boys should have something in the way of "cultural education" was to help raise Wally's name in stardom's electric lights—on Broadway—at 21.

Music was the only lesson this fast-growing, superenergetic boy liked. So far as he now remembers, he completed only the fourth grade. In the Beery home a boy either went to school or worked. Wally's first jobs were: furnace tender in a steel mill, $5 a week; engine wiper for the Santa Fe, $6 a week; member of a track repair crew, $7 a week. These jobs held his attention, but not all of it, from 12 years to 16. He frequently would run away and "ride the rods" down into the Ozark mountains, or even north to Chicago. Then he'd miss his Mom and come back, to hard work—and music lessons.

There is no doubt that the restlessness in her son caused Mrs. Beery deep worry. When the elder brother, Bill, became manager of Forepaugh-Sells circus, Mom said, "Take the boy along with you. At least you can keep an eye on him." So Wally became the first youngster ever to have circus life prescribed as a "reform" measure.

Today in Wyoming, Utah and San Fernando Valley, California, cowboys will tell you that Wally has a remarkable knack for handling animals. "They understand him, and he knows and likes them, cussedness and all," one puncher put it. That became obvious the first day Wally walked into Forepaugh-Sells' elephant tent. Before he was seventeen, he had charge of eighteen "bulls"—the circus man's term for all elephants. Meanest of all was Topsy (Wally says, "An elephant never forgets—to be mean"); yet Topsy was mortally frightened to ride on a train at night. (*Continued on page* 66)

The "lovable old rascal" of Hollywood with John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel," the one picture he didn't want to make.

WHAT I HOPE MARRIAGE IS

by

Susan Peters

WHAT I KNOW MARRIAGE TO BE

by

Dame May Whitty

(As told to Eleanor Harris)

DICK QUINE and I are being married as soon as time and the Coast Guard permit. And I know it will be my only marriage, and it will last forever. I also know that it will be a complete success. In fact, it will be wonderful!

There's a reason for my assurance—and his name is Quine. You see, I've always searched for just six things in a future husband. I wanted a man who was good, who was kind, who didn't drink, who was completely honest, who wanted a family, and who dominated me. In my whole life, which is twenty-two years, I have found only one man who owned those six qualities, and I'm going to marry him. We can't fail to make each other happy.

It's funny, but when I tell people what I wanted in a husband (and found), they always say, "But how amazing! You haven't mentioned looks, social position, or money!" Well, why should I? I don't have looks, social position, or money myself. Besides, I know that all those things can disappear—because they've disappeared in my own family. In one stroke, my mother's family lost their money and she lost her husband; and she found herself working in a store for many years to support my brother and myself. So naturally those material things didn't interest me. I was looking for what could never, never change.

But to get back to my reason for knowing that our marriage cannot miss. I *know* my future husband like a book, and he knows me. I know him a thousand times better than most girls know their future husbands —for the simple reason that he's lived for a year now in the same apartment house my mother and I live in, which my mother manages. During that year he's had breakfast, lunch, and dinner with us every day. Obviously I've seen him for more hours and in more moods than the average girl would, and probably one hundred per cent more than the current war brides. I know far more about him than the facts that he's six feet three, blond, once-married, twenty-four years old, and wears his clothes well. I know everything about his personality and character—and, most of all, I know that he has the ability to dominate me intelligently.

Susan and her Richard Quine, together as sweethearts in "Tish." This is one screen romance that happens to be the real thing!

I KNOW marriage to be the most ideal, the most practical, the most amusing, and the most tender of human relationships. It can be any of those things at any time, or all of those things simultaneously.

Yet I believe our laws on marriage should be changed. I think it should be harder to get married and easier to get divorced. I believe this because I feel if marriage is not absolutely complete, it is damaging to the human soul.

In fifty-one years of ideally happy marriage I have learned many lessons, and of these there are two very great lessons that I realize I must first master.

The most important is that love must be earned. Love is a growing thing. With cultivation, it will grow into steadily greater beauty. With neglect, it will die.

The second is that too many people make a god of sex. Young people may not believe this, but I know now that the mind has more to do with creating a happy marriage than has the body. But to have an ideal marriage, the mind, the soul, and the body must be united.

I do not regard myself as a remotely perfect wife. I am not even sure that I am a good one. Of this I am sure, however. I would not have stayed married for more than half a century if it hadn't been that I married an angel. A year ago when Ben and I celebrated our golden anniversary, we appeared together on a radio program. At the time I told this truth to the script writer who was creating our speeches. "I married an angel," I announced to him firmly.

When Ben and I actually got on the air and were reading our scripts, I discovered Ben had been given this speech to say about me, and like the angel he is, he did say it.

Nothing could be less true. I was in 1890, and I still am, a strong-willed, short-tempered woman who wanted her own way, but was a little afraid of taking it—who desired a career above all things, who fought militantly for women's rights. Fighting militantly for women's rights simply was not done in 1890, and there must have been hours when Ben was very much embarrassed by my boldness. I'm sure he must have suffered

Ben Webster as "Sir Lancelot," when they were calling him the "Watteau barrister." And it's Dame May Whitty, as she was then.

Susan Peters

CONTINUED

More than that, we know each other's working-personalities. We met a year and a half ago while making the movie "Tish," and we've seen each other through a handful of roles ever since. While I was acting in "Random Harvest," "Russia," "Assignment in Brittany," and a couple of Dr. Gillespie pictures; and while he was acting in "Babes on Broadway," "For Me and My Gal," "The Human Comedy," and "Stand By For Action." Also, we were brought up in the same city—Hollywood, though he was born in Detroit and I in Spokane. But none of this is what matters. What matters is that we know each other completely, and nothing that could come up in marriage would surprise or dismay us.

Therefore I know exactly what our life together will be like. I know that we'll live in a small, informal house furnished with French provincial furniture—which Dick and I have been buying together for the past year at auctions. I know that we'll have two servants and a brood of children and a healthy, happy, quiet life together.

Luckily, we both have exactly the same idea of the Good Life: outdoors all day long, to bed at ten o'clock, and up with the dawn. Neither of us likes parties or nightclubs—perhaps because neither of us drinks. Both of us love sports—tennis, golfing, riding, swimming. We can't get enough of them, except on Sundays when there are too many other people doing all those things, too. So on Sundays you'll find us working in our garden, eating an early supper (which Dick will cook, because I neither know how nor care how, and he loves cooking)—and then you'll find us planted happily in front of the radio at seven-thirty sharp to hear the Hermit's Cave. Until Dick went into the Coast Guard a few months ago, we hadn't missed listening to those three horror stories for a whole year, sitting paralyzed with attention in Mother's living room.

And while we listen, I'll be sewing. In the past year, I've made one hooked rug and half of a petit-point one, while we sat glued to our pet radio programs. I'll continue that in our own home when we're married. And Dick says we'll continue reading, too—only I'll be reading something more than murder mysteries! Dick's the intellectual of this pair, you see; and while I've been devouring "Who Killed Annie Bowers?" he's been buried in ponderous tomes on art. He predicts that after we're Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quine, however, I too will be reading books on art, literature, and politics. And he's also announced that we'll each make book reports, and exchange them every night. (Frankly, this is the one part of our married life which seems a little hazy to me! I just can't see myself digesting great volumes, and then writing reports on them! But still —time will tell.)

Dick'll run everything—me and the house, too. But always intelligently, always tactfully, always including me in every decision. The house will be apple-pie neat because of him, not because of me. Not that I'm sloppy about my clothes or hair or (*Continued on page* 86)

Dame May Whitty

CONTINUED

when I became a true militant suffragette in those pleasant days before the First World War. Yet Ben let me do as I desired because—well, as I have said, he is an angel.

I have never understood the miracle of his falling in love with me, but I shall be forever grateful for it. Ben was a barrister then, what you in America call a lawyer, and he was the handsomest man in London. In fact they called him the "Watteau barrister," so aristocratic was his handsomeness. Beautiful creatures were always hurling themselves at him, yet when his sister introduced us at the St. James Theater where I was playing, a gleam came into his eye which is still there when he looks at me.

Ben Webster spent the next seven years courting me. I truly did not wish to be married. I had "dedicated" myself to the theater and had gone on the stage when I was fifteen. Giving up parties, giving up beaux, giving up all the things young girls usually cherish, made me feel positively holy, convinced me that I had a true vocation. That vocation was the stage and all the discomforts that went with it, back there in the Eighties.

I started in "The Mountain Sylph" and was a chorus girl, really. They called me "little Whitty" and babied me for that first season. And later, when I went touring, I never noticed the hardships. I have played as many as fourteen parts in twelve nights in twelve different towns. We were frequently cold and hungry, without lodgings. Sometimes we played in theaters where the snow fell straight into our dressing rooms. But it was all romance to me, and all I asked from life.

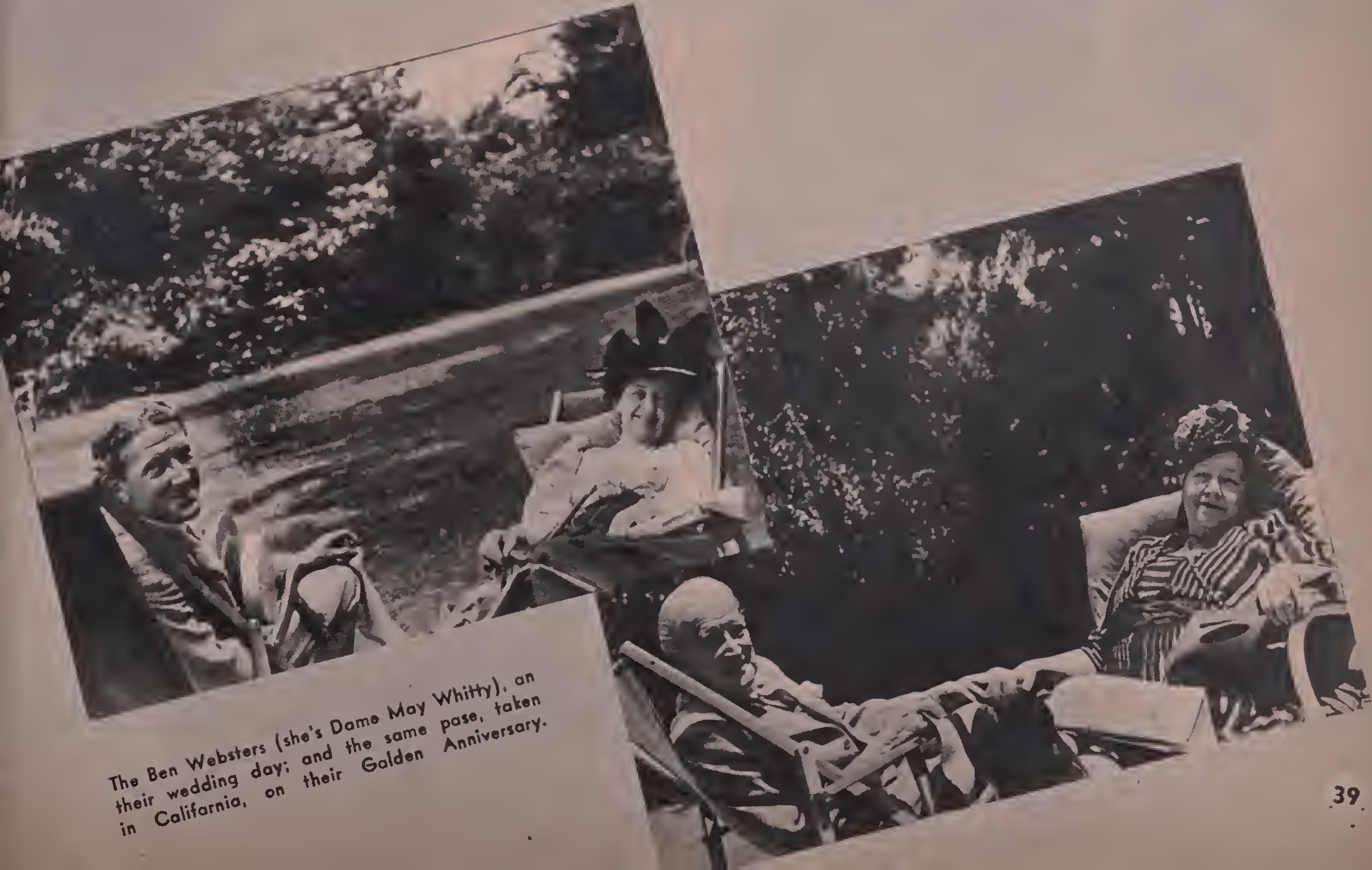
Ben's grandfather had been a very famous actor-manager, and when Ben realized that I was determined to go on with my work, his acting blood asserted itself, and he deserted the law. He, too, became an actor. He was so handsome and so fine a performer that he became an immediate success. He was leading man for Mrs. Pat Campbell. He worked with the Irvings and with Ellen Terry. But he kept on courting me, and finally I could no longer resist him.

I went through then what many a Hollywood bride goes through now. I was a plain woman married to a god-like male. Other women fell instantaneously and constantly in love with my husband. Yet I determined not to be possessive, not to be insistent, not to be full of claims. Two tremendous things we possessed in common; our very similar thoughts and points of view, our common laughter. I hoped those would be the safeguards of our marriage. We always worked together, and we would rehearse our roles, one with the other, and read plays and books.

Thus I never knew a moment's jealousy of Ben. What I should have done if he had been a different kind of man, if he had given me cause for jealousy, I blessedly never had to find out. But I learned another truth: trust which implies freedom of thought and action binds lovers more closely than any "rights" or demands ever can.

There were many seasons when we could each have bettered our careers by separating, but we refused to do that. Daniel Frohman, the (*Continued on page* 90)

Coast Guardsman Quine, submitting to a cap adjusting by Susan. Below, they hold hands at a nightclub, are greeted by Gig Young.



The Ben Websters (she's Dame May Whitty), on their wedding day; and the same pose, taken in California, on their Golden Anniversary.

Gary and Mrs. Cooper (Sandra Shaw) make a premiere night "appearance."

BY

GARY

COOPER

Presenting the Oscar. Cooper was the 1941 winner for his outstanding performance as "Sergeant York."

THIS IS

I REMEMBER:

A half-eaten apple in the road before my first school, and how a classmate picked it up and ate it, swaggering before a companion and myself to show how tough he was; how we were summoned to the principal's office several days later to be confronted with the young tough's mother in tears. Her offspring, in the hospital with appendicitis, had "confessed" that we had made him eat the dirty apple, and she wanted to see the two villains. At least for once we were not guilty!

Being teacher's pride and joy only in drawing class, but my greatest artistic successes came when teacher left the room, and I drew for the benefit of classmates.

Sideburns. When I first started acting, I wore them in a lot of period pictures. I'll never forget the time I had a week's leave in New York and couldn't shave off the sideburns because I hadn't time to grow others when I got home. I went around the big town looking like an actor and being horribly self-conscious.

Here's Gary doing a scene for "The Real Glory." "But I'm not like the men I impersonate," he says.

A role such as "The Westerner" with Doris Davenport is old home week to Coop, the Montana man.

MYSELF

I LIKE:

Kids, either sex; people who do things; that Sabino horse I rode in "The Westerner"; the smell of sagebrush in hot sun; long telephone conversations, if the right party is on the other end of the line.

Food. I can eat anything. Tartar steak and wild duck are my favorites — well-cooked outside, but cooked quickly so that they are rare inside. But give me anything, so long as it's food. I had jaundice in '31, and I still remember how good food looked and smelled, but when I'd had a couple of bites, I couldn't swallow more. I thought then that once back to normal, I'd never care what I ate, so long as I ate. And I don't.

Good looking clothes, well tailored. I guess it's that old Indian instinct for wild colors, but I like to take two or three strong vivid shades that harmonize or contrast sharply and combine them.

I DON'T LIKE:

Baby talk from those only too evidently out of the kindergarten class; nightclubs every night; worrying;

Recognize the little dark-skin gal with Gary in "Northwest Mounted Police?" Paulette Goddard, no less.

Ernest Hemingway wrote "Robert Jordan" in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" exclusively for Gary. After he'd seen Bergman, he decided she was the "Maria" he's dreamed of, too.

Best friends and favorite co-stars. In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Claudette Colbert discovered what a fine dancer Gary is.

doing silly things simply because it's expected of you.

IF I'D THOUGHT OF IT IN TIME:

I'd have been a doctor instead of an actor. I'm pretty good at doing things with my hands, and I'm intensely interested in surgery. On a ranch there's always a certain amount of accidents, injuries to man or beast, creatures being born, and so on, and you learn to deal with emergencies before a doctor arrives.

This doctor in Mr. DeMille's picture "The Story of Dr. Wassell" is tops. He's a real American country doctor from Arkansas, as traditional as Abe Lincoln, the kind of man we like to think of as representative of America.

I'M ALWAYS INTERESTED IN:

Books by foreign correspondents or by people who know their background and understand current events and personalities they deal with in accounts of countries involved in this war. Lots of good stuff has come out of the Far East as well as that from European correspondents.

Traveling.

Anything new in medicine, surgery, or modern miracles of science.

Mystery stories.

I ENJOY:

Symphonic music, some of it; swing; sentimental old ballads; Irish songs; some of the current hit songs. I twist the dial on my car radio and listen to whatever comes out.

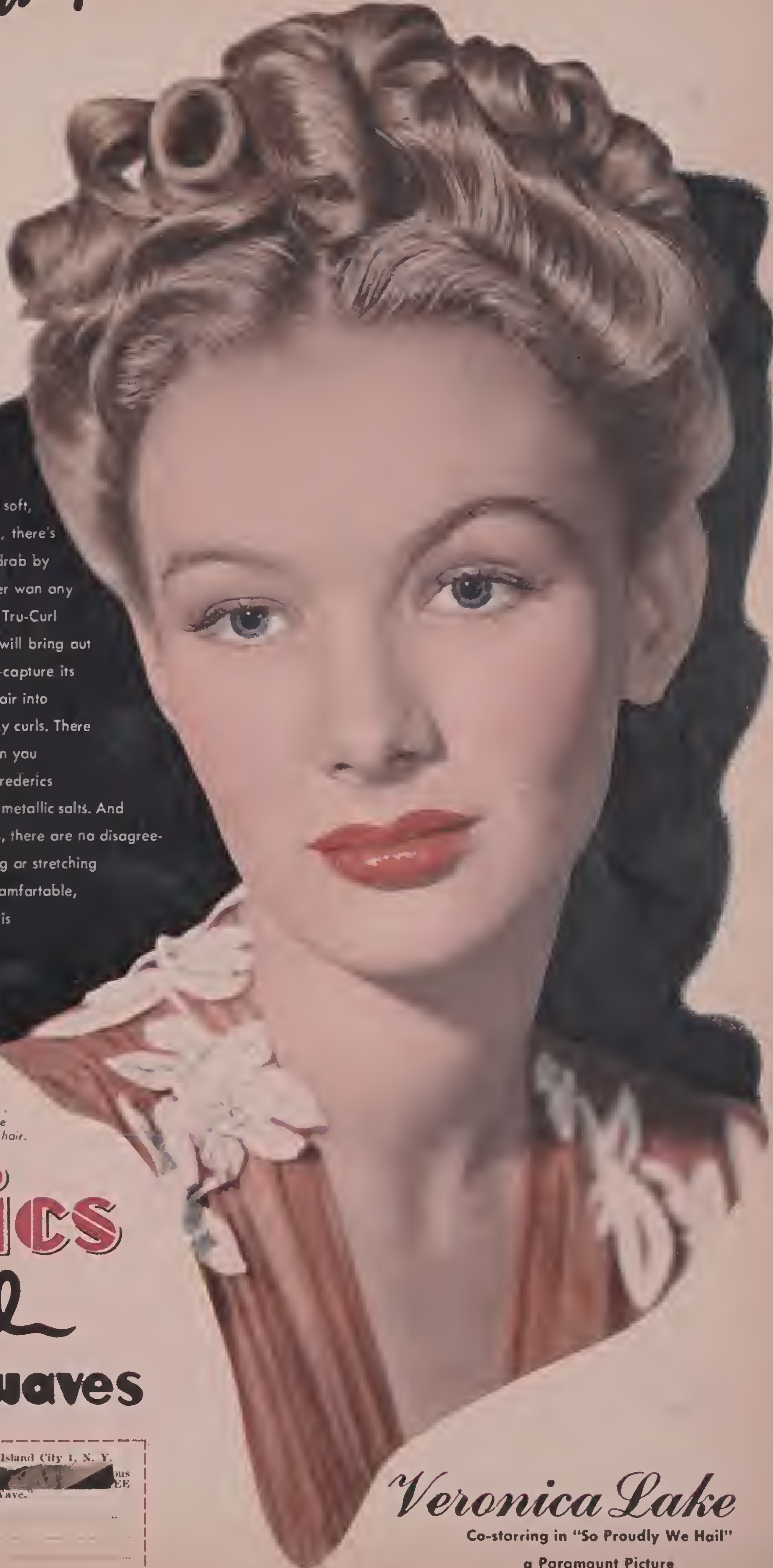
Football and baseball, but I'm not a rabid fan. I usually see several games a season, but wouldn't lose any sleep if I didn't get the latest scores.

Light pictures. I enjoyed doing the gambler in "Saratoga Trunk" because it's a nice, light part after more sombre roles.

I'VE LEARNED:

That if I get all dressed up and go to a big shindig, I'd better be ready to sign (*Continued on page 88*)

The Nearest Thing to Natural Curly Hair!



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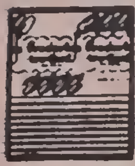

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Veronica Lake

Co-starring in "So Proudly We Hail"

a Paramount Picture

Sonja and husband Captain Dan Topping of the United States Marine Corps. Like any other war wife, she followed him to camp.

SONJA HENIE

"An American Wife"

Looking like newlyweds, after three years! Too happy to make the headlines, they still make love.

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

A COUPLE of years ago someone suggested that the story of Sonja Henie's next picture be based on her life.

The front office moguls turned the idea down cold. "People would never believe it," they said. They were right.

The story of the little Norwegian girl who became her native country's national idol and then the world's greatest sports attraction; this girl who became Queen of the Ice, adored by Kings, Princes, Presidents, dictators, and then invaded Hollywood to be a full-fledged star in her first picture, a picture that earned over two million dollars—that story sounded too good to be true. People got so used to Sonja's proverbial success that they weren't surprised that her new picture broke all box office records. She then fell in love, in a most successful manner, and married a handsome millionaire—one of those sharp-profile, pipe-sucking dream boys who seem to exist only in moving pictures.

Then came the war. The Nazis captured Norway,

SONJA HENIE CONTINUED

and like other Norwegian families, the Henie's lost all their native-land investments, their home. In America, war touched Sonja even closer. Dan Topping, her rich husband, enlisted in the Marines. It broke the absolute flawlessness of Sonja's life pattern into small bits.

But the way Sonja has reacted to it all, become "An American Wife" as she now proudly calls herself, become a business woman as well as a glamorous athlete—well, that's this story.

An ordinary day begins this autumn of 1943, with Sonja breakfasting in her Beverly Hills home on coffee and a biscuit. ("I can't eat when I work," she explains.) She glances over some business letters, calls up half a dozen people in as many different American cities, sends wires to her business associates in Chicago and New York, devises a new dance routine for her forthcoming show, makes a decision involving thousands of dollars, drives out to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, spends six strenuous hours doing loops, spirals, and spreads in front of the camera, goes home, takes a massage, puts on a dress (or more likely a suit, since she prefers suits), greets her husband who just

The Ice Queen, with Gary Steffin, in a series of intricate figures they do for "Wintertime" (20th Century-Fox).

arrived on leave from his camp, and they go out for dinner and a couple of dances maybe. If you ask her how she does it all and keeps perfectly healthy, she looks at you with her big brown eyes and says in her husky, energetic contralto voice, "That's my working mood."

She has another side, however. And when her work permits it, she loves to be lazy. A few months ago, she took a tiny house at Quantico, Va., and later at Cherry Point, N. C., near the Marine Air Corps station where her husband, Captain Dan Reid Topping, was then on duty. They took one side of a double cottage. Unable to get any help and eager to be no exception among the other Marine officer wives, Sonja Henie, millionaire girl, got up at six in the morning, learned to cook, wash, keep house, and enjoyed it immensely—especially when Dan said, "Honey, those are the best muffins I've ever tasted."

"She came back with all her nails broken," her mother says.

"It was swell, and I'm going to do it again," Sonja comments.

But at work, as for instance on the set of her new picture "Wintertime," she is not only star, but also technical adviser, associate production manager, second cameraman, assistant director.

When Sonja made her first picture, "One In A Million," the studio people resented her giving orders, displaying Garboish whims and showing a dangerous independence. She didn't like to wait between takes while the lights had to be adjusted. She wanted to be the permanent center of interest. She got in very wrong in many quarters. But since then Sonja has learned that movie-making is a process of cooperation; and the experts have learned that Sonja knows best about skating and let her handle all the skating sequences. Thus a happy atmosphere reigns.

I talked to her on the set, and the scene I saw shooting called for Sonja to swing up into the center of the rink and go into a hair-raising spin, faster and faster, while white clouds descended upon her, finally making her disappear.

They marked the exact spot where she would spin. The piano started playing, the (*Continued on page* 85)

By DOROTHY MANNERS

She was only a blonde baby—but Betty recalls having to spend many days alone, playing in her own backyard, while "Mom" worked in an auto factory.

Two little sisters, abandoned by their father, loved by their mother, both destined to fame. Big sister Marion and wee Betty, when they lived in Michigan.

BETTY HUTTON

Fearless Story of Her Life and Loves

A Cinderella tale that did really happen, to a star who's frank enough to tell it.

Betty finally clicked when she sang with Vincent Lopez. Wearing these demure full skirts, she used to wow the customers with a mad jitterbug routine.

"LISTEN," said Betty Hutton, "if I am going to talk about myself, my life and all, I want to tell it honestly. I mean—I want to say the way things have really happened to me and not any of that old corn about how I was found under a cabbage leaf on my Pappy's old Southern plantation—or something.

"Sometimes I talk too much. You know—I say things that maybe I shouldn't. But if I am going to talk about my life I want to tell it the way it really has been—and the way I've felt about—everything!"

The face of the blonde girl in the chair beside me was turned questioningly as though she were searching out whether or not I knew what she was driving at. You can't be with Betty Hutton five minutes without realizing the intense honesty of this kid. Her freshly scrubbed face was as open and direct as the words that had rushed out of her mouth.

There was not a trace of lipstick or powder on her face—just a layer of sun spotted freckles across the bridge of her nose. Her famous, outrageous, blonde hair was pulled back from her forehead as tightly as a child's, braided (*Continued on page* 68)

Red Skelton whistles in "Whistling in Brooklyn?" Sure, because a whistle's a siren and a siren's a beautiful gal.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT LIFE WITH FATHER

Beautiful, blonde Louise Allbritton tells what she discovered about dollars and sense from her dad

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

IT WASN'T until Louise Allbritton, Universal's tall, blonde discovery, was earning her own living that she realized that her father was less than a meanie and a miser about money.

Up to that time, there had been an off-again, on-again feud about finances between high-pockets Louise and her dad, L. L. Allbritton, Texas owner of cattle ranches, oil fields, and operator of extensive transportation systems.

Mr. Allbritton believed that the moment a child became old enough to spend money, that moment said child should learn to handle it wisely. Louise has an older sister and brother, and all three children were given ample allowances, but from the age of five onward, if they spent all their money the first day, no further funds were forthcoming until the next allowance date.

Even at the age of five it aggravated Louise. "Dad never weakened," she says. "No matter how we teased or cried, no matter why we wanted more money, he was adamant. The only arguments I ever heard between my mother and father when we were little were about his views on our spending. Mother thought children should be carefree. She didn't approve of our having too much responsibility. She

Louise Allbritton is a new type and the fastest rising star on the Universal lot. Playing the second lead in "Pittsburgh" opposite no less a person than Dietrich, she scored so decisively that her second picture, "Fired Wife," brought her stardom.

At the left you see that Louise's most frequent date is handsome Alan Curtis.

Louise lives at the Studio Club, which is supported by Hollywood contributions for the benefit of young girls starting out in the movie business—and not just actresses. However, life there is not all just sitting in front of a radio, writing letters.

Girls can live in the Studio Club for as little as thirteen dollars a week—that's room and two meals. But sometimes a girl likes a snack or a third meal. Then she goes to the community kitchen to prepare her own—and to wash up her dishes like a good housewife, when the meal is finished.

She gets a pal to help her set her hair in exchange for doing the same for the pal.

said there was plenty of money. Why not give it to us?

"We children thought, quite naturally, that our allowances were too small and that Father was cruel. But ah, what I learned about money from him!

"I remember once when I was about six I had planned to buy candy and go to a movie on Saturday. At the same time I coveted a certain toy wagon. 'Why not buy the wagon, Louise?' suggested Father. 'That will last a long time and you can enjoy it for weeks. You will have eaten the candy and forgotten the movie by tomorrow.' In spite of the fact I knew that he was right, I resented it. I gorged on candy that day . . . and cried for the wagon I didn't get."

By the time Louise was ready for college, she still resented this financial supervision. Her father sent her from her home town of Wichita Falls, Texas, to attend the University of Oklahoma. She felt grown-up, not only because she was away from home, but because her proud parents had given her a checking account.

"I loved clothes," confesses Louise. "Whatever I saw that appealed to me, I bought. I felt important dashing off checks. But when I went home for Christmas, flat broke, Father was very stern. 'Since you haven't learned to handle money,' he told me, 'I'm closing your account. Henceforth I'll send you one check each month, and you'll have to make that do.'

"I thought he was kidding me and laughed. When I returned to school, I wrote three big checks for things I happened to see and like. The checks bounced! I was horribly embarrassed. I had to go before the treasurer of the University to explain and take up the bad checks with one my father sent me. I felt like a worm. I had to pinch and scrape all the rest of that year to get by.

(Continued on page 78)

She washes out her stockings in her own sink.

She touches up her white shoes

She cleans her room.

Since the clothes closet isn't big enough to hold all of her clothes, she stores the extra ones under her bed.

She presses her own dresses—and again it's in that community kitchen.

The Jack Benny traap—Larry Adler, Anna Lee, Jack Snyder, Wini Shaw, Jack Benny—with General Cannally, in the Persian Gulf war theater.

Jack eats G.I. with the bays in Central Africa; cames back hame far his chicken liver sandwich.

Visiting the pyramids, an what Benny calls an "Egyptian taxi." Praise be his restraint, his only camment was, "But I still like my Maxwell."

JACK BENNY'S ADVENTURES WITH OUR BOYS IN ITALY

by MICHAEL SHERIDAN

The inside story of Jack Benny's trip overseas to entertain our fighting forces

BETWEEN hearty mouthfuls of a chopped chicken-liver sandwich, eaten with great gusto, Jack Benny, just in from a 32,000 mile trip overseas to entertain the troops, in the course of which he had played to about 150 audiences composed of 300 to 30,000 men, said enthusiastically: "I just can't wait to do it all over again."

Whereupon the wise ones nodded and smiled. Why not . . . who wouldn't give his right hand for a jaunt like the one America's favorite comedian had just made, being treated wherever you went like royalty itself!

But what the wise ones didn't know about was Jack's undisclosed brush with death at a small hospital in Palermo, of that eleventh hour hazardous hop into Italy without protective air escort, or that precarious landing in a sandstorm in the Persian Gulf, where anything might have happened! What they didn't know was the true story behind, not only this trip of Jack Benny's, but every trip like it, and why the Jack Bennys and the Bob Hopes of the world earn a tender and deserved membership in Hollywood's army of soldiers in greasepaint.

So here, in Jack's own words, is the story. "All along the trip things had happened (*Continued on page* 76)

This is no Waukegan pool room! But Jack seems at home, all the same, cueing balls with the fellas at one of the stops made on his twelve-week tour.

Cleaning up his kit, after mess. "K.P. Benny" they called him, with lots of cracks made about his faithful violin, and a guy named Fred Allen.

With Army mechanics on the flight line, at a Central African base. The reception was the same everywhere Benny went. And the boys all wanted news from home, all laughed at his jokes.

MOVIELAND'S Beauty Parlors

DO YOU really know how to comb your hair?

Do you really know how to brush it?

Do you know that daily correct combing and proper brushing can save you hours and dollars at your hairdressers, that your hair and all your appearance will be immensely benefited? And do you, also, know how to care for these combs and brushes themselves? In these wartime days, those two beauty necessities spell Conservation in a big way, so we've decided it is high time to give out with words on these subjects.

Cheryl Walker of "Stage Door Canteen," and now a star on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank, offered to help us prove our points to you.

If you have the same sort of fine hair as Cheryl, you're just as apt as she is to find it in countless little aggravating morning tangles that try your temper and the comb. Right then, early in the morning, right in those tangles, is where you start learning what's what with your hair. To remove snarls and tangles, use the coarse teeth of the comb. The best place to begin is on the lowest layer of hair at the back of the head, with one small section of hair at a time. In the illustrations, we follow Cheryl in the procedure of dressing her hair.

In your first combing, after (*Continued on next page*)

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1. With the coarse teeth of the comb, Cheryl Walker, Warner Bros. star, illustrates how tangles should be removed from sections of the hair.

2. The fine end of the comb is used for last-minute touches to your hair-do or to set the hair in curls. Cheryl combs her hair over a finger.

3. In brushing, place the back of the brush next the scalp and treat the hair in sections, somewhat larger than those for combing out snarls.

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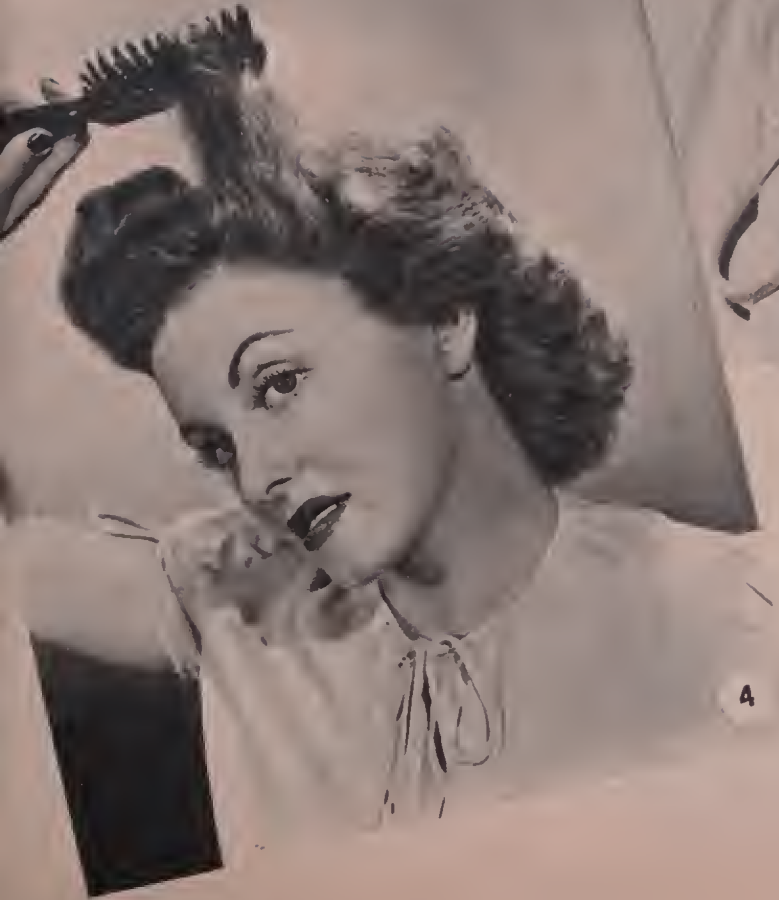

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4. Remember this too, Miss Walker says, when you are brushing, that the strand of hair should lie firmly over the brush bristles, and the brush should be slowly lifted straight up, continuing to the very ends of the hair—no half way business.

5. The final product. And if Cheryl Walker can do it, so can you. It takes time, yes—fifteen minutes at a throw—but it gives results. And if you're really serious about this business, you ought to read our tips on brush and comb care as well.

removing tangles from the under layer of hair, you are ready to proceed to the next layer, and on up to the crown of your head. The same process is repeated on both sides of the head and then on top, until all of your hair is free from snarls.

So it's too much trouble! We can hear that muttering and mumbling from here! Well, at the most it takes an extra five minutes in the morning. While we know it's your head and your hair, we suggest, politely but firmly, that it's better to allow a little extra time than to lose the teeth from your comb and a fist full of hair in a few minutes of bad-temper yanking. And we just do wish you could see how the movie girls comb their hair, comb, comb, comb, ten fifteen careful minutes at a time, time after time, all day long, so that every hair is trained every moment to lie right where it should.

Now, let's talk about the fine-tooth end of the comb. It was designed to be used in setting the hair in curls, or in dressing and placing the final touches to the hairstyle. Do as Cheryl does, and comb your curls in soft sections around the end of a finger.

Brushing, in the case of both dry and wet hair, should come after combing (but not, of course, after setting). The brush was not made to remove snarls; it was created to polish, clean, smooth and add luster to the hair.

If you're not going to use your brush properly, you might just as well throw it out the window and have done with it, because that's its only value.

The one sure way to ruin brush bristles and work hardship on your scalp is to hold the brush flat against the head.

In brushing, the trick is again to take sections of the hair, larger than for the combing process. Cheryl places the brush with its back to the scalp so that the section lies firmly over the brush bristles, then lifts it slowly straight up, so that the bristles embrace every hair in the strand to the very ends. She repeats this two or three times, then places the brush in the same position on the opposite side of the strand and follows the same procedure. This same routine continues on around and all over the head in the initial morning hair toilette.

If your hair is dry, you can now be assured it is free from all dust and is clean and lustrous, ready for fine-tooth combing to form your curls. If your hair is brushed wet, following a shampoo and combing, it is now ready for the setting of the pincurls.

Above all, for conservation of combs and brushes, keep them clean. You should have two combs and two brushes, so that one set is clean at all times, changing over day by day.

This pays dividends. Soiled combs and brushes on a clean head are taboo. Clean combs and brushes on a head slightly in need of a shampoo keep it alive until you can dunk it.

Cleansing of brushes and combs should be with lukewarm water and a good, pure soap. No matter how good your brushes and combs, hot water will be certainly injurious.

In washing your brush, use a narrow, stiff-bristled brush, very similar to that you use for grooming your eyebrows. Run this in between the hairbrush bristles, both across and lengthwise, to remove any accumulations on the bristle-holder. To cleanse the bristles themselves, have plenty of soapsuds on your fingers and run them lightly and carefully through the bristles. Rough and hurried treatment will break down bristles.

Rinsing should be done by dipping the brush in warm water (don't forget what we said about hot water), shaking it out with a quick flip of the wrist, and repeating several times until you are sure the brush is completely free of soapy water. Now, using a rough towel, rub the bristles very lightly; then turn the brush over, and pat the bristles (again lightly) against the towel.

Your brush should then be stood, handle down in a glass, preferably near an open window to dry quickly and sweetly in fresh air.

In cleansing combs, use a small stiff brush, warm water, and a good, pure soap. Don't be afraid to exert a little pressure to get that brush briskly running in between the teeth, because combs retain oil and dust more than do hairbrushes.

Combs, too, should be rinsed in warm water. Turn both sides alternately against your rough towel and slap moisture out onto the towel. Your combs deserve the same glass treatment for drying as your hairbrushes. Placing them to dry on their sides allows uncaught moisture to accumulate between the teeth for a slow-drying process that is harmful.

So treat your combs and brushes gently and well, and they'll serve your scalp and hair faithfully for beauty for the duration!

EYEING RELAXATION:

How are your tired eyes?

Studio lights bring on eye fatigue quickly, and Bette Davis, starring in "Watch on the Rhine," admits to the common ailment.

Bette combines an eye exercise with witch hazel or ice water applications.

She lies down with absorbent cotton pads soaked in either one of the two over her eyes, keeps them there for a three-minute period. Then she removes them, and exercises her eyes by opening them as widely and closing them as tightly as possible ten or twenty times.

Newly soaked pads are again placed over her closed eyelids; she relaxes again and then repeats the exercise.

Sum total: Ten minutes of complete bodily relaxation, plus eyes minus strain and fatigue.

FARM NOTES ON BEAUTY:

Out Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer way, Ginny Simms comes forth with a few practical suggestions if you're living down on the farm.

Ginny has a farm of her own a few miles from Hollywood, and says she finds her best beauty aids there.

Listen to this:

She uses lemon for bleaching out tan, removing vegetable stains from hands, rinsing her hair, and as an early-morning drink with hot water for general toning of the system.

She rubs her face with the inside of a cucumber, washes it off with buttermilk. That's for all the benefits of

(*Continued on page 89*)

THEIR FAVORITE TUNE

It's because of Hedy Lamarr that John Loder prefers "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." He first met Hedy years ago; but they remained casual acquaintances, since each then was in love with someone else. Then one day John saw Hedy in "Ziegfeld Girl" and heard her song, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

About six months ago he was working one evening as a bus boy at the Hollywood Canteen. Suddenly the orchestra started "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." He looked up and saw Hedy herself, working behind the snack bar. She smiled at him. Somehow the picture of Hedy and the sound of the melody blended together in his mind; and he went over to her and began to chat. It was the first time they'd really had very much to say to each other. Now when dancing together John always makes one request of the orchestra—their song.

(Watch for Hedy Lamarr in MGM's "The Heavenly Body" and don't miss John Loder in his Warners' "Old Acquaintance")

COASTGUARDSMAN MATURE ON LEAVE

Three weeks' freedom in Hollywood finds Vic Mature with K. T. Stevens, on his first night out. They greet her dad, the famous Director Sam Wood, at the Mocambo.

—*Acme Photo*

At the Mocambo again, with Anne Shirley, the third girl he dated. And it's said they were celebrating announcement of their intent to wed. There were even elopement rumors.

Oh, oh, the inevitable coincidence! There's Martha Kemp Mature, busy greeting uniforms just a few tables away. (Martha, the second wife who divorced Vic. Remember?) But he has still to run into Rita Hayworth.

—*Press Association*

What of the Eddie Albert romance Hollywood had claimed for Anne, just before Mature came home? Anyway, Vic's gone back to duty, and nothing definitely settled. Or is it?

Second night, the date was with Betty Hutton. And third night, too. However Betty (see the story on page 49) says her heart belongs to Charles Martin. If that's the case, then Mature's "just a friend."

Movieland's Five Best Pictures of the Month

GUADALCANAL DIARY

(20th Century-Fox)

"GUADALCANAL DIARY" is notable for being America's first factual picture about America's first victorious offensive in the current war. Its production had to fulfill a definite obligation to history. The United States Marine Corps, which wrote this magnificent page of heroism in sweat and blood, demanded absolute accuracy in the film that was made from the Richard Tregaskis' long-time best seller. That Hollywood fully met these demands is attested by the fact that this picture has been added to the official Marine archives in Washington.

It is an arousing and thrilling entertainment which sweeps you into hand-to-hand conflict with the treacherous Japanese enemy. Its suspense is terrific for being stated in the tragic calm of pauses between the fighting. You quickly forget that these are actors portraying roles in this strong all-male cast.

It begins simply and powerfully on a transport crowded with laughing Marines who have only the vaguest notion of their objective, follows them through the hell of shot and shell, and stops when the seasoned veterans of three months of battles are relieved by Army replacements. It does not attempt to reach a conventional ending, for such an ending has yet to be written.

There is an over-all excellence to the enactments of Lloyd Nolan's "Sgt. Malone," William Bendix's ex-Brooklyn taxi driver, Preston Foster's "Father Donnelly," Anthony Quinn's "Soose," Richard Conte's Capt. Davis, Eddie Acuff's Tex and many, many others. Yet the character most difficult to forget is the 'teen-age "Chicken" as played by Richard Jaeckel in his first screen role.

GOVERNMENT GIRL

(RKO-Radio)

WAR-CROWDED Washington is again the background for an engaging comedy romance. In "Government Girl" Olivia de Havilland plays a clever girl secretary who knows her way through the red-taped maze of confusion in the Capitol. That is why she is assigned to help the newly appointed chief of the bomber division. A young executive from Detroit quite aware that his job of meeting quotas is impossible, but equally determined to exceed expectations, however staggering. This means cutting a lot of red tape and offending a large number of bigwigs. It is the only way that he can prove that he is not being overpaid at his salary of one dollar a year.

As Ed Browne, this social-blundering, two-fisted go-getter, Sonny Tufts demonstrates that the hit he registered as the Marine in "So Proudly We Hail" was no accident. Tufts is one of the surest bets of the year for stardom in rugged individualist roles. He has the know-how in his portrayals of Americans whose know-how is winning the war.

The de Havilland performance is gayly light-hearted for farcial emphasis. She reaches a spirited dramatic climax when she bursts in on a Senate investigating committee engaged in examining the shortcuts Browne took to fill the skies with Yankee Bombers. Her speech to the august group of Solons hasn't been equalled on the screen since "Mr. Smith Went To Washington."

The girl has two suitors with whom she is romantically involved, roles sharply played by Paul Stewart and Jess Barker. Secondary parts fall to Anne Shirley and James Dunn as a honeymooning couple coping with the housing problem.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

(Warner Bros.)

BETTE DAVIS and Miriam Hopkins were enthusiastically received as antagonists in "The Old Maid," and another drama which would pit them against each other has since been sought. "Old Acquaintance," from a play by John Van Druten, was finally chosen. So again we have Miss Davis in this corner, and Miss Hopkins in that.

They have been childhood friends, and naturally Bette is Miriam's houseguest when she returns to her home town in 1924 after the success of her first novel. Miriam has married, has a pleasant home and is going to have a baby. Yet her jealousy over Bette's fame causes her selfish dissatisfaction. She wants to be a novelist, too, in fact has written a potboiler which she asks Bette to submit to publishers.

Eight years pass. Miriam's trashy novels have earned a fortune. She has flaunted her popularity, which is much greater than that of Bette, a careful, conscientious writer with far more lasting merit. Furthermore Miriam's domineering nature has at last outraged her husband who leaves her. When we meet him ten years later, he has become a major in the Army following Pearl Harbor. Bette and Miriam have continued to be friends, and Bette is in love with a man considerably her junior. How this strange friendship almost wrecks Bette's chances of happiness brings the emotional drama to its climax.

"Old Acquaintance" will be relished more by women than by men. Without the presence of its two brilliant stars, the picture would not be among our best selections of the month. Their acting lifts it to a definite preeminence. Handsome Gig Young and John Loder are the men concerned, and the child grows up to be the attractive Dolores Moran.

CORVETTE K-225

(Universal)

IF YOU enjoyed "Air Force" which starred an Army bomber, you will find "Corvette K-225" a thrilling entertainment. Corvettes are tough little warships of the Royal Canadian Navy that have proved the Allies' most effective weapon in clearing the North Atlantic of the U-boat menace to vital shipping. As in "Air Force," the film account of a fighting craft is told through the relationship of the crew that mans it. "Corvette K-225" is decidedly see-worthy.

Like all of the better war pictures which have arrived so belatedly from Hollywood, the feature was made with the close cooperation of a branch of the armed services, in this instance the Royal Canadian Navy. Its director, Richard Rosson, spent three months with a camera crew making repeated convoy crossings. Five different times he was aboard corvettes that were attacked by Nazi submarines and airplanes. Consequently, the picture rings with startling authenticity. The action at sea is more often real than reenacted, and the details of running a convoy very interesting. Any information the enemy may gain from this film will merely lead to his wanting to call off the war right now.

Randolph Scott heads the acting cast, impressively supported by James Brown who is fast building in importance, Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and numerous others. Ella Raines makes her initial screen appearance in the only feminine role and exhibits arresting promise. She is an intelligent personality who will bear watching. You may remember that she is the newcomer whose contract is jointly held by Howard Hawks, producer of "Corvette K-225," and Charles Boyer, her discoverer.

THE IRON MAJOR

(RKO-Radio)

HERE is a generous slice of fine Americana, the story of Frank Cavanaugh, an inspired football coach who specialized in making winners of underdog teams. Cavanaugh taught his squads to fight for what they believed in—to glory in the spirit of their schools or get off the squads. It is a creed he personally practiced at Dartmouth, his own alma mater, and sparked others to follow when he became a professional coach at Cincinnati, Denver and Holy Cross.

So soundly did he instil the fighting spirit in his players that most of them promptly marched off at the start of World War I. Naturally Cavanaugh joined them on the field of battle where his indomitable faith in the things he believed right led to feats of valor which won him the rightful nickname of "The Iron Major."

Cavanaugh returned from the first World War a man broken in health. Yet his spirit was unbroken. He coached victorious teams at Boston College, his own Dartmouth and Fordham. The triumph of his belief in love of God, of country and of family is best vindicated by his six sons and his daughter who are at present in the armed services in World War II.

Pat O'Brien scores a resounding hit in the role of Cavanaugh, an even more appealing portrait than the one he drew of Knute Rockne. Less attention is given to this coach's gridiron triumphs than to his heartwarming successes as a husband and a father. Much is owed to the beautiful performance Ruth Warrick gives as Mrs. Cavanaugh and to the unforgettable family scenes they share with the children. There are good jobs also by Robert Ryan and Leon Ames as friends of "The Iron Major."

Photo by Margaret Bourke-White

Farley Granger, seventeen, who broke into filmdom as a want-ad pot of gold. From grocery boy in a California super-market to the role of Damian, peasant lad in "The North Star," and this high school senior is on his way to fame and fortune as a screen star. With a $100,000 contract.

THE DISCOVERY of the MONTH

THE power of the press isn't limited to the front page. The HELP WANTED—MALE column was the beginning of this story of Farley Granger. For, you see, he answered an ad for an actor.

Farley Granger, Farley Granger, Farley Granger. Get it set in your mind, for with his first appearance in Samuel Goldwyn's production "The North Star," he's a sensation and already signed for "The Purple Heart" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Farley is seventeen years old, 6 feet ¼ inch tall, and weighs 159 pounds. His eyes and hair are both dark brown. He has pearly, even teeth that add to his broad infectious smile. Not bad!

After Farley Granger answered the ad—"Boy, over 17, but not 18; theatrical experience desirable but not essential. Send photo brief biography"—he was given a screen test. From it, Goldwyn found his romantic juvenile for "The North Star," and a seven-year contract was signed beginning at $100 a week. Farley had played only a small role in "The Wookie" in the Hollywood little theater, the Mary Stewart Playhouse, before that.

He's a typical American boy in his tastes and experiences. Still attending North Hollywood High School, his interests lie in the meetings of his high school gang. Farley doesn't smoke, possibly because his parents never told him he mustn't. He swims, rides, hunts and fishes and ice skates at every opportunity. Jane Withers is thé only Hollywood girl he has dated so far.

Like all American boys of his age, he has the thought of going to war clearly in the back of his mind. He'll be glad when it's his turn to get into the actual scrap, for though he's making great strides in his motion picture career, he wants to get this war business tended to so that he, and all of us, can get back to living our own lives in our own way, tending to our own business which is our own privilege.

WITH FRANK SINATRA IN HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

when he started in show business."

Evans is one of the people who "discovered" Sinatra. We quote the word because of a private opinion that Frankie discovered himself when at the age of nineteen or thereabouts, he suddenly decided to become a singer. Among those who helped him bring his talents before the public, however, were Evans, Major (Amateur Hour) Bowes, and bandleaders Bob Chester, Harry James, and Tommy Dorsey.

The decision to become a singer was made, as you may have read, by the Hoboken, New Jersey, lad one night—just like that—when he had taken his best girl Nancy to a neighborhood movie house to see Bing Crosby. He was a cub reporter for the Jersey Observer when he paid his ticket money and entered the theater. When he made his exit some two hours later, he was a fellow who had forsaken the business of gathering news, and decided to make it instead.

Question almost any other person who has achieved vocal fame and you will find the owner speaking of his voice as a gift—of heritage, or maybe just of providence. Always they knew they must sing, always there was a divine stirring of music or rhythm within them.

The boy from Hoboken always liked to sing—there were sessions with the school glee club and band—but he liked to laugh, too, and also did that frequently. Singing wasn't any more than a form of expression until that fateful night when, sitting in a movie theater, a crooner was born.

"I knew if Crosby could do it, I could—" is the way he puts it.

Talking to him between scenes on the "Higher and Higher" sound stage, we failed to find anything of arrogance in this simple statement. Confidence is the word for Frankie, we think, and if there is any divine gift pulsing within his five foot ten, one hundred and forty-five pound frame it is a driving determination which, if harnessed, could no doubt solve the majority of the world's fuel problems.

The Sinatra gaze is straight and candid, coming out of eyes that are lighter than you'd expect with his dark complexion, and softer than you'd expect to find in his rather gaunt face. He gives you the unabashed glance and says he knew he could become a famous crooner and you wouldn't dispute him, even if he hadn't already proved his point.

He couldn't have looked much younger at nineteen than he does now at twenty-five, and it's not hard to imagine him as he was that night, a kid sitting in an audience looking up at Crosby on the screen in the way any American can look at a sing-King, looking at him not with humbleness but with admiration for what he was, and determining to be as much. He quit his newspaper job the next day.

From then on, Frankie had a voice—the same outpouring from the same vocal chords he'd always had—only now it was different. Now it was an instrument to be worked with and used, to be strengthened until it was good enough to take him where he wanted to go. He never seemed to have any doubt of his future, once he had decided on it.

How complete was his absorption in his chosen career is testified to by Sinatra himself, who tells you quite frankly that he doesn't remember much about his life until he started singing.

"So much has happened to me in the last few years, and so fast, my life before that is just a blank."

His home life? "I was the only child. Folks thought a lot of me, I guess." His school days? "I was a pretty restless kid in school—I don't know whether I got much out of it or not—"

The record says that Frankie's small, wiry, and power-driven figure was a distinguished one in school athletics. He played on a champion basketball team, won a swimming trophy, and was outstanding in track events. After school hours he worked on a news truck to earn his spending money.

His dad, a city fireman, had dreamed of his becoming a civil engineer, but circumstances interfered with a college course. On graduation from high school, he took a year of journalism and shorthand in a business college, and finally went to work on the Jersey paper from which he later resigned to become a singer.

"Do you sometimes look back and wonder what your life might have been if you had become an engineer, as your dad wanted, or stayed on a paper?" we asked him. "Do you get scared when you think you might have missed all the wonderful things that have come to you through your singing?"

"No," says the Croon Prince calmly. "Because I think it would have been about the same if I had decided on any other line. I was determined to have the best. I think a person can go any place he sets his mind to. It's all in liking what you're doing. I probably wouldn't have stayed working at anything else long, because I wouldn't have liked it the way I like singing. Once I found what I really wanted to do—well, the rest was easy."

The first time Frankie ever raised his voice seriously was on a Major Bowes Amateur Hour. He won first prize with a song which since then has been his favorite tune, "Night and Day." The prize was a nine months' engagement with a Bowes unit, and he started out at once with a troupe headed toward the West coast. After three months of touring, he knew being an Amateur, even a paid one, wasn't what he wanted. He quit and returned to Hoboken.

Back in Jersey he started auditioning for radio and was soon heard

LETTER from a BOY in the SERVICE

★ ★ $10.00 LETTER ★ ★

Little praise has been given to the motion picture industry for the fine work it's doing today. Here's a gallant salute to the actors and actresses who are touring the Army, Navy, and Marine camps. We owe them much, and they have our everlasting thanks and blessings.

Motion pictures are the greatest form of entertainment and the most popular to the boys in the service. Without actors how can the studios keep on producing A-1 hits? Surely some one can see that the best weapon to combat homesickness, troubles, and worries is entertainment—the greatest morale builder of this century. Many of us have laughed our tears away at a motion picture, forgetting the great span of miles between us and our loved ones. It is to these stars that we are ever grateful and we will never forget. Now, most of them are our "buddies" and "shipmates" fighting side by side with them. Let them fight, yes, but let them fight our just as dangerous enemies, homesickness, worries, and the thought of being "through."

Here's one sailor who's all out for the draft deferment for Hollywood actors, and equally out to give you of the motion picture industry a rousing Navy cheer. I salute you!

Vincent V. Zurick S. 2/c
T.T.S.A. Personnel
Naval Air Station
Norfolk, Virginia

on some eighteen sustaining shows. The sum total of his salary at this time was seventy cents carfare paid by a big-hearted station manager, but our embryo star didn't count his time or effort wasted.

Every time his voice went on the air he was selling himself on the biggest market in the world, radio. The first buyer of his talent was the Rustic Inn, in New Jersey, offering him a steady and paying job. On the strength of this small success he married his home-town sweetheart, dark-haired Nancy Barbato, and splurged on a three-day honeymoon.

Frankie liked singing with Bob Chester's band at the Rustic Inn, but the place wasn't big enough to hold his ambition. He gave his notice, and when a fellow named Harry James walked in and offered him a featured spot with his newly organized band, he walked right out with him. Six months later he left James to accept a better offer from Tommy Dorsey.

Right about here, any discussion of the Sinatra success becomes a sort of chicken-or-the-egg controversy. There are some supporters for the theory that the singer rode to fame on the crest of the band-leader's popularity, others insist the band-leader attained his popularity because of his singer. Take whichever side you want, but during the Sinatra-Dorsey era their recordings of "I'll Never Smile Again," "Night and Day," "Stardust," "This Love of Mine," (which Frankie wrote) and other ballads, hit the top in record sales throughout the country.

Dorsey signed for two pictures, "Las Vegas Nights" and "Ship Ahoy," and Sinatra appeared with him. A spectator stooping to tie his shoe lace during the unreeling of either picture could have missed the singer's appearance entirely. Nevertheless, it was right about this time that a deluge of offers began to pour in from promoters, theater managers, and radio advertisers.

It was Columbia Broadcasting Company who convinced the beatific baritone that he was now ready to step away from Dorsey and become a solo star. They built a series of daily broadcasts around him, and two months later landed him radio's plum singing role, as the star of Lucky Strike's "Hit Parade." The Parade, going perpetually on and on through the years, has worn out a number of artists, but no one of them has ever hit the dizzy pace in broadcasting popularity set by the boy who started his own march in Jersey.

You undoubtedly know by now, the Sinatra epidemic was first recognized as virulent with his solo engagement at New York's Paramount theater. Strong men on the New York police force had come to pale at the word "jitterbug" even before Frankie.

With the advent of the Sinatra fan, however, they were up against a psychopathic phrase of youthful frenzy which required care rather than force in its handling. Many of the "case histories" of these kids have already hit print, but one of the most interesting is that of the seventeen-year-old girl who sat in the front row at every performance and let out a loud banshee wail every time Frankie opened his mouth.

Various attempts were made by the management to keep the child out of the theater, but she had more ways of getting into a building than a termite. There was no use of her staying home, she insisted, because she just kept playing her idol's records and screaming and crying, and her parents didn't like it either.

It is a well-known fact that you have to dig pretty deep to find a press-agent's nerves, but after a while even Sinatra-ballyhooer Evans decided the young lady had to be stopped before all concerned came down with the screaming-meemies. He tried reasoning with her, gently breaking the news that Frankie was a husband and a father. Her ailment, she insisted, was not romantic but rhythmic, and if she could just talk to Frankie once it might be cured.

Evans first extracted a promise of future good behavior, then took her around to the dressing room. She sat backstage, confiding her activities to biting her nails, until Sinatra finished his show. As he approached, she started going glassy-eyed. With one leap she fastened herself around his neck, clinging with the strength of a drowning person, until three men finally loosened her hold. You can still raise a sweat on the crooner's brow just by reminding him of the experience.

To get her out of the dressing room they had to give her "something of Frankie's." His bow-tie, she thought would do the trick. But that was not the last they saw of the young lady. The next performance, and every performance until the end of his engagement, she was in the front row, wearing the bow-tie. No more screams, however, from then on she sat with a large napkin stuffed in her mouth, dutifully biting down on it, through all his numbers!

It was this kid, multiplied by a million, who has created the Sinatra of today. You couldn't talk to him five minutes without noting that although he has abandoned his zoot suits for dinner coats and Hollywood tailored sport jackets, he will always wear them with the faint swagger of a fellow daring someone to try and knock 'em off. He has a toughness and a fiber the kids recognize, because it's the same as their own. But it's an admirable sort of cockiness he has, tempered with a very sincere awareness.

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world," is his most frequent statement.

"How do you like being the star of your own picture?" we asked him.

"Fine—fine. Thought I might have

My First SCREEN TEST

By MAUREEN O'HARA

who plays opposite Charles Laughton for the third time in RKO's "This Land Is Mine." (Maureen was guilty of the serious mistake of so many seventeen-year-olds. She says of herself, "I was the sorriest sophisticate." But read the whole story as she tells it here.)

"When I was offered a movie chance because I'd progressed to leads with the Abbey Players in Dublin, I wasn't insistent enough upon remaining my right age. I was tested in London, and I let them dress me up in a sophisticated gold lame gown and assume I was as exotic as Hedy Lamarr. I had been a fat little girl and this crack at overpowering sex appeal temporarily befuddled me. All I had to do was to stand, sit, turn around, walk about a room, pick up a phone, and sit down once more. Hedy Lamarr could do just that and be ravishing, but pretense stood out on me as though I were a burlesque siren. I learned then and there that the girl who sticks to her own age is smartest.

"Charles Laughton, who got me the test, agreed I'd best go back where I came from. But before I could leave London, he recalled me and asked me to read a part. I didn't rely on my appearance that time. I was cautious. 'Surely you don't expect me to read this intelligently until I've read it to myself and know what it's about.' That was a seventeen-year-old using her head. Finally they agreed it would be unfair, otherwise. So I got into pictures in spite of my test, studying the part carefully to counteract the sad siren impression."

a little trouble, but I seemed to fall right in to it—"

Even with its assurance, this was an understatement. The Warbling Wonder Boy's screen personality came over so well that on viewing the rushes, RKO execs immediately tore up his two-picture contract and signed him for seven years.

You take it, talking to this boy, that his achievements have been mental even more than material. The ten-room home in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., that he and wife Nancy decorated "just the way we like it," the mink coat Nancy now wears, the bank book with all its pleasingly plump figures, all are very fine things indeed. But in all that grand new mansion the thing which appeals to its owner most is a clock hanging over his desk in his den. It's handmade, it is expensive, but its prime worth is in a quotation inscribed under the dial:

"Music is the only form of art which touches the absolute."

Us, we're not even sure if we know what Mr. Schopenhauer had in mind when he penned the phrase in one of his philosophical works. We've got a good idea what Frankie has in mind, however, when he goes out of the room and comes back again, as he says, to read it over. Music, to this twenty-five year old lad who lives by it, has become a thing of accomplishment, of pride, a common ground whereon he can stand with people of prestige and feel that he is one of them.

There are two fairly new words in his vocabulary. One is "creative," the other is "movie-wise." The first is the highest praise he can bestow on a work, the second the highest praise he can bestow on a person. He'd like to earn both adjectives for himself. Someday he wants not only to be the star of his own radio program, but to build it complete from continuity to production.

Meeting Norma Shearer is a Hollywood experience which stands out in his mind above anything else.

"What a wonderful person—and so movie-wise. Just talking to her for five minutes makes you want to get off on the right foot in this business, and stay on it!"

Someday, the story will be written of the most wondered-about wife of 1943, the "Nancy" whose name runs like a recurrent refrain through all of Frank Sinatra's talk of the past, present or future. It will no doubt be a great love story, replete with courage and faith and tolerance. Certain it is that any young man who can have one foot on a comet and keep the other securely rooted in a happy home, is largely indebted to the wisdom and understanding of his young mate.

Although Frankie's tool in trade is romantic wordage, he uses a sincerer lingo to describe her:

"Nancy is a very level-headed girl. She doesn't let anything bother her. We used to talk things over when we were first married, and both of us knew that when things happened like we wanted them to, a lot of things we didn't want would come, too."

They were friends before they were sweethearts. Nancy lived across the street from his home; they used to go to beach parties with the same teen-age crowd.

"I liked her because she was quiet, I guess. Some of the other kids were pretty wild, me included, but Nancy was a nice conscientious girl. She steadied me. I had ambition, and she seemed to understand that, too."

That steadying influence of Nancy's undoubtedly makes her pretty nice to come home to after the hectic excitement of the cheering crowds. She keeps their home on a normal, sane plane, to judge from her young husband's conversation. They would like their children to have a musical education, a harp has been decided on for Nancy Junior. Someday they'll have a home in California, and Mrs. Sinatra no doubt agrees with his rather wistful wish that before long, he will have a little more time to "fool around the house and lie out in the sun."

At the time we talked with him, the Croon Prince had no idea what his next picture would be like or when filming on it would start. He had specified to his movie bosses that he would like to be with his wife when their second child was born. By the time this reaches print, both events will have happened.

He says: "Of course I don't expect things to go on at the pace they have been going. I wouldn't want the excitement to keep up—I couldn't stand it, either physically or mentally. I've been lucky but I've also worked pretty hard. A lot of people say I'm not here to stay. I think I am. Luck is fickle, but hard work is pretty dependable.

"I still say, 'Look at Crosby' and I'm generally misunderstood when I say it. The guy is still my greatest hero—and the thing I admire about him most is he's never let down in the quality of what he does. A fellow who gets up there and can't stay, doesn't deserve to."

Frank Sinatra has what it takes to win success—and keep it. He likes the weather up there at the top of the heap, and it'll take a lot to knock him down. He is a stylist, and when and if crooning becomes monotonous—as it well might any minute now if the juke boxes and radio don't give his records a rest—he will find some other medium to express himself.

"Someday I may try to find that bridge between classic and popular music," he says. "Busy people can't sit still long enough to enjoy good music the way it should be enjoyed. Brainy people like something better than a popular song. I'm going to look for a way to reconcile the two."

THE END

A HUNCH HE CAN'T EXPLAIN

It's a "Happy Land" that Don Ameche is playing in for Twentieth Century-Fox.

After meager weeks of eating a dime's worth of beans at noon and a five-cent apple at night, Don Ameche won a role in "Jerry for Short." His first chance at Broadway! The play didn't last long, but Ameche did well in it. And now, at last he had a toe hold on the stage. Right then, fate intervened in the form of a nickel. Texas Guinan offered him a small part in a touring vaudeville show. Common sense told Ameche to remain in New York and clinch his first Broadway appearance with another. He tossed a nickel. Heads, he'd go with Guinan, and it came down heads. When the tour ended in Chicago, Don—on the verge of hopping a train to New York—found he could have an unimportant part with a Chicago stage company. Common sense told him to choose New York. He flipped the nickel and took the Chicago job.

Time and again Ameche had wondered why he went with the Guinan show, anyway. Now he wondered what on earth he was doing in Chicago. But the Chicago play lasted a fortnight, and Ameche bought a ticket back to New York. Then he heard that a Chicago radio station would give an audition next day to singers. Ameche's friends said he'd be insane to wait over for the audition; "there'll be a million other guys standing in line." Don tossed that nickel, and took the audition which led to radio fame and then to Hollywood.

HALF-A-BILLION BEERY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

Wally would swing a hammock beside her in the elephant car, and she'd hold his hand gently in her trunk all night. "But," Wally recalls, "you had to wake sharply at dawn. Otherwise, Topsy, having no more need for you—she thought—would try to kneel on you. That's the way an elephant kills."

When Topsy knelt on one of Wally's successors, Beery took a long trip back, to save the elephant from being executed. "I wrote and warned the guy!" he explained indignantly. "Topsy's kneeling is just her nature. You have to take animals like you find them."

Wally learned to take human beings that way, too. He graduated to Ringling Brothers' circus—the tops—and hit New York. The big town, the White Way, the stir and bustle of sophisticated life, fascinated the greenie from the elephant tent. He flexed his throat muscles, applied for a chorus job—and got it! Only weeks later, Charles Frohman, world-famous theatrical producer, needed an ascetic-looking boy to play a priest in "A Japanese Nightingale." He promoted Wally from the chorus—and then the human animal slipped!

Four chorus friends of Wally, on opening night, each pressed a drink on him, convincing him that it would cure him of the stage fright that had him trembling. He had never tasted liquor before; the four drinks, in his excited state, passed him out.

That's the actor's unforgivable crime, to be unable to go on-stage. Wally was thrown out, literally; picked himself up in the alley, took a streetcar to the Bronx where his old friend Topsy was quartered, and spent a miserable night, sitting by the big elephant. At dawn—deciding he was no quitter—he took another streetcar back to Broadway and, that day, succeeded in reaching Frohman. Moved by the nineteen-year-old's contrite sincerity, Frohman (the two later became great friends) broke theatrical tradition and forgave him.

Two years later, while singing a minor role in "The Yankee Tourist" and understudying star Raymond Hitchcock, Wally received his big break. Hitchcock's health made him leave the show; Wally's name went up in lights.

At once the boy wrote Mom: "I'm doing good. Come and see me."

From Kansas City to New York seemed a long way; Mom required five months to make up her mind and arrived. Wally, meeting her at the train, looked glum. That morning Hitchcock had returned to town, to resume his role; lights were being changed back, in the sockets over the Astor Theater.

Wally, though, was able proudly to introduce the toilworn patrolman's wife to such friends as Richard Harding Davis, then the world's most famous war correspondent; Reginald de Koven, composer of the operetta "Robin Hood," and Victor Herbert, whose marvelous songs the young man had been singing. (Perhaps the greatest happiness in Wally's past life was that both his mother and father survived long enough to share his fortune. They lived their last years surrounded by everything they wanted—all provided by Wally.)

Work and lack of false pride—and vision—were carving a career no one could have guessed. While a chorus boy, Wally had travelled, on days when there were no matinees, and in summer spaces between stage shows, to New Rochelle, where a small new movie company, Tanhauser, was paying $5 a day for acting in "big" roles, and $3 for small parts. That was in connection with the new "toy," motion pictures, and Wally continued to work double, after he became a stage star. Those in the theater who found it out laughed at him, but he could shut his eyes and see people in theaters all over the world, crowding in, one of these days, to look at the new "toy."

No actress worth even five dollars a day would let herself be seen in a motion picture—this was 1906-08—so when another company wanted to make a series of comedies featuring a Swedish housemaid, they had to find a man to wear the skirts.

Would Wally do it? Sure he would! And he did, for $75 a picture. A young reporter named Louella Parsons wrote the scripts, for $25 apiece.

Wally's stage rise continued—singing leads in such famous successes as "The Student Prince" and "Babes In Toyland"—but his mind was on Chicago, where a truly ambitious movie company, Essanay, had its headquarters. He went into an operatic stock season there, to be near Essanay. They told him, at the season's end, "We've nothing big enough for you. Go on back to New York. We'll let you know in the Fall."

But Wally gave them another address. He was half in love with a beautiful young blonde, singing in the stock company, and she had said: "I know where there's a young married couple camping out on a lonely island in the Wisconsin lakes. Let's go up there and join them."

Wally had never really played in his life. Now, proposing to loaf a summer, and fall the rest of the way in love, he set out with the blonde. In the glow of a Wisconsin sunset, a lean Indian, having paddled the pair twelve miles across blue water, landed them at the wooded isle where the amiable chaperones dwelt.

That was a night of stars . . . water lapping the shore . . . the panorama of nature . . . the close-together feeling that a campfire brings.

Wally thought he knew what he was heading for, but he didn't care.

Next morning their first sight was

UNIFORMED HITCH-HIKING in HOLLYWOOD

When Jean Arthur was in Palmdale filming scenes for "A Lady Takes a Chance," she had one scene to do waiting for a bus. Before the bus arrived, two cadets from the Lancaster Air Base nearby, passed by in a car. Not seeing the camera, set up behind a filling station across the road, they stopped to give her a lift. Then they discovered they were breaking up a movie scene.

The film troupe forgave them and invited the cadets to have dinner with them in Palmdale that evening, and before night was over, half the flying field was in the party. Jean, as the only girl, jitterbugged all night to a juke box, and was so tired the next day, she couldn't play the bus-waiting scene. As a matter of fact, it was just as well. The cadets who weren't in on the party had learned how it started and were waiting with their jalopies to offer the lady a ride.

the same lean Indian, paddle flashing, shooting the canoe across the lake again. He brought a telegram from Essanay: "Report at once. Long term contract. Comedy leads."

Three days later Wally, in Chicago, helping select extras for his first Essanay picture, chose one named Gloria Swanson.

That Essanay deal set a chain of events in train: Wally called west to act for the fast-growing Keystone Company; Gloria following; marriage, divorce, fantastic money for Wally.

What became of the Wisconsin idyll-that-was-to-have-been? Forgotten. That wasn't the last time in history that a movie company's telegram would wreck or build someone's romance!

Wally, growing with the industry, playing important roles or leads in more than 300 movies, has run the gamut of parts. He played motorcycle cops when the motor-cycle was as up-to-date as the airplane is today; played comedy villains with trick moustaches — even played serious menaces, as in the famous "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," where he enacted a German who munched an apple contendedly while the world was being shot to pieces.

To those roles he added great character leads, such as his immortal portrayal of the name role in "Viva Villa" and the equally remembered, lovable derelict in "The Champ."

About fifteen years ago the public began to take charge. Letters of protest poured in—from lawyers, dentists, senators, mothers, boys and girls, farmers, supreme court judges—whenever the Missourian was cast in violation of his own likable, sincere nature. That has finally resulted in Wally playing nothing but sympathetic roles; earlier it caused the only serious studio quarrel during the actor's fourteen years with MGM.

In 1932 Metro decided to throw the lot's entire star strength into "Grand Hotel." John and Lionel Barrymore, Wally, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo—the works.

Explosions occurred when Wally was handed his role—the porter. "This character," Wally told an associate producer, "is effeminate. I won't play it."

Argument raged. The part was "Art"; it would lift Wally to new heights—he had to play it anyway. The big man listened to that line for ten days, then hopped into his Bellanca plane and headed for his high mountain ranch in Wyoming. Lawyers telegraphed, "Pursuant to Clause 2468-x in your contract . . ." and went on to threaten, in 1200 wired words: discharged by Metro, blacklisting by the industry and a $1,000,000 suit for breach of contract.

Wally didn't answer. After the all-star cast had waited three weeks, the studio underlings took the matter to Louis B. Mayer, Metro's headman. He listened. The day was Christmas Eve, and Metro's wise boss telegraphed Wyoming: "You and I have been friends for many years. This will be the first unhappy Christmas of my life, thinking that we are apart in spirit. Won't you come home and talk with me?"

Wally gunned the Bellanca, appeared at Mayer's house Christmas morning (witnesses of the meeting say the actor's eyes were damp) and blurted: "L. B., why didn't you put it like that to me in the first place!"

Drama occurred on Grand Hotel's set as well as before shooting began. Wally, shy and never taking himself too seriously as an "artist," awed by the brilliant collection of stars, tried seemingly to creep on-set. The first day, he was sitting in one of several chairs at one side and became conscious that someone had sunk into the next chair. He cut an eye sideways and, seeing the famous Barrymore profile right in his eye, so to speak, choked up.

Then he managed a weak, tentative: "Hello."

Jawn looked down the classic nose as only Barrymore could, offering no reply whatsoever. Wally might have been an insect.

That cut direct made a recluse out of Beery. He spoke to no one, kept to himself. For eight days he and John worked closely together, without a single remark outside their lines. Then, during a rest period on the eighth day, Wally again became conscious of the Profile, inches away. Barrymore slapped Wally heartily on the knee and let the Voice boom and roll: "Not that I'm falling in love with you or anything"—all the set could hear—"but I'd like to make a statement. You're the best actor on this set."

Wally hasn't answered that one yet. When reminded of it, he laughs the incident off. But friends who know him well reveal, "That's his private Academy Award."

General fame means little to this actor. Hollywood is no part of his life—the moment he's through a picture he hops for one of his ranches. Money is a joke; he will have to pay ninety-odd percent of his salary in taxes this year—maybe all. (Not that he gripes about it; his patriotic anger burns to a cinder anyone who complains about taxes.)

Last month Movieland told of Wally's possible marriage to Miss Aurela Nawrocki, of Houston, Texas. The young lady is equipped both with attractiveness and charm, but Wally also may well have in mind that the presence in his home of a young yet mature woman, during the six months of each year that Carol Ann lives there, would be beneficial to the pretty thirteen-year-old. For his heart is wrapped up in this adopted daughter.

She's quite a girl, this youngster who has borne the Beery name since she was nine months old, and daughter and father together make laughs.

Wally treats her like a man playing gruff games with a small boy. He seldom gets the best of her!

When the two were going to Europe on the Ile de France, Wally, keeping his face straight, warned Carol Ann:

"Now if you see me walking the deck with any young ladies, don't come up and crab my act. Don't say, 'Hello, Daddy,' and make them think I'm an old man. Don't speak to me at all. Just go on by as if you didn't know me."

Carol Ann said, "Yes, Daddy."

A couple of mornings later Wally was deck-strolling, with an attractive girl on each arm.

Carol Ann came by, with her nurse. The child passed Wally, her youthful nose in the air, as if she had never laid eyes on him. Then she reached almost the end-turn of the deck, pulled loose from her nurse, yelled back, "Good morning, DADDY!" and skittered around the corner as fast as 5-year-old legs could carry her.

When the Beery's were divorced in 1938, Carol Ann was bewildered and hurt. She did, and does, love both her adoptive parents, who to her have been, since babyhood, Daddy and Mother. For some time, while divorce matters were being adjusted, she stayed on with Wally. (Now she spends six months of the year with each parent.) She wouldn't sleep alone, nor with a nurse, so Wally had twin beds placed in his room. This worked out at first; then one night Wally, coming home late, frowned in a puzzled way: there stood a lighted candle on the little table between the beds. He blew the candle out, retired thoughtfully. Anxious not to upset any routine that comforted Carol Ann, he said nothing next morning. But he worried. When the same thing happened a second time, and a third, Wally spoke in mock gruffness: "Well, what's the idea of this candle gag? Want to burn the house up, and yourself, too?"

Carol Ann returned her most radiant smile: "You see Daddy, when I'm about to go to sleep, I notice the time. Then I light the candle. When you come in you blow it out. Next morning I measure the candle and know what time you came home."

Wally looked at her a moment, speechless. Then he said: "Young lady, from now on you'll have your own room!"

Carol Ann, at thirteen, dresses smartly (no dates yet), looks two years older than she is. Hazel eyes and light chestnut hair go with quiet and pleasing manners—though she has self-assurance. The most part of her small spending allowance buys movie tickets; she wants to be an actress and those who worked with her on the "Rationing" set say she is eager to work and learn.

Wally remarked the other day, "Well, if the kid stays as she is, and grows up to be happy, I won't have wasted my life, huh?"

A fine monument—his kindness to, and affection for, this child.

Wally is already building another permanent record too—a good legend, the atmosphere that hangs in the air when a man's name is mentioned. One bandy-legged cowboy, who has known the actor for years, expressed it this way, "When he says, 'Hiya Pal!' he means that second word. And no knife across your throat!"

That isn't poetry, but it's Wally.

THE END

Coming! The one and only photograph of Sgt. Gene Autry in uniform, autographed to his public—also an exclusive interview with Sgt. Gene in February Movieland, on sale January 7.

Ensign Gay and Tyrone Power

MOVIE STARS ARE FANS TOO

Ty Power was a great admirer of Ensign George Gay, the man who alone was the survivor of thirty Americans at the Battle of Midway who belonged to Torpedo Squadron 8. These men dared to attack the Jap fleet, and they gave their lives to do it.

None of the fifteen planes returned. When Ensign Gay's plane was hit by bullets, it dropped into the sea and began to sink. Ensign Gay jumped into a deflated rubber boat and floated on it for hours before he was picked up and flown to a hospital in Midway. Tyrone Power read Ensign Gay's story and was thrilled by it. Twentieth Century-Fox bought the film rights to the story, and Ensign Gay was invited to visit the studio. When Ty, who had just joined the Marines, heard that Ensign Gay was visiting his home lot, he felt he had to meet Gay. But before he'd known of the Ensign's impending visit, he had made an appointment for a luncheon interview with a writer. So Ty invited the writer and the young hero to lunch with him at the same time.

What an interview! Ty tried to be courteous and answer the writer's questions, but just as soon as he'd finish answering a question, Ty would turn to Ensign Gay and question him even more than he was being questioned.

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BETTY HUTTON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

into hard little pig-tails that barely touched her shoulders.

She had just come in from a riding lesson for her next picture, based on the life of Texas Guinan. The soft white shirt was open at her throat and the riding breeches had seen some real wear. She looked about fifteen. She's really twenty-two.

We were sitting in the apartment she rents in Hollywood which is comfortable and homelike—but not at all like a movie star's gilded cage. No soft footed maid or butler disturbed the serenity of the homey sounds coming from the kitchen where Mrs. Adams, Betty's youthful and equally blonde mother, was making chili sauce. For that matter, in this setting Betty didn't look like Betty Hutton, either.

Oh, she's "murder," all right. She's TNT. She's a Pep-Packin'-Parcel from Paramount and the reigning Wild Belle of the air waves.

Right now they are making book in Hollywood that when the box office returns are in for 1944, Betty's name will lead the rest. She'll kill the kids at the camp shows, and she'll sell bonds for Uncle Sam as they've never been sold before. This is the personality the public has come to know as Betty (the hot) Hutton. It's her "front." But there is another Hutton—the girl who sat quietly facing me, wondering how much I understood about the way she felt—and perhaps, just how far I could be trusted with her confidences.

The only "movie star" touch in the entire room was an enormous vase of red roses—three dozen of them—on a table beside Betty. Lately, the papers had been full of her suddenly announced engagement to Charles Martin, the young radio executive who is as handsome as any movie star.

I said: "Betty, not to start your life story at the wrong end—but are you really planning to marry Charlie Martin?" And when she answered, I think you will understand what I mean about the unusual honesty of this girl.

"It isn't a publicity romance as many writers have insinuated," she said. "We are in love—or I am. But who knows what will eventually happen between two people rushed off their feet as Charlie and I were—falling in love at first sight—and then not seeing each other for weeks?

"I met him when I went to New York on my first bond tour," she went on. "I was on one of his radio shows. I thought he was the best looking and most attractive man I had ever seen—and ZOOM—it hit me just like that.

"It was like a skyrocket—falling in love like that. We were like a couple of zephyrs meeting head on. I was going to be in New York only a few days. We spent the entire time gazing into each other's eyes at every night spot in town.

"Then I had to come back to the Coast, and I didn't see him for weeks. But it was still ON—and when I went back to New York this last time, we announced our engagement. He asked me to marry him, and I said I would—right out loud in Madison Square Garden." Betty laughed.

"The second trip was almost a repetition of the first. Night clubs—photographers taking our pictures—still in the old spin. Then I was called back to Hollywood and since then we have been what Charlie calls a 'Coast-to-Coast' romance.

"It's funny to say it—but it's true. We don't know anything about each other—not really.

"Charlie will be out here in a few weeks with the Gertrude Lawrence radio show which he produces and writes—and then is when we will find out just how real it is. We will see each other in our work life and in our everyday life. Right now—neither of us *knows*."

The words had poured out of Betty's mouth as they always do when she talks and barely pausing for breath, she went on:

"Before people get married they should know each other from A to Z. It's all right to be in a spin, at first—it's grand. But marriage is something else. I've had a wonderful example right in my own home of how happy people can be when they are *sure*. My mother and stepfather went together for eighteen years before they were married a year and a half ago."

I laughed, "Well, I'd say they had a chance to get to *know* each other!"

A blonde head appeared around the swinging door of the kitchen. "Don't you believe it," said Mrs. Adams, who has a figure any glamour girl would be jealous of. "You never get to know any man! Eighteen years—or eighteen days—it's all the same!"

Betty hugged her knees and shrieked with laughter. "Isn't she wonderful?" she said as the kitchen door swung back. "I mean I would have to be awful darn sure of my happiness to leave Mom. You see, we've been through *everything* together."

Everything—to be exact—began back in Battle Creek, Michigan, on February 26th, 1921, the day Betty June Thornburg was born. From the moment Betty can remember anything—there were just the three of them—Mom and Marion, her sister who is two years older.

She has no memories of her father for the simple reason that he just wasn't around. When Betty was two and Marion, four, Mr. Thornburg (as Betty still thinks of her father) vanished into thin air. Where he went, or why, no one—not even Betty's mother—knows. He just walked out one day and never came back.

But "Mom," the slender blonde woman who was little more than a girl, herself, was always there like a guardian angel over her two little tow-headed girls. If any bitterness from the hardship of being left alone with two little children—and no money to support them—ever marked this extraordinary woman Betty calls "Mom"—it doesn't show. Her laughter comes as quickly as Betty's own. She talks her daughter's language. She might be an older sister.

She's proud of Betty but no more so than she is of Marion, now happily married, and the proud mother of a year old son. Marion, too, is a singer with Glenn Miller's band and Mrs. Adams keeps up Marion's scrapbook as carefully as she does Betty's. They both show you the new snapshots of Marion's baby with far more enthusiasm than they register over the new magazine portraits of the "mad" little Hutton.

But between the vivid girl and the woman who is her mother is an inescapable bond of two people who have literally gone through hell together — and weathered it with warmth and kindness toward the world. They have known what it means to go hungry—not to have enough to eat—no warm clothes to wear. They can joke about it now —but it is marked into them, holding them close together for as long as they shall live.

When Betty was six and Marion eight, "Mom" moved to Detroit. The big factories were there—the automobile factories where she could find work. The children were young to leave alone each day—but it was more important that they eat.

She got a job at the Chrysler factory for six months out of the year. Then there always came the black six months of the "lay off" known to all automobile workers—the long lay off while the new designs are being created and the factory slows down to a walk until the next "season."

But the tow-headed Betty June was not an unhappy little girl at heart —or never for very long at a time. She was the tom boy of the two sisters. In the summer time her face was just one big freckle.

"I was always scratched and bruised and rowdy," she says. "The only time I can remember being bored in my whole life was when my uncle gave me a doll to play with. I didn't know what to do with the darn thing."

If she didn't like dolls—she was crazy about real babies. For twenty-five cents an hour, Betty June "minded" the off-spring of young couples who wanted to go to the movies or to step out for an evening of dancing. Betty made up the formulas, fed them, and changed diapers like an expert.

"When I was back in Detroit on the Bond tour, some of those kids came to see me," Betty remembers. "Gee—was I glad to see they were nearly grown up—and I didn't have to change 'em!"

When Betty was 11 she made an interesting discovery about herself: she could sing. She and Marion sang all the new songs and by practicing a little, they worked in some "mean" close harmony. They were good! They were always asked to sing at the church and school entertainments. Everybody said it wasn't so much the way the kids sang—as all the antics they went through. The sisters turned cartwheels or chinned themselves while giving out with even the tenderest love lyrics. It made people laugh.

"We ought to get paid for this," Betty said to Marion.

"Who would pay us?" scoffed the older sister. "We're too young to get a job."

"Take up a collection," said the practical Betty.

They began to sing on the street corners and in the near-by beer gardens that the kids so elegantly thought of as "cafes." They sang their lungs out and danced their legs off. Saturdays were the best. Folks coming home on Saturdays have their pay in their pockets and sometimes they tossed as much as fifty cents on the corner pavements for the singing, dancing, whirling dervishes.

Sometimes they made as much as ten dollars! "Gee," breathed Betty—"if every day was Saturday—Mom would never have to work again!"

By the time she was fourteen—Betty was "show" mad. It was all she could think, talk, or dream about. She hounded her mother continually about getting in a show. "I know I could do it," she would say. "I'll *die* —if you don't let me try."

The "break" of all breaks occurred when an amateur band Betty had been singing with decided to try their wings in the Big Town. Two of the "musicians" mothers were going along as chaperones—and Mom finally gave her consent to her wild-eyed, nagging daughter to make the trip.

The first day Betty walked down Broadway she thought the little blue coat she was wearing couldn't hold her pounding heart. Why, the place was full of beer joints! But that was all behind her, now. She was a professional! That is, she would be a professional—soon. Maybe.

The days went by—as days have a habit of doing. Every morning Betty made the rounds of the booking agents. Someone had given her a list of the bigger and better agents and she made those rounds first. Soon, she was doing the smaller and lesser ones, as well. But if something didn't happen soon—it was just going to be too bad. She was down to her last five dollars—and then the last three dollars—and then the last one—and Broadway didn't even know she was there.

That was what maddened her. She was sure if the big producers just *knew* about her everything would be all right. Here she was fourteen years old—and nothing in sight. No one to talk to except those tired old men of "30 or 40" in the booking offices who seemed to think she was "just another singer."

It scares you when you are fourteen years old and you get down to your last dollar. It scares you even more when one of those tired old men of thirty or forty says:

"Listen, kid—I know you aren't twenty-one. You're just a little girl. You aren't foolin' anybody. Why don't you go home and wait awhile and start all over again in a few years?"

"I can't!" she sobbed. "I haven't even got enough money to go home. I'm the worst failure in the world!"

It was then that the tired "old man" —who didn't understand about potential Betty Huttons in the world—did a strange thing for a meanie. He dug down in his pocket and extracted a twenty-dollar bill. "It's just a loan," he said gently. "You can pay me back someday."

"I'll never be able to pay you back," Betty sobbed as though her heart would break. "I'm just a failure!"

"Well," he said, "take it, anyway. I'll feel better about you, knowing that you're being a failure back home —where you belong!"

(To be Continued)

This is the first of two instalments on the life story of Betty Hutton—the girl you should be seeing in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Read about Betty's loves in the February MOVIELAND.

LETTERS *from our* BOYS *in the* SERVICE

I want to write about one of the greatest movie actors the world has ever known. Mickey Rooney. When my outfit was stationed in California, Mickey put on a show. He sang and played the drums and piano, and did anything and everything that he was asked to do. His show was one of the largest we had seen out there, and he tried so hard to please the boys that when he finished, he was completely exhausted. I sincerely believe that of all the people who entertained for us, he received the greatest amount of applause.

PFC Ralph Liberato
Camp Bowie, Texas

Mickey Rooney, the playboy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Girl Crazy" musical.

We had no movie personalities visit our camp until one came a few weeks ago.

He was Mickey Rooney. To tell you the truth, I never was more surprised in all my life. I don't know what I expected to see in him, but whatever it was, it was wrong. He is about the grandest person I've seen on the stage.

We all thought his drum playing was publicity, but when we asked him to play the drums here at camp, I wasn't the only one who sat there with his mouth open in amazement. Mickey sure gave us a real show.

He was the first star I've seen, but I hope he isn't the last.

Pvt. Donald E. Gray
Rcn. Co. 35 A.R.
A.P.O. 254
c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles.

WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

Dawn" was a long time in getting started, but now it looks set for a lengthy popularity run. It was written by Leon Rene, the composer of the always lovely "Sleepy Time Down South." Incidentally, there's a wonderful record of this tune, Capitol's disc by Ceelle Burke, who's been tabbed "The Sepia Frank Sinatra."

I *know* you've heard "Pistol Packin' Mamma" but here's a story about the song I don't think you've heard.

When Al Dexter was out in Hollywood I asked him how he happened to write it, where he got the idea, and all that. This is what he told me:

"Well, it was all the result of a dream. I dreamed one night that I left my house, telling my wife that I was going to a lodge meeting. But instead I went to a saloon and had myself a few beers. In that dream, I spied an attractive blonde in the corner, so I went over and asked her to dance.

"We had a few twirls around the floor and a few more beers, and I bade her goodnight and went home. The next night I left my house, again telling my wife that I was going to a lodge meeting.

"But I went straight back to the saloon and had some more beers. The same blonde was there, so we had a few more twirls, a few more beers, I bade her goodnight once more, and went home.

"The next night as I was leaving my house, I gave my wife the same story. But by this time she was getting suspicious of my routine, so she followed me to the saloon and caught me with the beers and the blonde. She simply pulled out a pistol and shot the blonde. Then I woke up."

I told Al I thought the story was more of a nightmare than a dream, but with his record royalties and his theatre dates at thirty-five hundred dollars a week and picture offers, all on the strength of "Pistol Packin' Mamma" I'd say it was darned nice dreamin'. . . .

The record has sold over a million copies . . . it's going so big, in fact, that Columbia has stopped pressing Harry James and Frank Sinatra discs for a while to catch up on the orders for "Mamma."

Our Jill, with Dick Hoymes. Jill interviewed Dick over the oir on o KFAC show.

With the crowd of young tons listening in, as Don Otis onnounces the progrom.

ON THE BEAM:

Johnnie Johnston nabbed the vocal spot on "Duffy's Tavern" when it returned to the air. He's one of the most consistently good singers in radio, and is featured in Paramount's musical films. . . .

The Blue Network's "What's New" program on Friday nights is one you should put on your "must" list every week. The show is sponsored by RCA-Victor and there is always a big musical star as guest, plus Don Ameche as master of ceremonies. . . .

Columbia Broadcasting Company is planning a build-up for Jerry Sullivan similar to the one they gave Dinah Shore. . . .

Bill Day, who has been singing with the Sportsmen Quartet, got a swell break, and is now the soloist on the Groucho Marx Saturday night show over CBS. . . .

You Glenn Miller fans probably have been listening to the Captain's Saturday NBC show, "I Sustain The Wings." Glenn has a forty piece orchestra augmented by an instrumental group known as "The Tail-end-Charlies," the service's phrase for the tail gunner assigned to the last bomber of a formation. The "Charlies" are comprised of such familiar names as Corporal Ray McKinley on drums, Corporal Mel Powell (formerly with Benny Goodman) on piano, Sergeant Trigger Alpert (with Miller's civilian band) on bass, and Private Carmen Mastren on guitar. . . .

Eddie Cantor has a real find in his new vocal miss, Nora Martin. She used to be a hill-billy singer. . . . The Blue Network has signed Andy Russell with big plans in mind for him. Andy has been playing drums and singing with Alvino Rey. . . . Dick Haymes continues to do a good job on his "Here's To Romance" show over CBS, and the demand for tickets when Dick came to Hollywood was something.

Which reminds me, I'm so glad Frank Sinatra has been singing "Pistol Packin' Mamma," and for one reason—it's a jump tune. I've always enjoyed Frank on a rhythm song, but since he left Dorsey, he's done nothing but ballads, and he can swing with the best of them. . . .

Bob Crosby's Sunday night NBC effort is an all-music show that has improved considerably. Plus Bob and the band, there are the Pied Pipers and a guest canary each week. . . .

JAM NOTES:

When Charlie Spivak came to Hollywood Palladium, he broke every existing opening night record for the place, which was amazing inasmuch as he topped such record breakers as the Brothers Dorsey, Benny Goodman and Woody Herman, and it was his first visit to the coast.

But I suppose it really isn't so amazing, because he has one of the finest bands I've ever heard. I don't see how he can miss being Number One next year. He is billed as "The Man Who Plays The Sweetest Trumpet In The World" and it's no exaggeration.

I've never watched anyone play an instrument with as much ease and relaxation. His tone is so beautiful, yet not lacking in brilliance. The whole band swings, not just the rhythm section, and the saxes play with such a beat. Charlie, himself, is one of the nicest guys I've ever known in the music business. His beautiful wife, Fritzi, is expecting a baby and they are hoping for a little "Pin-Up" girl. They already have an eight-year-old son, Joel.

While on the coast, Charlie replaced The Stardusters with Irene Daye. Irene had planned on doing radio work only, but the Spivak offer was too tempting.

Here's an amusing thing. On either side of the large ballroom of the Palladium there are two huge statues which are as tall as the balcony. The balcony runs clear around each side of the ballroom, with smaller statues here and there.

Now Charlie had never been in the spot before his opening, and around eleven o'clock that evening the manager came and told him he had broken the record.

Charlie looked up toward the balcony and said, "Gee, those aren't *all* statues up there, some of them must be people." . . .

While awaiting his new trial, Gene Krupa played two weeks of USO shows with Benny Goodman, and then went home to Yonkers, New York. He has been studying piano and taking drum lessons from Sol Goodman, the New York Philharmonic drummer. . . .

Mary Lou Cook has left the Merry Macs and settled down to being a housewife. She was replaced by Marjorie Garland (no relation to Judy). The youngest "Mac," Joe, was drafted and Lynn Allen took his place. . . . Mary O'Brien, Virginia's kid sister, has been signed by Universal Pictures. She sings too. . . . Skip Nelson has left Tommy Dorsey and gone into radio. I caught him recently on a Blue Network sustainer. . . .

Bill Finegan, former Glenn Miller arranger responsible for so many of Miller's hit records, has joined T.D. He was with Horace Heidt for a short time. . . .

Don't be surprised if Helen Forrest leaves Harry James around the first of the year and goes out on her own, even though she has denied it. She has signed a managerial contract with Billy Burton, who also handles Jimmy Dorsey, Helen O'Connell and Dick Haymes.

And speaking of Haymes, when Dick arrived in Hollywood he was met at the train by his wife and a studio representative, a small reception committee in contrast to the hundreds who met Sinatra. However, that's the way Dick wanted it. When I met him at the Palladium the other night I was impressed with how much he looked like the captain of the basketball team at school. He seems like a nice guy who is genuinely thrilled with his success. He told me it made him happy to have all the waiters and doormen so glad to see him and it was just like old home week renewing acquaintances with the Palladium crowd, all of whom he hadn't seen since his Dorsey engagement. . . .

Maurice Rocco, the colored pianist, has been signed by Paramount for a spot in one of their forthcoming musicals. . . .

Harry James and Freddy Martin garnered over three million dollars for the Third War Loan Drive with their baseball game. Harry's team won, twelve to two. During the festivities Wifey Betty Grable auctioned off a pair of her nylon stockings to the tune of forty thousand dollars. Betty always ribs Harry because of his passion for baseball, calling him "Three-Bagger Harry."

Remember if you have any questions on your musical favorites, send them along. Address Jill Warren in care of Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 46, California. And be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THE END

Michael O'Shea, Mrs. London, and Susan Hayward, on the "Jack London" movie set.

Jack's widow and Susie, who plays the part in the picture. How alike they look!

BERGMAN THE BEAUTIFUL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

Then that forthright Bergman radiance: "Not at all. I shall be happy!"

Thus I had met Ilsa and Clio and Maria and Marie-Veronica. Four unrelated fictional women. And they were all Ingrid Bergman.

SHE was promptly ready at seven o'clock next morning for the two hour drive to Chicago City, where she was spending several days as a guest on the Swenson farm. The hotel had assigned her to what they called The Nordic Suite. I made some remark about how appropriate this was, but she laughingly assured me that the name was the only thing Nordic about it. Immensely enjoying the misnomer, she called my attention to Chinese carvings, Louis Quatorze chairs, and Grand Rapids bedsteads. "But it is so big and so comfortable," she said, whereupon she proceeded to turn out the several floor and wall lights. I hastened to assure her that such economy was unnecessary; eventually the maid would turn them out, and besides, people never bothered to turn out hotel lights, anyhow.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said, "but still I do not feel right about it."

Arriving at the Swenson farm she was immediately put to work on the film, and, except for a brief pause for luncheon, kept at it with undiminishing enthusiasm and energy until sundown. That night the red earmuffs I had purchased ceased becoming the subject of conversation among the director and crew; it was now the astonishing spirit and exuberance of Bergman; the utter absence of temperament or pose; the crisp, fresh quality matched only by the deep untouched snow that blanketed Minnesota.

An assistant cameraman borrowed an old vaudeville gag, but when he said it, everybody looked at him as if he had said all there was to say. "And to think I'm getting paid for this," he said.

THE next day two incidents occurred which shall always remain with your chronicler. Both should have a permanent place in any critical examination of Bergman. The first took place at the Old People's Home. The matron ushered us into a small living-room, and we found ourselves looking into the serenely furrowed faces of several aged men and women. The matron was about to introduce Bergman when that young lady, catching her breath at sight of this human dignity, suddenly and impulsively fell upon her knees and grasped the hand of the woman nearest her, instantly engaging her in Swedish conversation.

The response of these wonderful people was thrilling. The vision of this actress, destined to become the screen's greatest, kneeling in humility and adoration before these men and women at the midnight of their lives, was a thing of complete magnificence.

Later, on our way down the slippery walk, I took her arm, searching for something to say. I thought how perfectly she belonged against a background of snow. Her close-cropped sage-honey hair and cheeks that had a permanent flush like the inside of a sea-shell. She sensed my unspoken question.

She said, "I love old people. I can not help it. I love them more than any other. When I was a child, they were kind to me—my dearest memories are of old people."

From the Old People's Home we went to a small house in Scandia. The script called for a scene showing an eighty-nine-year-old Swedish woman working at an ancient spinning wheel. Ingrid Bergman sat beside her and watched the tender, sere, and yellow leaf of her hands as she spinned the thread.

Bergman was fascinated by the efficiency of the small hands palsied by time. "Please show me how you do it," she said, and the immigrant child of 1868 proceeded to show her. She smiled a wrinkled smile at the glowing young face beside her. "What is your name?" she said simply. This was a person she liked and approved. This was her stamp of approval. Instantly, without looking up from the whirling thread, and with a simplicity to match the old lady's, the star of "Casablanca" and "Saratoga Trunk" said:

"Ingrid."

FOLLOWED days full of incidents revealing the luminous Bergman facets.

Ignorant of her personal habits, I once offered her a cigaret. "Oh, no. Thank you," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said, feeling curiously guilty.

"Please don't mind," she said, reassuring me with that copyrighted smile. "I don't mind others smoking, but I do not like it for myself. I have learned to chew gum because while my friends smoke, I want to do something, too."

Members of the crew overheard her and from that day on, whenever chewing gum was seen on sale, each man bought his quota of one package and presented it to her. Bergman was supplied for weeks to come.

One evening we returned to Minneapolis, and we discussed the problem of dining. "Perhaps a Swedish restaurant," I suggested. Her blue-gray eyes pleaded for understanding. "I have eaten Swedish food all my life," she said, "and I like it very much. But I want to know all about other foods, too. I want to try every kind of food. I want to know all about them."

We arrived at the hotel, and I asked her what time I should call for her. "Fifteen minutes," she said. I am sure I looked incredulous, but she seemed not to notice. "Okay," I said and went to my own room, wondering how the devil I could change my clothes and be ready in fifteen minutes.

I talked to myself all the time I engaged in the fastest quick-change act of my life. "Hmmm. She's been working all day. She's all bundled up in sweaters and ski shoes and things. She's been riding back for the last two hours. No, I must have misunderstood. She said *fifty* minutes, not fifteen."

But my hearing has never failed me, and I was sure she said fifteen. Just for meanness I would call for her in fifteen minutes.

And I did. And she answered the door, as bright and trim as cut glass.

"You're not true!" I declared. in self-defense. "You're entirely fictitious!"

"But why?"

"Because no woman can execute such a transformation under two hours—and for a screen star!"

"I do not understand," she said. "Why should it take so . . . ?"

As we descended in the elevator, I looked at her vivid coloring. I took several looks at her lips. I recalled David Selznick's telling me that soon after he first met her, he touched his fingers to her lips to see how much rouge she used. There was none. So now I knew why Ingrid Bergman could get dressed in fifteen minutes. I was now beginning to find out something about beauty.

On the fifth day, our work finished, we bade goodbye to the Swensons and the snowdrifts and the incomparable sweet butter. We returned to our hotel in Minneapolis about five o'clock, with three hours to spare before train time. I suggested that it would be wisest to pack our luggage, have dinner at leisure, and then catch the train.

Bergman agreed, and I asked her approximately how much time she would require. When should I call for her? She studied a moment, pondering the length of time it would take to pack the three bags which had served the needs of her four-year-old daughter, Pia, the child's colored maid, Mabel, and herself.

"I shall be ready in forty minutes," she said. And I went to my room and proceeded to cram shaving, bathing, and packing into the allotted time.

Precisely forty minutes later, embarrassed that an unencumbered man couldn't achieve such commonplace functions within a reasonable length of time, my phone rang. It was Bergman. And for the first time her voice was plaintive. It was commingled chagrin, defeat, and despair.

"This time I can not do it," she said. "It is too much. I am standing on my head, and still it does no good!"

WE finally made the train and began a journey to be remembered. But first you must know that for two weeks I had tried without success to improve our Pullman reservations. No luck, we had to be satisfied with three roomettes. One for the two lovely Bergmans, one for Mabel, and one for me. To properly visualize the problem at hand one must picture trying to sleep in a cell about the size of two telephone booths.

Despite a night that seemed as if I were sleeping on a streetcar that stopped at every corner, I managed to fall into a heavy slumber and awoke at ten. I dressed and immediately went to see how Bergman fared. Finding her door closed, I looked in on the maid. There was little Pia, bright and cheery.

I said, "How did Miss Bergman get along?"

"Oh, she had a terrible time," said Mabel. "She couldn't sleep with Pia without crowding her, so she got up and walked up and down the train. Soon as Pia got up, Miss Bergman went to bed."

Towards the middle of the afternoon I saw Bergman and demanded an explanation, but she tried to make light of her night's experience. "Please don't worry," she said. "I am all right. The motion of the train kept throwing me against Pia, and I could not sleep. So I got up, put on my robe, and walked through the train. Everything was blacked out, and I could see nothing outside. So I went to the dining car. I thought maybe I could sleep in a chair, but there was a nice old man there, and we talked for about an hour. He was interesting."

"Nevertheless," I said, in righteous manly wrath, "tonight you will take my roomette and *I* shall do the patrolling."

A PERSON'S behavior under stress is the only true gauge of character. Nothing original or brilliant in that observation, but one more incident happened on the journey to Hollywood, both amusing and revelatory, which throws a bright light on this Bergman.

The endless lines of hungry soldiers and civilians frequently meant two hours of waiting for a meal which was inevitably shrunken by the early birds. Discouraged by our experience and stung by our hunger, we held a war council.

This unadmirable Crichton struggled for a solution, when suddenly Bergman's face beamed with a great discovery. "I have it!" she said. "The Swensons gave me two pounds of cheese to take home. I have it with me, in my bag!"

But what to do about bread? We couldn't keep eating unadorned cheese. That was too easy. The train stopped at every obscure village for at least ten minutes. We would be ready, and when the train stopped, we would run to the station, buy several sandwiches, milk or cokes, and any fruit or candy we could find. The sandwiches, of course, would be unfit for consumption. But we could throw out the filling and eat the bread with the cheese.

The plan nearly ended in disaster. For when the train stopped, the station was about nine cars ahead. By the time we reached the station, put in our grub for the winter, and emerged, the conductor was fog-horning, "All abawd!" and the porters were closing their gates.

Bergman looked up at me frantically.

"Can you run?" I asked.

"Try me," she said, and we ran the length of nine cars, arms laden with precious sustenance, and a baby on the train utterly oblivious that her mama was almost left behind.

This, then, was Bergman. Sometimes I think she's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. If what I have told you is not beauty, ultimate beauty, then my forty years and more have been meaningless and I have learned nothing.

THE END

BIG NIGHT AT THE CANTEEN

WHEN the several hundred British soldiers touring our country on behalf of the War Department arrived in Hollywood, of course they had to visit the Canteen. And equally of course, the stars, particularly the British ones, turned out en masse to welcome them. Here are a few scenes of that heartwarming international event.

Hedy Lamarr didn't have to entertain. No, just looking at her was enough to make these smiling Tommies give out with some English-accent exclaiming. But raw-ther!

It's Bob Hope, down in the middle of this mob. And whatever he just said, it was making a hit with the boys. "Gee," says Bob. "Was I really as funny as all that?"

Cary Grant, Irene Manning, and Helmut Dantine, waiting to take part in the show. Like waiting in line to see a movie, their fans might say. And boy, what a cast!

Hollywood society, sliced as Paul Henreid with the Basil Rathbones, front row; Michael (author of the "Green Hat") Arlen, Paulette Goddard, Errol Flynn.

Here's a closeup of Paulette, showing how she wears her draped evening cloak, her gloves and jewels. Glamorous, wot?

HOLLYWOOD

GOES TO THE 'ICE FOLLIES' OPENING

Ever since Sonja Henie brought her silver skates to Flickerville, the movie colony has been ice-ballet crazy. The Ice Follies, a yearly institution, always draws the glitter crowd. Their most recent opening was particularly colorful, as you can see herewith.

She's Nora McCarthy, this pretty skater. And here she is, taking Charlie's place on Bergen's knee.

Those great friends and co-workers, Bob Hope and Frances Langford, back from camp tours. And with them is Frances' husband, Jon Hall.

The always beaming Chester Morrises. And who's to say what they're turning to see. A late arrival? Good guess, you're right!

Another wonderful looking pair, always completely blissful in one another's company, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Marshall.

This dark-haired belle with her soldier hubby used to be that cute blonde, Jane Wyman. And doesn't Lt. Reagan get handsomer all the time?

Betty Grable, gay mother-to-be, is swarmed by fans in the audience. Husband Harry James, at her left.

ICE FOLLIES

Those close chums, Linda Darnell and Bonita Granville, stop to chat; Maureen O'Hara and Linda's bridegroom, Pev Marley, standing by.

THE COURAGE OF KATINA PAXINOU

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

in costume. I have heard that tests made in New York are not taken very seriously in Hollywood. Isn't that so?" Katina asked, turning to me.

As she put me on the spot, there was nothing to do but for me to back her up. "I believe tests made in California are better," I answered, avoiding the director's angry glare.

There followed much discussion about the test. But Katina remained firm, and in the end she had her way. She was to appear first as she was and introduce herself. "I am Katina Paxinou. And although I have never been before a camera, I will give you my impression of what 'Pilar' looks like—" was the text of her short speech. After this she was to leave the screen and reappear as the Hemingway character and silently stroll and gesticulate as would the Spanish guerrilla leader.

Having agreed to let her do as she pleased, the men left more hopeful than when they entered. Katina was radiant. She began gathering up her photographs and books and told me to fetch the flowers. As we walked down the corridor, I finally summoned the courage to ask about this Tommy that had been worrying me.

"Just wait until you meet him—he's bigger than you." I didn't speak and she laughed uproariously. "Ah, but you are 'drole,'" she giggled and opened her door. A faint odor of cooking stew greeted my nostrils as I crossed the threshold. "It is our dinner you smell—the hotel is afraid to object until I pay my bill," Katina informed me when the biggest Great Dane I have ever seen came leaping toward me. So this is Tommy, I thought, greatly relieved until he playfully knocked me down, strewing flowers all over the small room.

"Oh dear," Katina exclaimed, "and they belong to the hotel."

Although my first introduction to Tommy was so overwhelming, we were to become great friends. A present to Katina from Dimitri Mitropoulos, the renowned Greco-American conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, Tommy is more than just a dog.

"You've spoiled him," I told Katina one day when he ate her other hat. Instead of scolding him, she threw her arms around his bull-like neck and squeezed him so hard that he squeaked like one of his heroes.

"What would I have done without him?" she said releasing her strangle hold. "Dimitraki," as she affectionately calls Mitropoulos, "knew I needed a friend and gave me Tommy. What a consolation he was during those winter months when everything seemed black. The night I received word from Washington that my husband had been captured for the second time trying to make his escape from Greece, only Tommy's presence helped me live through that night." She suddenly threw off her mood of depression. "My husband will adore him, but I will have to hide Tommy's stews until Alexis forgets some of the starvation he has seen in Athens."

Katina beamed, having received news that her husband had succeeded in his third attempt to escape the Nazis and was now safe in Cairo waiting his turn to board a plane for the United States.

"God knows what he will look like when he arrives in this blessed country, after what he has been through—I dread to see him."

A few days before I was to leave for California again, Alexis reached New York. Beside wishing to meet the husband of Katina, I was interested in hearing of his miraculous escape and an eye-witness account of the horrible conditions in Greece.

I arranged with Katina to meet them in a little restaurant in Greenwich Village for dinner.

As I expected to see anything but a normal healthy looking man of medium height and strong stocky build, I must have shown my surprise when we were introduced. In the way that Katina said, "This is Teddy," and the warm manner that Alexis shook my hand, I knew that Katina had told him her favorite story—the elaborately dramatized version of how I told her to duck just in time to avoid being hit by a heavy iron pulley which was swinging dangerously over her head when our life-boat was being lowered from the torpedoed ship. To hear Katina tell it, I fought off a school of sharks and, like Superman, swam to safety with her in my arms, some two hundred miles away.

In any event, it served its purpose. Because, usually shy with strangers, Alexis was unusually communicative.

He told us of how, after having spent many weeks in a concentration camp for his two previous attempts and his refusal to play in "Faust" for the Germans, he finally managed his escape in a small caique hidden beneath a pyramid of cement bags. He told of the horrors he witnessed under the new order—the mass executions, the starving children crawling through the streets of Athens, the thud of a body falling to the pavement being such a familiar sound that no one turns to see who it is.

"But you look so amazingly well, considering what you have been through," I remarked.

He took his passport from his pocket and showed me the photograph attached to it. In the emaciated face there wasn't a sign of resemblance to the man seated at my side. "That is what I looked like when I reached Egypt six weeks ago," he smiled.

I was still staring unbelievingly at the picture when the waiter served the thick steaks I had ordered. Alexis looked for a moment at the food in front of him, then his mouth began to twitch. Katina reached for his hand as the tears suddenly poured from his eyes. Suddenly none of us was very hungry. We toyed with our food for more than an hour, then silently drove back to the hotel.

"I'm afraid I've ruined your evening," Alexis apologized as I accompanied them into the lobby. "Perhaps in time I will learn to act calmly at the sight of food."

"Madame," a clerk at the desk called to Katina, "a man from Paramount has been trying to get hold of you all evening. He wants you to call him the moment you get in."

Katina was very pale as she entered the telephone booth. Alexis and I turned away.

"She will get the part," I said, "you will see."

"Such things only happen in books, my friend," Alexis replied. "I wish all of this hadn't happened—Katina is bound to be hurt."

While he was speaking, I saw Katina running toward us. "I have to go to Hollywood," she panted. "I have to leave tomorrow night."

Poor Alexis. Separated from his wife for more than three years, going through horrors to get to her, and twenty-four hours after their reunion she leaves for California! He was unable to accompany her because he had to report to Washington to do Greek propaganda, and there await the arrival of his King, who was expected the following week.

Happy and gay as she waved him goodbye on the platform, Katina's seemingly high spirits left her the moment she entered the train.

"Come, come, Katina," I said, "there is no need to feel depressed."

She heaved a sigh and exhaustedly dropped onto the seat. "It would be wonderful, wouldn't it?" she smiled wearily.

"What do you mean wonderful, wouldn't it?"

"It is not certain that I will play 'Pilar.'"

I looked at her aghast. "But you said—"

"That everything was already signed and sealed," she said finishing for me. She closed her eyes, rubbed her forehead before continuing. "I lied—but it was worth it. You saw how Alexis reacted. I am going to Hollywood to do another test. In place of a contract I have only my expenses and my hopes."

"But suppose—" I began when she put up her hand to stop me.

"It is better not to suppose," she said, and then clenched her fists. "I will play 'Pilar'—I must and I will."

When we reached Hollywood, I accompanied Katina to Paramount where Sam Wood, the director, waited to test-view her. I remember Katina wore a white silk shirt and a cardinal red pullover which made her look even less than her one hundred and fifteen pounds. Mr. Wood made no attempt to hide his surprise when she entered his office. He knitted his brow as if to say, "If this is a joke, I am not amused." Then he began the over familiar routine of discussing the characteristics of the role, making suggestions for costumes and makeup, and ended by telling her to be ready for the test in a few days.

Somewhat bewildered, but more determined than ever to play the role, Katina started out through the labyrinth of buildings on the Paramount lot to find the costume department, see Wally Westmore about makeup, and finally discuss the terms of her contract, in case she was awarded the role.

In the following days Katina experienced the tortures of the damned, perfecting her English diction, being madeup, being costumed. Till when the day arrived for her to step onto the set and make the test with Gary Cooper, it was with superhuman effort that she managed to control her trembling limbs. Sam Wood, waiting beside the camera, was to see her for the first time as "Pilar."

Katina stopped in front of him, placed her hands on her hips, planted her feet firmly on the ground, and almost defiantly waited for him to give his verdict. The set was crowded with the curious who had come to watch the test of still another "Pilar," and the tense silence that prevailed while Mr. Wood studied her critically made me hold my breath.

Suddenly his voice broke the stillness as he turned and called "Camera." An excited murmur ran through the crowd. "Silence," Wood called again, and then turned to Katina. "Madame, we will now begin."

It is the scene where Gary Cooper as "Robert Jordan" meets "Pilar" for the first time. He is on the set when he hears "Pilar's" formidable voice shouting to Maria off-stage. "Who is that?" Jordan asks the Gypsy.

"That is the woman of 'Pablo,'" the Gypsy answers. And then Katina, hearing her cue, strode onto the set.

From that very moment Katina's fate had been decided upon.

"I hope you made a good deal when you discussed your contract," Wood remarked when she stepped off the set.

"You mean you think—" Katina stammered.

He patted her on the back encouragingly. "I wish I could find the sucker who would take my bet to the contrary," he smiled.

THE other day I stopped by to see Katina in her little white house in Beverly Hills. As usual, Tommy almost knocked me over when I walked in. "Where's your mother and father?" I asked him, when I found that the house was deserted. In reply, he bounded through the hall out into the back garden. Following him, I found Katina and Alexis busily at work in their Victory garden.

"Come, see how my corn and my carrots and my salad have grown," Katina called to me.

"Her corn and her carrots and her salad," Alexis repeated, laboriously getting up from his knees.

"Well, the salad is mine, isn't it?" Katina argued. "I planted the potatoes, too."

"Sure, and look at them," Alexis said, pointing to a few drooping weeds.

Insisting that I stay to dinner, they proudly showed me the wonders of their garden, in which geraniums and roses grew in profusion. Katina contentedly surveyed the scene, Tommy sprawled at her feet, and Alexis had his arm around her waist.

"You like it here in Hollywood, don't you?" I asked.

"It reminds me of Greece," Katina answered, "like the Greece that will soon be liberated."

THE END

KATINA COMES TO AMERICA

Summary of the story told by Terence Kennedy in Part One.

It was in London in 1939, when the bombs were falling. Terence Kennedy, author, met Katina Paxinou, actress—in a raid shelter.

His story of her coming to America is no second-hand dramatization. Kennedy was actually with Paxinou when she went through those submarine raids and bomber attacks. When she was rescued from a lifeboat, as one of the survivors from a torpedoed ship, and had the experience of being the only woman aboard an English destroyer.

Then the Duchess of Kent summoned her to Buckingham Palace, as Kennedy tells it. And the royal visit resulted in arrangements for Clipper passage for the pair from London to the United States.

Arriving in New York, where Katina was to make her American debut in the title role of "Electra," the Greek star had but thirty-eight cents in her pocket. And then more bad luck—the death of the producer who was to have started her career in this country.

Now continue with her story, as it takes you—and Paxinou—to Hollywood. For the role of Pilar.

JACK BENNY IN ITALY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

so fast that we had hardly time to think," said Jack. "There was one moment I shall never forget, when Hollywood, and Mary, and Joan, seemed so very far away, and when I suddenly found the true meaning of the words *terra firma,* when I knew what it really meant to be scared.

"At eight thousand feet we were rapidly approaching the Persian Gulf area when the pilot said curtly: 'Sandstorm ahead. Hold on to your seats, fellas!' And then suddenly we were in it. My first impulse was to laugh. I remembered those synthetic sandstorms on the sound stages, the propellers whirring, buckets of sand being emptied into containers, the eddying winds whipping the extras' legs.

"But this was different. Where there had been light, a strange, terrifying darkness came, the darkness of a tremendous, black cloud. In less than a minute it was on us, beating a tattoo on the roof of the plane like a hail storm. The sandstorm drew a curtain over the windows of the plane and, between the roar of the motors, and the whining and screeching of the storm, we couldn't make ourselves heard. Not that any one of us wanted to talk very much . . .

"The pilot shot us a grin. We

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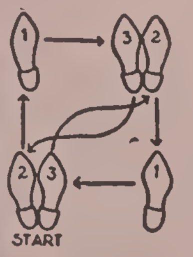

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needed that tonic, and he knew it. 'We're going to land' he said. What an optimist! Every time we tried, the wind would toss us back; harder and harder the sand dashed at the windows, and there were a thousand questions that we wanted to ask like, 'Is the stuff gathering on the wings? Is that one of the motors gone dead? What was that sudden ping? Had something given way?' But we just waited, watching the plane trying to land time and time again. Several times it seemed we had made it when we were thrown back again, climbing higher and higher, trying to escape the storm, trying to come down another way. We lived through an hour that way.

"Finally, thanks to the expert navigation of the pilot, plus the superb maneuverability of the ship, we made it, and the world we came down to was paradise in comparison. Yet actually the Persian Gulf area, where we played all the camps we could, is that God-forsaken part of the world in which the men are stationed to expedite the supply line to Russia—and where the temperature varies between 140 and 180.

"Once we gave three shows there, at ten o'clock in the morning, when the mercury hit 150! In this area it's a court martial offense to be out between 1:00 and 4:00 p.m. In command of this area was General Connolly, and one day he asked us to come up to a new camp—Camp Gifford—which was to be dedicated that morning. The camp was named after a private who had died during valorous conduct in the line of duty.

"It was there that we went on one of the most revealing stages of our trip. They had arranged a series of bus-trains with seats in them—and had thrown the doors wide open—and so we found ourselves traveling in something very much like the sight-seeing trains that ply up and down rivers during a regatta.

"There, in all its aspects, we saw the wonderful job these boys were doing in this non-combat zone: the feeding and keeping open of the immense supply network that made the war in the Eastern hemisphere possible. No glory for these boys, who would rather be on combat duty, no decorations, no glamorous citations, but merely the knowledge that theirs is a cog without which the war could not be fought, let alone won."

Jack went on to say how glad they were to play in this section, because they soon found out that was where the boys got the least entertainment, and yet it was one of the places where they needed it the most. After each show Jack, and the other members of the troop, were surrounded by the men hungry for news from home. They wanted to know whether the girls were still wearing silk stockings, whether their hair was long, short, bobbed, or pinned up—and whether or not the hats were still crazy.

"Incidentally," chuckled Jack, "I had a line in the show, 'Fellas, nothing has changed since you left. Roosevelt is still President, and Ann Sheridan is still beautiful, and—Fred Allen is still inodiferous.' Only the word wasn't inodiferous. How they loved it!"

Among all his varied and exciting experiences Jack Benny will never get over his amazement at how, in such faroff places, the boys in army exile still manage to keep up with things. For instance when the Jack Benny troop, which included Wini Shaw and Larry Adler, arrived in the Persian Gulf area they were greeted by a lot of British, American and Russian soldiers leading a mule with "Fred Allen" printed on its rear end.

Several times the party had landed at some almost inaccessible, uncivilized spot only to find big signs reading, "To Waukegan." In one place an arch had been constructed with huge letters identifying it as "Waukegan Airport." To say nothing of that one spot in Cairo where the boys decorated the theater with the words, "Jack Benny Slept Here, Ate Here, Lived Here!"

Said Jack, "They all, bless their hearts, wanted to know about Rochester, and what he was doing during the summer, and whether Priscilla Lane was as beautiful off the screen as she was on, how Betty Grable came to marry Harry James and so on and so on. But in Brazil they were more worried than curious, wondering whether Orson Welles mightn't object to wifey Rita Hayworth's being their pin-up girl!"

Then, in that all-important brief pause in which Jack Benny ordered

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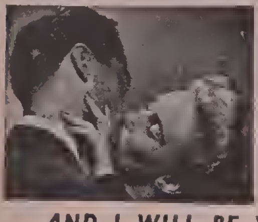

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another chopped-chicken liver sandwich, I asked him slyly, "How did your Stradivarius bear up?"

"Very well," said Jack, his voice taking on a warm note. "The boys were very appreciative when they found that I could play my fiddle a little bit better than my familiar 'Love in Bloom' style. Once on the trip it got lost, when my three grips were missing in a change of planes. And then, of course, there was always someone planning to see that it got really lost, and stayed lost." Jack shrugged. "That I suppose is the burden any great virtuoso has to bear."

The most exciting part of Jack's journey took place in Italy. There were certain troops that they had meant to play to in Africa, but Jack's company found those boys had already been shipped to Sicily. So Jack and company then went to Sicily, and learned that these troops, which they had missed in Africa, were stationed at a place called Lentini. So they went on to Lentini, only to find that these same troops had by then moved on to a spot that can't be revealed by name.

Jack said, "We requested permission to follow our illusive audience, only we couldn't go through the usual channels, and had to get this permission from the Commanding Officer at Lentini. He agreed, explaining that we would be the first entertainers to go into Italy, and he said that he would radio on ahead and see that we were expected. Furthermore, we would be met by an escort of planes, so that we could not be shot at by either the enemy, or by our own troops not recognizing our plane.

"Of course, the inevitable happened. The escort planes never got around to meeting us and, throughout the trip, we sat on the edge of our seats, just waiting for trouble. Fortunately it never happened, but were we glad when we finally landed! At the air field a Major came up and said, 'I'm Major So-and-So. Who're you?' I said, 'I'm Jack Benny.' He stared incredulously, 'What the hell are you doing here?' The word had not gotten through at all that we were coming, and that the sky around was alive with enemy marauders!"

Because the troops that the Jack Benny unit had come to entertain were due for another immediate move, into the actual battle zone, the Major thought it would be wonderful for the boys to see Jack's show. So time was called out for just that! Ninety minutes later the men went into that battle. The place? Salerno!

"And I on the other hand went into a nice siege of cold, bordering on pneumonia," Jack said. "They put me in a small hospital at Palermo, and kept me there for days."

Before leaving on this memorable trip Jack was a little worried that his type of humor might not go over with some of the audiences. He had long heard of the differences between English and American humor. "You can imagine my relief when I found out that the Tommies were laughing as hard as the Yanks," he said. "From the moment I remarked 'We could have breakfast in Accra, lunch in Benghasi, and—dysentry in Tripoli, we were in!"

I asked Jack who was the most interesting person he had met over there. "Not one, but two," he said, instantly. "The first was Henrietta Szold, the 82-year-old lady who has done so much for the Zionist movement, a fabulous person who was very quiet, but very direct. She had said to me, 'Why did you want to meet me?' I answered that I had read about her in Wendell Willkie's book. 'Oh,' she answered, '—and could you tell me what Mr. Willkie wanted to meet me for?'

"As for the other," continued Jack, "that was General Patton, one of the most colorful characters I have ever encountered. He talks only about the war, indulging in a string of profanity about the things that bother him, gets very factual about how tacticians should carry on, and in the very next minute he will talk about his men. Then, discussing how he had recognized a dead soldier on the field, he would cry like a baby. A remarkable and truly wonderful man."

Finally, with twelve weeks gone by all too quickly, the trip was over, and Jack Benny's party made ready to leave Europe—and over half a million grateful soldiers. Late on a Sunday afternoon they left Marrakesh, Morocco, and headed for home. Late Tuesday night they arrived in New York, and in the intervening period they were so excited and happy during the night—and so busy during the day—they didn't sleep at all.

"We were in Scotland on Monday, Iceland on Tuesday, where immediately after breakfast we played three shows, and finally late Tuesday night we reached New York where I couldn't wait to get my first chopped chicken liver sandwich."

THE END

LOUISE ALLBRITTON'S LIFE WITH FATHER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

"Next year, as usual, I considered my allowance entirely too small. I'll admit now that I was extravagant. When I couldn't meet my bills, I pawned my one valuable ring, redeeming it when Father's check came. I did this three times. At Easter, Father suddenly came to see me and found me ringless. I couldn't tell him what I'd done, so I said it was at the jeweler's, leaving him to suppose it needed some small repair. He went to the jeweler's and came back with the ring. I'm sure he must have known that it had been pawned but he said nothing, and neither did I, but I decided I hadn't been playing fair, and for the first time I began to budget my expenses.

IT was about this time that the teachings of both parents suddenly blended.

Louise's mother may have cared little about finances, but she cared a lot about voices and accents. Yet her daughter had the most Southern of Southern accents, and she talked at the top of her lungs. "I went screaming through life," says Louise. "I spoke too fast, and my words ran together. Mother couldn't stand it. She sent me to the dramatic coach at Junior High for lessons in diction. He made me read aloud from Shakespeare and Moliere, and I discovered I liked it."

She joined the dramatic society, played starring roles and after school studied with a small theater guild. Because her father failed to approve of her dramatic ventures, he sent her to the University of Oklahoma.

After two years in college, Universal's future star decided to go to Pasadena, California, to study for the stage at the Playhouse under Gilmor Brown. Mr. Allbritton was stunned, and raised every objection, but Louise explained that she would live on a budget, and that she'd never get into debt, that it was the only thing she cared for and life would be bleak and barren waste if she had to give it up. Finally her father consented, handing her out a very limited allowance.

For the first year, like all Playhouse students, she lived in a dormitory. It was far from luxurious. The Playhouse hours were long and arduous, but Louise was happy. The second year she took a room at a Mrs. Tea's house; both years she budgeted carefully, so much for room and board, so much for carfare, so much for school expenses and costumes. Even at that she just got by.

"At home, Father had been determined that I should learn at least one thing every summer during vacation time," confided Louise. "I had to learn how to make beds and keep house—I made every bed in the house one whole summer! I had to cook one meal a day another summer. I chose lunch because that would be easiest, but it was hard enough! I remember the cook wouldn't eat it—she cooked her own and probably provided food for the other servants, but the family ate mine.

"Then I had to learn to market, to draw up menus, to plan a budget for food. I love expensive food, so it was a good thing to learn to plan meals for a week that would keep within the amount my father gave me to spend. I discovered that if I paid a lot for filet mignon, I'd have to economize on dessert; if I went in for early strawberries and fresh asparagus, I must choose a cheaper cut of meat, and so on. I learned not to buy poor stuff, but to choose good food that happened to be in season or unusually plentiful.

"I learned how to do everything that must be done in a house, including managing servants, paying them, seeing that all work was well done, and so on. I wasn't Father's little sunshine while I was learning all this in those long summer days—I simply hated it and felt terribly abused—but I'm glad now. I wouldn't give up that training for anything."

LOUISE completed the Pasadena Playhouse two-year course and stayed on for two more years in order to play leads with Gilmor Brown in a succession of modern and classical plays. She planned to go to New York when the final production, "Philadelphia Story," finished its run.

"Father still wanted me to give up

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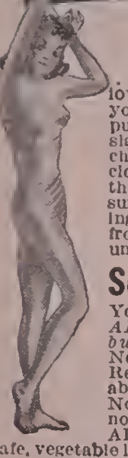

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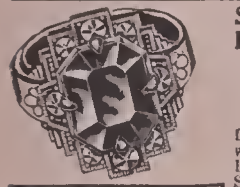

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the stage and come home, so again we were feuding," said Louise. "You never saw such people for feuding as Father and I! When we are together, we never say a word to each other that's out of the way, but when we're apart we write the most insulting letters you ever read. I suppose it's because we understand each other that we finally take it with a laugh.

"At any rate, here we were in a high feud; I was loftily sending back Father's checks, Mrs. Tea (the darling) was letting my bill run on and on, and I was borrowing a little change for carfare. I don't know how it would have ended if Columbia Studios hadn't wanted me for a part in 'Parachute Nurse' at seventy-five dollars a day. I worked in the theater every night and commuted to Hollywood by taxicab every day, going back the same way, since buses took too long to make the trip. I had to borrow more money, but now, for the first time I knew I could pay it back. Never was a pay-day so long coming. The night I got my first check I could hardly wait to liquidate my debts and count the money I had left.

"I worked on for three weeks, but after the first week I had moved to Hollywood and taxied over to the theater until the play wound up. Columbia wanted me for another picture and after that offered me a contract, but my salary would have begun at seventy-five dollars a week, so I refused. I was right, for in a few days Universal Studios offered me a part and presently I had my contract here, at much more money." (Louise's current picture is "Angela Is Eighteen.")

"When he realized I could get along on my own, I think Father was a little hurt. Then he came out to see me in Hollywood, stayed for a few days and told me: 'You're all right. I can go home in peace.' We looked at one another and beamed. Suddenly we knew how much we loved each other.

"We haven't had a feud since. If ever I have children, I'll follow Father's methods with them. I'll teach them to understand money, but I won't make it too important. I think it's foolish to dwell on mistakes, to keep going over what has been done, worrying: 'Did I spend too much for my coat?', nagging yourself after it's too late to do anything about it.

"For instance, I made some extra money today. Looking through my closet I saw I had too many clothes that weren't being worn. I marked them 'White elephant—what do you offer?' or 'I'd like ten dollars for this—what am I bid?' and hung them in the utility room of the Studio Club, where I live. A few hours later they were all gone. That kind of thrift is a thing I finally, unconsciously, learned from Dad, I'm sure."

Louise lives on a very strict budget still, in spite of her excellent contract. At the Studio Club, she pays fourteen dollars a week for board and room. She allows herself fifteen dollars a week for other expenses, out of which she buys studio lunches, incidentals, and pays for garage and car expenses — everything except clothes.

"I break my budget down to so much a day. If on any certain day I've exhausted my allowance, yet happen to need a new toothbrush or a box of powder, I wait until tomorrow to buy it. I never take a taxicab. If my car is laid up, I ride street cars or buses.

"Sometimes I have money left at the end of a week; when this happens, I put it into my war bond bank. Of course I have my regular investment in war bonds; this is extra and goes into my little glass bank that holds enough to buy a hundred dollar bond. As I fill a glass bank, I take it to my own bank, they break it, give me a bond and a new bank, and I'm ready to go again."

Louise buys her clothes from another fund, but she keeps that down to a carefully budgeted amount each month. She never pays her bills helter skelter so that she loses track of what she's spending, but sits down at her desk the first day of each month and pays everything.

Naturally, if a friend were in trouble and needed funds, Louise would forget her budgets and help. "But the call must be for a real emergency," declared Louise. "I wouldn't help anyone if all she wanted was money for taxicab fare or a new dress. I do without those things myself."

THIS blonde lovely, who plays heroine to Diana Barrymore's heavy in "Fired Wife," intends to leave the screen if and when she marries.

"If I should marry during the war," she qualified her promise, "I'd continue my career while my husband was away saving our country, so as to keep myself occupied, but when he came home, I'd retire and devote myself to managing his home. I'm glad I know how to do that. I'll run the house on a budget according to my husband's income and the way he likes to live."

All this budgeting of finances isn't merely to show herself that she can live economically, however. Louise is steadily building up funds to invest in real estate.

"Father made his money in real estate, and I've watched him," she says earnestly. "He has bought property for me in Texas, and explained to me why the land was a good investment, but that was *his* affair. I want to understand property values and the secrets of their rise and fall, know when to buy and when to sell. I find this absorbingly interesting.

"Who knows? Perhaps after I'm married and have forgotten the screen, I'll put in my spare time playing the real estate market!"

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 6

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

The Army"' among other hit pictures) and who is now turned writer-producer; Toumanova, who is flawlessly beautiful, and Gregory Peck. After lunch, they took me to see the film's first love scenes.

They are not cute love scenes. Nobody meets anybody in the middle of a lake or on top of a tree, or any of those other goofy places where love scenes all seem to take place in movies now. These are sincere, serious, deeply believed in, deeply experienced love scenes. Toumanova is exquisite in them, but you cannot take your eyes away from Peck.

Robinson shares his contract with David Selznick, and Peck, who only a little while ago was acting as a Radio City guide in New York, has the five best roles in Hollywood lined up before him, among them that great part of Father Chishold in "The Keys of the Kingdom."

It's discoveries like this, it's producers like Robinson coming up that make Hollywood, even in wartime, such a continually exciting place. It makes you want to laugh out loud at all the silly snobs who still believe all Hollywood producers are ex-pants pressers.

Though just what's wrong, in a democracy, with being an ex-pants presser I've never been able to figure, either.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 82)

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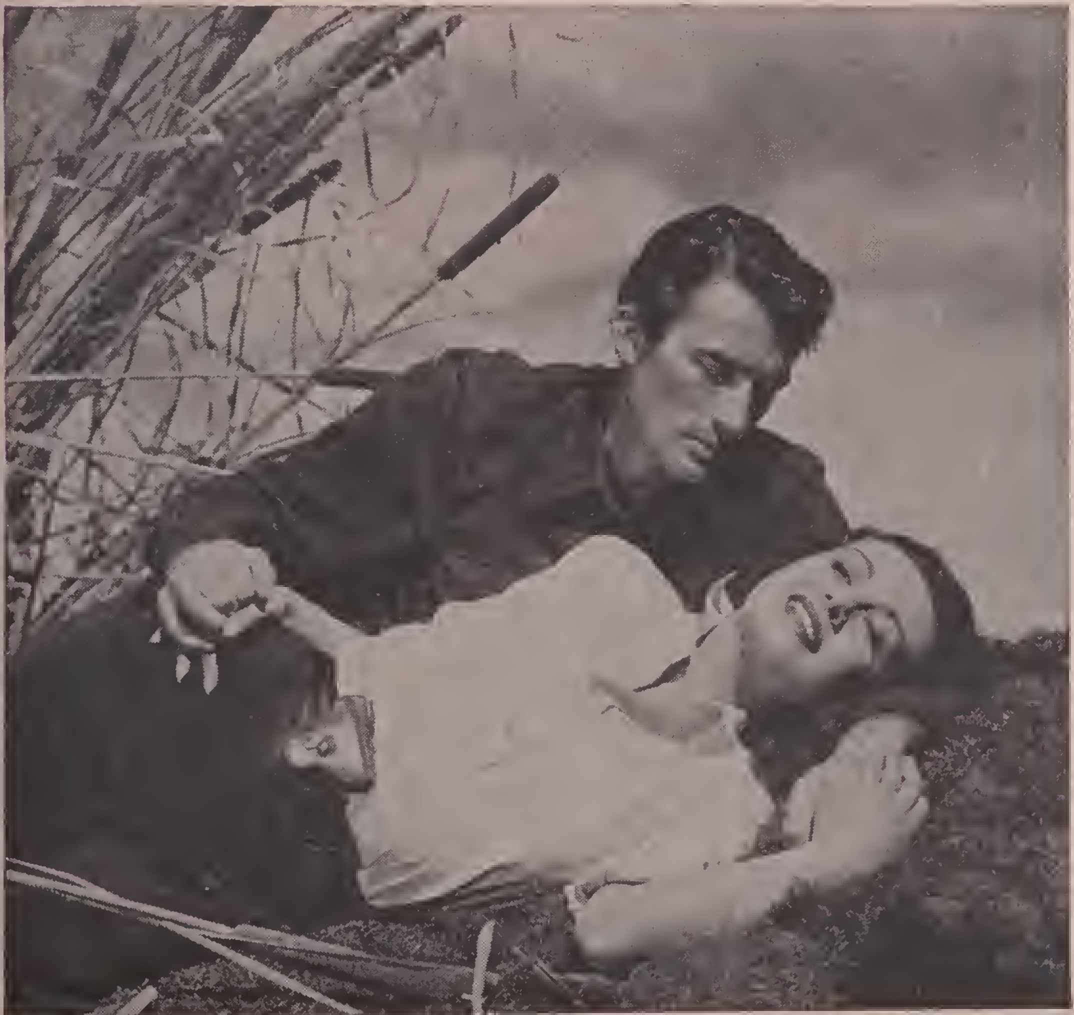
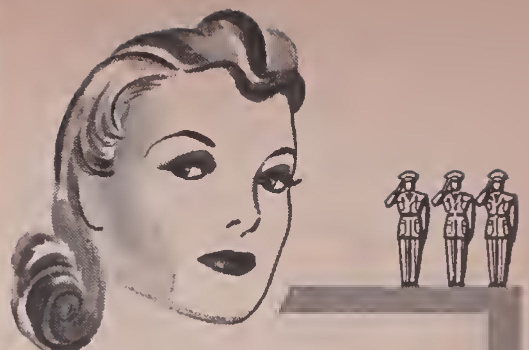


Now do you believe us? Here's the Gregory Peck we're telling you about. This is a scene of him with Toumanova in "Days of Glory."



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AVALON LANE CO., Dept. RS-1
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Letter to a P.O.W.

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War . . . tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell *him* why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . ."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . ."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

MOVIELAND

This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the War Advertising Council and the U. S. Treasury Department.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81)

WAS IT A BOY?

By the time you read this, the happy event will have taken place, but at our most deluxe restaurant, Romanoff's, I ran into that always-superb actor, Robert Young, the day before his newest baby was due to be born. Bob was hoping for a boy, not only because he already has two daughters, but for a reason that only an acting papa would be concerned about.

"My daughters are so emotional," Bob said, giving out with that typical Young grin. "They always want to see my pictures, but I never dare go with them on such occasions, because they respond so to the action. They're Bernhardts. If I get punched, they cry. When I fall down, they howl with delighted glee. The noise they make wouldn't be so bad if they didn't keep informing the audience all around them that 'Daddy's hurt,' or 'Daddy's broken his leg. Goody, goody.'

"I've never once had a compliment from them until 'Sweet Rosie O'Grady.' They actually came home and told me they like me in that one. But I hope you understand why now I yearn for a nice, unemotional son."

AND ANOTHER BABY COMES

Bob went on to tell me about Gene Kelly on the day his baby was born. Gene was working, but he had arranged with the prop men, the electricians, and the script girl to signal him if they heard the director getting any sort of a phone call regarding his blessed event.

Right in the middle of a dance number he looked up to see an electrician giving him the high sign.

"Gene didn't even stop to put his foot down," Bob said. "He ran straight off the set, right off the lot, leaving the camera grinding and the lights blazing. Nobody at the studio saw him again for two days."

Two of the most recent voyagers back from the war zones discuss the headlines—Ann Dvorak and Bob Hope. Read about Ann on page 12.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS OF THE STARS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Christmas, Tyrone asked me to see his lawyer about several pieces of business. The lawyer kept me about four hours, going over and over papers that seemed quite simple. When I reached home, Tyrone said he'd sent a few of the upholstered pieces to be cleaned but that they'd be home in time for our Christmas Eve party.

"They didn't come home. But we gave our dinner, anyway, deciding to use a sitting room upstairs, instead. To my surprise, when we rose from the table, Tyrone said, 'Take the girls upstairs. We'll join you later. We want to try out some tricks.' I supposed that meant 'magic,' in which some of our guests were interested. But when we heard a great deal of noise going on downstairs we said to each other, 'The boys are getting childish, aren't they? Sounds like hopscotch.'

"After forty-five minutes, Tyrone called, 'Come on down, girls!'

"The living room had been entirely redecorated, the pieces sent to be 'cleaned' recovered with fabrics too lovely for words, new pictures hung, everything chosen according to my special taste. Tyrone had given his daily lunch hour for months finding exactly the right things. The trip to the lawyer was arranged so that the decorator could measure everything and decide where to place it. Our male guests helped clear out the old and bring in the new from a truck parked nearby. That was my best gift. Even Tyrone can't top that!"

An electric razor symbolizes the finest Christmas for Helmut Dantine. In Austria it seems they are still shaving with knives, and Helmut had never seen an electric razor until he opened the gift from his uncle on December 25, 1938. He was so excited that he shaved off one eyebrow!

It wasn't really the razor that was wonderful. When the Nazis invaded Austria in the spring of 1938, they threw Helmut into a concentration camp for three months. Then he was given his choice of becoming a Nazi or leaving the country. Thankfully he left, taking his mother, and sailed for America. He was blissfully ordering apple pie and cheese at New York drugstore counters, a pastime that never palled, when his uncle, who lived in Los Angeles, wired him to come out for Christmas.

Christmas day the two arrived to find no snow and plenty of green grass on which people were actually walking, a thing forbidden in Austria.

"I think of my Christmas gift as an electric razor," he said softly, "but it was really freedom."

Michael O'Shea was seven when he received the ultimate in Christmas gifts. His mother was so ill that he had been sent to his grandmother's for the holidays. It was his first journey alone, his first train ride. And although the distance was only forty miles, Michael felt like a well-traveled man when he stepped off at the station. Then came his first sleigh ride to the old fashioned early American home where grandma was trimming a huge tree. Nothing had impressed him so much before—and little has done so since—as the full moon shining on the snow, the jingling bells on the sleigh, the oil lamps and open fire in the house, the air of happy adventure.

Christmas morning brought a note from his mother that she was better and he must enjoy his holiday. That note was the cue to the most wonderful time he ever had.

There are sentimental gifts. There is the golden disc with a cross on one side and on the other: "We will always be together. I love you. Bill", cherished by Michele Morgan; the gold bracelet hung with hearts given Virginia O'Brien in 1941 by the man she later married, Kirk Alyn; and Ida Lupino's very first diamond bracelet, presented by husband Louis Hayward three years ago.

Loretta Young's most treasured gift came last year from small daughter Judy, who embroidered a pillow-case herself. "It's an example of blood, sweat and tears," says Loretta. "She pricked her little fingers, shed perspiration over its complicated pattern. I'll always love it."

When Donald O'Connor was nine,

HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

Betty Grable James is knitting! One of the most naturally undomestic girls in town is now running her honeymoon house like clockwork and gathering together baby things at the same time. With government shortages in baby dresses, and other more intimate baby things, ingenious Betty is really creating. Her baby will not lack from knitted sweaters, sacques, bootees and little embroidered dresses. Whenever Betty couldn't get materials or yarn to suit her fancy for her baby she ripped up her own soft handknit sweaters or cut her nightgowns and undies, and the James baby will come into the world looking as glamorous as Rosie O'Grady herself.

GUARD YOUR NAILS WITH SEAL-COTE

Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. More and more smart women are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish — adds lustre! Make your manicures last longer—"SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

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Even if your skin is fiery red and scaly—if the externally-caused burning and itching seem unbearable—DON'T SCRATCH! Just apply Sayman Salve to the rough, red, burning, itching skin. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, this grand medicated ointment acts to provide palliative relief from the tormenting itch, helps relieve fiery redness and soften scaly skin. All druggists. Only 25c.

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he lived with his family in Hartford, Connecticut, and dreamed of owning a bicycle. There was a model in a shop window, chromium trimmed, with siren, rack and all the gadgets. He mentioned it to his mother, hopefully.

"But we haven't the money, Don. We'd like to get it for you, but things are so high this year. You understand, don't you?"

Donald understood, but he continued to press his nose against the shop window to admire his treasure. Up to Christmas Eve he worried lest someone else buy it. But there it stood, beautiful and desirable, when he took his last long look. "Goodbye, bike," he said, trying to be casual.

Christmas morning, under the tree, there it was! Donald saw nothing else. He could hardly breathe. "Hello, bike!" he whispered at last.

Little boys predominated in the neighborhood when Jeanette MacDonald was growing up and their toys seemed much more fascinating than the dolls for little girls. She kept telling her family that she wanted an electric train, and they kept telling her that trains were for little boys. Jeanette was in ecstasy when she found the train, complete with switches and tunnel, on Christmas day.

But I think about the nicest gift of all was Joan Crawford's.

Last Christmas, Christmas of 1942, brought Joan Crawford her finest gift. And behind it lies a story of love and of poignance. You would have to understand, first of all, that with Joan Christmas is a day of vast proportions. Her Christmas list numbers into the hundreds and she personally selects, buys and wraps every present she gives. In return, she herself receives hundreds of gifts, from other stars, from movie executives, from her family and her friends, and scores and scores of them from devoted fans, some of whom she has corresponded with since she first came to stardom.

The Christmas of 1941 was the only time Joan had ever known unhappiness on this festive day. For in Christmas of 1941, Christopher, her adopted son, went back to his mother.

Motherhood touches the deepest emotions of Joan's turbulent heart. Her tender care of young Christina is pointed out in Hollywood circles as the most perfect upbringing of any foster child in the movie colony. Christopher, the little boy, was to have been a companion child to Christina.

Joan had been visiting in New York during the Christmas holidays of 1942 and she returned to her lovely Brentwood home depressed and lonely. She tried to turn all her great capacity of love on Christina and find her happiness there. But she knew, much as she adored the little girl, that this love wasn't quite enough. She knew it was wrong for the child to grow up all alone. She was afraid as an only child, she would develop very selfish traits.

Early in January, she re-met Philip Terry. They had been casually introduced several months before, but it wasn't until 1942 that they ever had a date together.

You know what happened. They were married in July. And now, a year and a half later, they are just

The millionth soldier to visit the Hollywood Canteen was a wonderful smiling Texan, Top Sgt. Carl Bell. (Groaned all the khaki and blue around the place, "Wouldn't you know it would be a Sergeant?")

Sgt. Bell was photographed with Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and gifted by everyone in Hollywood. He lived in fairyland for two days while Hollywood made over him as a symbol of every fighting man on all our war fronts. His big blue eyes were popping all the time.

It took thoughtful Deanna to top the whole wonderful time. Her gifts to the service man were presents for his wife and two babies, for he is a happily married man, missing the family that can't be with him. Deanna helped him select appropriate gifts for his family and mailed them herself after he had returned to camp. Sgt. Bell will remember Hollywood, and rightly.

eighteen months happier than they were on their blissful wedding day.

Safe in this romantic and devoted atmosphere, Joan's Christmas of 1942 should have been a happy one, under those circumstances anyway. But the climax of it was that on that day, just one year from the time she had lost Christopher, she got baby Philip Terry II to replace his image in her heart. As one who has been privileged to visit Philip Terry II, let me here go on record as saying he is the most exuberant, handsome and bouncing child to be found in a dozen states.

But it remained for Christina to remove from her mother's mind the last lingering sad memory of the first little boy.

Christina got a party invitation the other day from Christopher Mankowitz, producer Joe Mankowitz's son. The invitation being from child to child, it was merely signed "Christopher" and Joan wanted to be sure whose Christopher was writing.

"Who is Christopher?" Joan asked her daughter.

"Oh, Christopher is my brother," replied Christina airily. "He's away." She paused. She thought. "He's in the army," she added firmly.

The vision of two-year-old Christopher togged out in a G. I. haircut and O.D. boots set Joan to laughing. And as she laughed, she knew, at long last, she could think of Christopher without hurt, that Philip II had replaced his image in her heart.

And that, also, is how she happened to tell this story.

The End

SONJA HENIE—AMERICAN WIFE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

camera rolling, and Sonja came in under the light and went into her camel-spin, on one foot, so fast you couldn't see her face, while a thick white fog fell down on her. Suddenly there was a choking sound and a general commotion. Mother Henie cried, "Did she faint?" And two men on skates rushed into the clouds to get Sonja. She came out, a little dizzy but on her own feet. They hadn't told her that the clouds would go over her head; the dry-ice fog had made her close her eyes, instinctively, and she got dizzy. "As long as I keep my eyes open, no spin would make me dizzy," she said. She looked at the camera crew and smiled and said, "Well, let's do it again."

"Aren't you afraid?" I asked her.

She shrugged. "That wouldn't help me." She gave us her gorgeous dimpled smile, casually did an Axel Paulsen (a one-and-a-half jump, ending on the other skate) that made your blood run in reverse and would have been worth a four-forty admission to Madison Square Garden, and was ready for the camera.

That's Henie, Energy & Fearlessness, Inc. She isn't afraid of anything (except mice). She knows that her profession is very dangerous, that she might get killed or—even worse for her—gravely hurt. But she doesn't think of it, because that "wouldn't help her." She has taken a few bad falls which might have killed a less experienced skater. The ice must be kept meticulously clean, no member of her troupe may wear hairpins, and before going on the ice, she inspects her costume with the same care as a trapeze artist. In "Happy Landing" she tripped over the edge of the rink, fell, and got a slight brain concussion.

She is just as fearless and energetic in her business transactions. She makes up her mind quickly and sticks to her decisions. For example: She arrived in America in 1939 on the last trip the "Normandie" ever made. She worried about her brother, Leif, who stayed back in Oslo, carrying on the family's extensive fur business. She decided that he must come over at once, called him on the transatlantic 'phone and told him to "sell the business, bring all the silver and come to America." Nothing could swerve her from that decision. Leif delayed and delayed, but finally he sailed on the last boat from Oslo, on April third—six days before the occupation. He brought all Sonja's trophies, cups, chests of silver. They must be worth over a hundred thousand dollars. Her good judgment had saved her that fortune.

At best, when it comes to her own business, her ability is as spectacular as her skating.

Almost all the great athletes, from Eleanor Holm to Max Baer, have tried movies. With the partial exception of "Tarzan" Weissmuller, they all failed—all but Henie, whose understanding both of business and sports has in addition an uncanny flair for showmanship. She proved it as early as 1927 in Oslo, when she for the first time tried for the world's figure skating championship. After her six rivals had appeared before the judges, dressed quietly, displaying excellent technique, Sonja Henie came out, dressed in a dazzling white silk and ermine costume. She dramatized every figure, put grace into her routine, "dancing on skates." The judges noted her beautiful slim body; they couldn't help observing her cute white underthings. This was beauty, sex appeal, and marvelous technique as well. Naturally, she won.

She has worked hard, earning every ounce of success. She spent ten years, practicing seven hours daily, until she was perfect. She doesn't smoke or drink, sleeps ten hours, eats whatever she likes, preferably Chinese food and ice cream, is always in condition. When they told her she weighed too much (one hundred and thirty pounds), she went down to one hundred and eight. Just like that. There is no strain on her; she's always relaxed. Her legs don't show any muscles, are as slim and shapely —(Grable fans, please don't listen)— as Betty's. Sonja's legs are insured for five thousand dollars a year, the largest sum Lloyds of London would underwrite. She is a champion swimmer, plays hockey, won eighteen skiing championships, three Scandinavian tennis titles. She was chosen by her countrymen as the outstanding living Norwegian, and King Haakon telegraphs her luck before each performance. Among her famous fans of her amateur skating were Queen Mary of England, King Gustav V of

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Sweden, Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini. But she is much prouder of the fact that in 1939 she was the third-ranking box office star, topped only by Shirley Temple and Clark Gable. The fact is that she likes movies more than anything else.

Her romance with Dan Topping starting in 1940, made every American newspaper headline. Tinplate heir and Queen of the Ice! It was a ready-made columnist's dream. It was even better than the previous Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie romance which had a light taste of studio publicity.

But since their marriage on July 4th, 1940, Dan and Sonja have become the worst possible copy for the columnists. The eternal bliss of romance hovers over their marriage. They are happy, and happy people don't make the headlines. They have built a beautiful beach home on Long Island, but haven't been there since Dan went into the Marines.

Sonja's rented house in Beverly Hills is a medium sized, modern affair with large windows and lots of partitions and sunshine flowing through all rooms. Sonja loves the California sunshine and can't get enough of it. Sometimes she goes down to Laguna Beach where she is nearer to Dan, who is now stationed in the vicinity. Knowing the value of time Sonja wants to spend most of it with her husband.

Children? "Sure. Later." That's all she will say—Viking girls are not given to discuss their innermost emotions. And being a cosmopolite, having always travelled around the world, Sonja never thinks of the difference in nationalities between her and Dan.

"He is gentle, gallant, and kind-hearted," she explains. "There are nice men in Norway and perhaps everywhere, and Dan is the nicest. It doesn't make any difference what language a man speaks, if you like him."

Independently wealthy, Dan's flair for big business makes him a good mate for Sonja. He used to manage the Dodgers, ran an advertising agency, in addition to handling vast investment transactions. After the war, he will probably return to all that.

Today Sonja does not manage these businesses of her husband, as has sometimes been told, but she stages all the numbers for her famous ballet on ice, thinks up the dancing routines, hires the skaters, studies wardrobe sketches and music — with a company of over a hundred people and weekly expenses running around fifty thousand dollars. This fall she plans to have the show on tour in fewer cities for longer engagements, because of transportation difficulties. Her New York hit, "Stars on Ice," which she owns and co-produces, was the only show making money in the giant Center Theatre. She has her sports clothes business. She introduces her own designs in her shows, did her own modeling. She has her vast array of Henie skates, Henie toys, Henie dolls, and Henie what-not, which earn for her another fifty thousand a year. She doesn't conceal that she likes to make big money, but her hairdressers, costume women, and other studio workers tell you that she loves to spend it on the people she works with. For instance, she gave her wardrobe girl a diamond brooch and a diamond bracelet recently, and she buys expensive gifts for people who can't afford them.

She isn't one of the most popular people in Hollywood. She doesn't like Hollywood's way of showing off, and Hollywood doesn't like her self-possessed attitude. "She doesn't act like a movie celebrity but like a celebrity in-the-movies," someone said. Sonja doesn't care. She has her husband and her mother—who is always with Sonja, her most competent critic and adviser—and her youth and her success. This winter she made personal appearances in Army camps, particularly in the "little Norway" soldiers camps in Canada.

Norway's five-foot-two honey blonde beauty has done herself proud. After seven years in pictures, she is still one of Hollywood's great box office stars; after twenty years in sports, she is still the unsurpassed Ice Queen. Her story is so fantastic that it has to be true to be believed. But it is all true and all self-created.

Little Sonja Henie, Career Glamour Girl par excellence, is still One In A Million.

THE END

SUSAN PETERS PLANS HER MARRIAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

nails; I'm meticulous. But where a household comes in, I go out! Dick is the one who labels his beloved collection of records and has a fit of temper if they're mixed up. Dick's the one who notices that the drapes are disarranged, or the copper lamps we picked up at an auction unpolished, or that the living room table is littered with my scissors and needle. I don't even see those things until Dick's at work straightening them out. So I know I'll never be ashamed of the looks of our house, thanks to him.

And will we have children! Fifteen of 'em doesn't seem too many to either of us, though of course we'll be limited to the number we feel we can support in comfort. We know just how we'll bring them up, too. No baby-talk, and we'll love 'em when they're nice, and spank 'em when they're bad. Also, we'll always tell them the truth whenever they ask questions. Never a lie, not for anything; though of course we'll limit our answers to the scope of their understanding. And as the child grows older, the answers will grow more complete.

But apart from trying to keep our children honestly informed and well behaved, they're on their own. Dick and I won't force them into college if they're not interested—after all, their mother's education came to a full stop after high school. Nor will we care how they earn their livings as adults. If they want to be garbage collectors, that'll be all right with us—so long as they're the best garbage collectors in town.

Our California home will be a permanent one, too. We'll never go to Broadway to do a show. We both love to act in movies (though we actually don't like seeing them!), and if by any chance my career should come to a stand-still, I'll still be anchored in California as a secretary. I'm taking typing and shorthand right now, at night school, just in case. Because I've seen too many careers stopped by some automobile accident or other quirk of fate not to want to be prepared for an emergency.

But none of this is telling you our real worth to each other—as emotional stabilizers, each to the other. Take Dick's jealousy, for example, which is his one fault, and a rapidly disappearing one. I can't understand or abide jealousy, which I feel is rank stupidity. But a year ago, Dick was wallowing in it—perhaps because he knew I'd been engaged several times before, and perhaps because we ourselves weren't officially engaged then. Now that he's more sure of me, his jealousy is evaporating like a fine mist. So I foresee no jealousy in our married life, on either side.

I also foresee none of my dreadful Irish rages, which have been disappearing like Dick's jealousy in the past few months. There was a time, lasting twenty-one years to be exact, when I'd fly into a shrieking, sobbing rage at the drop of an imagined insult. Now I don't any more. At least not when Dick's around. Because he either backs me into a corner and talks fast and logically until I've seen the error of my ways, or else he just laughs at me. And you can't stay mad when you're being laughed at. Right in the middle of a tantrum, with tears pouring down my face, I'll break up into laughter, because he is—and there's the end of my temper! So. No tempests in the Quine household. Of that I'm positive.

You may be surprised, if you drop in at our home, to see us handling our Mood Problem, which we solved many months ago in Mother's and my apartment. You see, we both have black moods; often daily, after we come back from the studio. We know just how to deal with them now. Dick takes one chair and stares blindly and silently into space for two or three hours, while I sit across the room in another chair doing exactly the same thing. There we sit, like two bumps on a log, in a room so silent you could hear a pin drop. And then, when we're both over our moods, we're just the same as always—gay, talkative, happy. So we'll never misunderstand each other on that matter. Not ever.

Another thing. We'll both always be trying to think of the other's wishes. I never did that, until I met Dick—I was thoughtless and forgetful, both of other people and myself. People probably thought I was Scotch because I always forgot to bring money with me; and Mother thought me selfish because I never remembered her birthday—much less my own! Dick's changed all that by his own niceness, which I find myself trying to copy. Every time he came to dinner (which was every night), he brought some thoughtful gift to Mother and me—flowers, ear-rings, books, records. Now that he's in the Coast Guard, stationed at Alameda near San Francisco, he calls us every night without fail; and several times a week the Railroad Express delivers us a box of precious candy from him. He'll continue that when we're married, I know. And I'll find myself trying to do the same.

Of course, we both have some minor conflicts that time will never change, which we'll just have to put up with. Like Dick's love of good food, and my mild flirtation with it. I'm never hungry, and meals just bore me. But once we're running our own house I'll cater to his food tastes—even if it means serving ice cream (his favorite food) for breakfast every day! Then there's our clothes conflict. Dick enjoys dressing up in white tie and tails, while I don't own a dress longer than my knees. I can't abide formal clothes; my closet has nothing hang-

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ing in it but slacks, shorts, and spectator sports dresses. But I'll have to stock up on a couple of formals—which I'll ask Dick to help me pick out, just as he's helped me choose all my wardrobe in the past year. His taste is excellent; just as good for my things as for his own, and Dick dresses beautifully.

And I hope he'll be able to change my fear of public appearances, both at parties and on the stage. I always suffer from a paroxysm of shyness, and I've never yet made a speech without fainting later, back-stage! Dick, of course, can hardly understand this, since he's been a dancer, singer, and actor in endless Broadway shows; while I popped right out of Hollywood High School into the movies. But he's working on it, and I believe in him enough to know he'll succeed in giving me courage for people and microphones. He's succeeded in everything else, after all!

And that's about it. We're two people who have already adjusted our personalities, and discovered we had the same attitude on life and on living. I hate smutty jokes almost as much as Dick does; and I love a clean, quiet, outdoor life just exactly as much as he does. We don't have Cupid to thank for this ideal marriage, either—we have my mother, who first saw how perfectly suited we were, and now (I sometimes think) likes Dick even better than she likes me! She'll be there to watch us get married in a double-ring ceremony, and she'll write to us when, some day after the war, we'll travel all over the world. Because that's something else we have in common: love of traveling.

But most of all, we love each other—completely, and excluding all else. You see now, don't you? And you'll wish us the best of everything, won't you? Because whether you do or not, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quine simply cannot fail!

THE END

GARY COOPER EXPLAINS HIMSELF

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

autograph books and like it. But if my wife and I get hungry for good music or a current show, we can sneak into a big concert hall or movie house where no one is expecting us. At least this works with me. I'm not the matinee idol type.

However, I believe it's important for people in this business to try to live a normal life as near to their fellow Americans' lives as they can get, if they hope to interpret life as it is.

I GET A BOOT:

Out of tough locations—two years later. Spectacular fires, sandstorms on the desert, swollen rivers on the rampage are nothing to look forward to when you have some tricky scenes to make, but if you come through okay they're fun—looking back.

I BELIEVE:

Luck has something to do with success. You're there at the right moment; you see the right man, say the right thing, and get a break.

You can't leave it all to luck. You must figure all the angles, try one of them after another, not stop to worry. Finally something ought to work.

I'VE FOUND OUT:

A lot of interesting things from watching studio experts on pictures. They can lay out fire trains for spectacular blazes so that flames travel just where they send them. They can break up dams and know exactly how far the waters will go, how fierce they'll look and where scenes should be shot.

IF I COULD:

Relive one day in my life, I wouldn't pick out a day when I was very happy or things were going well. The greatest joys in life are always in the future. I'd like to live over a day when I made my worst blunders and see whether I could make them come out right.

I REGRET:

Not going to Warsaw on my last European trip. We had our tickets and were on our way but detoured back to Paris for some reason and hadn't the time later. Now the Warsaw that was is no more.

Not being able to do some scenes over once I see my picture in preview.

I KNOW:

Every city has its own personality, just as people are all individuals. I liked London and Paris and most of the European cities I visited before the war, and I wish I could see them once again as they were at that time.

That for all time living, Los Angeles has everything. We have the city, and everything else is close at hand. My wife loves to ski, and we can reach the snow in an hour and forty-five minutes from our house. I like to hunt and fish—I can be in the mountains or beside deep lakes in a few hours. In peacetime, that is.

I thoroughly enjoyed going on safari in Africa years ago, but I remember it took us three days to reach a mountain that looked as if it was right over there when we started out. That's fun once. For all the time, give me the U.S.A.

I'M CONVINCED:

You can't do anything unless you're sincere about it. You have to believe in it or nobody else will. Sergeant York, whom I met only once, was like that. And Dr. Wassell is like that, too.

THE REASON:

People think I'm like the men I impersonate on the screen is that I'm nearly always cast in American roles. We like to think of Americans as people who do pretty much as they please, are intensely individualistic, have practically all the virtues we admire, but don't wear them on parade.

PERSONALLY:

I'm not like any of the men I play. I'm just the guy who shows through the seams of the characters on the screen, minus the virtues and plus a lot of human faults.

I'D LIKE TO:

Come back in a hundred years and see what's happened. But what happens here in the next twenty-five years is what is really vital to me. I hope and expect we'll find a way to end wars.

It's interesting to read forecasts of what marvels we'll have in the future—how we'll fly our own little helicopters and live in houses that are fireproof, termite proof, earthquake proof, and all but trouble proof, and eat food that will keep us too healthy ever to die. But—

I THINK AMERICANS:

Should remember we are a new people—we have a terrific advantage over all other peoples because of our great heritage, and it's up to us to use widely this advantage for the benefit of all.

Every one of us should see to it that we don't lose what we have, that we cling to the ideal of America and not let ourselves and the rest of the world down.

We're a mixed race—we come from all races—and we have a great and precious gift to guard, forever!

MOVIELAND'S BEAUTY PARLOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

a facial, minus massage.

She uses mint for vitamin-packed tea; a brew made with thyme for an eyewash.

Before the butter shortage, she used natural cream as a lubricant and hand-lotion.

And, when eggs are plentiful, she uses the old-fashioned egg rinse on her hair for scalp conditioning and those beautiful, glowing highlights.

Which all goes to show that you needn't be a city slicker to be beautiful!

BEAUTY CHATTER:

Most chatter is listed under "Sense and Nonsense." Most of ours, we think, stays under just "Sense"—good, plain and common, and all directed at beauty and well-being.

Making sense, Alice Faye says she smooths a dot of rouge on the lobes of her ears when wearing earrings, particularly pearls or diamonds. She says it's flattering—and she's right! . . . Alice comes up with another hint, this time anent the bath. As an alternate for the tepid or warm bath that relieves fatigue, Alice stands under the shower with the hot spray hitting the center of the back of her neck and shoulders, then steps out and sprays her neck and shoulders with her favorite cologne. This, coupled with ten minutes' rest, prone, is wonderful for relaxation . . . You've heard us mention almond meal before? Well, here's a tip from Lynn Bari, who uses a favorite facial shampoo. She makes a rich lather of good, mild soap with her hands, and mixes it with a teaspoonful of almond meal. Lynn rubs the soap lather and meal onto her face, allowing it to remain for five minutes, and rinses it off in tepid water. The finishing touch is a dash of ice water. It's a quick and sure way to a wonderfully glowing skin! . . . Ever wiggle your scalp to cure a mild, nervous headache? Believe it or not, that's Olivia de Havilland's cure. Coming from the gentle Olivia, it must have its virtues. She says, "If you can't wiggle your scalp by wrinkling your forehead or opening your mouth, then give it a superficial wiggle with the tips of your fingers." . . . In a bad mood? "Sing any song that comes into your mind," advises Irene Manning, Warner Bros. star. "You'll dissipate your anger and bad feelings from sheer concentration on the tune and the lyrics." And, remember, anger is harmful to beauty—and you don't have to be able to sing like Irene! . . . Back to Lynn Bari again, and a query as to the kind of eyebrow you're lifting. Lynn has beautiful, shining eyebrows. Seems her secret is to massage them with a good oil, using the tips of her fingers and deep massage to bring up circulation. She removes the oil with a damp cloth, and sets the shape of her brows with an eyebrow brush . . .

And so, until next month—

LISTEN TO THIS!

Two great hulking men bending over the glass section.

"See the beautiful Sandwich glass vase," said one. "Golly, look at this Crown Derby cream pitcher."

Hovering in the background is the owner of the shop, watching two of his best customers. Fred MacMurray and Lloyd Nolan, buying surprises for their wives. Both men have adopted the hobbies of their wives, antiques, and the girls are having a hard time keeping up with them.

Lloyd is an authority on hallmarks and histories of old English glassware, and Fred is a specialist in fruit woods and such.

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DAME MAY WHITTY REFLECTS ON MARRIAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

great American producer, wanted me to come to New York, and I wanted to come, but not so much as I wanted to be with my husband. So we did not come until we arrived together in the Henry Irving company. It was New York where our daughter, Margaret Webster, was born. And I feel it is very charming of fate to have let Margaret's greatest successes happen to her in that same city.

I cannot exaggerate how proud I was when the King included me in his birthday honors in January, 1918, making me a Dame Commander. But I can truthfully say I am even more proud of the fine notices my daughter has won for herself in staging Shakespearean drama in the New York theater. I consider her an exceptionally fine actress, and that is the only regret I have about her—that she prefers being a producer to being an actress. Yet once again my feeling for the freedom of others functions here. If she prefers staging plays to acting in them, then that is up to her and I have no right to interfere.

Side by side, Ben and I have seen the world change drastically. The simplicity and charm of those days before the First World War are gone. The excitement and the depression of the Thirties have also passed. Hitler and his associates will pass, too. This we all know.

But when two people live through such cataclysms in history, they need a firm faith to hold to. Love can be that faith. Love is stronger than death and much stronger than the most arrogant conquest of any dictator.

In fifty-one years of loving, you drop all the dross and emerge only with the qualities that endure because of their very strength and refinement. Ben always gave my love that security on which all the solid things of life are founded.

Since 1936 Ben, Margaret, and I have been in this country. Ben and I love California now, even though our hearts are saddened by the thoughts of war-time England. I have been very fortunate in my film roles, though "Lassie Come Home" is my favorite picture because in that Ben and I were able to play together. Play ourselves, really. Just an elderly couple utterly content with one another's presence.

Yet that latter isn't quite true. We are utterly content, but we are much more than that. After half a century, we are still romantic about one another.

THE END

Ruth Waterbury and Ann Sothern on the set of "Cry Havoc." Ann wasn't in the scene that day but was present to read off-screen lines to little Dorothy Morris. "She's such a good actress," said Ann, who doesn't know the meaning of the word jealousy. She's really one mighty swell gal.

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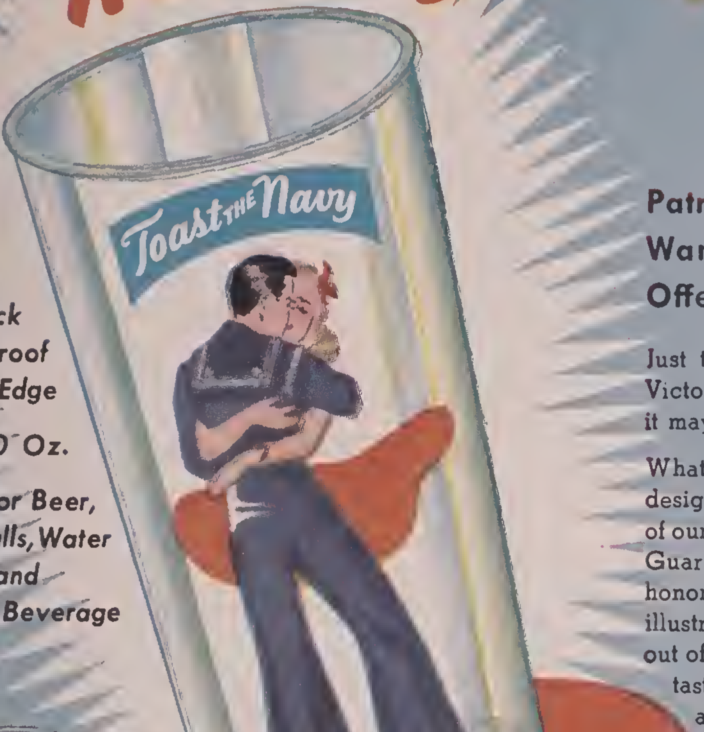

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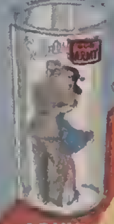

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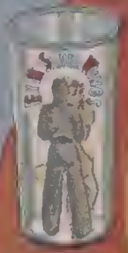

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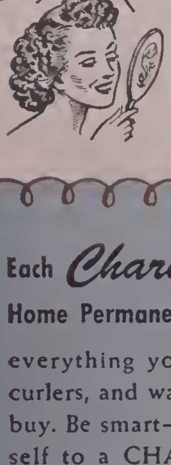
New Easy Home Way
Curls and Waves Hair
to Lovely Beauty and Allure

Easy as Putting YOUR HAIR Up in Curlers

Lovely Curls

. . . ONLY 59¢
NOTHING MORE TO BUY
MAIL COUPON NOW!



MONEY SAVING KIT

There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.

IN THREE QUICK STAGES

This Simple Easy *Charm-Kurl* Way...

Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c

THOUSANDS USE CHARM-KURL

Make This Easy Test . . .

CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is *safe* Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

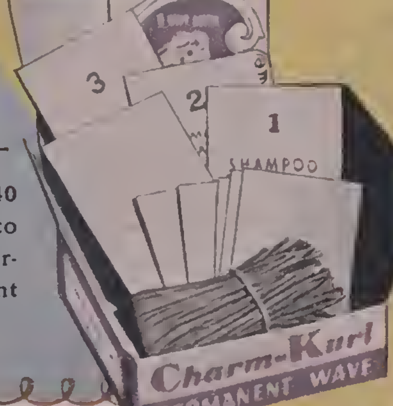
Mail the coupon. If C.O.D., pay 59c plus postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request W a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, toda mail the coupon and know the joy of gla ous curls and waves within a few short hou

CHARM-KURL *is the largest selling H Permanent Wave Kit in America There is no to pay more than 59c.*

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT. 114, 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN

Each *Charm-Kurl* Home Permanent Wave Kit Contains—

everything you need—shampoo, 40 curlers, and wave set—nothing else to buy. Be smart—be thrifty—treat yourself to a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave without delay.



WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers cheer CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit because it is easy to use, so economical and long-lasting. Positively cannot harm children's fine, soft hair, if you're a thrifty mother, you'll order an extra Kit for your daughter. She'll be overjoyed.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 114, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.
I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way.
If you want more than one kit check below:

☐ 2-CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.18, plus postage. ☐ 3 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.77, plus postage
(C.O.D. charges the same as for only one KIT)

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . State . . . .

☐ I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.
(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.)

Movieland

FEBRUARY
15¢

LORETTA YOUNG

MY LANA TURNER *By Stephen Crane*

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY", SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can this 2-Way VITAMIN DISCOVERY RESTORE NATURAL COLOR *to Your* GRAY *or* GRAYING HAIR?

New Test So Easy...It's Amazing!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES *double-action* VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, *natural color!* But first let me tell you what the original PANATES *double-action* vitamin method, is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

Panates is NOT A HAIR DYE

Nothing to Fear . . No Mess, No Fuss

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of *normal* hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feeds your system from within. If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray hair" vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

When Restored Color Shows, It's Natural Color

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

This Trial Offer Is Fair and It Calls for Immediate Acceptance

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send coupon for your trial Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon today. sure.

NO MATTER
WHAT SHADE YOUR
NATURAL HAIR
COLOR MAY BE . . .
BLACK, BROWN,
AUBURN OR BLONDE . . .

Make This Convincing Test

SEND NO MONEY...

A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over now are taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received.

FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

What are the amazing new Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins? Whether you order PANATES now or not, check coupon and mail it for a most interesting and valuable booklet. It's yours free. This booklet tells about the years of experiments and scientific tests that have proved conclusively gray hair can result from lack of certain vitamins. It also tells why the Panates 2-Vitamin method is different from any other anti-gray hair vitamin treatment and includes many more of the scores of testimonials Panates has received from delighted users. Send for your free booklet today.

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES . . . My complexion is much smoother . . ."

Mrs. W. H. S., of Pennsylvania, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . The white hair is much darker than it was . . . My friends have also seen that my hair is much darker . . ."

Mr. C. A. T., of Ohio, says: "I noticed results within 20 days, mostly my eyebrows and at the hair line . . . The hair at the temples has changed . . ."

MAIL THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY!

PANATES COMPANY
DEPT. D-207
310 S. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

☐ One Month's Supply, Special $1.79
☐ Three Months' Supply, Special $4.79
☐ 100 Day Supply, Special $5.00

HOW TO TEST AT OUR RISK

Send your new PANATES 2-Vitamins as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money-back guarantee. (If you send money with your order PANATES pays all postage charges.)

—Read Our Guarantee, Please—

Now you can test amazing PANATES Vitamins yourself on our iron-clad guarantee . . . If not satisfied with results from the first treatment return the empty package and your money will be refunded. Don't wait. This is your chance to try PANATES, the 2-vitamin way for restoring color naturally to gray hair due to vitamin lack. Mail this special trial coupon today.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.................................... STATE.....................

☐ SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

Beauty RESOLUTIONS *for* 1944

MAYBE you think you've convinced yourself that being beautiful isn't really so important. But it's just "sour grapes," isn't it? Why be discouraged by looking in the mirror at what you ARE? Why not look for the possibilities of what you MIGHT be?

Make that your resolution for the new year: to put your best face forward!

According to makeup artists like Perc Westmore (see him above, preparing Geraldine Fitzgerald to face the cameras at Warner Bros.), beauty is largely a matter of knowing how to apply correctional makeup. Blend makeup with your complexion color. Learn to apply lipstick—take the time to give your mouth a prettier curve; learn to put on rouge to accentuate the contours of your face. Open up the space between your brows by careful plucking; let them contribute to the oval face effect which is more balanced. Be sure, too, that your nails are clean, not too long and evenly coated with becoming polish. Take care of your hair. Don't forget the daily brushing.

Keep these resolutions and we're confident that our wish for a HAPPY NEW YEAR will come true!

A recent portrait of CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN by Maria de Kammerer

DOING DOUBLE DUTY?

I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties—in addition to your day-in, day-out activities—has made you long for a lipstick that stays *smooth* and stays on... I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming... a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen... only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist—the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to "smooth" itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

And, to have the utmost confidence in the perfection of your make-up, match your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick with its companion rouge—match your complexion with your own shade of Tangee's deceptively UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—*glory of woman...*
LIBERTY—*glory of nations...*
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

SATIN-FINISH

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

★ ★ ★ ★

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.

★ ★ ★ ★

"A Guy Named Joe", "The White Cliffs", "Madame Curie". Three worthy successors to "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest".

★ ★ ★ ★

As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.

★ ★ ★ ★

But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is an event that you must usher in.—*Leo*

Movieland

VOL. 2, NO. 1 FEBRUARY, 1944

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR THE INTELLIGENT MOVIE-GOER
BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Cover of Loretta Young photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

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Printed in the United States of America. Price 15c a copy in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Miniver

together again

GREER GARSON

and

WALTER PIDGEON

give their best performance

in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Presented by M-G-M

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION *with* HENRY TRAVERS, ROBERT WALKER, DAME MAY WHITTY, ELSA BASSERMAN, VAN JOHNSON, ALBERT BASSERMAN, C. AUBREY SMITH, VICTOR FRANCEN, REGINALD OWEN, MARGARET O'BRIEN Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN and PAUL H. RAMEAU Based on the book "MADAME CURIE" by EVE CURIE

She's the Darling of the Critics

in a sweetheart of a picture. You'll be raving with the reviewers who are saying "light and frothy...happy entertainment." (Film & Radio Discussion Guide) "Suspense, heart-throbs and laughs. Mary Lee is climbing the ladder to stardom." (Charm)

MARY LEE

America's Little Sister in

NOBODY'S DARLING

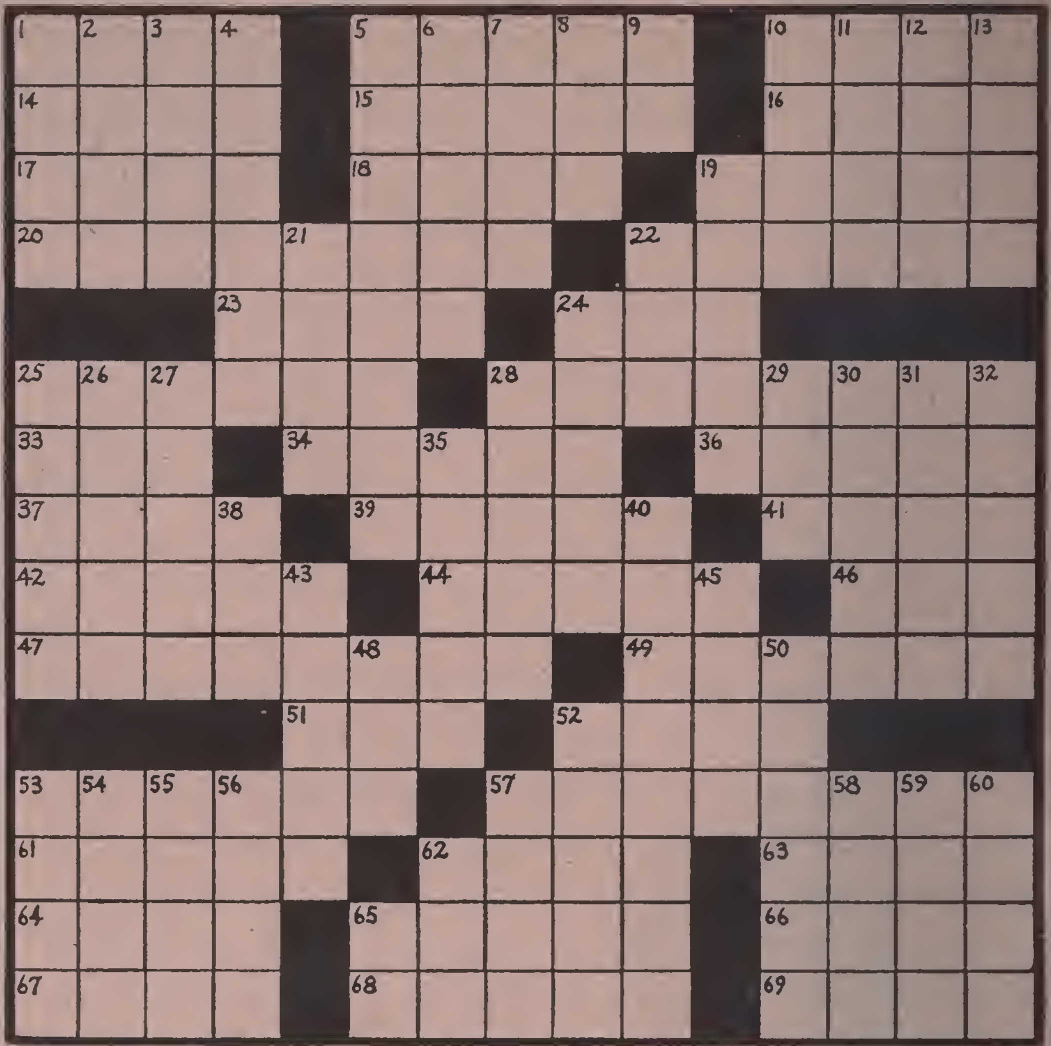
with
LOUIS CALHERN
GLADYS GEORGE
Jackie Moran • Lee Patrick • Bennie Bartlett • Marcia Mae Jones

HEAR MARY SING!

Blow, Gabriel, Blow! I'm Always Chasing Rainbows—It Had To Be You—and more!

a republic picture

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE



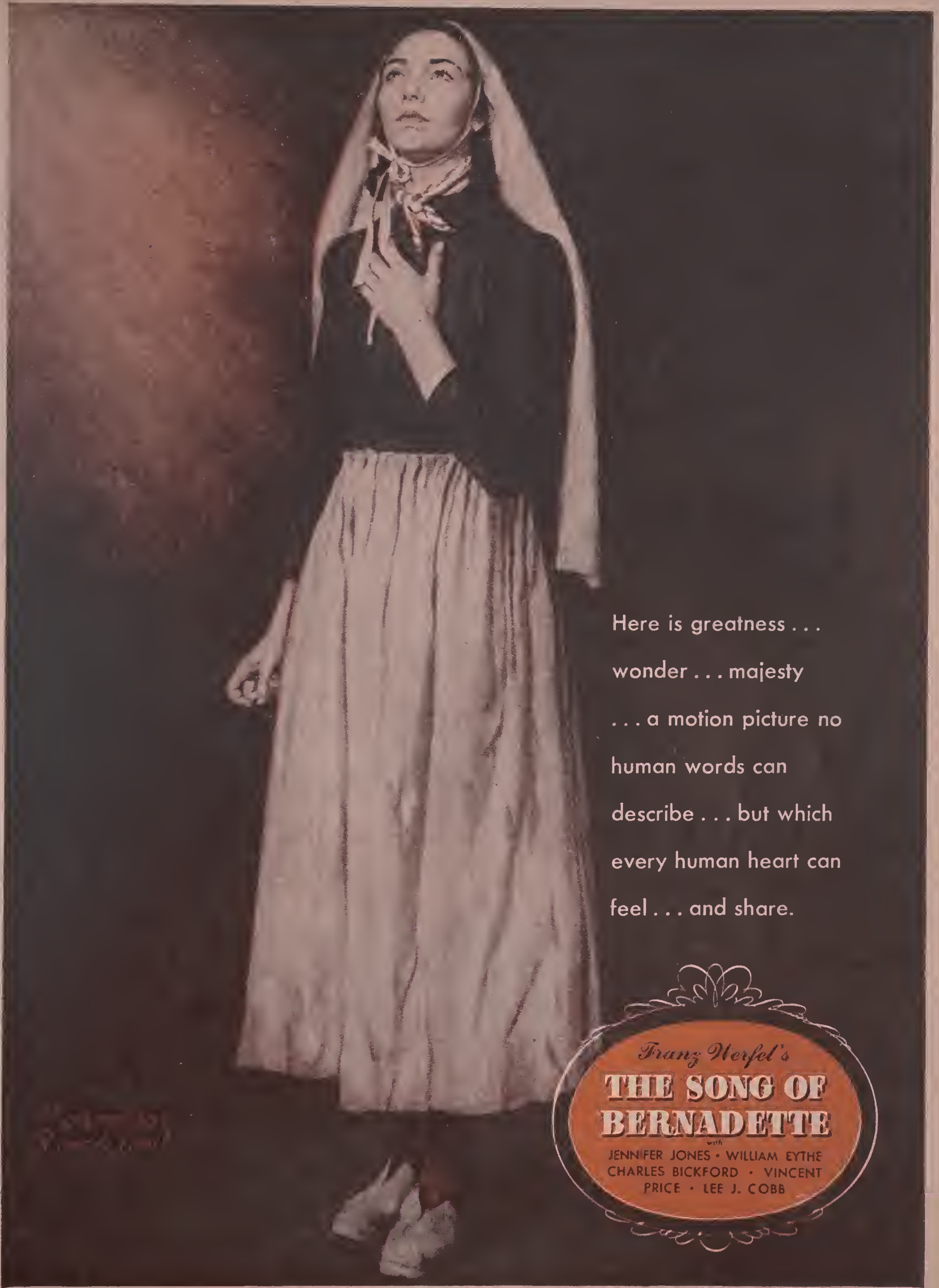
ACROSS

1. Biblical term of reproach
5. Pat O'Brien is a - - - - - in "Bombardier"
10. Dips in liquid, as bread
14. Moroccan sandarac tree
15. Divided
16. "The Man - - - -"
17. "So Proudly We Hail" is a - - - - tribute to army nurses
18. Remove, as a hat
19. Dillon in "The Law Rides Again"
20. Pablo in "FWTBT"
22. Mr. Duck
23. Force
24. A skater in "Hit the Ice"
25. Layers
28. Kenneth Spencer is a - - - - - - in "Cabin in the Sky"
33. Alphabetic letter
34. He sings in "Rhythm of the Islands"
36. Steeple
37. Rose Dibble is - - - - role in "This Is the Army"
39. What Joe E. Brown is in "The Daring Young Man'
41. "Woman of the - - - -"
42. Bind again
44. Monty Woolley - - - - - in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
46. Regional Teachers Union (abbr.)
47. "Wild Horse - - - - -"
49. He rides in 47 across
51. "- - - Great Life"
52. Anne Gwynne in "We've Never Been Licked"
53. What Fredric March does in "One Foot in Heaven"
57. "The - - - - - Nymph"
61. Sam Winston is Henry - - - - - role in "West Side Kid"
62. Saxhorn
63. Celebesian ox
64. You can see her in "Stage Door Canteen"
65. Most Grade A movies make - - - - - entertainment
66. One who opposes
67. Suppose (archaic)
68. 8 American Beauties - - - - - in "The Powers Girl"
69. Roger Rutledge in "She Has What It Takes"

DOWN

1. Joe Barton in "Background to Danger"
2. Jeanette can sing it
3. Undisturbed
4. She sings in "Melody Parade"
5. Judy King in "Get Going"
6. On high
7. Melvyn Douglas in "Three Hearts for Julia"
8. Away
9. Sergt. Bill Dane in "Bataan" (inits.)
10. One of the "Jitterbugs"
11. Odd (Scot.)
12. Eric Toresen in "Commandos Strike at Dawn"
13. Made haste
19. A sergeant in "This Is the Army"
21. She is in "You Were Never Lovelier"
22. Henry Van Cleve in "Heaven Can Wait"
24. Made of flax
25. "Silver - - - - - "
26. Doctrine
27. Spanish lariat
28. - - - - - Palmer is Tanya in "Mission to Moscow"
29. Remember Kay Kyser in "My Favorite - - -"?
30. Layers
31. Poetic Muse
32. Movie revival
35. Mr. Jones is - - - - - role in "China"
38. - - - one - - - on is Suzie in "Tahiti Honey"
40. Dr. Mespelbrunn in "Above Suspicion"
43. "Wake Island" and "Spitfire" are war - - - - -
45. Offenses
48. Suffix of ordinal numbers
50. Geo. Murphy is Lieut. Bentley in " - - - - - "
52. Grand
53. Exclamation expressing disgust
54. In "DuBarry Was a Lady" Red dreams he can - -
55. Otherwise
56. O'Hara in "Action in the North Atlantic"
57. Actors' catchwords
58. Jean Hewlitt in "Crash Dive"
59. Observe (Latin)
60. Roy Rogers' Trigger has one
62. " - - - Senoritas From Chicago"
65. Kitty in "Random Harvest" (inits.)

(For Solution See Page 84)

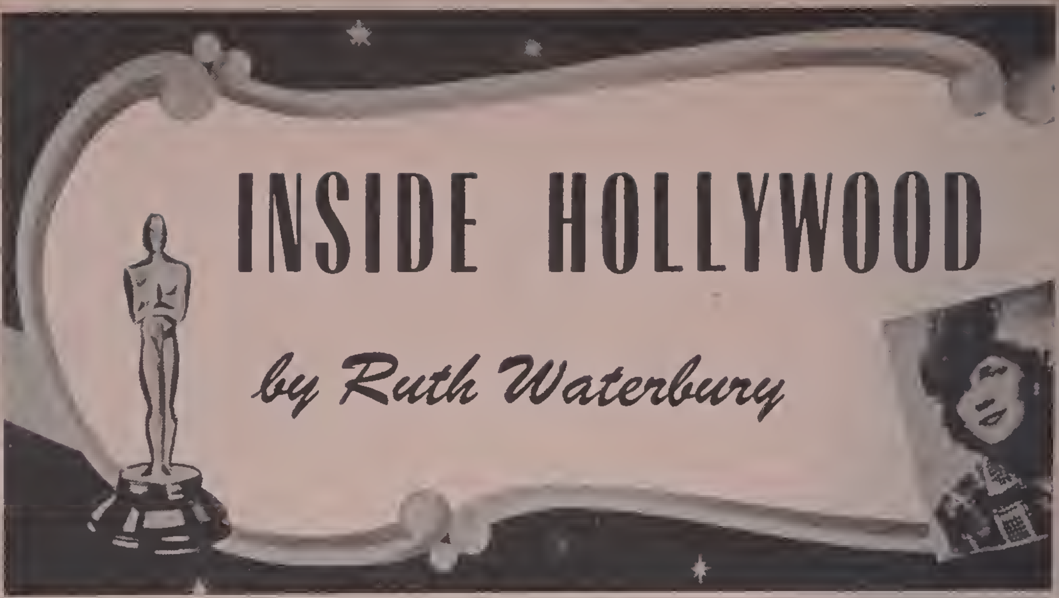

Here is greatness . . .
wonder . . . majesty
. . . a motion picture no
human words can
describe . . . but which
every human heart can
feel . . . and share.
Franz Werfel's
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
with
JENNIFER JONES • WILLIAM EYTHE
CHARLES BICKFORD • VINCENT PRICE • LEE J. COBB

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton • A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

A few eye-catching scenes from the most exciting musical of 1944!

Rita Hayworth at her loveliest

Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor
Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
with
LEE BOWMAN - PHIL SILVERS - JINX FALKENBURG
and
THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp - Produced by Arthur Schwartz
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR MATURE

Hollywood really got itself het up over the Anne Shirley-Vic Mature "engagement."

The town felt pretty sorry for this self-styled genius when Rita Hayworth married that greater genius, Orson Welles. It grinned over the fact that Vic carried that torch very visibly, anywhere the press might be present. Since the guy was honestly doing such a fine job with the Coast Guard, they easily forgave his visibly suffering over his battered heart. Vic has always been a hound for publicity anyhow, and has never hidden the fact.

☆

When he came back to movieland on furlough it was all hunky-dory when he took out K. T. Stevens, then Betty Hutton, and then began calling up the other glamour numbers. He even tried to marry one of our leading stars, who merely grinned at his seriousness.

☆

It just got too thick, however, when a couple of nights later he and Anne Shirley announced their intention to wed. Trouble was, Annie is supposed to be most interested in Eddie Albert but only a week previously had had eyes for no one but Edgar Bergen.

When two days after the announced engagement Anne broke it, the storm really hit. Anne has been such a popular kid up until now, but even her closest chums let her know what they thought of such headline antics. Little Jane Wyman, for instance, told Annie off in front of a whole party.

☆

One angle on the whole thing that hasn't been much discussed is that John Payne and Vic used to be the closest friends.

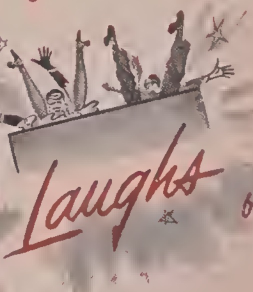
No one knows how John thinks, but everybody's wondering.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 10)

Ann Sheridon is rumored "that way" over this smiling Irishman, Steve Hannagan, the guy who promoted Miami Beach to a big spot on the map. Now he's trying to promote our Annie into matrimony, but she says nope—just as before, when the guy was Errol Flynn.

The MERRIEST Man-Hunt in KISSTORY!

SHE CHASED HIM CLEAR ACROSS HIS MAP...


They're Head over Heels in Laughs!

The Comedy Sensations
of "My Sister Eileen"
together again
and funnier
than ever!

WHAT SITUATIONS !...
WHAT LAUGHS !...
WHAT LOVE !...
What a Picture!

Rosalind
RUSSELL

Brian
AHERNE

IRVING CUMMINGS'

What a Woman!

with **WILLARD PARKER**
What a "Find"!...Sensation of the Year!

SCREEN PLAY BY THERESE LEWIS AND BARRY TRIVERS...A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Make-up
created by the men
who make up the
Hollywood Stars

ALEXIS SMITH IN
"Adventures of Mark Twain"
A Warner Bros. Picture

HOUSE OF
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP
FOUNDATION CREAM
FACE POWDER
ROUGE
LIPSTICK

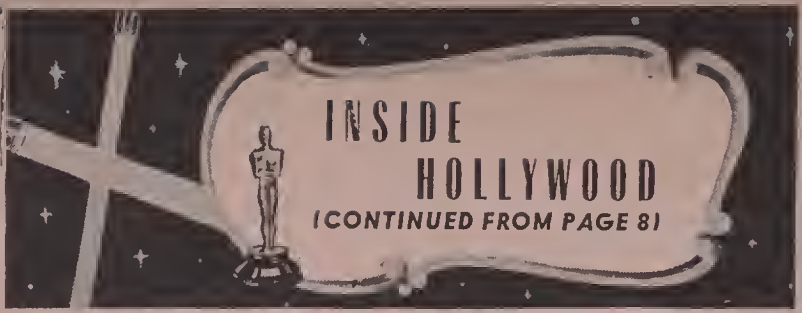
One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty ... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes ... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin ... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP

Perc Westmore,
Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios,
Hollywood



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

HOLLYWOOD'S CRADLE ROCKIN' MAMAS

Except for Alice Faye, I have never seen a girl more beautifully changed by maternity than Lana Turner. Lana and Steve have gone through such a lot together, but they seem to have arrived at complete, mutual happiness. When they go nightclubbing, it's plainly just to dance. Steve, having received an honorable medical discharge from the Army, is back in civvies—and on their late dates, he and Lana drink milk and slip home by ten o'clock.

As for Alice Faye, she's in seventh heaven now that she's going to have her second child. Twentieth Century-Fox has temporarily argued her into not leaving the screen, but my own hunch is that she may not stick around too long.

The plaudits of fame don't mean a thing to Alice, as compared to Phil and Alice, Jr., and now the new-expected. She loves the domestic life, has saved her money and plans a really big family. She says when she comes back to the screen she hopes to play straight drama.

"The Gang's All Here" is no great shakes as a musical, but I still hope Alice doesn't stop singing on screen. No one else could have sung "No Love, No Nothin'" quite as she does.

CUPID'S CUTEST TRUE STORIES

Being as how St. Valentine's day is close I thought you might like to hear two cute proposal stories.

Several years ago, a very small girl named Ella Raines entered for the first time the portals of the Snoqualmie Grammar School, in Washington. She was gazing in awe at this institute of learning when a boy in short pants approached her. Kenneth Trout was in the third grade and magnanimously offered to show the newcomer the ropes.

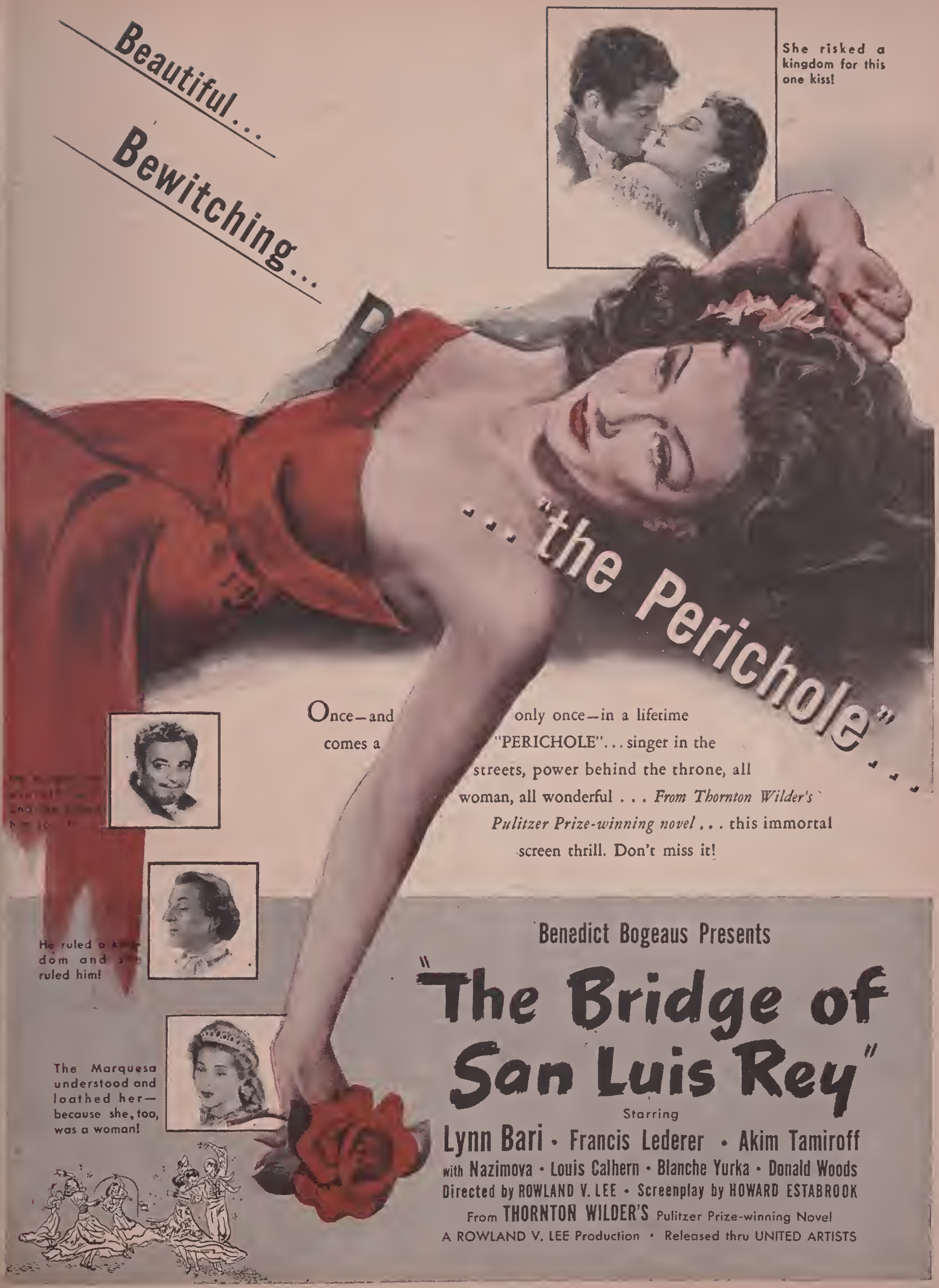
The two kids went through the Snoqualmie Grammar School and the Snoqualmie High School together, their love for each other growing with every promotion to a higher grade.

When the war came, Kenneth Trout enlisted and almost

(More Inside Hollywood on page 65)

Susan Peters, Queen of the Coastguard, bride of Richard Quine. She's taken an apartment in San Francisco, to live near her husband.

Eleanor Powell and Marine Sgt. Glenn Ford, first marriage for both. Stationed at Camp Pendleton, he sees his wife only on week-ends.


Beautiful...
Bewitching...
..."the Perichole"...

She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!

[illegible]

He ruled a k[illegible] dom and s[illegible] ruled him!

The Marquesa understood and loathed her—because she, too, was a woman!

Once—and only once—in a lifetime comes a "PERICHOLE"... singer in the streets, power behind the throne, all woman, all wonderful . . . *From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel* . . . this immortal screen thrill. Don't miss it!

Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari · Francis Lederer · Akim Tamiroff

with Nazimova · Louis Calhern · Blanche Yurka · Donald Woods

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE · Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

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. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

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MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE GUIDE

CRY "HAVOC" (MGM) despite its brilliant cast of actresses, is essentially a stage drama lacking in conviction, a piece of war fiction about some thirteen nurses and nursing volunteers who fall prisoners of the Japs on Bataan. Like the play with its all-feminine group of players, the picture is confined for the most part to a dugout where the women were headquartered and where they retired to catch snatches of rest between the bombardments. Somehow they all seem too annoyingly engrossed with personal problems and more concerned with giving individual performances than in performing their brave duties.

Into the dugout melodrama are crammed Margaret Sullavan, a lieutenant of regular Army nurses, Fay Bainter, her captain in command, Ann Sothern, a former hash-slinging waitress, Joan Blondell, an ex-burlesque queen, and a full complement of other types played by Marsha Hunt, Ella Raines, Frances Gifford, Diana Lewis, Heather Angel, Dorothy Morris, Connie Gilchrist, Gloria Grafton and Fely Franquelli. Conversationally they fight a stagey war; the dirt on their faces obviously make up; the soil on their clothing artistically applied. You can skip this and cling to the memories of "So Proudly We Hail," which was much nearer to the truth of what occurred on Bataan. Grim as it was, you really should know.

HIS BUTLER'S SISTER (Universal) marks another step forward for Deanna Durbin as a grown-up romantic star. In a gay come-out-of-the-kitchen comedy, engagingly labeled "a fable of the day before yesterday," she captivates with her singing, but more importantly charms just as the story would have you believe that she does. She is a fresh and irresistible Cinderella who arrives in New York under the impression that her brother is a rich man, only to discover that he is a butler in the Park Avenue penthouse. Franchot Tone is the wealthy man, and Pat O'Brien the butlering brother. Another gentleman's gentleman is amusingly played by Akim Tamiroff, sure-fire in any role he attempts.

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE (MGM) does not spare your feelings in depicting the sadistic cruelties practiced by Nazis in conducting a French prison camp. It is one of the most brutal, bloody and hate-arousing documents yet filmed. While it is undoubtedly true, may be even an under-statement of the horrors inflicted, such a shocker is hard to take under the guise of entertainment.

Part of the power of the picture is sacrificed by the current Hollywood notion that anyone can play a Frenchman if the character is plainly named Gaston or Francois. One real Frenchman, Jean Pierre Aumont, who has an accent, finds himself cast as a countryman of Gene Kelly, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Hume Cronyn and Richard Whorf. As the cruelest of the German jailers, Peter Lorre has a gloriously gory time.

(*Continued on page* 70)

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE

JANE EYRE *(20th Century-Fox)* Charlotte Bronte's novel of a woman's love comes to the screen as a classic drama superbly performed by Joan Fontaine. No woman will ever forget it.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE *(Warners)* Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins pit their acting skills in a display of friendship that is more give than take.

GUADALCANAL DIARY *(20th Century-Fox)* From the Richard Tregaskis book, this factual picture smashingly fulfills its obligation to history.

LASSIE COME HOME *(MGM)* a simple and sincere story of a dog's love for a boy. Roddy MacDowall, of course, with appeal for the whole family.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE *(Warners)* a sparkling, modern Cinderella comedy in reverse. Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn.

THE IRON MAJOR *(RKO-Radio)* Pat O'Brien scores a hit as Frank Cavanaugh, an inspired football coach who specialized in making winners of underdog teams.

CORVETTE K-225 *(Universal)* a salute to those scrappy little warships of the Canadian Navy which have been the most effective weapon against U-boats. Decidedly see-worthy.

THIS IS THE ARMY *(Warners)* the Irving Berlin all-soldier entertainment by which the Army Emergency Relief Fund and you profit.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *(Paramount)* a pretentious depiction of Hemingway's Spanish story. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman and Katina Paxinou.

CLAUDIA *(20th Century-Fox)* a delightful slice of domestic Americana, with Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young.

FLESH AND FANTASY *(Universal)* a series of inter-related stories of the supernatural which Charles Boyer produced. He also acts in one chapter. Distinctly different.

GOVERNMENT GIRL *(RKO-Radio)* Comedy romance set in war-crowded Washington, with Sonny Tufts to build Uncle Sam's bombers.

..again it's WARNER BROS!

CARY GRANT
His assignment is the answer to a submariner's prayer!

JOHN GARFIELD
He knows how to tell a Jap–with torpedoes and TNT!

Here's the story-*behind*-the-story of the bombers that plastered and blasted Tojo's home town!

DESTINATION Tokyo

They've got sweethearts in every port – and girls, you'll be among 'em!

DANE CLARK · ROBERT HUTTON · WARNER ANDERSON
ALAN HALE · JOHN RIDGELY · WILLIAM PRINCE

Directed by DELMER DAVES
Produced by JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Delmer Daves and Albert Maltz • From an Original Story by Steve Fisher • Music by Franz Waxman

SLACKS MEXICANA

JOAN BLONDELL
popular film star, featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Cry Havoc".

SLACKS—with detachable suspenders and waistband gaily embroidered a la Mexicana! Lustrous rayon **Gabardine!** Sizes 10-18, **$5.98,** plus postage.

BLOUSE—Simple, smart! Round neck—daintily tucked! Rich, heavy white rayon crepe. 32-38. **$3.50,** plus postage.

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PILOT BLUE ☐ BROWN ☐ NAVY ☐ RED ☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice.) (Circle sizes wanted.)
Blouse at $3.50, plus postage. Size: 32 34 36 38
(Please print name, etc.)
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Street________________
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Jimmy Dorsey, Jill Warren, Bob Eberly and Kitty Kallen (left to right). The occasion, one of Jimmy's Decca dates.

Here's Helen Ward, the new sing gal with Harry James. (She jumped to fame with the old Benny Goodman Band. Remember?)

WORDS of MUSIC

by JILL WARREN

> *Before we start class this month, just a reminder about the mail. I'm always glad to get your letters, but please be good kids and stick in a self-addressed stamped envelope with your zone number. And not too many questions in each letter, yes? The address—Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.*

THE TUNEFILMS:

Well, here I come—on a wing and a brand new year! And from the Hollywood scene this new 1944 looks "solid" with lots of good musicals cooking.

Let's start out with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. First there's "Swing Fever," which stars Kay Kyser and Marilyn Maxwell, the latter a handsome dish. Marilyn was Kay's real life romance for a while and is the same girl who used to sing with Buddy Rogers and Ted Weems under the name of Marvel Maxwell.

Also at M-G-M there's "Broadway Rhythm," a super duper with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, George Murphy, Ginny Simms, Lena Horne, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, Hazel Scott, Charles Winninger and Kenny Bowers. The numbers are tops, one of the best being "Brazilian Boogie Woogie" featuring Lena Horne. For my money, Lena is one of the greatest vocal artists in America today. Ginny sings Jerome Kern's immortal "All The Things You Are," and if it hasn't been one of your favorite songs before this, it will be after you hear her do it. Hazel Scott plays Chopin's "Minute Waltz" and "Body and Soul" in her incomparable style, and is one of the standouts of the picture. Gloria De Haven and Kenny Bowers share honors with "What Do You Think I Am?" This is the cute song from the original score of the stage production of "Best Foot Forward" but it was cut out of the movie version of

(*Continued on page* 16)

"Give us that Big smile

You'll grin out loud when Claudette spills the secrets of a candid camera career girl!

She says she's too busy for romance that's dizzy... but

it's pash in a flash. So she makes him an assistant

Who really loves his assignments

When this immovable force meets this irresistible body

And she flashes her bulbs at Whataman Mac Murray...

And the things that develop in her darkroom

And under the bed of the East River - make this the first hilarious roar of 1944"

—*Melisse*

It's Paramount Again!

Claudette Colbert
Fred MacMurray in

"NO TIME FOR LOVE"

with
Ilka Chase Richard Haydn
A MITCHELL
LEISEN
PRODUCTION
Directed by
MITCHELL LEISEN
Screen Play by Claude Binyon
Adaptation by Warren Duff

"And a Big P.S. —Have you seen 'Riding High'? And watch for 'Lady In The Dark' and 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek'!"

"MOTHER KNOWS BEST"

But sometimes it's the other way round . . . daughter discovers the new things first

Yes, many a mother has been amazed to have her daughter come home from college or office with the news about Tampax . . . "It is so neat and dainty. It is worn internally, so it cannot be detected. It really sets you free every month from pins, belts and external pads."

Why not keep young in spirit by doing what the younger ones do? Tampax has real standing. Perfected by a doctor, it is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent and compressed in dainty, hygienic, one-time-use applicators that make insertion quick and easy. No chafing, no bulging, no odor, no embarrassing disposal problem. No sanitary deodorant required.

Wear Tampax in tub, shower, pool or ocean. Sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package lasts 4 months' average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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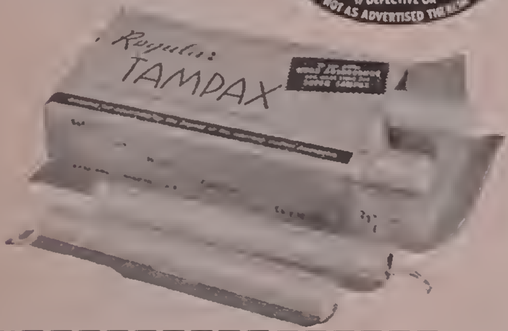

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(*Continued from page* 14)

"Best Foot" and put into this film. The things that go on in Hollywood!

"Meet The People" is another flicker you won't want to miss. Besides Lucille Ball and Dick Powell, it contains such rhythmic personalities as The King Sisters, Virginia O'Brien, Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra, with his soloists Ziggy Talent and The Murphy Sisters, and Spike Jones and the City Slickers. Ziggy does his hysterical rendition of "I Can't Dance" and Spike makes with the cowbells, washboards, etc., to do "Schicklegruber." Virginia O'Brien sings Rogers' and Hart's "I'd Like To Recognize The Tune" in her deadpan style. And there's a swell finale number, "It's Smart To Be People." Listen particularly for the fine vocal arrangements. . . .

Harriet Hilliard, The Andrews Sisters and Mitch Ayres and his band get the top billing in Universal's "Swingtime Johnny." The girls do two numbers which you've probably heard them do on the air, "Boogie Woogie Choo Choo" and "You'd Better Give Me Lots Of Lovin', Honey," and Harriet sings a jive version of "Sweet and Low." . . .

Donald O'Connor's newest is "This Is The Life" with his old girl friend, Peggy Ryan, and a new one for him, Suzanna Foster. You Ray Eberle fans will enjoy his singing of "All Or Nothing At All." Universal has just started preparation on an all-star musical, "Three Cheers For The Boys," which won't be out for months, but I thought you'd like to know about it anyway. Get a load of this line-up: Charlie Spivak, Ted Lewis, Freddy Slack, Dinah Shore, Jeanette MacDonald, Sophie Tucker and The Andrews Sisters. . . .

It's Kay Kyser again, but this time under the R.K.O. banner, in "Around The World," the story of his amazing camp show tours, including some imaginary ones to Casablanca, Egypt and other locales.

And say, speaking of R.K.O. reminds me that they have big things in mind for the Sinatra lad if Uncle Sam doesn't get him first. They gave him a seven-year contract and his next picture is "Mr. Cinderella." I hope they don't change the name because that title really fits Frank. . . .

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The Decca and Capitol recording studios have been the "jumpinest" spots in town, what with all the pressing going on. We'll take Decca first. Bing Crosby got into the yuletide spirit and made "I'll Be Home For Christmas" with John Scott Trotter's orchestra and then joined with the Sisters Andrews for "Jingle Bells" and "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," but they're so good you'll want to play them all year round. Jimmy Dorsey and the band recorded "Star Eyes" with Bob Eberly and Kitty Kallen doing one of their double vocals and "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old" with Kitty soloing it. Jimmy's band is one of my favorites and I was fortunate in being at the studio the night they made this platter. What a perfectionist he is! He'll do a thing over and over until it's just the way he wants it.

On the serious side, Victor Young has made an album of his brilliant score from "For Whom The Bell Tolls." . . . The Capitol people have been busy little bees, too. They signed Stan Kenton to an exclusive recording contract and his first disc is "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," featuring Dolly Mitchell and "Eager Beaver," an instrumental. Johnny Mercer does "G.I. Jive" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself A Letter" with Paul Weston's orchestra. Johnny wrote words and music for "Jive," and it has a very cute lyric. I heard him do it at the Hollywood Canteen the other night and it nearly broke up the party. Capitol's Number One girl, Ella Mae Morse, has made a killer record in "Shoo Shoo, Baby" and "No Love, No Nothin'." The latter tune

(*Continued on page* 18)

Les Brown gives Jill Warren a fast sax lesson, during an intermission one night at the Hollywood Palladium.

Riveting

or . . .

Romancing

she's
America's newest,
truest Heroine . . .

THE "CHIN UP" GIRL!

Here is a memorable drama of today's unbeatable brand of courage and love! The brave and human and *truly great* story of the FURLOUGH WIVES and sweethearts who wait and wish . . . and work for the men who live in their hearts!

GINGER ROGERS

More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever, in

"Tender Comrade"

ROBERT RYAN · RUTH HUSSEY

Patricia COLLINGE · Mady CHRISTIANS · Kim HUNTER · Jane DARWELL · Richard MARTIN

Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Edward Dmytryk · Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Be Fit and Fair Top to Toe!

What happened to Marie Lenox can happen to YOU!

Mrs. Marie Lenox, of Detroit, Mich., weighed 150, was so large in her hips and abdomen she had to wear a size 20 dress. She was worried about her skin and hair. Today, a sparkling beauty with a lovely skin, she weighs 116, her slender figure slips into a size 14. How did she do it? She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course. Miss Delafield set a goal for her and showed her how to attain it—right at home.

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LOST 34 POUNDS
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THIGH 4½ IN. LESS

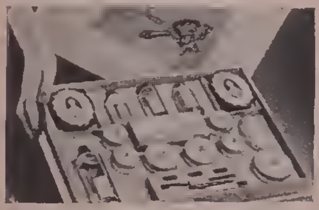
After

"I have so much more energy," says Mrs. Lenox, "and a self-assurance I never believed possible. My husband was amazed by the change in me. Thank you for a plan I'll follow all my life."

Make Yourself Over—at Home!

Marie Lenox is just one of 110,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy. You get a program for *your* needs—then follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story. In these days it's important to be at your best, ready for wartime living, for war work, for personal and business success. So send at once for the new book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course, what it has done for others, what it can do for you.



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Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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(*Continued from page 16*)

is the same one Alice Faye introduced in "The Gang's All Here." Ella Mae's orchestral accompaniment is provided by her husband, Dick Walters. She also does "Boogie Blues" and "Tess' Torch Song." And the last one, and possibly the best, is Benny Carter's "Poinciana" and "Hurry, Hurry." Carter plays a sensational alto solo on "Poinciana" and Savannah Churchill's vocal on "Hurry" is nothing short of wonderful. By the way, this disc was recorded in San Francisco and is the first commercial record ever made in the bay city . . . Columbia has a lone issue this month, but it's one that you'll want if you're a Harry James fan. Both sides are instrumental and heavily feature the James horn—"Cherry," and "Jump Town." . . .

EARMARKS OF HITS:

It seems like I'm always talking about Frank Loesser, but you can't keep a good songwriter down, so here goes. His latest is a beautiful ballad, "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year." Deanna Durbin sings it in "Xmas Holiday," and I think you'll be surprised at her rendition, something a little different for her. Incidentally she's tops vocally in "His Butler's Sister." . . .

Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson are two other boys who keep giving us pretty music. In "Around The World" there are two ditties very much worth listening to—"Candlelight and Wine" and "Don't Believe Everything You Dream." Gene de Paul's and Don Raye's "Star Eyes" looks okay for a star spot on the Hit Parade . . . Every once in a while the top singers and orchestra leaders start digging back and using some of the oldies, so in the revival department I think you'll be hearing "My Ideal," "Memory Lane" and "The Moon of Manakoora."

ON THE BEAM:

The Blue Network has a swell new Sunday show—"Radio Hall of Fame," and though it's variety in formula there are plenty of musical guests each week, so I advise you not to miss it . . . Connie Haines is back on the Abbott and Costello show over N.B.C. after completing a very successful theatre tour. . . .

Anita Ellis, the vocal star on Columbia's "Ceiling Unlimited" is the same girl who was featured on the "Songs Overseas" show and billed just as "Anita." . . . If you listen to the "Prudential Family Hour" on Sunday, and I presume most of you do, you've heard Jack Smith. To my way of thinking, he's one of the best male singers in radio, and I'm surprised that some record company or movie firm doesn't nab him. . . .

JAM NOTES:

Horace Heidt is back in Hollywood after a five-month tour of theatres and service camps . . . Freddy Martin's new singer, Tommy Randall, is an ex-concert singer and was recently mustered out of the Marines after having been wounded in action . . . Contrary-wise Don Raye, the songwriter, has been inducted into the Army and Vaughn Monroe is 1A and will probably be in the service by the time you read this. . . .

Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson recently celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary, which proves that some people can stay happily married in Hollywood . . . Al Sack, well-known conductor and arranger, and responsible for all the music on Paul Whiteman's summer show, has been named musical director for the Blue Network.

. . . Gene Krupa you'll be glad to know has been playing with Benny Goodman during his New York engagements and at this writing is planning to go overseas with Benny if the deal works out for the band to make the trip . . . Dinah Shore has been signed by International Films to star in a million dollar technicolor musical to be called "The Belle Of The Yukon." Randy Scott will be her leading man. . . .

Kay Kyser has been suffering tremendously with arthritis, and is forced to do his broadcasts from a specially built wheelchair. His doctors told him his condition was aggravated by overwork on camp shows. . . .

Teddy Powell married recently Marguerite James, the skating star . . . Ivy Anderson, who more or less retired when she left the Ellington band, has been singing around Hollywood in the smaller clubs. It's nice to hear her again . . . No matter what you hear, the truth is that when Helen Forrest left Harry James to go out on her own it was an entirely friendly parting, with Harry giving her his blessings. After playing theatres, she will undoubtedly land a radio show . . . Helen Ward replaced her with the James outfit. . . .

Buddy Rich has almost completely recovered from the serious eye injury he received during his training as a Marine raider in San Diego, California. He visited Charlie Spivak on Charlie's last night at the Orpheum in Los Angeles, and came up on the stage and played a one-man concert, bringing the house down. He remains one of the greatest drummers in the business, although the only chance he gets to play is during his short leaves . . . Jean Darrell, NBC songstress and a member of the Music Maids, signed up with a USO show for overseas entertaining and was sent to the Middle East in a unit headed by Fredric March . . . Phil Harris is back on the musical scene. He and his band are appearing at Slapsie Maxie's in Hollywood. . . .

THE END

ALAN LADD walked through the doorway of his house, followed by the four boys who had been honorably discharged along with him from the Santa Barbara Air Base Hospital.

The boys were going to stay with him and Sue for the two days until they got their train reservations that would take them back to their homes in the East.

Their presence would crowd the small house that was Alan's and Sue's. But Alan was glad of that crowding. It made him feel like "army" for a little longer.

As soon as he and Sue had arranged where the boys would sleep, one on the living room couch, one on the couch in the playroom and two of them in the very small guest room, he went upstairs to change.

This was a moment for which he'd dreamed over a year. He'd whiled away hours in mess halls and drill fields, thinking about putting on those smoothly tailored suits again, suits that really fit his broad chest. He'd had positive nostalgia for his ties. He had always been a nut for ties. His first money as a teen-age earner had gone for a maroon striped tie, and when he signed his present Paramount contract, he had gone distinctly wacky over two dozen Sulka numbers.

But now, as he shed the khaki and slipped into a gabardine that had cost him as much as two months of his corporal's pay, he felt no glow. To begin with, the suit no longer fitted. It hung on him like a pup tent, showing up his weight loss of twenty pounds as

An ex-corporal's eye-view on having a dream come true, then wishing it hadn't. You can take a soldier out of his uniform, but you can't take the man in the uniform out of the war—not while the fight's still on

The Changed ALAN LADD Who Has Returned

BY JOHN ALDERSON

Daddy comes marching home, and this is the reception he gets from daughter Alana and his wife, Sue Carol. Baby exhibits two new teeth, in honor of the occasion.

Alan's madly possessive where these two are concerned, yet they didn't keep him from enlisting. He's a real family man, wanted to fight for the family of nations.

visibly as an X-ray plate could have. He knotted his favorite tie, correctly dimpling it, and that did no good, either. He did not look like the best dressed man. He didn't even look natty. And he felt as though somebody had sliced him through the heart. The moment he had waited for more than a year had arrived, and it was very sour champagne indeed.

He was a civilian once more. He could go back to acting. He could live at home and have Susie and his tiny daughter, Alana, always close to him. It should have been a great feeling. It wasn't.

"I suppose," said Alan as we talked about it, "it was my realization, right then, that the war was over for me—but not for the world. I suppose any soldier when he thinks of peace, thinks in personal terms, of his wife, his child. You think of meals served on shining tablecloths, of sleeping till eight or ten, maybe in a real bed with cool, white sheets. But when you're released as I was, an enlisted man with an honorable medical discharge, you discover being out of service is not what you really wanted. You dreamed of your freedom in personal terms, but granted it, you find

All the important things happen in theaters, far as the Ladds are concerned. Here's Sue, who married the man who proposed to her—in a theater; and her baby girl, who was almost born—in a theater.

out that what you really wanted was impersonal. You wanted out for the whole world. You wanted world peace. You wanted every man to be a civilian again, not merely you, by yourself."

Sitting there in the small, green damask-hung living room of the Ladds, no writer could fail to recognize Alan's sincerity and sense of depression. It isn't easy to explain how a hulk of a sun-tanned guy like Alan can actually have been dangerously far from well, unless you know his type. In Alan's case, his real personality has been pretty carefully hidden up to date. He's been playing killers ever since his first click in "This Gun for Hire." The truth of the matter is that he is really about as much of a killer as baby Alana. That cold, steely screen glance of his is a triumph of good acting. In actuality, he is a sensitive, dreamy romantic, madly possessive where his wife, Sue Carol, is concerned, infatuated where his baby daughter, Alana, is concerned, and mentally driven by a passion for acting and an almost consuming ambition.

It is like this with Alan: when he was first working on "This Gun for Hire" (that picture that was to turn the hitherto miserable tide of his career and make him the most important star discovery of 1942) he caught a severe cold. Paramount told him to stay home till he got over it. Sue begged him to let her call the doctor. Alan paid no attention to anyone's orders, until the evening when he left the studio and got such shakes in the car going home that Sue drove him straight to a doctor's office, where the medical man discovered he was walking around with a temperature of 104. The doctor announced that Alan had pneumonia in both lungs, ordered him home to bed for a week. "If you go back to work under a week, you will undoubtedly die," the medico said.

So what? So Alan crawled out of bed on the third day, went back to work and spent the rest of the week doing the scenes where he ran up and down a railroad bridge and finally jumped off onto a moving train!

Paramount, sensing the hit they had in "This Gun for Hire," rushed him straight into another film, after the manner of all studios when they believe they have a red-hot personality. This opus was "The Glass Key"

Alan Ladd, U. S. Army retired. His first pictures, out of uniform. Twenty pounds lighter than he was when he donned khaki, his old civilian clothes all had to be re-tailored.

No more eating in the Army mess hall for Alan. No more field drilling, reporting for roll call. Instead, he's fated to a diet of milk, crackers and cheese, must have a complete rest.

and Alan, not yet fully recovered from the effects of the pneumonia, went into it, again with a temperature. He rattled his way through it, registering on the screen all the while as though he had the strength of wild cats, and it wasn't until the film was finally wrapped up, that he collapsed. He went to bed for two weeks then, though at that time Paramount put a ban upon his illness even being mentioned. What kind of a build-up was it for an iron-muscled killer to admit colds were always stalking him, and that while working, he could very rarely eat?

The Army discharged Alan because of a stomach ailment, and it is no small wonder when you go back a bit in Alan's youth. A poverty-stricken childhood, followed by a poverty-stricken young manhood, and every day of it flaming with loneliness, misunderstanding, disappointment and that wild, fierce determination to succeed. People like that don't spend time or money on getting "the right diet." They have other more important things to do, or so they think then.

Alan, for instance, is one of those guys who either is the best at a thing or he won't play at all. He became one of the finest junior divers in California, as a kid, by keeping a springboard in the garage and practicing on it until he nearly knocked the garage down. Some kid told him it would improve his diving form if he slept with his legs tied to boards at night. So Alan did.

When he went in for ballroom dancing, he went in for the prizes and won them. Today he won't do a rhumba in public. He actually does an excellent rhumba, but it isn't the best in Hollywood. So he sits them out. He plays fair golf and tennis, but since he isn't tops, he can't be inveigled into either game. This is merely my hunch, but I'll wager that one thing that got those stomach nerves of his jangling was that he couldn't be tops in the Army. His ambition, his talent, his charm, couldn't shoot him to the top in the Army. He had to be just another guy in the mob there.

Not that he ever tried to wangle himself promotions. Not that he even tried to go in on a commissioned basis. Alan enlisted, you know. As a father, he could have stayed out for a good long while. As an ambitious joe, just finally started on the ascendancy of one of the most brilliant careers Hollywood has ever seen, he could have stayed out. It would have been no disgrace to him, as it isn't to some two or three million other Americans, if he'd waited for his draft board to call him. But like a couple of million different other Americans, while he didn't want to leave his job, his wife and the baby-to-be, he couldn't wait.

Another characteristic that the real Alan possesses that is completely at variance with the deadly killer he plays is that he never plans things out. He does everything by impulse. He does things like this: He often wakes in the night and decides that he wants to go dancing. Fortunately for their happiness, Sue Carol likes such impulses. Susie gets up and goes out gaily on these occasions. But Sue was anything but gay on the day Alan came home from the studio and said he had enlisted. She nearly collapsed, thinking of having to go through having their baby, alone.

Once in service, Alan never got even the hope of action, which was another thing (*Continued on page* 76)

Home sweet home, with all the comforts he missed while living the life of a soldier. Given his choice, though, Alan claims he'd rather be back with the boys, till peace is really won.

Imagine being married to someone who may wake up in the middle of the night, and want to go dancing! That's what Sue Carol puts up with, but she likes her husband's mad impulses.

Movieland's cover girl, at home in her living room. The couches, covered in glazed chintz, are surrounded by antiques. Every piece of furniture is authentic, except the graceful coffee table which was especially designed for modern convenience. Over the marble fireplace are shell pictures made by little French convent girls, hundreds of years ago, which Loretta bought in Europe. Brass coal scuttle, delicate book cupboard, venetian glass candle shades and pressed glass ash trays are the extra little touches varying the stiff routine of professional decoration, and making it "a home."

LORETTA YOUNG

and a Recipe for Happiness

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

IT happened at an army base. Four unfortunate recruits, detailed to K. P. duty, peered out of the kitchen door in the direction of the slim, laughing girl who was talking to a group of khakis on the drill field.

One said, "D'ya know who that is? That's Loretta Young. She's been my favorite actress ever since I can remember."

Another observed bitterly, "Just my luck to draw K. P. when she visits camp. That's me—always missing out. At Christmas time I was in the infirmary having measles."

The first K. P. dropped his peeling knife. "Look—I

A corner of the room is enhanced by an English desk, topped by a French figurine and flanked by a pair of French porcelain candlesticks. Walls are specially blended gray-blue, giving background for the tinctorial beauty of the colorful printed furniture pieces.

think she's coming this way. Boy, oh boy, wotta break!"

He was right.. Loretta had asked to see the platoon kitchens. After she had shaken hands all around she said, "How about lending me a knife and a few potatoes, boys? I want to do my share toward dinner."

Speechless with admiring awe, the mess sergeant handed her a knife and the required vegetables. Then, having accomplished the beau geste, she autographed the sergeant's apron and the fatigue caps of his crew.

"My husband is a soldier, so I sympathize with all your problems," Loretta explained.

This crack produced a nice laugh. Her husband a soldier, indeed! A mere lieutenant colonel, a minor army character wearing simple silver leaves, that was all. The privates, first class, grinned. What a nice dame!

After she had moved on, the recruits hesitated in the doorway, staring after her through a haze of admiration. "A gingham dress—just like the one my sis used to wear on summer afternoons back home," said one nostalgically.

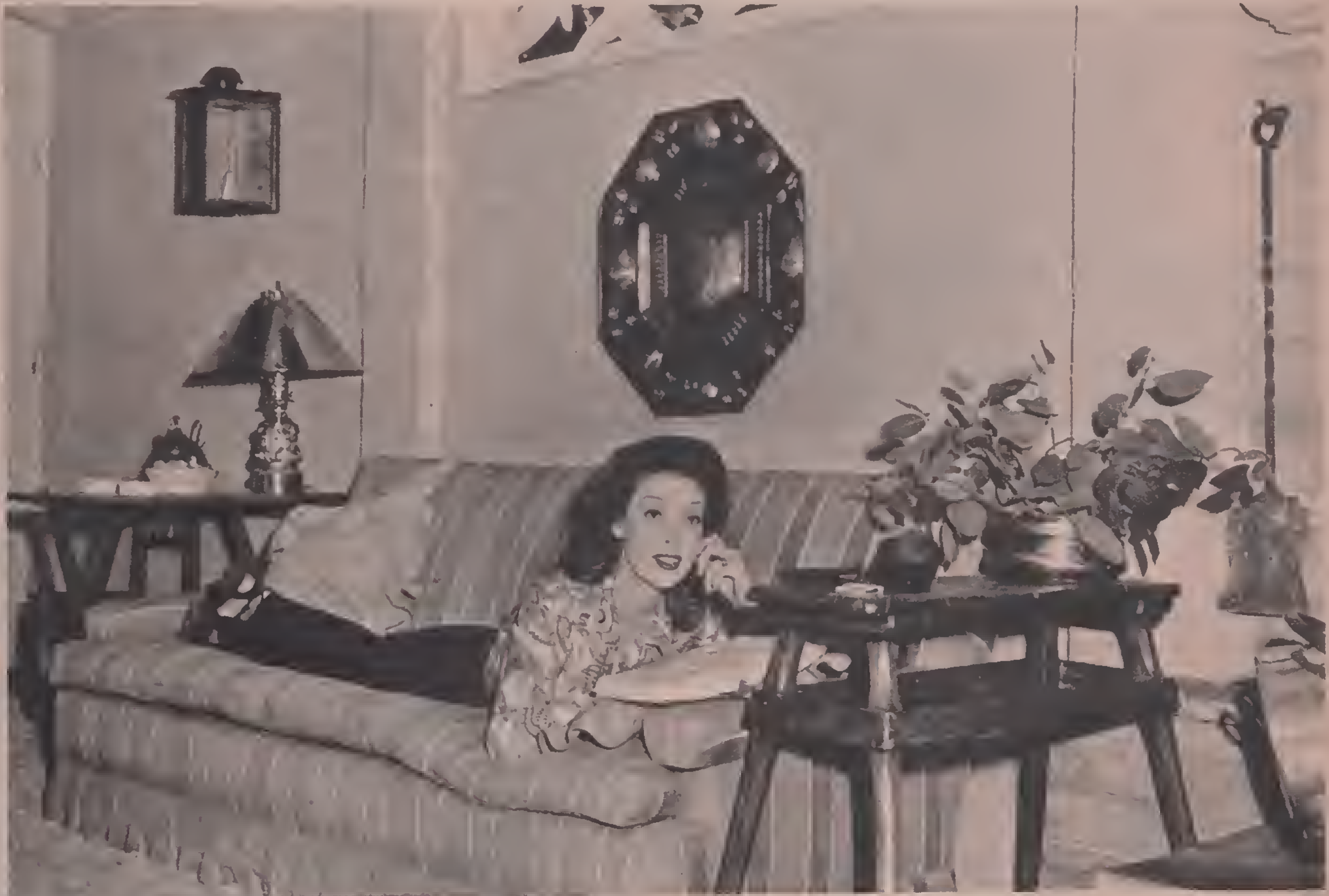
"No gloves," sighed a second.

"Not even a hat," praised a third. "Look at that gorgeous hair!"

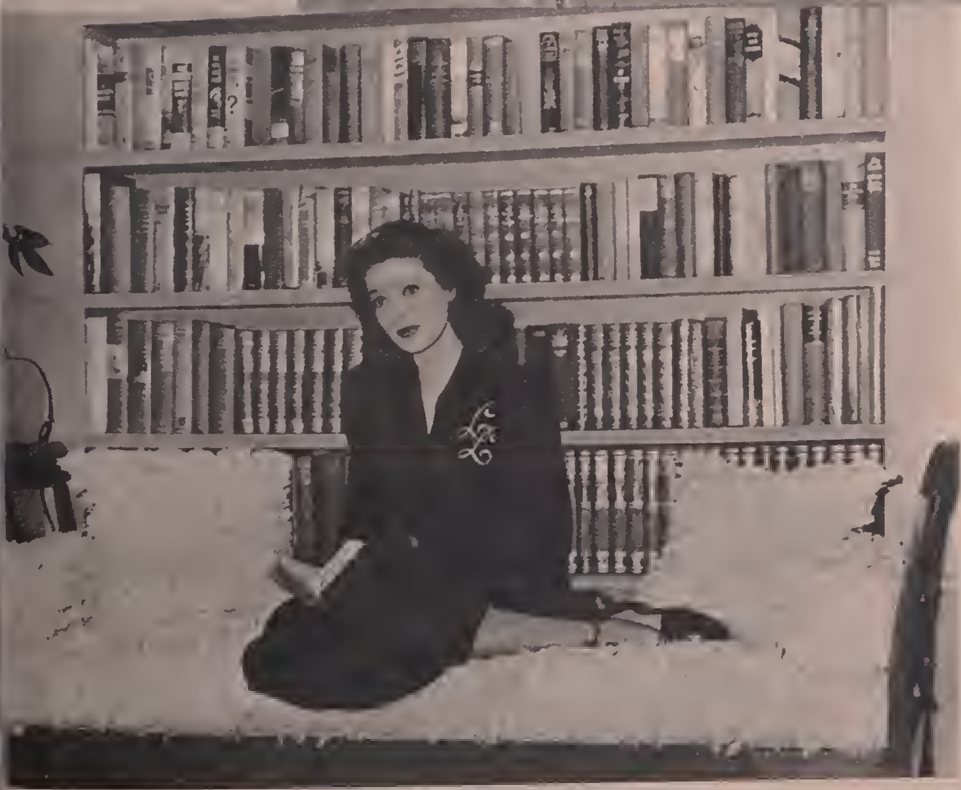
The mess sergeant summed it up: "There goes," he announced belligerently "a gosh-swell girl."

His observation, had he only known it, was not unique. There have been hundreds of persons in Hollywood who have known for a long time that Loretta Young Lewis is a gosh-swell girl.

What makes her so? What gives her the humor, the



Brass lamp, urn and wall plaque, accenting again the personality possibilities in decoration, done cleverly and with forethought. Predominant color combination in the room is golden yellow with blue and mustard. Completely arresting are the two end tables, unmatched. At the right, a cobbler's bench.



Loretta perches on a directoire couch, covering and pillows made of a beige fringe-like material which she bought in Mexico. To obtain the soft color, she dipped the yardage in tea. Note how the well-filled book case, which houses volumes of good reading, contributes to lend an added decorative touch. Modern, obviously convenient.

LORETTA YOUNG CONTINUED

balance, the kindliness, which reveal her as an outstanding actress in such pictures as Walter Wanger's "When Ladies Fly," yet permit her to stand unique as daughter, wife and mother?

A friend, discussing it, said recently, "I think Loretta has worked out from unhappiness she has suffered some formula for present-day, grown-up happiness."

That unconscious formula was in the making when Loretta, in third or fourth grade at school, came running home unexpectedly one noon to secure a dime for Chinese Relief (yes, even in those days).

As she swung around the corner, breathless, she saw her mother watering the grass. Mrs. Young always wore a huge white apron over her light house dress for this task. On her hands she wore clean white cotton gloves, and on her head she wore a summery garden hat. "My mother," thought Loretta, "is the most beautiful lady in the world. When I come up to her she's going to look surprised. Then she's going to say 'Hello, honey, what are you doing home?' When I tell her about the school collection, she'll put down the hose, reach into her apron pocket and take out her little coin purse."

It happened exactly that way, even to the very words her mother spoke.

Afterward, Loretta thought—on her way back to school—"My mother always has time for me. She always knows how important dimes are for Chinese

Specially built copper mantel cornering the den, with shelves for the French grotesques Loretta brought from Mexico. The "L.L." on her smart frock is for Loretta Lewis, for in private life she's Mrs. Tom Lewis, wife of Col. Lewis, U. S. A.

At the side of the windowed sun room, a grouping of walnut antique chairs and a table. The brass scales hold ivy plants, notable details of decor. The charm and individuality evident in every room indicate the excellent tastes of Miss Young, her husband and her mother, all of whom took part in developing the decorative atmosphere. The white cotton string rug which she found at a mail-order house is washable and was bought for $45. That's mentioned as proof that you don't have to spend a fortune to make a lovely room. Just be inspired.

Relief or Armenian Relief or the Red Cross. She never scolds me for running home in the middle of the day when she knows that I think the trip is important. I have a very understanding mother."

And now, observe how that happiness formula carried forward. One afternoon recently Loretta had returned, in a semi-exhausted condition, from a grueling day at the studio. She told the housekeeper that she was going to lie down and she didn't want to be disturbed, meaning that she would like to be spared any frivolous interruption.

She was dozing when she heard seven-year-old Judy, her adopted daughter, fretting over a slight juvenile problem. "I'm going to ask Mommy," she said. "She always tells me the right answer."

The housekeeper, anxious to protect Loretta, told Judy, "You just calm yourself and wait until later to ask questions. Your mother is too tired to be bothered with you right now."

Loretta sat up with a bounce and called her daughter. "I didn't mean that I was too tired to talk to you," she explained quickly, to soothe young feelings. "I just didn't want to answer the telephone or have to make household decisions. But I'm never too tired or too busy for you, darling. I love you too much, ever to think that you're a bother."

Judy's face was suddenly

(*Continued on page* 68)

Every item artistically placed. This corner cupboard in her sun room holds antique French plates, with a big brass milk jug on top. All collected by Loretta during years of interest in antiques.

On the panelled wall is her collection of miniature copper utensils, also purchased in Mexico. Covering the couch is striped linen, handwoven by Mexican loom artists. Throughout the whole house are artistic old Mexican decorative items, all souvenirs of her honeymoon with Col. Lewis, in the romantic land "south of the border." Her enthusiasm for the Latin country is evidenced by the many pieces of work which she brought back for her home. And she's the gainer, we'd say, from this gesture of "good neighborliness."

Unhappy Ending

The saddest news of the Hollywood month is that the love

by AVERY CARROLL

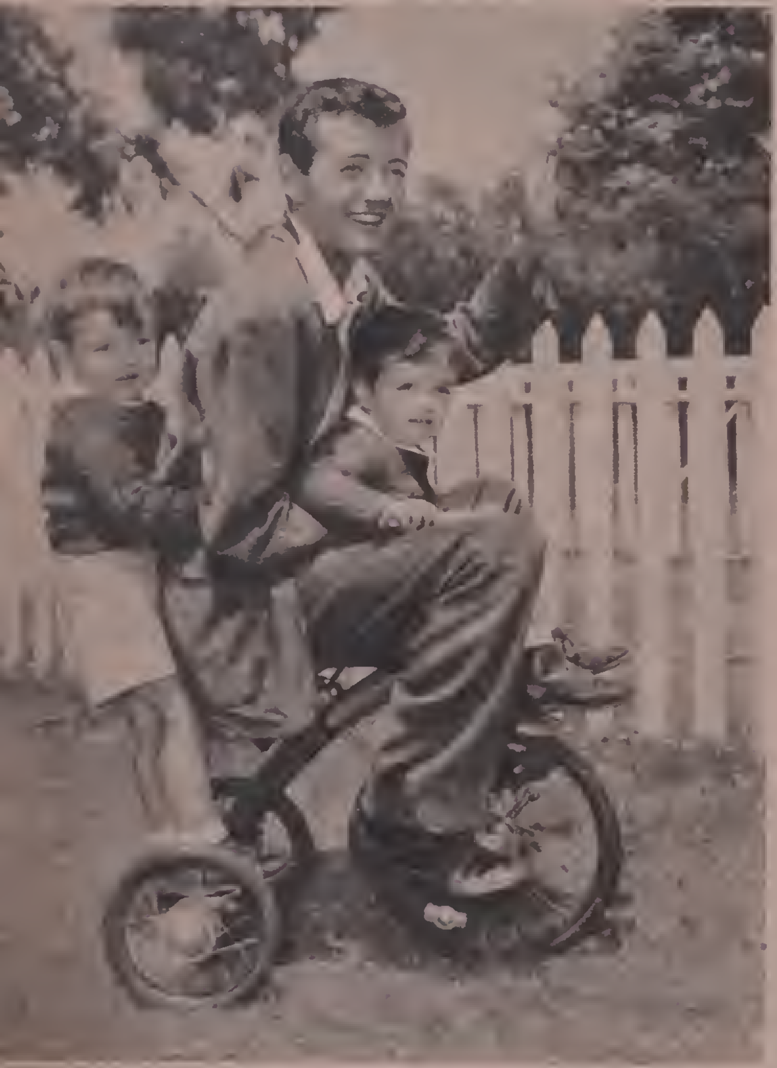
IT was the kind of romance that we all love to see: Two youngsters with box office appeal. . Two young actors on the road up. . . together. Then it is no more. Separation has been announced by both parties concerned. As marriage is, even in Hollywood, a private affair, only Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker know the bitter "whys and wherefores". All we have left is a twinge in our hearts, for this was a marriage we thought was secure because it was based on congeniality and earnest effort.

In January 1938 a slender, purposeful girl enrolled at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Her name was Phylis Isley, and she had come from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

You say that Hollywood and careers don't mix? Well, this is one time the blame can't be placed here! The Robert Walkers are new arrivals on the horizon. It looked like a beautiful romance from afar, and it had a lovely beginning, for here is the story.

Of course, young Phylis Isley had no definite premonition that one day she would be Hollywood's Jennifer Jones, or that she would be starred in her first picture for 20th Century-Fox, "The Song of Bernadette." Nor did she have any notion that she would become Mrs. Robert Walker and that Robert Walker would, in his first screen appearance, bowl the world over in MGM's "Bataan."

All she knew that keen January day was that she had



The three men in the Walker family are look-alikes, with eyes that are soft and laughing. It's Michael on behind, Bobbie riding the handle bars. The family split bewilders them all.

It took only one picture, "Bataan," to wow the critics into giving Bob Walker star rating. "See Here, Private Hargrove," his second, is an even greater personal triumph. He's on the road to success and traveling at high speed.

story of Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker is no more

Jennifer Jones, discovered for "The Song of Bernadette" (20th Century-Fox) is the same girl who, as Phylis Isley, was scorned by Hollywood. Now her "Bernadette" is racing with Greer Garson's "Curie" for the Academy Award!

UNHAPPY ENDING (Continued)

They loved studying scripts together for they fell in love that way, originally; but they couldn't make the marriage last. They both made a "marriage first" effort, but failed.

While together, Jennifer and Bob made home with the children as normal as possible. They built their lives around their kids and did a lot of living as a family group.

a rendezvous with Fate. Fate, in those days, was wearing a substantial tweed suit and an earnest air; he was also enrolled at the Academy, and he appeared in the first class Jennifer attended. She looked at Bob and thought, "He's handsome. He's got the charm of Jimmie Stewart and the comic flare of Henry Fonda, only more so."

Robert Walker was given lines to read—an excerpt from "Until Dawn." Jennifer thought him arrestingly good. Then she was given passages to read from "The Armless Venus." From the tail of her eye she performed a brief reconnaissance of Mr. Walker's features when she had finished. He seemed to have found her performance highly satisfactory. There appeared to be blue-flamed candles deep in his eyes.

Day followed day, each more divine than the one preceding. There came the day when the activity on the curriculum was the combining of lines into scenes; dramatic inter-relation of play character upon play character. The play chosen for Jennifer and Bob was "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

For exercise, Jennifer memorized Elizabeth Barrett's confession of faith—

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace."

Not, you understand, that the little girl from Tulsa was in love with the tall boy from Ogden, Utah. Don't be absurd. They were simply school friends, striving toward a common goal: dramatic perfection. Poetry happened to be lovely . . . and quite beside the point. (If you wish to imagine Cupid grinning in the distance, that's your own affair.)

The next play selected was "Romeo and Juliet," a thing written by W. Shakespeare, the Englishman, of whom you may have heard. Heretofore, Jennifer had looked upon it with favor; even, in those starry moments of one's adolescence, she had imagined herself in jeweled cap, velvet bodice, twenty-five-yard skirt, and ecstatic mood . . . leaning over a balcony.

"Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

The only trouble was that, not Jennifer, but another girl in the class was given the soft lines with which to respond to Mr. Walker's Romeo. Jennifer sat in the back row, lower lip out-thrust, chin sunk in palm, and glowered at the stage. The love scenes were almost too much for her; she suddenly discovered that it wasn't a ham sandwich she had enjoyed for luncheon, but Mexican jumping beans that didn't like their new home.

This proves that no one, up to this point, was in love with anyone. Um-huh.

On Sundays, these two earnest students decided that it would be sensible for them to spend the day together . . . so they could cue one another. They rode back and forth all afternoon on the ferry. Then leaned on the rail

Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones—they crashed movieland at the same time; but there was something lacking in their marital relationship.

and studied the skyline. They watched the people.

"There's a character for you, Bob. I'll bet he's a visitor to New York. He's from . . . well, maybe Montana. He's a miner—notice the pork pie hat. That suit—he bought it for his son's wedding seventeen years ago. If you ever had to play a miner, Bob, you could remember him, and you'd really be convincing."

And Bob said, paying more attention to a nearby profile than to his study of a quaint character, "I'll bet you're photogenic. You have the cutest nose and the biggest eyes. I'll bet you get a chance in pictures some day."

"Don't," cautioned Jennifer . . . ruining her chances to be considered a clairvoyant, "be silly."

Sometimes, having wearied of the waves, they wandered along Fifth Avenue, window-wishing. "What is your favorite color, Bob?"

"Oh, blue, I guess. I really go for a girl in a blue dress."

Make a mental note, Jennifer: purchase one blue dress.

They rode a double-deck bus and Jennifer took off her hat to let the spring wind ruffle her hair. "You have," vouchsafed Bob, "sort of nice hair. Pretty shade of brown. Your name should have been Jeanie."

They walked through Central Park, feeding the squirrels and delighting passersby with their quips. Bob has a flare for comedy, a droll, quiet sense of humor. "Have you noticed that old people, after they've been married for years, begin to resemble one another?" he asked one day. "Imagine me," he added, glancing sidelong at Jennifer's insouciant profile, "with a lily-bud nose."

The summer holiday was approaching despite one girl's subconscious attempt to do a Lady Joshua and hold the Now forever. One day Bob announced with a grin, "I just signed on a freighter going to South America. Won't that be an experience?"

"Can you swim?" demanded Feminine Apprehension.

"Aw, sure. I've been swimming since I was knee high. Besides, I'm so tall and thin that I'd float like a plank. On land or sea, I'm still a Walker."

So Bob went south, and Jennifer went back to Tulsa and made friends with the postman. Not that she really expected a letter, you understand, but one can never tell. There just might be a port of call from which a postcard could be dispatched. Meanwhile she had the usual summer fun, dancing, working in a little theater, playing tennis and golf.

Long afterward she learned that Bob had written one letter, but it must have gone astray because it never reached Tulsa. That summer must go down in history, notable for its refusal to pass. For three months, time stood still. Only by some miracle did September . . . and the day for Jennifer to return to New York . . . finally arrive.

As it was, she arrived two weeks before school was scheduled to start. That first night back in town, her family had arranged by letter for a priest (a long-time friend of the Isleys) to take Jennifer to dinner. The priest had asked another clergyman to join them so the evening was well planned.

Jennifer had just descended to the lobby of the Barbizon Hotel for Women and was chatting with the Reverend Father when a (*Continued on page* 77)

Hayworth, Sheridan, and Davis, three very different girls who have one characteristic in common.

Now I DARE TELL

BY TOM DE VANE

Now a Defense Worker, But He Certainly Knows Hollywood All Too Well

I HAD a letter from a movie fan the other day. She is my own particular fan, and she hails from El Paso, Texas. We used to exchange occasional letters when I was a regular contributor to the film magazines—and since she hadn't seen my name in print for over a year, she thought I might be in uniform.

I am not in uniform, unless you consider blue dungarees and a sweatshirt a uniform. I am now a defense worker, and live in a coast town hundreds of miles away from Hollywood. Instead of pounding a typewriter, I am helping build trucks for the Army, whose physical test I couldn't pass.

But for my fan in El Paso, who wonders whether I don't miss talking to the glamorous ones of the screen, the answer is . . . yes. During my years as a magazine reporter, I had some splendid moments. Some funny, a few incongruous, but none dull. And a few scattered incidents will prove why I consider Hollywood a fascinating place, and why I hope to continue to report on its foibles . . . at a more peaceful day.

De Vane talked fast around Jane Wyman right.

THESE STORIES

There was the case of Ann Sothern and her hangover.

Now movie stars, although they are often photographed informally at night clubs, at tables loaded with champagne glasses, are never supposed to touch alcohol off the screen . . . especially at MGM, where the stars are treated with reverence and awe by their publicists.

I had mentioned to one of these guardians, on our way to a set where Miss Sothern was enacting a "Maizie" adventure, that I was acquainted with the lady. (As a matter of fact, I had first met her when, as Harriet Lake, she was leading lady of a road company of "Of Thee I Sing.") Ann greeted me warmly, exchanged a few bits of gossip about mutual friends, and then sank wearily into a chair. "Oh dear," she said sadly. "I'm really not myself today. I have the most awful hangover."

The MGM publicist, I swear, turned a pale green. Greer Garson and Joan Crawford never had a hangover. Miss Sothern, hand to brow, was oblivious to the havoc she had caused. "You know," she continued, "I practically never drink anything stronger than iced tea. All my friends know that. But yesterday at a cocktail party, something happened to me that made me mad, and I decided to get tight. I drank . . ." she paused impressively, "three Martinis!"

If I gasped, it was only because I had seen other stellar ladies lapping their Martinis direct from the shaker. However, I was taken aside and asked not to mention the episode in my story. Personally, I thought it was sort of cute.

Although I didn't know it at the time, I was present at the birth of a great Hollywood romance. I was chatting with Miss Lucille Ball, whom I had known before becoming a magazine writer. Lucille was waxing enthusiastic over the fact that she was at last getting good parts—she was soon to begin in "Too Many Girls," her first lead in a big budget film. Every so often she would hang out of the second story window of the RKO wardrobe department and scream a greeting to one of her many bosom pals, walking or riding on the street below.

Finally a long sleek topless touring car approached at a crawl. Behind a uniformed driver sat a handsome young man, dressed in gleaming white, his black hair uncovered to the California sun. Miss Ball let out an appreciative whistle. "Well!" she exclaimed.

I felt very superior, since I had seen the young man on the New York stage only a couple of months before, and knew who he was. "That," I said smugly, "is your new leading man, Desi Arnaz."

Lucille did not reply for a moment. There was a far-away look in her eye. "Well," she repeated, "that's for me!" (And Mr. Arnaz, of course, was dead duck from that point on . . . and very happily so.)

The oddest interview I ever had was with the stunning Jane Russell, who may yet go down in history as the only movie star who was never seen on the screen. This was one story I was particularly anxious to do, since Those Pictures had just begun to come out, and I was filled with a purely scientific interest to discover if the camera could possibly lie so beautifully.

The interview was to take place in the elaborate Beverly Hills offices of Russell Birdwell, who for some reason gets as many columns of space about his genius as a press agent as he does for his clients. I arrived ahead of time, and was promptly handed a "biography" of the lady. *"Jane was always the tomboy type,"* it said breathlessly. *"She never liked to play with dolls, but preferred to romp and climb trees with her brothers and boy friends."*

I was envying brothers and the boys when Miss Russell entered the sanctum wearing a little number that Howard Green never intended to be found in the branches of a slippery elm. A quick look convinced me that the camera did not lie. Jane was a super-lulu.

Prompted by one of Mr. Birdwell's associates, one word led to another, and soon Jane was unburdening her girlish heart. "You know," she said seriously, "I never dreamed that I would ever be in pictures. I was too much of a tomboy. Mother never could get me to play with dolls. I was generally out playing with the boys, you know, climbing trees and things like that."

It was the easiest interview I ever had. Miss Russell didn't deviate one iota from Mr. Birdwell's biography. It was his story, and she was stuck with it.

In bewildering contrast was the devastatingly frank Maria Montez. There are two schools of thought on Miss Montez. One school, mostly women, considers her a snippity witch, to put it mildly. The other group (of which I am a charter member) considers her one of the most provocative damsels to hit demure Hollywood in years. Some of her comments on various sacred cinema personalities, with right names, would have landed both Montez and me in court with libel suits, if I'd had the

Our writer played Cupid for Lucille Ball, above.

Across the page—Gable smiles. Leigh doesn't . . . and won't.

Above—Annie Sothern always swell, always completely real.

nerve to repeat them. I still haven't got the nerve.

Miss Bette Davis is deservedly popular with the magazine writers, as she is with workers in every other branch of the film industry. Her interviews are conducted with neatness and dispatch. They are arranged several days in advance, and Miss Davis insists upon knowing just what the topic of the interview is to be. She wants to have her answers ready, and she wants them to make sense. Bette is still a top movie lady, and she is well aware that she has a position to maintain.

Miss Davis was quite annoyed with me for several months, and I didn't know a thing about it until a mutual friend tipped me off, and finally straightened it out. One of the last "press junkets" arranged by Warner Brothers, was a trip to Death Valley, where Bette and Jimmy Cagney were making a movie that didn't do credit to either of them. About thirty members of the fourth estate were flown in a chartered plane to the location scene, and I was the only one of the group who wrote exclusively for the film magazines.

It was a nice trip, but with one thing and another, I had no chance to talk to Miss Davis. However, a couple of months later, a story appeared in one of the magazines I wrote for, brazenly titled *"Why I Married Again—by Bette Davis."* It was quite a chatty story, full of intimate quotes from Miss Davis, answers to questions that I would never have asked.

Bette was furious, and I don't blame her. But since I was the only "fan writer" on the trip, she figured I must be the guilty party. When word finally got to me that she was "very hurt," I had to reply that I had far too much sincere respect for her to write a story without her authorization . . . and that at least three newspaper reporters on the trip also were contributors, under other names, to the movie magazines.

Most of the big stars take their interviews very seriously and carefully go over the manuscripts, armed with blue pencils. But for the most part, they rarely correct anything but direct quotes.

Ann Sheridan, for whom I have a far warmer personal regard than any other movie star, is one who doesn't bother reading interviews before they're printed in magazines. "I'd rather read 'em in print," she has often told writers. "And besides, I know you wouldn't write anything I wouldn't like."

And with Sheridan, this isn't a case of soft-soaping the writers. The natural and unpretentious Ann honestly feels that everyone is her friend, because she likes practically everyone. And for that reason, she had one of the most consistently favorable press careers of any Hollywood actress.

I have written a very few (*Continued on page* 85)

Perc Westmore and Betty advanced their romance to the point of picking out the ring, but the marriage plans went on the rocks, right in the shadow of the altar.

Betty Hutton is a rare kind of cutie who is a mixture of glamour and comedy. She's been a blonde bombshell, and so named, ever since her debut in "The Fleet's In."

In between more serious loves, Betty's social life is active with eligibles around Hollywood the likes of Wynn Rocamoro, actors' agent, who's with her here.

BETTY HUTTON'S
Fearless Story of Her Life and Loves
Part II

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

PERHAPS the reason that little Betty Hutton has such appeal is that she is always herself. She has no pretence in her nature. She honestly wants her public to know the truth about how she got her start, singing at the church festivities, singing and dancing for coins, getting exactly nowhere at the age of fourteen in New York. Her straightforward frankness about the chances for her long distance romance with New Yorker Charles Martin appeals to everyone who understands that a coast-to-coast romance is likely to have slip ups. The fact that she admits her failures of the past is an interesting factor in her popularity of today. She and her sister, Marion, also a singer, were left alone with "Mom" when they were tiny girls when their father deserted them never to return. Those were tough years. Yes, it's her complete honesty and natural charm that shows up again, as this current story of the men in her life continues:

BETTY HUTTON is the only artist in the world who was ever a "has been" at the ripe old age of fourteen; and before she ever made a professional appearance. New York had turned her down cold without even one try-out for a show or a radio program. The final humiliation, when a man in a booking office had told her to go home and "grow up"—and had even loaned her the train fare back to Mama—was more than she could bear.

"I'm all washed up. I'm through," she wailed to her mother.

"But, darling, you are only *fourteen.*"

"So what?" Betty wept. "Shirley Temple was a star at *five!*"

In spite of the spectre of old age creeping up on her before she could get started, Betty finally got a job that winter with a local band at the Lansing Hotel. The leader had known her from her kid days of singing in the beer gardens, and while there wasn't much money connected with his offer, it was a "professional" engagement.

"Mama made my dress, a little white lace affair with blue bows," Betty says, "and the effect was very sweet-girl graduate. It must have had a subduing quality, for I sang that first night with all the 'refeenment' of a visiting concert star."

But "refeenment" or not, Mr. Luck was riding with her. That very first night Betty sang with the local boys, a very interested gentleman named Vincent Lopez was eating dinner at a ringside table. Lopez was in town to fill an engagement at the best place, and he had dropped into the hotel to dine before his own show started.

He was impressed with Betty—not so much with her voice, but with her youth and freshness. Making a lightning decision, he decided to gamble on her as a featured singer with his band and offered her the job that very night.

"Did I take it? Boy, I was right in the thick of things when the Lopez band opened at the Fox Theater in Detroit the following week!"

It would be nice to report that from there on Betty was in the caviar. But it didn't turn out that way. Frankly, she was far from a sensation with Lopez. He was disappointed, because he liked the eager little kid who was so anxious to get over. But it isn't up to a band leader to argue with the paying customers, who remained on the apathetic side when she sang.

Betty said: "One of the boys in the orchestra tipped me off that I was going to get the Ax!"

As she was telling me this life story, even the memory of that black moment caused her to spring from the

At the Stork Club in New York, Betty Hutton with radio director Charles Martin. It was at this party that Betty sprang her news, their intent-to-wed declaration. Was anyone very much surprised?

Arturo de Cordova ("Frenchmen's Creek") and Betty love the ridiculous and enjoy a good time, strictly on a basis of friendship.

With the making of "And the Angels Sing," her new attraction, she becomes a brunette—and being a brunette better becomes Betty, wouldn't you say?

chair in her Hollywood apartment and to start pacing the floor letting off some of the steam that is part and parcel of her makeup. She ran her fingers through her hair and yelled, "Murder! Was I mad?"

She wasn't mad at Lopez, nor at the boy who had told her she was about to be fired. "I was mad at *myself!* Here I was, a failure—again! And this time I couldn't say I hadn't had a chance."

The Betty Thornburg who strode onto the bandstand that final night was a feminine wildcat. She was so furious with herself she could hardly sing at all. But she could yell—and she did!

She shouted, she stamped, she batted the microphone around, waved her arms, threw vicarious punches in the air. She raced across the stage and vaulted on top of the piano, shrieking the lyrics at the microphone that was at least ten feet away from her. For a finale she made a flying tackle at the mike—and sent it crashing. In short, she "tore up the joint."

It was a magnificent performance of a dynamo in action, and it brought the house down. The crowd yelled and stamped for more, almost as lustily as Betty had done.

Without knowing it she had given her first sensational performance as the one-and-only Betty Hutton. "Why haven't you done that before?" Lopez cried, hugging her after the show. "You were wonderful! They were crazy about you!"

But Betty didn't answer. She had knocked herself out—cold!

That night marked the end of her career as Betty June Thornburg. From there on she was Betty Hutton—a name worked out for her by Lopez, who is something more than a dabbler in numerology. The minute Betty clicked he had argued that the Thornburg part of her name was "depressive." After a week of going into private huddles with the "numbers," Lopez cropped up with the name of "Hutton" for his singing star. Betty Hutton. "It has a solid sound," he explained. "It will be good luck for you."

"And it has been lucky for me—*in my career!*" Betty admitted, calming down and seating herself again, cross-legged on the divan. "Ever since I have been 'Betty Hutton' everything has broken right for me where my work is concerned. I stayed with Vince's band and opened with him in my first big league engagement at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana in New York.

"I was sixteen then, still tearing the place to pieces when I sang, and everyone was wonderful to me. I couldn't believe some of the notices I got. Neither could Mama—so she started my scrapbook just so we could read them over now and then and make sure we hadn't dreamed them.

"And the Luck didn't run out when I got my first show on Broadway, 'Two For the Show.' After that came a season of vaudeville, carrying my own act—and that was a thrill, too. And still more Luck when Buddy De Sylva offered me one of the top roles in his 'Panama Hattie'—a show that will probably live on forever in revivals.

"Gosh, it was wonderful to be in a hit like that. Ethel Merman, the star, was an angel to me. I had to pinch myself sometimes—me, just a green kid from the sticks, traveling in the same company as Ethel Merman.

"Don't ever let anybody tell you that the really big stars are jealous of newcomers. The bigger the star, the less you have to worry. It's only the second raters who try to keep you down. Ethel is so marvelous she doesn't have to worry about me—or anybody else. When I left

Victor Mature, home on leave, had a few dining and dancing dates with Betty, which amounted to no more than just a few pleasant evenings. She was "otherwise in love," at the time.

the show to come to Hollywood for the movies, Merman gave me a big topaz ring.

"And Hollywood has been lucky for 'Betty Hutton,' too," the ex-Miss Thornburg went on. "I mean lucky for the gal the writers call Bounding Betty, or the Blonde Blitz, or the Platinum Screwball, or Hectic Hutton. When the columnists started labeling me after my first movie, 'The Fleet's In,' the boys in the publicity department told me I was over the hurdle. I couldn't believe it when I got star billing with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope and Zorina and those people in 'Star Spangled Rhythm.' Yeah," she repeated, "Betty Hutton has done all right *up front.*"

"What about the girl behind the front, Betty?" I asked. "What about the Loves in the Life of the Hectic Hutton?"

I was thinking then of the long list of beaux Betty's had since she came to Hollywood two years ago. There was Sid Luft, the good-looking test pilot who, by the time this is printed, will be married to Lynn Bari. Sid was the first beau Betty had in Hollywood.

Then there was Perc Westmore, the beautician, with whom she was very much in love and who did so much to develop the chic and smartness of the Betty Hutton today.

She had a few odd dining and dancing dates with Victor Mature, when he was on leave. But it was still apparent, at that time, that "the" important man had not yet come along in Betty's life.

That's the conclusion one would naturally draw, except for one thing: except for radio director Charles Martin, of whom Betty spoke so frankly in our first interview. Direct as she was, in telling about her love for Martin, it shouldn't have been such a surprise when, just a few weeks later, the couple announced their intention to wed, to friends at a Stork Club party in New York.

As the reporters have it, Betty arrived in New York with a contingent of Hollywood stars on a war bond tour. Then bango, she breaks the news about her forthcoming marriage!

"One thing," Betty says, "I'm not the subtle type." Nevertheless, if she was planning that marriage announcement, at the time of this interview, she was subtle enough in her comments on her love life to allay all suspicion that such news was about to happen. She claimed then—and incidentally, broke all records by being one of the first women stars ever to make such an admission—that she was not lucky with men."

"Maybe it is my fault," she said. "Maybe I expect too much. Perhaps I want one man to be too many men—a pal, a dancing partner, an understanding ear for my troubles, a gag man and a serious someone who can understand me—all at once.

"I guess they don't come that way. I don't know. One thing I do know, though, is that I can't pretend with someone I really like. If I like a man, he knows it. It just isn't in me to go in for all the clever little tricks like pretending I won't be in when he calls—or calling up some other man to take me out where he will see me, just to make his jealous.

"I'm the girl who is at home right by the telephone when someone I like has told me he will call. I'm dressed and ready when he arrives to take me to dinner. If he's having a good time and wants to stay at a party, I can't drag him away by pleading an early call, or that I'm bored.

"If he wants to eat at a Drive-In instead of the Mocambo, that's all right with me. And I can't fly into a 'pretty pet,' if at the last (*Continued on page* 72)

Lana and husband Steve Crane, supping at the Trocadero. They have a lot in common, these two. Among other things, they both love to dance. They like to go places, but hate the distance between points. Evenings out are fun, and they always have a good time—together.

MY LANA TURNER *By Stephen Crane*

AS TOLD TO GLADYS HALL

YOU know how a woman describes a man. He's "good looking," and that covers everything. Well, trying to sum up my impressions of Lana, I can't seem to do much better. All I can think of is "she's wonderful." I know that leaves a lot to be said.

I would like her even if she hadn't put some kind of spell on me, with her beauty and her all-around plain goodness as a person. The more I know the Lana behind the glamour, the more I like her as another human being.

Her beauty caught my eye, too, of course; but what really swept me off my feet was to find out that the girl is also a very complete individual: smart, intelligent, understanding and well, as I said before, wonderful.

The first time I saw Lana in person was in Chicago. We didn't meet, but after all, you don't see a girl as beautiful as that many times in a lifetime, so of course I didn't forget her. Then after I came to Hollywood, I'd see her at the West Side Tennis Club, the Palladium, and around.

Funny thing, we never met formally. I don't remember that anyone ever said, "Miss Turner, this is Mr. Crane." Considering that, in all my life, nothing as important ever happened to me, it is odd that I can't remember just when or where or how we did get together—but that, naturally, as if it were intended, we did.

I believe it was intended.

When we first started having dates, I found that Lana was different from what I had expected. I thought she'd be sweet, but superficial and—she'll shoot me for this—possibly beautiful but even a little dumb.

The Cranes at the Mocambo. Steve likes the way his wife dresses (who wouldn't!), and he likes her hair to be blonde. So she says she'll keep it that way.

Steve and Lana, arriving at the Hollywood premiere of "Guadalcanal Diary." No matter where she goes, Lana always causes a ripple of admiring sighs and is surrounded by men.

Calendar Girls

Turn to pages 46 and 47 and behold the first two of the Movieland calendar girls for 1944. They are, for February, the cute package about whom this story is written, and for January, that most dramatic of the teen-age stars, Joan Leslie.

And don't think we simply fell upon those particular girls for these two particular months. Heck no. They were born in 'em.

Joan was born January 26, just nineteen years ago come this January 26th. She dances, she sings, but she is actually the serious career girl. As yet, boys do not concern her.

Our Miss Turner, whom we photographed quite naturally as a Valentine sweetheart of a girl, was born February 8th. Her mama named her Mildred, but Lana thought up her own famous title. When it came to naming her own baby, she got fancy as all get-out. Cheryl Christina Crane, no less—but mighty pretty, we say.

Well, you can check that off as wrong. She is a smart little lady, knowing especially how to handle a husband, a baby and a home.

I found her to be a very shy person. This is because she is considerate. Both of us were lonely, and that helped to draw us together. I didn't fall in love at sight with Lana Turner, the glamorously beautiful screen star, but with a girl I wanted for my wife.

It is as my wife that I think of her, and, I'm humbly happy to say, that is the way she thinks of herself. By the time she gets her makeup off and the day's work at the studio is done, she is Mrs. Stephen Crane. And little Cheryl Christina's mother.

When Lana is at home, not working, we might as well not have a nurse for little Cheryl, for Lana does everything for her—feeds her, bathes her, and so on. If I miss Lana anywhere at home, I always know where to find her: in the nursery. Sometimes, in our living room of an evening, we'll look at each other suddenly and say, "Gosh, we've got a baby now!" Then I look at Lana and think to myself, "There's more to her, by far, than glamour alone. What a lucky guy I am."

Now wait a minute! I do not intend to give the impression that I think she can do everything. I am going to be blunt about it—she can't cook. No, sir; Lana is efficient in so many things—you should see her build one of her hats over the way she wants it—but when it comes to cooking, she dodges when the eggs explode in the skillet. Also, she always makes sure that I eat all I should, evidently fearing that I may be secretly starving myself to death—and yet she keeps so busy she forgets to eat her own meals. Yes, Lana has all those little feminine touches of contradiction that all husbands find so interesting.

She takes a long time to get dressed, trying on this or that outfit or looking at herself in two or three different hats before she makes up her mind which one she's going to wear. This, I don't mind, because when she gets everything all put together, it's really something.

You know what a puzzle women's clothes are to most men. Well, I like the way Lana dresses—she is definite about it. I'm in deep water here, possibly; but what I mean is she doesn't mix a fellow up. When she wears suits, they are suits, man-tailored. When she puts on feminine clothes they've got that feminine something. Her evening clothes are correct evening clothes. Her pinafores and playsuits are strictly in character. Certainly I notice how she dresses, and compliment her on her good taste and appearance.

In New York a few months ago when she had to have a new dress for a broadcast, Lana sent it home for my inspection and approval. That, *(Continued on page 86)*

LANA TURNER

CONTINUED

At a private dinner party, Lana shares the last tidbit with the favorite man in her life. She wears diamond jewelry, a white dinner gown, long white gloves.

Luncheon at the Hollywood Brown Derby, which was Lana's first outing after becoming a mother. The beautiful girl has now become the beautiful woman, or at least that's one man's opinion—her husband's!

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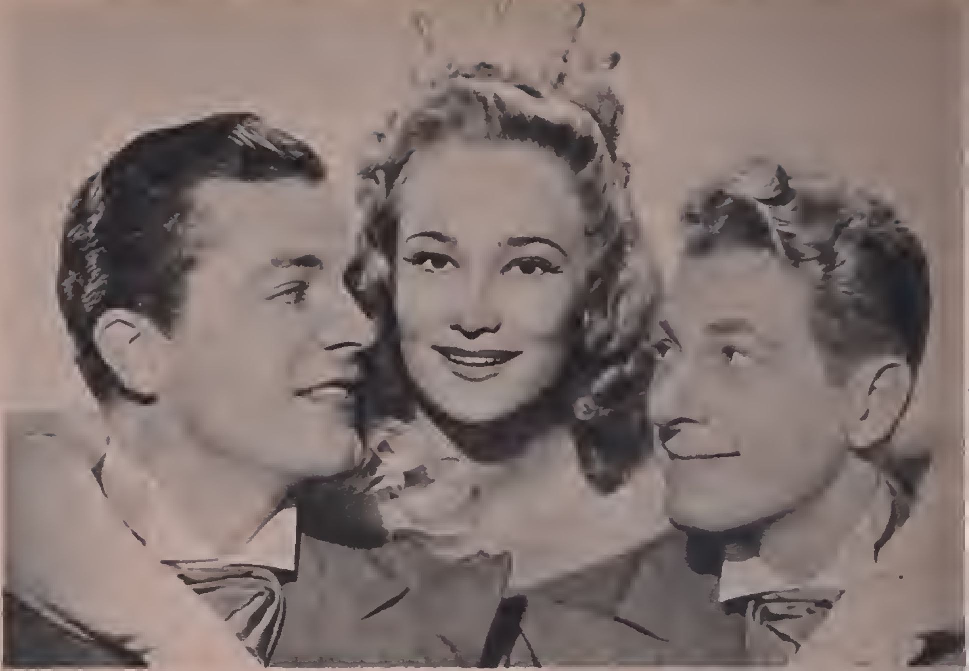
GIRL POWER



Dana Andrews, Constance Dowling and Danny Kaye (above) top the cast with Dinah Shore and Kenny Baker in "Up In Arms," sensational splendor show and comedy featuring new music, hit songs, and the Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls.

The cuddlesome type—one for the books. Diana Mumby is a pert little picture. But lovely though, wouldn't you say? An eyeful beauty you'll watch for in "Up In Arms."

Strictly yummy is Ruth Valmy, voted "most beautiful redhead who ever visited the Hollywood Canteen." She's a New Yorker by birth, Power's model by golly. A dainty little dilly in the beauty department, and stacked up to delicious.

Zootie cuties in these hepcat outfits are Dinah Shore and Danny Kaye. Mellow as a cello is Dinah in song, and sharp as a harp in this garb. Danny's solid, too. Together, they're murder!

There's nothing more potent at the box-office, and Samuel Goldwyn is seeing to it there's a new, beautiful supply of same

Bettye Alexander is a dainty dame hailing from Detroit, Mich., where chassis are a specialty. She is five feet five inches, with light brown hair, baby blue eyes and 117 pounds of the old S. A. Definitely a very delightful dream.

Gape the gams! Gloria Anderson is a winsome la[illegible] [illegible] Rusholt, Wis. She's one of the 34 Goldwyn Girls in an all-beauty revue. The long tapering type, truly demure.

Joan Leslie

1944 JANUARY 1944

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

Lana Turner

1944			FEBRUARY			1944
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29				

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

OF all the wonders Brother Juniper had encountered in the New World since his arrival from Spain, none had impressed him so much as the Bridge. For more than a century it had hung there on the highroad between Lima and San Luis Rey, built by the ancient Incas of strong vines and wood fibres and to the little friar, as to all of Peru, it seemed a symbol of eternity stretched there across the gorge from mountain to mountain.

Then that morning so golden of sun and blue of sky, that morning when not so much as a breeze was stirring, there came that horrible sound of crackling and tearing as the vines and fibres broke, mingling with the screams of the travelers about to cross the bridge and the five who had been on it, the five who looked to Brother Juniper's shocked eyes like struggling ants falling to their doom those hundreds of feet below.

Even as he stood there frozen at the chapel door, the awesome thought swept through his brain that there had been no apparent reason for the tragedy. Why had that bridge that had endured for more than a hundred years, that had escaped lightning and tempest alike, why had it suddenly snapped on that day of calm with no unfriendly elements to threaten it? And why out of all Peru, out of the hundreds of persons who used that bridge day after day, why did it happen to those five and not to those who had just crossed or were about to cross?

Why those five?

The question burned in his mind, casting all peace from him, so that at last he went to the Convent in Lima and sought out the Abbess, a woman known for her quiet wisdom and her interest in everyone.

"The thought and memory of it will be with me always," he told her. "That is why I have knocked at your door, Mother Abbess. Here in Lima you know more of the lives of people than I do at San Luis Rey."

The Abbess looked at him with troubled eyes; for among those five were two who had been very dear to her. But when she spoke her voice was calm and resigned.

"The tangled skein of human lives requires a greater wisdom than ours," she said quietly.

"But if there were any plan in the universe at all," Brother Juniper said earnestly. "Any pattern, surely there would be some clue in the lives of those five cut off so suddenly. Either we live by accident and die by accident, or there is a great plan that encompasses us all."

"Should we question the mind of God?" There was a hint of reproach in her voice. "And can we ever know the hidden things in the hearts of men?"

"You will help me," he begged.

"I know something of two whose lives touched those who crossed on the bridge," she said reluctantly. "Years ago a basket was left on our doorstep. In it were twin babies and we named them Manuel and Esteban. They were unlike any boys I have ever known. I marvelled

(*Continued on page 51*)

"Now what is it?" snapped Micaela, turning on Uncle Pio. "Name of a name! Always something. There was something you didn't like, ugly fault-finding thing that you are. Come, what was it?"

THE CAST

Lynn Bari	*Micaela (the "Perichole")*
Francis Lederer	*Esteban* *Manuel*
Akim Tamiroff	*Uncle Pio*
Nazimova	*The Marquesa*
Louis Calhern	*The Viceroy*
Blanche Yurka	*The Abbess*
Donald Woods	*Brother Juniper*
Emma Dunn	*Doña Mercedes*
Barton Hepburn	*Don Rubio*
June Lorring	*Pepita*
Abner Biberman	*Maita*
Minerva Urecal	*Servant to Uncle Pio*
Luls Alberni	*The Tradesman*
Grayce Hampton	*Dona Laura*

and
Antonio Triana and his dancers

Adapted from the
Benedict Bogeaus Production
Distributed through United Artists
Directed by Rowiand V. Lee
Screenplay by Howard Estabrook
From Thornton Wilder's
Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
Produced by Benedict Bogeaus
Presented in MOVIELAND in story form by
Elizabeth Petersen Macdonald

"I love you, dear Manuel. Come home soon, to your own Micaela." She dictated the letter so eagerly. Estaban took it down, but he resented her love for his brother.

"Our rehearsals have frayed her nerves to the breaking point," Uncle Pio explained to the anxious Viceroy. But the wise Pio wasn't fooled for a moment by Micaela's little fainting spell.

"If you were to kill me," the Viceroy told Manuel, "you might marry la Villegas, and then make her the most miserable of women. Why not let well enough alone, Captain?"

Lynn Bari, with the costume and make-up she wears as Michaela (the "Perichole") in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

at the close bond between them. As they grew up they were educated as scribes, but when they left us I knew that Manuel would never be content to remain a scribe but Esteban was more studious. Beyond that I know little. Of things in the world, others can tell you better than I, perhaps Don Pio Banoza."

Everyone in Lima knew Uncle Pio. Even the friar had heard of him back there in the secluded Chapel at San Luis Rey. He was a man of many talents but he preferred to live by his wits and everyone thought of him as a rascal, except one, the woman young enough to be his daughter. But Brother Juniper did not know the part she had played in Uncle Pio's life that day he sought him out and questioned him.

"Do you know of Manuel and Esteban?" he asked.

A flash of annoyance crossed Uncle Pio's face.

"Always thorns in my flesh," he muttered. "Manuel in love with Micaela and Esteban hating her."

"Micaela Villegas?" The friar looked puzzled; for even in Spain he had heard of her, the woman who was called the Perichole because she was half Indian, the actress who in spite of her humble birth had become Lima's idol.

"Yes," Uncle Pio nodded. "The lives of those on the bridge were strangely entangled with the beautiful Micaela Villegas."

"And your life, too?" Brother Juniper hazarded the guess.

"She was my life," Uncle Pio said simply.

Then as he talked, and as the others the friar sought out talked, the pattern began to take shape—and always it was Micaela who was the central motif of that pattern.

She was beautiful, but more than that she was vivid. Even when she was little more than a child singing in the streets for the coins flung to her there was nothing of the commonplace about her. Even then she was an actress and that corner of the plaza where she sang was her own little theatre, the pavement her stage, her roof the sky. And Uncle Pio saw in this orphaned girl what he had always dreamed of finding some day, a Galatea to whom he could play Pygmalion.

So he dreamed, even in the years she still kept singing there in the plaza. So he taught her, so he nagged, driving her on with his ambition, teaching her, as even no impresario could, all the things he knew. The things that one day would be translated into her own greatness. And so he fumed, too, sometimes when he saw Manuel standing there, just staring at her, his adoring eyes betraying his heart, he knew that they had long loved each other, these two.

Esteban knew that, too, and jealousy drove him into hatred of this girl who was taking his brother away from him. But it eased the pain of parting when Manuel announced he was sailing to Spain as mate on the galleon Esperanza; for it would mean there would be no more stolen moments when Manuel and Micaela were together.

Uncle Pio breathed easier as well. With Manuel gone he would have things his own way. And it was as he thought. In scarcely any time at all Micaela was given a minor role in the theatre, and then more and more important ones, until at last she became the darling of all Lima.

It was the happiest time of Uncle Pio's life. He was determined to lift her to the heights and so he became her instructor, singing master, coiffeur, reader, prompter, voice coach, errand boy, her maid and her banker—in fact all but that which he would have wanted most of all to be, her father. Sometimes he praised her performance but always there was criticism, too, no matter how flawless it had been, for he was determined that she should not grow complacent.

It was Manuel, coming in through her window. "I have come to take you out of all this," he said tenderly. "If you will go with me."

Uncle Pio was quite a match for the Viceroy, directing the conversation about la Villegas with polite cleverness, unmistakable subtlety.

Then came the greatest triumph of all, when the Viceroy who had come night after night to the theatre and sat there staring at her, invited her to be his guest at the palace the night of the fiesta. Infatuated beyond reasoning, he had sent Don Gonzola, the governor of the palace, with the message because he trusted no one else with it. And Micaela didn't realize that she incurred the noble Don's undying enmity by the casual way she received him. For Don Gonzola was a proud man and it had been hard enough to have been sent like a common messenger without being treated like one.

Uncle Pio himself designed the dress she was to wear and stood over the dressmaker as she made it so that it would be everything he wanted. And on the afternoon of the great night itself, he himself ironed the ruffled petticoat she was to wear under it, for no one else could do things for her to his satisfaction.

"Little one," he called. Then as Micaela appeared on the balcony above he looked at her wonderingly. "Why does it take Esteban so long to copy the part?" he asked.

"He is nearly finished," Micaela said involuntarily, looking back at the room from which she had just come, the room where Esteban was supposed to be copying her new role. And she tried not to look too eager as she went back to him, for she knew Uncle Pio thought she had forgotten Manuel because she never spoke of him. But Esteban knew differently, Esteban who wrote down in his fine scholar's hand all those letters to Manuel which she dictated so eagerly, since she had never learned to write herself.

"Quick, quick!" She whispered, closing the door behind her. "Let's finish! But don't you dare tell him I'm writing a letter to Manuel."

"Every scribe takes a public oath never to betray the confidence of a client," Esteban said stiffly.

"Write this," Micaela said. And Esteban couldn't bear to look at her with her eyes shining in that eager, shameless way. " 'I pray that you are safe, dear Manuel, and that you will come home before the season of the storms. I love you.' " Then as Esteban sat there uncertainly she turned on him relentlessly, for she knew in her heart he was her enemy. "Did you put that down?" she demanded.

"Yes," he muttered bitterly. "You've said that in the letter three times."

"Well say it again," she cried. "I want him to know I mean it. And say," she was deliberately taunting him now, "say: 'You are unkind, Manuel, to remain away so long and leave behind an image of you that never comes to life. Come home soon, Manuel, to your own Micaela. I love you. I love you. I love you!' "

Esteban wrote the words down. Then suddenly a strange light came in his eyes and his head lifted as if he were listening to someone.

"What is it Esteban?" Micaela asked sharply. But he didn't answer. Shutting the letter in his small portfolio, he took his hat and rushed away.

It had happened again, as it had happened so often. A message had come to him from Manuel. He couldn't hold back his eagerness as he hurried to the Inn and ordered dinner—a very special dinner for two—and Doña Mercedes, the Innkeeper's wife, couldn't help that quick exclamation.

"Bless me!" she cried. "Those are the favorite dishes of Manuel and he is far away at sea."

"Tonight he will be with me," Esteban said. And even before he had finished speaking that shout went up in the street outside.

"A ship is coming into the harbor," someone called. And there was an eager babble of voices, for those were the days when ocean journeys were perilous and uncertain, when the coming of any ship was an occasion for prayer and thanksgiving.

It was Manuel's ship and Doña Mercedes never got over the shock of it, even those years later when she told the story to Brother Juniper.

"It was uncanny!" she said. "It haunted me. Those twins! The living ghost of one always whispering to the other!"

But that night there was bitterness in Esteban's happiness, for after that first joyous greeting Manuel seemed distraught, his thoughts far away, and Esteban knew it was because his brother could hardly bear the waiting time until Micaela's performance at the theatre would be over and he could go to her.

The Viceroy's carriage was already there waiting for her and Manuel frowned as he saw it. But that was forgotten when the door of her dressing room opened and she stood there, even more (*Continued on page 79*)

"Ready!" called Micaela, laughing happily, about to toss the ball down to the Viceroy. And he was enjoying it, too. But did he love the girl?

"Oh, I wish I'd never known you! You poison my whole life! Anyway, I shall be crazy soon, then it won't matter!"

Brother Juniper recorded the story of the bridge, as it was told him. And he asked questions no one could answer.

"The plaza is packed with people," Manuel told her. "The fiesta! Everybody is there! Music! Dancing! Come along. You can go to the palace another night."

"Charming gown," observed the Viceroy, commenting on her unusual attire. "Is it a new style? By the way, I've come to make amends for the unfortunate behavior of some of my guests last night. I apologize for them, and suggest you try to ignore them."

"All my life men have been telling me what to do. And now you!" Micaela was angry at the Viceroy, challenging him.

Gene and his own autographed, made-to-order git-tar, and he knows how to twang a mighty sweet tune out of it, as you know.

He's Proud to be SGT. AUTRY

BY

DOROTHY DEERE

When fire burned down Gene's home, his playhouse, where he also has his office, was spared. Here's Gene behind his redwood desk. In the picture on the wall (at farthest right) is Mrs. Autry, who was his boyhood sweetheart, a former schoolmarm.

Gene shows Dorothy Deere, our author, just one of the hundreds of thousands of gifts he's been given by fans, a Texas longhorn.

IN Hollywood, which raises ego-maniacs as well as citrus fruit, it is not the custom for a person to arrive wearing a normal size hat and after a successful sojourn, depart wearing a smaller one.

Gene Autry came into movietown in a ten-gallon Stetson with a brim wide enough to carry a spare troupe of Singer Midgets. He stayed eight years—five of those years fabulous with fame and riches—and when he left he went voluntarily, quietly and quickly. This time he was wearing the small-visored cap of a U. S. Army non-com.

Gene Autry could have had a commission. He was over draft age and could have stayed home. He went into service as a technical Sergeant, and it will be the proudest day of his life when he wins his wings as a pilot in the Ferry Command.

After a year in service, the Sarge admits that if he had known just what lay ahead of him when he enlisted, he might have been "scared to try it." Then, with a grin, he admits he would have joined up anyhow, since he would have been "scared to stay out." Since Gene has never been known as a scared guy, I asked him "how come."

Gene was a well established Chicago radio star, when he accepted a bid from a small and struggling studio to make his first picture. Its name, although a lot of people had never heard of it then, was Republic. With no major stars on its roster, and no elaborate settings within its budget's limits, it was best equipped to make Westerns.

The miracle of sound, however, had come to the screen at that time, and smart dialogue and band music was on the upswing. The horse op'ry was on the decline.

But out from the East rode young Autry, totin' his trusty git-tar, and ready and willin' to take a chance. He was strong, but he wasn't silent. He had a plaintive tenor, a lazy but friendly drawl, and a quick smile that scudded across the wide open spaces of his close-ups like the sun breaking through a smoke-filled fifth reel.

Here he is, Gene, the cowboy king, photographed for the first time in his sergeant's uniform. He says it will be the proudest day of his life when he wins his wings in the Ferry Command.

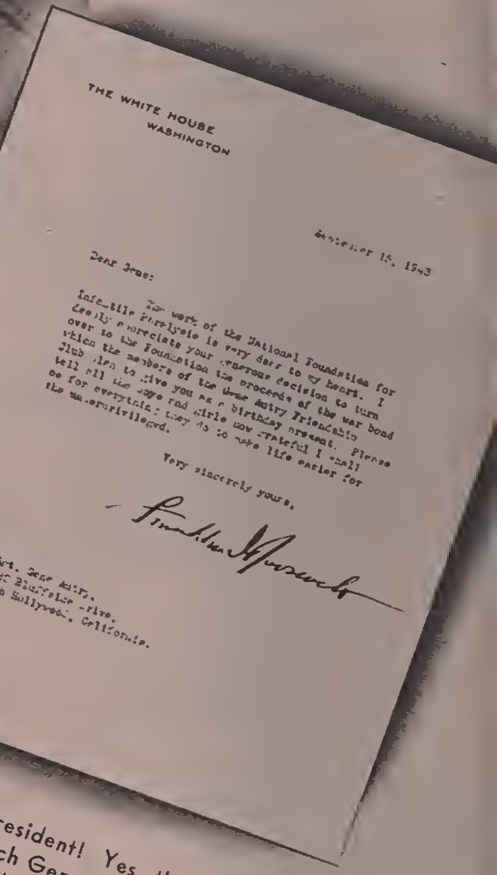
To
My Maryland
Pals
With Best Wishes
Gene Autry

SILVER HAIRED DADDY of MINE
SOUTH OF THE BORDER
YOU'RE THE ONLY STAR

SGT. AUTRY

CONTINUED

The only mementos Gene saved from the fire, when his house burned, were those in the playhouse—like these framed songs that he's made famous (and which he uses here as a decorative frieze around the room). Eight years in Hollywood brought him stardom and fame, but nothing to compare with the thrill he's getting out of serving in the U. S. Air Force. His fans aren't forgetting him, either. No, sir!



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 15, 1943

Dear Gene:

The work of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is very dear to my heart. I deeply appreciate your generous decision to turn over to the Foundation the proceeds of the war bond which the members of the Gene Autry Friendship Club plan to give you as a birthday present. Please tell all the boys and girls how grateful I shall be for everything they do to make life easier for the underprivileged.

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D Roosevelt

S/Sgt. Gene Autry,
[illegible] Bluffside Drive,
North Hollywood, California.

A letter from the President! Yes, there was one gift from his fans which Gene didn't keep for himself, but gave to President Roosevelt for his Warm Springs Foundation. It was a very high-figured War Bond, and this was the letter saying thanks

Republic, the little unknown, gave him the lead in a serial, "The Phantom Empire." When his first picture was done, Gene took a quick look at himself on the screen and started to pack his bags.

"I thought I was so bad," he remembers, "that if there was any further shootin' it was goin' to be at Autry!"

The public, on the other hand, had decided Gene was just what was needed to take the tired formula of "a ride, a rope and a rescue" out of the doldrums.

Within a year, Gene and his git-tar had just about lifted the mortgage on the old home-studio, and for the next five years Gene Autry was Public Cowboy Number One, with a boxoffice rating right at the top. His pictures played in a larger number of theatres and broke more attendance records than those of any other star. His phonograph records still outsell those of any other singer in the country, male or female.

Most Hollywoodians have never seen Gene on the screen, and only a few of them know him in person. For that reason it came as a shock to the sex-appeal circles when the news got 'round that the Rhythm Ranger was drawing more fan mail than any mere glamour boy in the business. Living quietly with his wife in his San Fernando Valley home, spending most of his playtime at his ranch rather than in the cafe's diamond horseshoes, it is news today to most Cinema Citizens to learn that an entire town of 7,000 in Ohio depends entirely for its living on the manufacture of Gene Autry cap pistols, and that a glider base in Texas is named the Gene Autry Field.

All of which adds up to the reason why, when a war came along, Gene didn't have much of a struggle within himself. More than any other star, with the exception of Gable perhaps, he knows exactly why he traded in his expensive Stetson for a service cap.

Home on furlough, the Sergeant sat in the trophy-hung den of the home his fans helped him to buy, and told me about it:

"I got to thinkin' of how I was goin' to explain it to the kids if I didn't get in," says he. "My pictures aren't just like the other stars'. Here was I, always the outdoor fellow, always in the middle of every scrap, always on the side of law and order. Accordin' to what I've been givin' those kids on the screen, I couldn't stay out of this one. I could hear millions of youngsters sayin' to themselves, 'If Gene Autry'd get in, this war would be over in a hurry!' "

Gene talking is somehow reminiscent of Will Rogers. Lean and fit from his months in (*Continued on page* 73)

BRIGHTEST STAR of the NURSERY SET

Margaret O'Brien, the baby Bernhardt. Though she can't read her own scripts yet (Mama does that for her), she needs no help when in front of the camera.

MADAME CURIE
A BIOGRAPHY BY EVE CURIE

Tricks distinguished performers have spent years mastering, Margaret does with effortless ease. She's with Greer Garsan in "Madame Curie," and Greer says the child wonder stole every scene they had together.

She was Margaret in "Journey for Morgoret," the angel of "Last Angel." Here she's a six-year-old Miss Femininity, an admiring audience for Walter Pidgeon, who's telling her a fairy story.

Ain't it the truth? In Hollywood, alas, no matter how young a girl is, there's always one younger. Margaret's rival is little "Gigi" (latest child acting find)—but fortunately they adore one another.

Movieland's Five Best Pictures of the Month

"MADAME CURIE"

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

NO other actress on the screen today could have filled the role of Marie Curie quite as perfectly as Greer Garson. Nor could there have been an improvement upon the portrait Walter Pidgeon presents of Pierre Curie, her husband and collaborator in the discovery of radium. They play an exquisite and absorbing love drama, enormously gratifying in its tasteful dignity of depicting the intimacies of a great love and union of intellects. "Madame Curie" is an unforgettable motion picture.

The film is based on a book Eve Curie wrote about her mother. Marie is described as a frail, stubborn, eager woman, and we first meet her as a young honor student at the Sorbonne, Paris. Befriended by her elderly professor, she gains the opportunity of doing research in the laboratory of Pierre Curie, an unworldly scientist who is shocked by the thought that this new colleague is a girl. Within a short time, she has made herself indispensable, so much so that Pierre is driven to proposing marriage when Marie prepares to return to her parents in Poland.

The proposal is a charming incident. On their honeymoon trip Marie thinks of a laboratory phenomenon she once witnessed which seemed to indicate an unknown active element in pitchblende. She doesn't understand it, and whatever Marie didn't understand disturbed her. It was her tenacity and her husband's skill that led to the discovery of radium.

Sensitive performances by the stars are matched by uniformly excellent supporting characterizations, headed by those of Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, Henry Travers and many others. This is one of those rare screen treats you will not dare miss.

"HAPPY LAND"

(20th Century-Fox)

WHEN Lew Marsh, a small-town druggist in Iowa, received word that his only son had been killed in action, he was so grief-stricken that he felt nothing was left in life now Rusty was gone. Then the spirit of his grandfather, a veteran of the Civil War, materialized for Lew. Together they strolled through town recalling and reliving events of the past twenty-five years from the time that Lew returned from World War I. They saw Rusty grow up to be a credit to his American heritage, and they remembered some of the little things about his happy childhood which caused him to want to go to World War II to protect those things for other American children. Thus before Gramp departed to go back up there, Lew found the grief softened by pride in his son.

No motion picture has more comprehensively presented the America all men in the armed services are fighting for. "Happy Land," from the novel by MacKinlay Kantor, is inspiring, simple and glorious. It is a beautiful reavowal of treasured American memories for our men overseas, and at the same time, the perfect home-front picture for their families in this country. It will surely bring solace for the comfort of audiences worlds apart. Besides, it's good entertainment; a relief from the grimmer war realism.

Don Ameche gives the performance of his life as Lew Marsh, Harry Carey is priceless as Gramp, and Frances Dee charming as Rusty's mother. Rusty, himself, is splendidly portrayed by Richard Crane as the grown-up boy, and by James West and Larry Olsen as the 'teen age and the five-year-old. Yet one of the finest notes of all is sounded by Henry Morgan as Tony, Rusty's orphaned shipmate returned from the Pacific.

"LOST ANGEL"

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

THIS is a tender, heart-warming entertainment which dips so delightfully into pure sentiment that it is a joy to behold. The "Lost Angel" of the title is a tiny six-year-old foundling girl who has been scientifically reared by a group of experimenting professors. She has been schooled in subjects far in advance of her age—mathematics, history and even Chinese which is one of the several languages she speaks fluently.

At six, her I.Q. stands at genius, but there are some things she finds she hasn't learned about. A newspaper reporter interviews her and chats, as he would with any ordinary youngster, about magic and fairy tales. Her imagination, the one faculty neglected in her exhaustive education, is stimulated, and as a result she sets out by herself to investigate the enchantments described. Her experiences lead to discovery of the greatest of all magic—the love for a fellow human being.

Margaret O'Brien, actually six years old, the age of Alpha, the little girl she portrays, will be remembered for her debut in "Journey for Margaret." She is an amazing dramatic figure and her natural abilities transcend acting. Her talents demonstrate a magic equal to that which Alpha wanted to investigate.

She needs no "child actor" advantage, to be rated a star. Her performances stand on their own merit.

James Craig is mighty good as the newspaper man, and Marsha Hunt very lovely as the girl to whom he is engaged. Keenan Wynn, son of Ed Wynn, the stage comedian, makes an outstanding impression with a gangster he plays for a solid hit. Others in the cast are excellent under the direction of Roy Rowland, a newcomer with a great deal to offer.

"NO TIME FOR LOVE"

(Paramount)

SMART-SET farce brings together Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray for another of their riotous film romances. She enacts a society photographer, and he a sandhog, one of those workmen who toil dangerously in a tunnel that is being dug beneath a river. She is assigned by the pictorial magazine for which she works to make camera studies of the tunnel project, but the presence of a woman is resented by the sandhogs on the job, something about an old superstition that women bring bad luck underground. Possibly she does, for Fred is injured.

He recovers sufficiently in the low compression chamber to start a fight with a couple of buddies, merely a friendly brawl but it doesn't look so good in the photo she snaps. Its publication causes Fred to be suspended, and Claudette, wishing to compensate him for an enforced layoff, gives him work carrying around her photographic equipment. Besides she wants to continue to see him until she can stop dreaming of him as Superman. From that situation, the scrappy romance builds.

Claudette takes a lot of physical punishment with her usual display of grand sportsmanship. She really gets smeared by the mud and mire in the tunnel. MacMurray punches across a two-fisted mugg character that stacks up with his best work. Ilka Chase, Richard Haydn and June Havoc add to the gaiety in supporting roles.

Now all of this is not as funny as it might have been had you been allowed to see it when it was filmed a year and a half ago. The comedy poses a problem in social consciousness which no longer exists in a world at war. To prove how dated "No Time for Love" has become, just count the number of eating scenes, pointed but not rationed.

"HIGHER AND HIGHER"

(RKO-Radio)

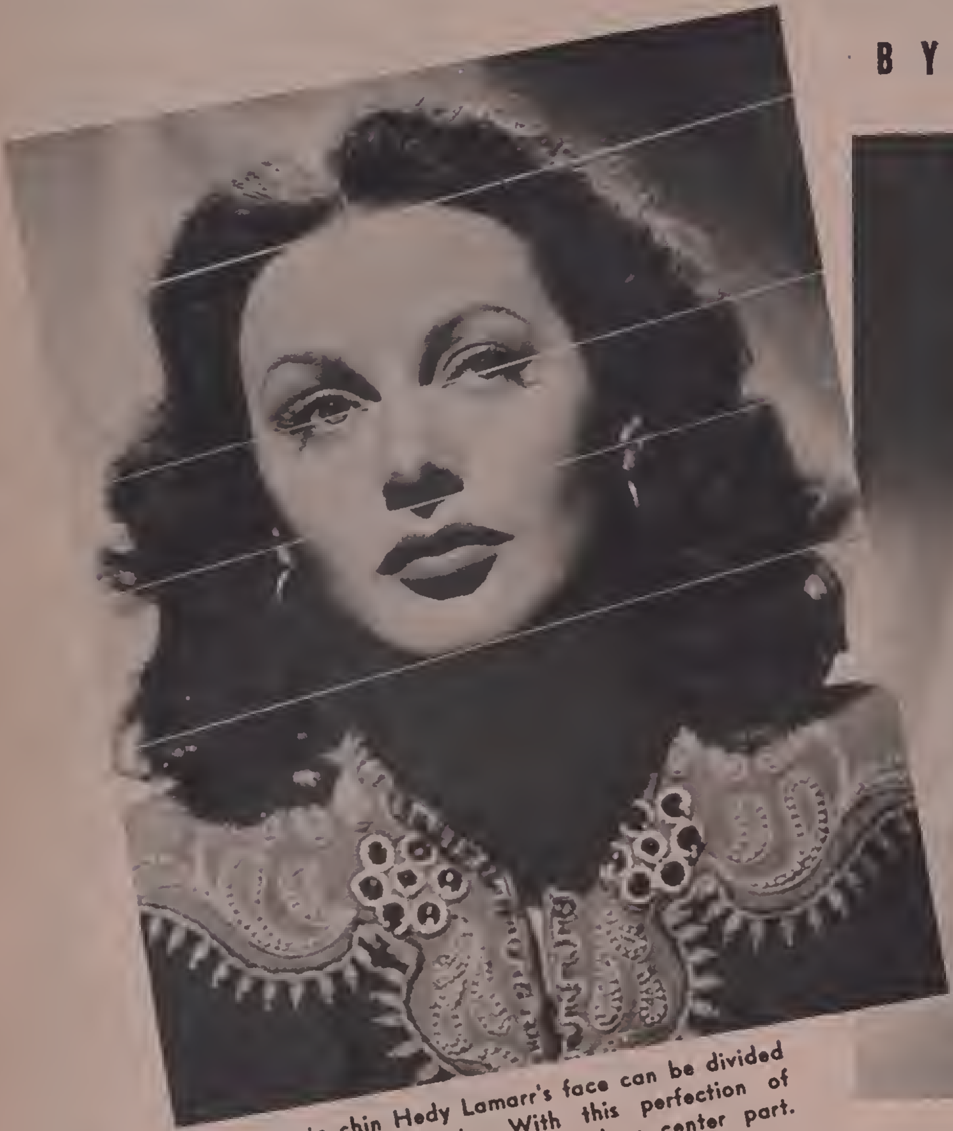
HEY, kids! Here he is—the one and only Frank Sinatra in his first starring screen appearance. The swooner-crooner had a bit in one previous Hollywood movie, a little something called "Reveille with Beverly," in which he strolled in long enough to sing "Night and Day." But that was before he clicked and for his song he was paid only a few hundred dollars. In "Higher and Higher," Frank has a full-fledged role (he plays himself) and just to show how his stock has soared, the studio added a couple of 00 to his salary. As a matter of fact, he proves worth whatever he was paid, for without Sinatra this musical might have been a waste of time. It certainly wouldn't have rated among the top five pictures of the month.

Despite his tremendous success, Frank has remained a modest and fairly retiring chap. The camera captures his shyness and gives him to his fans as a regular guy to whom fame just happened to happen. It doesn't seem to have turned his head, and there's no noticeable change to the unique appeal of his voice that does tricks when he makes with the crooning. You cannot describe Sinatra's style anymore than you can spell that sound his followers utter when he hits a person-to-person note.

"Higher and Higher" was once a Broadway musical comedy. Frank's role of the fellow who lives next door has simply been added to the original lightweight plot about a group of servants who form a corporation to promote a scullery maid into a glamour girl—object: her matrimony and the possibility of collecting their back salaries. Michele Morgan is miscast as the maid, and Jack Haley repeats his stage part as the promoter. But there's always Sinatra!

MOVIELAND'S Beauty Hints

BY MARIAN LONGACRE



From brow to chin Hedy Lamarr's face can be divided into three parallel parts. With this perfection of features, her hair can be worn with a center part.

From any angle, Hedy's face is symmetrically beautiful. Lacking this unusual regularity, however, most faces appear to better advantage when the hair is worn in a side-part coiffure. So say the experts.

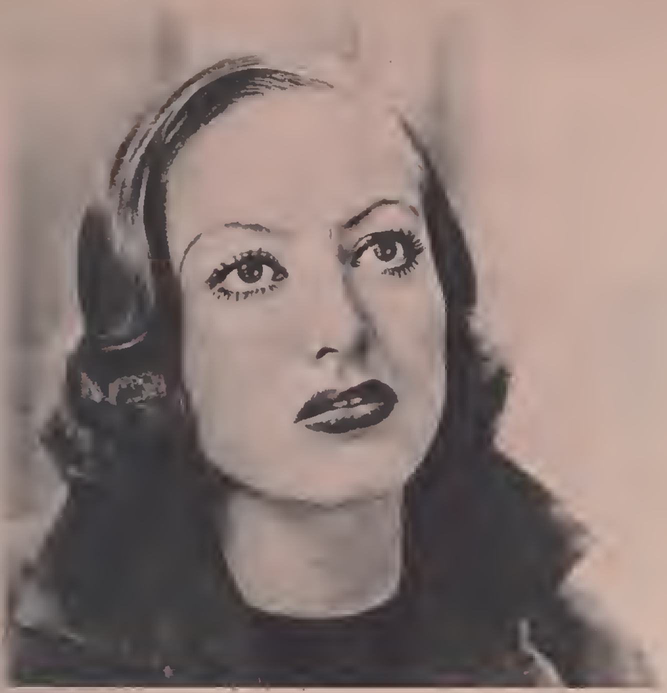
TALK—just laugh and talk and be natural sitting in front of the mirror. Then you are seeing the same effect that you are giving other people. This is the advice of Jack Dawn, MGM's makeup wizard. Study your facial expressions in action. You'll apply cosmetics to show good points and diminish beauty weaknesses. This is particularly true when applying lipstick. Make up your mouth so that it is symmetrical when you are speaking. Remember, people almost never see your mouth in repose. (Not unless you're an awfully dull girl.)

NINETY-NINE percent of the women look better wearing paste rouge rather than cake rouge (Jack Dawn says this, too). Paste rouge is generally more easily blended into the skin and gives a more natural glow to the cheeks. If you just can't help but apply paste rouge unevenly, use dry rouge—but be sure to blend the edges into the pigment. The old fashion of pink tipped ears and rouge tone under the brows is out! For picture makeup, they sometimes add a touch of rouge to the chin for a youthful healthy look, but it's dangerous business; really, unless you are very subtle.

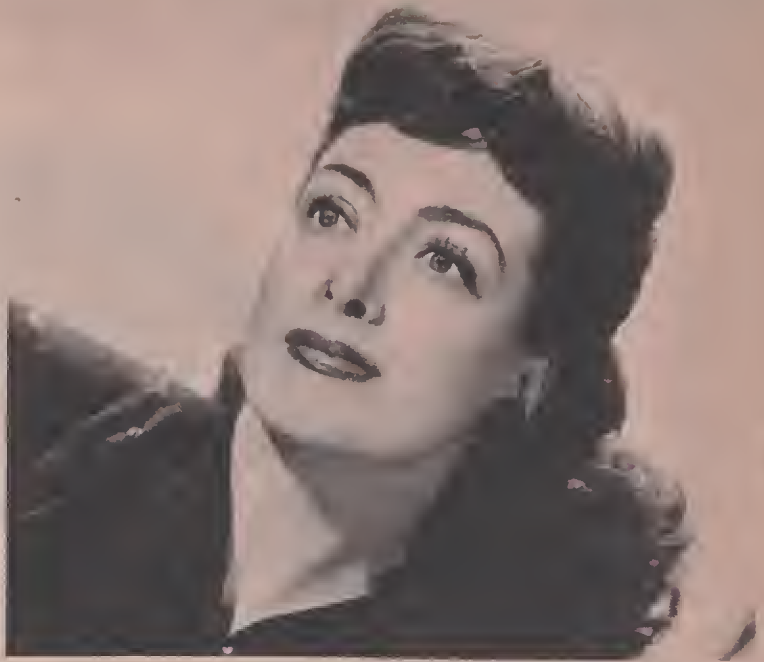
CORRECTION—is the fundamental reason for wearing makeup. If your lips are thin widen them with lipstick drawn finely beyond the natural line. If your eyes are small extend the corners with a light touch of the brow pencil, using a double line. Covering blemishes with powder base and balancing eye disfigurements with eyeshadow are priceless tricks. Experiment carefully at home before an application habit is formed.

SPEND TIME—on your face. Really study it. (Other people do.) A beauty conscious woman should test effects of cosmetics on her own skin, studying the contours of her face and the bone structure of her head. If your face is over-long or over-round, don't accept set rules but try several cosmetic colors and placements until the most flattering result is found. You are your best judge, for no one knows so well your facial shortcomings nor is anyone as interested as you are to cause a prettier you.

JOAN CRAWFORD—was the first actress in Hollywood to extend lipstick beyond the natural line of



The extended mouthline, introduced in 1931 by Joan Crawford (as "Letty Lynton"), was a sensation. According to current taste of good grooming, it looks very extreme and overdone.



Today Joan Crawford is a more beautiful woman because her makeup is rational and has the feminine freshness of natural charm. She has a sweeter, softer look, cleverly emphasized by correct makeup.

Greer Garson, considered an outstanding example of patrician type beauty. Note how her upper eyelids parallel the same graceful contour as her two brows.

Jack Dawn, head of the makeup department at MGM, on the job in his laboratory. Before applying makeup to any of the stars, he always starts by making a plaster mask of the face, studying the contours.

her mouth to give her lips a full-look. It has since become the vogue and is known as "the Hollywood mouth." This is a neat worthwhile trick, but Jack Dawn of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer insists that overdoing the job is a common fault. Even studio makeup men, whose business is makeup, emphasize the fact that a natural look is imperative to good looks.

FOR FUN—see if your face is equally divided into three parts (like Caesar's Rome). Top of brow to center of eyes, center of eyes to base of nose, base of nose to under the chin, all should be equal. That is the standard of good facial proportion. Hedy Lamarr measures by this standard to perfection. If you don't, use your makeup or your hairdo as a means of creating this effect.

UP, UP—on the lines of your face. When penciling the brows give an upward sweep at the ends. When painting your lips blend the corners of your mouth up. All upward lines add youth to your face. As time goes by your face tends to sag by nature, so to thwart time apply all makeup upward.

MARLENE DIETRICH—will wear gold painted legs for a scene in "Kismet," her forthcoming picture with Ronald Colman. A plastic liquid has been found that will wear well and resist water. From it we may hope for more durable leg makeup that might last for a week, and could come in beige or skin tone colors besides bright shades to match costumes. Jack Dawn is working on all this.

NIGHT AND DAY—makeup must vary. A light textured, sparsely applied glow is proper for street wear. For evening heavier applied cosmetics are more flattering. As for day or night shades of powder, rouge or lipstick, choose colors which most improve your personal looks according to natural coloring.

EYEBROW—line should follow the shape of the upper eyelid. The eyelid indicates the most becoming line of the brow and should coincide. Greer Garson is a perfect example, for her arched brows make a parallel curve with her eyelashes. For sparse growth of eyebrows fill in with faint penciling and avoid freakish angles and harsh lines.

DIARY OF A MOVIE STAR FATHER (Brian Donlevy)

A year ago Movieland published Brian Donlevy's "Diary of an Expectant Father." Here's the continuation of that life story, concerning a perfect baby girl

Photos by Nat Dallinger, Movieland's cameraman

The flying cherub between Papa and Mama—or first shot of the Donlevy sweater girl, just a year old.

TO HIS BABY DAUGHTER (Judith Ann)

FEBRUARY 20, 1943.

You're being born, baby, but I don't know yet whether you're Judith or Joe, and your Daddy's a nervous wreck and beginning to think you'll never get here!

Right now I'm sitting in the basement of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood, and you're coming into the world a few floors above me. And I'm stone sober (which I never planned on for this occasion!), and your grandmother's sitting a few feet away, and I can't read, or think, or do anything but wait for you and write this. But just so you won't wonder why your old man's hiding in the cellar here, let me explain:

The waiting room upstairs on the maternity floor is just jammed with guys waiting for the same thing I am—jammed, and hot and noisy, and everyone's quarreling, and sooner or later there had to be a last straw. This was it: a huge, tough, 250-pounder of a guy was stalking the floor there for hours. Finally a nurse put her nose in the door and said to him, "Congratulations. Mr. Stone. You're the father of a three and a half pound son." Well, you should have seen that gorilla of a guy! His face grew lobster red with rage, his chest swelled out a foot, and he howls, "Three and a half pounds! Why, my wife's bigger'n I am!" So with that he runs furiously to the door, swings on the sill and yowls, "What a hospital this is!" And bang! He's gone.

That did it. I hurried down to the basement for peace and quiet, and here I sit, jittering, squirming and waiting. I'll write in this thing again when I can tell you a little more about yourself.

Same day—6 a.m.

My darling little Judith Ann, I haven't seen you yet, but I know you're here—and I want to be the first to tell you how happy I am. Always I wanted you to be a baby girl, and here you are—eight pounds worth! (If only I knew that frustrated Mr. Stone's number, I'd call him just to gloat!)

But right now I'm too tired to gloat. I peeked in at your mother, drove your grandmother home, and now I'm sitting in the silent, empty house, writing you. Outside my window the birds are getting up for the day, and pretty loud about it, too. But I'm going to bed—a very unshaven, tired, happy guy who has a tiny hunk of daughter he hasn't seen yet. Goodnight, Judith Ann.

March 16, 1943.

You've been home with your family for two weeks now, and oh, brother! How eight pounds of you has changed two hundred pounds of me! I have deserted my big and comfortable bedroom-sitting room-dressing room next to your room, and am slumbering on a cot out in the garage! This is because you cry a lot at night, not knowing that your dad has to sleep nights and get up at dawn to work in pictures—the current one being

Lookit! She's just a wee tot, and yet Judith Ann Donlevy finds the world all upside down. Oh, baby!

a swell one called "America." A title that means plenty!

But maybe, since you're a stranger here, I'd better tell you about your piece of the real America. It's two acres big, and it's sort of a pint-sized edition of the estates of olden times—we've got nearly everything to live on right here. When your mother and I first came here four years ago, there was just a square white wooden house on a fenced-in lot. Now we've got a complete carpenter's shop (and I keep it full of sawdust, too), a chicken coop full of chickens, a big woodshed stuffed with twelve cords of logs and kindling wood. Your orange juice comes from our citrus orchard, and your vegetables from our big Victory Garden. Doesn't sound much like Hollywood, you'll find out—sounds more like the Middle West, where both your mother and I came from.

The house isn't square any more, either—it's got two new rooms hanging on it, and one new bath. The Donlevy family practically lives in one of the new rooms—the den downstairs where you have breakfast, the one with the stone fireplace, and all the big couches, and the sun pouring in. The room in which you spend half your waking hours.

You spend your sleeping hours in the other new room—with the crib and the blue linoleum floor. And you want to know who put every nail and board in it? Nobody but your old man! Same way with your bathroom. I built it on the house— and when the plumbers put all the permanent white furniture in it, guess who was gawking over their shoulders the whole time, just so he'd know how to fix anything that broke?

Yes, Judy, it's high time you learned about your world—and your parents. Your mother's the pretty girl with the red hair who always looks as if she just climbed out of a fashion magazine. And the hired man is not the guy with the sunburn and the faded overalls you see puttering around the place Sundays, with nails in his mouth and a blister on his thumb. That, my dear lady, is nobody else but me! Who can't wait until you're old enough to hold the paint bucket for him—or till you can hop on the back of his motorcycle for a spin!

May 20, 1943.

You're three months old today—and do you know how often I've met you so far? Thirteen times! And here you are my favorite person in all the world, after that red-headed girl I've mentioned before.

The fault lies with my working so early and getting home so late. I only see you Sundays. Oh, I see signs of you around the house evenings—I bump into your clothes on the line when I come in from the garage, and every night I tiptoe in to see the top of your sleeping head. (Just between us, though, I really like best the gold spoon I brought you at the hospital and shoved in your mouth—to start you off in life with better luck than I had!)

But, baby, this casual acquaintance of ours is bad. I'm lonely for you. Either you'll have to quit sleeping or I'll have to quit working. This is a terrible life we're leading now, apart!

July 12, 1943.

Mostly when I'm thinking about you, I think about the questions you'll ask and (*Continued on page* 88)

This is the sort of thing that turns strong men into putty, and Donlevy's no exception

Her first word was "Happy," which came when she saw her first Christmas tree.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

immediately began piloting planes all over the world.

"Don't do anything rash in the way of getting married," he wrote her.

After collecting six campaign bars and the Distinguished Flying Cross, Captain Trout found himself in Florida, an instructor of aeronautics. The next day Ella Raines received a wire in Hollywood.

MEET ME IN MIAMI FOR A WONDERFUL TIME. THIS INCLUDES A HONEYMOON.

ANOTHER STRANGEST PROPOSAL

The second yarn is just as cute.

When Martha O'Driscoll was thirteen, she had her first date. She considered it the most important occasion of her life. She not only was wearing her first grown-up dress, but her swain of the evening was handsome Dick Adams. They went to the movies and had a soda, and when Dick left her at the door, they both had realized they were made for each other.

Dick Adams went to Annapolis and so has been in the war since it started. On his last liberty, he and Martha drove out along the ocean in his duration jalopy. He stopped the car and took a small package from his pocket.

"See this?" The moonlight fell on a plastic ring. In the center was carved a bachelor button, framed on each side by a sweetheart rose.

"So?" said Martha.

Lt. Commander Adams cleared his throat and took a deep breath.

"Will you marry me so I can throw away the bachelor button?"

"Tsk," said Martha. "Of course."

Martha now sports a ring of marquise diamonds, surrounded by sapphires. Lt. Commander Richard Adams is out at sea on an aircraft carrier. In his pocket is a ring with two sweetheart roses, and a hole in the center.

More Inside Hollywood on page 66

Bing Crosby's a generous Joe to his pals. He doled all the choice harmony spots to Johnny Mercer, on this Screen Guild airer.

Chowhounds Veronica Lake, Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard, during intermission at the "So Proudly We Hail" radio rehearsal.

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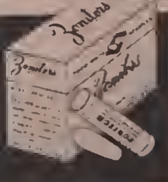

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

LOOK OUT BELOW, CLAUDIA IS FLYING

Dorothy Maguire, who created the Claudia role on the stage and screen, is spending the winter with her husband, John Swope, in Phoenix, Arizona. Swope is a Civilian Air Instructor. To while away her time and be near him Dorothy is learning to fly, too. She says she has the worst time trying to make her instructors understand that she is not really Claudia and won't pull one of her scatterbrained tricks. They have yet to let her solo and she is sure that it is Claudia's fault.

GABLE, THE DRUGSTORE PATRIOT

Captain Clark Gable, now back in Hollywood, editing the films he shot on bombing missions over Germany, tells this story on himself.

A few miles from his Encino ranch, there is a small drug and candy store where he used to go for breakfast before he was in the Army. Returning home, and still needing breakfast, even though he wears a hero's medals, he headed for the same drug store. Man and womanpower being what it is these days, there was only one waitress on duty, a new girl, and she'd got Clark all the way through his ham and eggs before she recognized him. When she gasped out his name, he beat it out of there, and thought that was that.

But a week later, Clark got hungry on the way to town and decided to invade the drug store once again. In he went, only to discover one seat roped off with red, white and blue ribbons. On the seat itself was a small American flag in a standard. On the counter before all this was a neat sign, saying "Captain Clark Gable sat here."

Considerably embarrassed, Clark asked the waitress how she got away with it all.

She said, smiling proudly, "I let them as buys war stamps sit there."

William Prince, Robert Alda (who plays Gershwin in "Rhapsody in Blue"), Ruth Waterbury, Ralph McColm and Dane Clark attend the "Thank Your Lucky Stars" soiree, debut party for 22 new players.

SEE WHO'S TALKING

My favorite crack of the month comes from Walter Pidgeon. Pidge is nobody to get into a verbal duel with, as Frank Sinatra was to discover when he and Pidge, together with Danny Kaye and the music commentator, Deems Taylor, all happened to get off the same train together in Chicago.

The autograph fans swarmed all over Frankie, ignoring the other three men, who couldn't even force their way through the crowd. Frankie grinned back at Pidge, looming tall over him, and said, "Isn't it too bad you can't sing?"

Said Pidge, his voice purring, "Isn't it good you can?"

The wonderful part of it all is that Pidge can sing, magnificently. He's also a musical highbrow of the first water.

BACK TO THE OLD FOR SOMETHING NEW

Old fashioned box suppers are the newest, smartest party idea in movieland. Contests between the most glamorous actresses in town as to which can make the best potato salad and the lightest cakes are reminiscent, in this new-fashioned town, of old-fashioned novels. For example, the Walter Langs gave a "box supper" for their friends the other night. Guests were the Ray Millands, the George Murphys, the Fred MacMurrays, Ann Sothern, June Havoc, Virginia Bruce, Mary Livingston—and all in honor of Cesar Romero on his first leave home from the Coast Guard.

Imagine a box supper for the sophisticated Cesar! A number was pinned on each guest as they came in the door, another on the box they brought, and then the drawing started.

Ray Milland stood in the corner looking very glum. He was sure he was going to get a box filled with peanut butter sandwiches, his pet hate.

When the drawing started everyone waited to see which partner he or she would get. Prize for the best box went to June Havoc and her prize was a pink bed jacket. Second prize went to Lillian MacMurray, a plastic luncheon set.

Cesar juggled the drawing numbers so he could sit with his newest best girl, Virginia Bruce. Fieldsie Lang figured out that for the whole party only fifteen ration points had been used. Ingenious these movie hostesses!

IT SEEMS TO BE SERIOUS

Very, very secret have been the datings between Bonita Granville and the dashing Lt. John Carroll.

Nevertheless, it has reached the stage of mothers meeting mothers and Bonita racing to the airport to meet planes.

John is the aide to the general in charge of fighting planes and is always flying all over the country. When the planes come in, standing at Bonita's side, also waiting, is usually Edna Skelton, the ex-Mrs. Red, whose beau Lt. Donald Zepfel is the other aide to the general. Both girls lunch frequently and the couples meet at each other's houses.

Bonita and her mother save their ration points like mad so they can have a big roast ready when John comes flying in. John's aristocratic mother is very fond of "Bun."

Something might come of this, although Bonita has said that marriage is out for her for the duration.

WAR WORKS STRANGE WONDERS

The Humphrey Bogarts, now overseas, were preparing for the trip. Mayo Bogart talked long and seriously with Frances Langford, who had recently returned from North Africa and Sicily, as to what the well-dressed entertainer should wear. Frances told Mayo that you just didn't stand a chance to get your hair washed, even do it yourself, so to take lots of snoods along.

There is one thing that Bogey gets into a towering rage about, and that thing is women's snoods. So when he came home one night to find a half dozen lying on Mayo's dressing table, the house rang with screaming howling rage, but quieted down when Mayo explained. So Bogey, who has been known to actually turn green when he sees a snood, has now traveled in five countries with his wife gaily wearing said hair-holders. So you see!!!

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LORETTA YOUNG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

like a cup filled with clear honey: sweet, golden, and bright with reflections.

Thus, just as Loretta grew up with the conviction that her mother was the most beautiful woman in the world, Judy is developing a similar belief—with extensions.

Colonel Tom Lewis, Judy and Loretta were at dinner one night when Judy rested her hand on her father's sleeve to interrupt something he was telling Loretta. "Just a moment, honey," he cautioned.

She waited. Under her breath she observed, "This is important."

Tom went on with his narrative, despite that small, insistent hand. Finally he turned. "All right, darling. What is it?"

"Am I pretty?"

He scanned the young lady's features. "Yes, I think you are a very nice looking little girl," he said judiciously.

This didn't quite satisfy the need. "Am I as pretty as Mommy?" she demanded.

"What you see in your mother's face that you admire is the light that comes from being happy and a fine person," he explained. "When you grow up, if you will remember to be as sweet and kind and gracious as your mother, I'm sure you will be as pretty as she is."

"Oh," said Judy, going to work conscientiously on her spinach.

What step-daddy Tom Lewis didn't explain to Judy was that things weren't always easy for her adopted mother. There were four of the Young girls, as you probably recall—Loretta, who was christened Gretchen; Sally, who called herself professionally Sally Blane, and who married Producer Harry Joe Brown and recently divorced him to marry Norman Foster; Polly Ann Young, who has been most happily married for years now; and Georgianna, the baby.

They were daughters of a broken marriage and they knew, even as babies, how valiantly their mother worked to support them, earning their meager income, at first, by running a boarding house.

Even as a very little girl, Loretta worked in pictures. She was such a beautiful child that Mae Murray, the star, wanted to adopt her—but Mrs. Young resisted that golden lure. She let Loretta visit Mae, but she kept their home together. At fourteen, Loretta was launched as a leading woman. The other two girls followed quickly in her glittering footsteps. Only Georgianna has never given a hoot about movies. She is as beautiful as her sisters, but she has made only one film, and that one employing all four of them, as a family unit.

They were always a family unit, the Youngs. And yet Loretta eloped, at seventeen. That was the romantic in her. She thought it was love. The man she chose was her leading man, Grant Withers. Yet actually, all this precocious child wanted was this defiance of home discipline, this showing the world that she could elope. She was completely unready for the discipline of marriage, and so, too, was Grant. They managed to stick it out for two years, and then they separated, with few hard feelings and even less regrets.

Loretta had gained one thing, however, from this silly escapade. She realized that there were deeper values to marriage, and she knew if she ever entered into another one, it would be for keeps. During the years before she met Tom Lewis, Loretta knew, despite her brilliant career, many lonely times. But she learned from the loneliness, just as she learned from the discipline of the studio. Acting was much more natural to her, for example, than always being on time, always being patient and cooperative, always being perfectly groomed. But just as she learned the fine technique of her profession, so she mastered these other lessons—until today she is one of the best dressed, most charming and most punctual women in existence.

Loretta Young grew up in a big family. She believes in big families and hopes to own and operate one herself some day. In a big family, discipline is relatively easy. Sharing is an established procedure, from necessity. Behavior follows a certain pattern or the rebel is razzed out of his attitude by other members of the family.

Out of all this Loretta came to the conclusion that when a child grows up alone, a parent has a double responsibility: that of adult guidance and contemporary criticism. Judy, luckily, has a small male cousin with whom she carries on Superman and Prince Valiant games. Boylike, he is still exercising the mountain goat instinct to climb roofs and incidental scaffolding. When Loretta caught him enticing Judy into a dangerous tight-pole walk along the patio arbor, she ordered them down at once.

The next day Judy tipped her head on one side and informed her mother, "Dickie doesn't like you. His mother will let him do anything he pleases, but you are always giving him orders and making him mind."

Loretta, taking this criticism seriously, sat down to talk the thing out with Judy. "When I go to the studio, I have to mind the producer and the director and the dialogue coach, and dozens of other people. I'm a grown woman, but I still have to take orders. Your daddy is a Lieutenant Colonel in the army, which is a very big job. He gives orders, but he also has to take orders from many, many people. You see, darling, the time to learn to do as you are told is when you are growing up. Most people have to take orders from someone all the days of their lives; the only way to be happy, doing as you are told, is to have learned the habit of obeying when you are small. Does that make sense, darling?"

"Well . . ." said Judy, obviously stymied by this flow of logic. However, the chat had results, because the next time Judy and Dickie were playing together, Judy gave her small cousin the benefit of Loretta's lecture.

Although Loretta used her studio experience as foundation for a coaching session, her actual picture work means little to Judy, who has never seen one of her mother's films.

"I don't want her to put on airs—not more than she is inclined to do naturally," Loretta confided. "When she asks me what I do at the studio I tell her I merely act. That I like to act. I explain that some mothers cook fancy foods. Some sew beautifully. Some work for the Red Cross or the Junior League or the Canteen. But I just act. Judy has heard all about those other activities from her school friends, so it all seems logical to her."

According to Loretta, part of the happiness of taking one's place between two generations lies in the opportunity one has to fulfill one's own childhood lacks.

For instance, Loretta was a slender child of twelve with freckles, wide green eyes and bands on her teeth when she was taken shopping for a new hat. She saw one that she liked, but her mother, usually indulgent in other things, had definite notions about headgear. "Heavens, you don't want that," she contradicted. "Here is a much nicer hat. It is a more practical color and it will wear a long time."

Loretta, her eyes still on the bonnet of her choice, tried on the other hat. Well, it was the proper size, but that was about all she could say for it. She didn't like the shape, nor the color, nor the sensible material. But she gave in to her mother's persuasion.

About hats, there is a great mystery. The one you adore gets blown off your head into a mud puddle and run over by a casual motorist. The one you hate goes through flood, cyclone, earthquake and fire, and never suffers the slightest damage.

So it was with Loretta's sensible, and deeply loathed, topper. She thought it would last forever. She believes, to this day, that it is packed away in a trunk, spruce and fresh, and ready to be resurrected by another generation.

When Loretta and Judy went hat shopping recently, Judy's taste singled out a fragile, rather inappropriate confection of flowers, chiffon and ribbon. "But, darling," Loretta started to say, "most of the little girls are wearing hats like this one over here. This sensible navy blue. Wouldn't that be better?"

Then the half-forgotten ghost of that personal childhood hat settled on her head. The crown pinched in remembrance. The brim cast a shadow of acute unhappy memory. "But if you really want that fancy hat," she amended quickly, "I'll be glad to buy it for you."

She will never forget the worshipful look lavished upon her by her gratified daughter.

It was the same general expression she receives from her husband after a particularly successful dinner party at which she has entertained his army friends, and the same general display of visual admiration she gets during an army camp tour when she is decorated with the accolade, "There goes a gosh-swell girl."

Titles like that have to be earned, and Loretta is the gal who can qualify. It's self-thinking that earns some stars their reputations for being aloof, egotistical, hard to get along with; it's Loretta's thinking of other people that makes her someone you'd really like to know.

THE END

Two evenings of Errol Flynn's. When this dashing gentleman was south of the border, Nora Eddington turned up down there, too. Much to Errol's surprise! So after his return, he turned up at the Troc with this pretty blonde. Her name? It's Peggy Maley.

But now look! (At the right) A few evenings later, at the Mocambo. That's cute little Nora he's dating again. And regard her adoring gaze. Anyone seeing them dancing there that night would conclude that they were having a really swell time together, too. What is this, anyway?

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (20th Century-Fox) indulges in a wealth of undeniably beautiful dance routines which make stunning and tasteful patterns in Technicolor. Yet no one bothered to provide the picture with a story worthy of the camera magic. It is merely a trifle about a soldier who marches off to war leaving two girls believing themselves engaged to him. Naturally, this being a movie, the girls meet and one courageously hides her heartbreak because her man has apparently played her false.

Alice Faye is this young lady, a chorus girl on her way to stardom. She is provided with a hit tune, "No Love, No Nothing," in lieu of a role which differs not at all from the kind she has played in a dozen other musicals. James Ellison as the soldier and Sheila Ryan as the second sweetheart don't mean much, except that Sheila surprises even herself by dancing with Tony De Marco. Carmen Miranda gets some laughs by mixing up the English language, Benny Goodman and band do justice to the good music, but Phil Baker, fresh from radio, has a part that never does get to the $64 question.

GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW (RKO) goes "Grand Hotel" one better by spinning the yarns of six war-workers who are sharing a ride to an airplane factory. Their driver has imagined what his riders did before the war and what walks of life they came from. As he tells of how he read their characters, the actual stories of their lives flash across their minds. Among them are a refugee girl from Paris, the warden of a penitentiary, an ex-hobo, an auto speedway racer and a one-time winner of the Miss America contest. Margo, John Carradine and Robert Ryan fare best in the roles assigned them, yet a novelty theme of this calibre should have been more importantly cast.

ROGER TOUHY, LAST OF THE GANGSTERS (20th Century-Fox) tells us again, in no unmistakable terms, that crime does not pay. Not for several years has Hollywood turned attention to gangster practices so familiar in the days when Cagney, Robinson, Bogart and company made entertaining faces at the law. But their films were not acceptable for export to foreign countries, so Hollywood quit making crime melodramas which might be misunderstood when shown overseas. "Roger Touhy, Last of the Gangsters," however, is solely for American consumption, so punches aren't pulled in depicting the final exploits of the former Capone mobster who is

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now serving a term of 99 years in prison, all because the FBI got after him after ironically being given jurisdiction of the case because the gang had forgotten to register in the draft.

In the exciting action on a big-time scale, Preston Foster plays Touhy, and Victor McLaglen is his second in command, a formidable character named Owl Banghart, once a school teacher, who forever corrects grammatical lapses of his lawless associates. Kent Taylor, Anthony Quinn, Henry Morgan and a number of muggs you haven't seen very often since hoodlums went out of style are in the cast. There's a jail break and a climaxing capture for swell thrill stuff.

SWING FEVER (MGM) fails to allow Kay Kyser to run much of a temperature and gets nowhere fast. The band leader appears as a guy who has an "evil eye" which immobilizes anyone he glares at. It is a stunt a crooked prizefight manager thinks will be of value in helping him win the championship for his palooka. So he keeps the guy with an eye handy by allowing him to lead the orchestra in his nightclub. Marilyn Maxwell does her first screen warbling as the singer with whom Kyser falls in love, and William Gargan is the manager who loses her to him.

THE FALCON AND THE CO-EDS (RKO) sends Tom Conway into a girls' school to solve a murder mystery. Conway, who took over the title role from George Sanders, his brother, has more to offer than such a little adventure allows him to show. Followers of the series may find it to their liking, although the mystery is as carelessly worked out as the title. The students aren't co-eds, for they attend an exclusive school for girls.

MINESWEEPER (Paramount) is a shipshape action drama that gets where it's going—but fast. Dealing with the training of crews for Navy minesweepers, it also relates the personal story of a former deserter who returns to the service after war breaks and gives his life to save the shipmate who is his rival in love. Richard Arlen, Jean Parker and Russell Hayden form the romantic triangle.

SON OF DRACULA and THE MAD GHOUL (Universal) make up a double dose of spine-chillers which are being reviewed together because they will always play on the same bill together. In the Dracula offering, Lon Chaney plays the offspring of that old debil vampire who comes to America as Count Alucard (Dracula spelled backward) and leads Robert Paige, Louise Allbritton, Evelyn Ankers and Frank Craven a merry chase. "The Mad Ghoul" is about a grave robber who is under the control of a mad scientist.

SHE READ THIS BOOK AND LANDED A MOVIE CONTRACT

How to get into the MOVIES
by Judith Allen
PRICE $1

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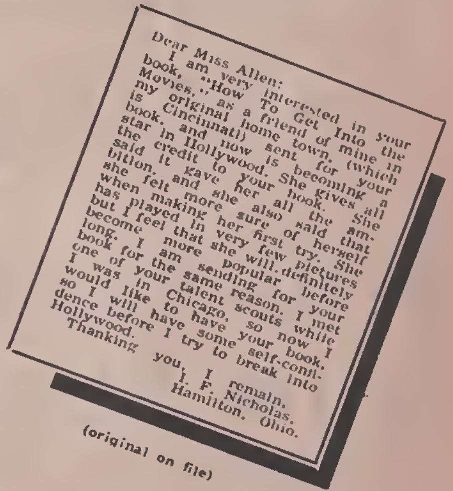
HERE'S THE LETTER WHICH TELLS HOW SHE DID IT



Dear Miss Allen:
I am very interested in your book, "How To Get Into the Movies," as a friend of mine in my original home town, (which is Cincinnati) sent for your book, and now is becoming a star in Hollywood. She gives all the credit to your book. She said it gave her all the ambition, and she also said that she felt more sure of herself when making her first try. She has played in very few pictures but I feel that she will definitely become more popular before long. I am sending for your book for the same reason. I met one of your talent scouts while I was in Chicago, so now I would like to have some self-confidence before I try to break into Hollywood.
Thanking you, I remain,
I. F. Nicholas,
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(original on file)

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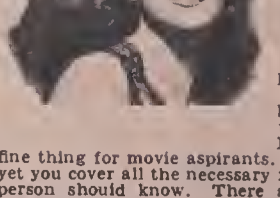

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I've just read your book, "How To Get Into the Movies" and I think you've done a fine thing for movie aspirants. The book is concise and yet you cover all the necessary fundamentals that every person should know. There are even lots of things that professionals can gain from reading it. I think it's just about the most expert and complete treatment that any book of this kind has ever had.
Sincerely, Christine Ayres.

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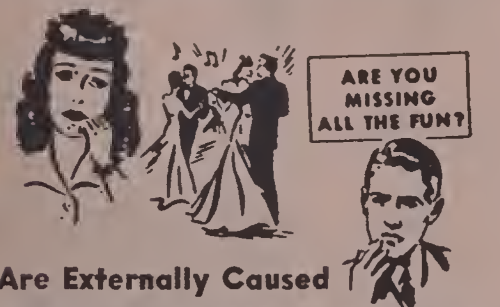
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BETTY HUTTON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

minute he calls that some business appointment has detained him.

"If he is thoughtful and sends orchids, I'm delighted. But if he's poor and can't afford flowers, that's all right, too.

"And I can't hurt anybody just to keep him interested or dangling. I can't parry wits in a clever little flirtation that is supposed to be just an interlude. When I fall in love, I fall—and what I mean is orange blossoms and white veils and all that sort of thing—not just a little memory for both of us to look back on when we meet months later at one of the night clubs, *with somebody else*. The trouble with me," Betty sighed, "is that my cards are on the table. Beatrice Fairfax should send me some good advice."

Now I ask you, did you ever hear talk like that from any other movie queen? She is so young—just twenty-two—that perhaps her heart has not been dented as seriously as her pride in some of her "unlucky" romances.

Of course, her name has been linked with several men who weren't even vaguely romances in her life. Recently, for example, Betty has been surprised to find herself mentioned in print and over the radio as being "interested" in Arturo de Cordova. The only thing wrong with that story is that Arturo is not divorced from his Mexican wife (as this is written) and when the divorce is final he is expected to marry Lupe Velez.

This sort of thing doesn't seriously upset Betty. "I'm still at the stage where I can't believe they're interested enough in me to print *anything*—true or false," she says.

But just see, when it *was* the real thing, Betty gladly told the world.

For some time now, too, even before this making definite of her marriage plans with husband-to-be Charles Martin, Betty has been concentrating on finding a home she can call her own. "I want a home of my own so bad I just ache," she said. "It seems that the past five years have brought me everything I've wanted, but my own home. We have been living in apartments—Ma and my stepfather and I—ever since we've been in Hollywood. And while it is nice, you have to be show people to realize what a home of your own really means.

"I have looked at places by the dozens. So has Mama. Every once in awhile we think we have found the right house. Not so long ago we saw a wonderful house. It was a dream—at least it was a dream to a kid who used to sing in beer gardens. But when they found out it was Betty Hutton who wanted to buy,-the price went up to $15,000."

You have to laugh, sometimes, at the things Betty says and the way she says them. She doesn't care. She wants you to. Laughter has made her what she is today—one of the most valuable stars in Hollywood. But somehow and someway there is a pensiveness and wistfulness about this little madcap singer.

She's "Murder," all right—but she's a sweet kid, too.

THE END

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SGT. GENE AUTRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56)

training, his eyes very blue in the midst of his wind-weathered tan, he speaks with a homely forthrightness that is out of this day and age.

"On my radio program for a while we were makin' a lot of government announcements. I was sittin' up there every week talkin' to other men, sayin, 'Get into the Army, fellows—', tellin' them about their duty and the Army's advantages. I got to feelin' so guilty I hardly had the heart to say it any more. The people listenin' to me every week, I knew, were all folks who liked to believe what I said. If it was true, why wasn't I doin' it myself?"

As a star, Autry has travelled more than 100,000 miles yearly to make personal appearances. Close contact with public adulation has left its imprint on Gene. Although sex has never been his selling point, any gathering in his honor includes the prescribed number of frenzied females of the type that causes all Hollywood he-men to pale. He could easily endow a Haven for Stampeded Screen Stars, with the price of the custom-built sombreros and shirts he has had torn from his head and back by adult admirers.

The majority of Autry fans, however, are kids—the kids who govern what he says and does both on and off the screen. Because of the kids, a Western star worth his stirrups, never drinks or smokes before the cameras. He wins his gal by deed, and his daring does not extend to the sissy practice of planting a kiss on her brow or lips. Off-screen he also watches his p's and q's (publicity and quaffing). He steers clear of scandal and is never photographed at a bar nor with a glass in his hand.

Kid fans don't clutch and claw and tear at their idols. They stand at a respectful distance, their eyes big with worship and awe. Gene is looking forward to being able to meet that solemn gaze after the war.

"'What outfit were you with, Gene?' they're goin' to ask me. That's why I was proud to get into the U.S. Air Force. As for a commission—I didn't honestly feel I was any more entitled to it than millions of fellows just like me who had to begin in the ranks. Luckily, there's only two ratings that really qualify with the kids—they want you to be either a General or a Sergeant. It'd take too long to be a General—but the Sergeant I could give 'em in a hurry!"

"That's the whole story of how they got shoes on me," he sums it all up.

The last statement is no exaggeration. At the time he went into service, Autry had two pairs of shoes to his name, a pair of golf shoes and a pair of tennis shoes. For all other occasions he wore boots, handmade with a long-horn steer motif of his own design. They cost $40 the pair and for many years had been the chief revenue of a bootmaker in a small cow-town near Tioga, Texas, where Gene was born.

He hadn't a business suit to his name. His $10,000 wardrobe consisted entirely of custom-built cowboy suits, running the color gamut from brilliant purple to canary yellow, with one snow-white outfit for formal occasions, such as a visit to the White House. Part of his trappings, too, were the eight silver-mounted saddles on which he rode, two of them costing $2,500 apiece.

Today khaki becomes him, inwardly and outwardly. Army training is rigorous for a man of thirty-eight—even for a man born on a ranch and spending his youth with a travelling medicine show.

"But it's worth it to be with the greatest Army in the world," Gene says.

"It's great because a fellow like me can get into it. There we are—

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Official Marine Photo

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I remember, too, one sunny afternoon when I was washing clothes across from the former two-thousand-dollar-a-week actor, and he had a larger than usual washing—but he began with a smile instead of a frown, and completed the job in the limited time set.

Ty set a fine example and goal for all Hollywood actors. He was well liked for his persistent friendliness and consideration to everyone in close contact with him every day.

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bankers, lawyers, farmers, truck drivers, grocery clerks, and movie stars—all of us in there, fighting for the same things. I'm serving a country that gives me the right to make pictures if I want to, and the fellow beside me is defending his right to plow and tend his corn."

On the whole, his Army mates have treated him like any other fellow in uniform. In camp he finds it easy to be natural with them; on the outside once in a while a fellow soldier turns shy.

Several weeks ago he was being driven home from Santa Ana by a friend who stopped to pick up several other soldiers also. Gene was in the front seat, and the conversation went along normally for about a half hour, until suddenly he turned to face one of the boys in the rear and flashed a smile.

"Gene Autry—gee whiz!" said the young fellow in a stricken voice.

"I'll never forget the way his jaw dropped," says Gene. "Spoiled the whole ride—I couldn't get another word but 'yes sir' and 'no sir' out of those fellows for the rest of the trip!"

Ferrying bombers overseas is not what Gene considers a dangerous occupation.

"I don't think a Ferry pilot takes time out for fear," he says. "He's pretty busy—they don't waste much time on those hops any more. He knows he's flying with the best organized command in the world. If anything happens it's not because of what he's doing, but because his number happens to be up—so what's the use of worrying about it?"

Pin-Up Girls, the Sarge tells us, are not the main topic of conversation in an Army camp. In fact, he can't ever remember having seen a star's picture in a barracks.

"'Course, I may have been looking in the wrong barracks," he admits, "but from where I look, it's generally a picture of some girl from home you see in the boys' lockers, a sweetheart or wife, or maybe a mother.

"What all the boys want is to go—so they can come back again. Folks think Army men haven't much call to look ahead, but the boys themselves do nothing but long range planning. That farm they're going to come back and buy, those kids they're going to put through school, that's what the fellows keep their thoughts on."

Other important topics in camp are movies, a fighting man's greatest source of entertainment. They don't care much for war pictures, although a few of the more authentic ones have met with a good reception. On the whole, the men prefer music, love and laughs. The last two commodities, says the Sarge, are a good thing to put into your letters to them, too. The Crosby-Sinatra controversy has hit the home camps, and says friend Gene, Bing hasn't a thing to worry about.

Autry himself is doing a little long range planning. Walking over the green and rolling grounds of his home, he points to a blackened space among the tall trees where his house stood, until it was destroyed by fire recently. After the war, he will rebuild it.

Meantime, Mrs. Autry has moved into the semi-circular playhouse at the rear of the estate, and Gene makes this his headquarters when he is home. Granted that the playhouse would be a very acceptable permanent resi-

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dence for ordinary folk, for a movie star it is gratifyingly simple—low-roofed, pine-walled, a lot of windows. There is an aquamarine swimming pool in back, and a badminton court, both luxury items but simple in design and fittings. You are willing to wager that the house will be similarly solid and unaffected, reflecting the tastes of the man and woman who live there.

Gene is married to a boyhood sweetheart, a young schoolmarm he swept off her feet by sheer charm, long before she knew if he was even going to turn out to be a paying proposition. Fame and fortune so far hasn't had its alleged effect upon their happiness together.

"What I like most about my wife," he tells you, "is her grand understanding of people and their problems. She's so human, it would be hard not to be happy with her."

While Gene Autry, the soldier, is away, it is interesting to note that the business of Gene Autry, the cowboy star, goes on. There are millions of sweatshirts, holsters, chaps, spurs, cartridge belts, shaving creams, hair oil, toy balloons and other products bearing his name, still being sold. Royalties from his music publishing firm still come rolling in. Presents from admirers still arrive—the day we sat with Gene in his trophy room he was unwrapping an object knitted of khaki yarn, trying like every soldier who ever received a like package to figure out whether the darn thing was a helmet or a chest protector.

In a small building beside the pool, two stenographers report daily to sort and answer the fan mail, which shows no decrease after his year off the screen. The room in which they work is fitted up like a postoffice, with boxes for every state in the union, and every country in the world. It is a matter of surprise that New York, center of sophistication, is stamped on a large bulk of the letters. (Autry broke all attendance records at Madison Square Garden with his last rodeo.) Mail from Europe, strangely, has increased.

When the war broke out, Gene was in Liverpool, England. With Champ, he had just completed one of the most triumphant tours of the British Isles ever made by any man, picture star or politician. In Dublin he sang to what has been estimated as the largest audience ever assembled, 750,000 people who packed the public squares until they photographed not like humans, but like caviar in a can.

In his scrap-book are European newspapers front-paging his coming. Typical of them is the British sheet which scare-heads his interview clear across the masthead: *"Gunning For Fame, With Gene Autry."* Pushed into smaller type at the bottom of the page are a few sinister sayings from a couple of other gunners, Hitler and Mussolini, and an announcement: *"Roosevelt Makes Last Plea For Peace."*

Gene remembers his pleasure when the little Princess Elizabeth publicly announced him as her favorite picture star, but the thrill he'll never forget was when he left Ireland. Thousands of fans lined the dock to see him off, and the last sound he heard was their raised voices, singing "Come Back to Erin."

"I'm goin' back—soon, I hope," he says. "But this time Champ will have to stay home. I'll be goin' over in a bomber!"

THE END

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ALAN LADD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

that threw him. Not that he complained. He knew he didn't have that privileged right, and he was there to do what he was told to do, like any other good soldier.

He was proud as Punch the day he got his Corporal's stripes, but any sensitive, intelligent corporal knows the distance from there to General is about four generations.

"Oddly enough, though," Alan says, "my year in the Army was the most pleasant one I've ever known. I wasn't so far away from Susie but that I could get back and see her occasionally. I was lucky to be near Sue when Alana was born, and as you know, she nearly got born in a movie theater. It seems as though Sue and I are always in movie theaters at the important moments of our life. I proposed to Sue in a theater. My career, of course, has been there, and there we were, when Alana started making her debut into this world, and did we have to make a run for that hospital!

"The Army, however, was like going back to school for me. I hadn't had so much of that book routine before. Fighting my way up, I hadn't had much chance at close friendships. In the Army, there were both. I liked the discipline. I liked the fellows. I liked the discussions we had. I went into the war impulsively, even emotionally, but as we'd sit around and beat our chops, I began to understand, from fellows smarter than I, what this war is about and what we are really fighting for. You know how actors are—all 'I,' 'I.' Well, in the army 'I' means nothing. It's the family, not only your family, or even the family that is America and American ideals, but the family of nations, the vast, international family of men of good-will—that's what counts and is what we are fighting for.

"With that in my heart, you can imagine how I felt when they kept hospitalizing me. Know what I'm living on now? A diet of milk, crackers and cheese. And that for me, strictly a meat and potato man up until now! Why, I wouldn't even eat lamb, and as for stew, oh brother! Strictly beef for me, it was. So now look. I could get along without teeth on my present diet."

The doctors have demanded that Alan take a complete rest for a few months, and this time he is obeying orders. When he comes back in "And Now, Tomorrow," you will see not the killer but the Alan Ladd who is the dreamer and the romantic.

"I think I'll be quite different," Alan said. "Certainly there's something I want my acting to express that I never even thought about before I was in the Army. To provide excitement isn't enough. I want to help sell America to America, to the world. I want people to rediscover those ideals that maybe a lot of us lost for a while. It isn't enough for us merely to live up to the things that America stands for. We've got to live way beyond that, so that we can inspire the whole world."

"You're still in the fight," I said.

"With everything I've got," Alan said.

THE END

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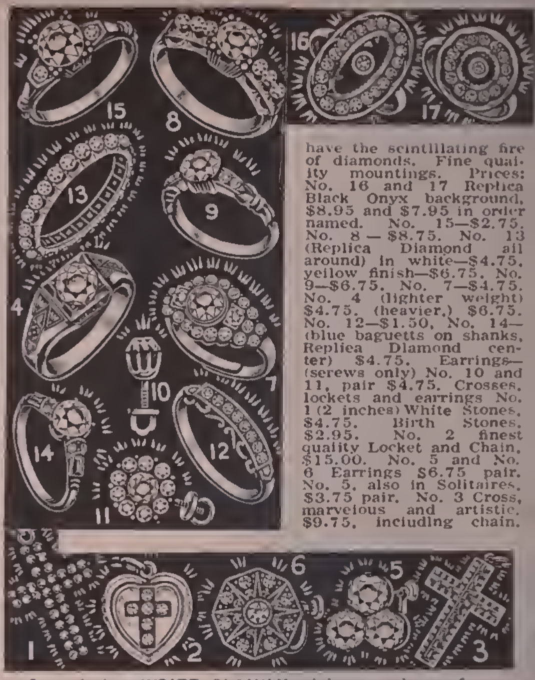

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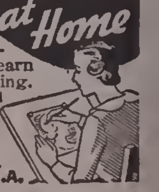

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UNHAPPY ENDING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

psychic summons drew her glance to the door. There stood one Robert Walker, devouring her with his eyes. In a scant second's elapse, his glance wrote all those letters he had never sent; his smile sang all the love songs his voice had never uttered; his lifted eyebrows asked all the questions his courage could never frame.

Jennifer excused herself from the cleric and spoke to Bob in the breathless half-sentences appropriate for such a moment. Only one thing emerged from the conversation that she was to remember afterward: they made a date for the following night.

As Bob didn't feel that he had enough happy cabbage to go on to school, he took a jack-of-all-trades job at the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village. Jennifer, learning about it, decided that she should be doing the same. "If you're going to troupe, so am I," was the way she put it. After all, she had done a lot of trouping on the road in the Isley Stock Company before that.

Entrance to this theater was via a stairway built . . . doubtless . . . by Senor Methuselah's grandfather. If honor is to be attached by age, this stairway was the most honorable covey of steps on earth . . . and twice as rickety.

The dressing rooms were roofed daisy-petal style: one space leaked, one didn't. Getting dressed and made up on a sodden night was like darting in and out of a giant sprinkler system, some of the outlets of which were clogged, but might give forth a fountain at any instant.

Additional hazard was the four-legged population, increasing with an abandon characteristic of rats. One week each small aperture in the corners of the dressing room was filled with bright, beady eyes. The next week the eyes had increased by number until there was considerable scuffling to see who should occupy the peephole to watch the pretty lady. By the end of the second week, the curious rodents were lining up along the wall and all but demanding cheese.

Jennifer and Bob, meeting behind scenes, clasped one another and breathed an ecstatic sentence. "Darling . . . isn't it wonderful?"

Jennifer's family came north to see just what was going on in their daughter's life, and were shown . . . with adjectives . . . through the theater. Funny thing. They didn't find the leaky dressing rooms quaint, the breakaway stairs intriguing, nor the rats too, too atmospheric. With shaking head they returned to Tulsa and Took Steps.

Shortly thereafter Jennifer received an offer from a Tulsa radio station to select, direct, stage, and cast a series of plays as sustaining programs. She might, the offer stipulated, select her own leading man. Which explains the immediate presence in Tulsa of Jennifer (at twenty-five dollars a week) and Robert Walker (at thirty-five a week).

On the way to the radio station one night they came to an important conclusion: when they had saved two hundred dollars, they would be married. This goal was attained in January, 1939.

They got their first chance at Hollywood then, or rather, Jennifer got hers. The picture was a Western at Republic, "New Frontier." Completed in less than two weeks, as Westerns are, it was a hard enough ordeal on actors like John Wayne, the star, who was accustomed to the swift technique: for a young, inexperienced actress like Jennifer it was agony.

Bob sat around the stages, miserable, waiting for her. No casting director gave him a tumble. "Just a skinny amateur," they called this lad whom mighty MGM today regards as their greatest discovery since Gable.

Jennifer galloped, literally and fig-

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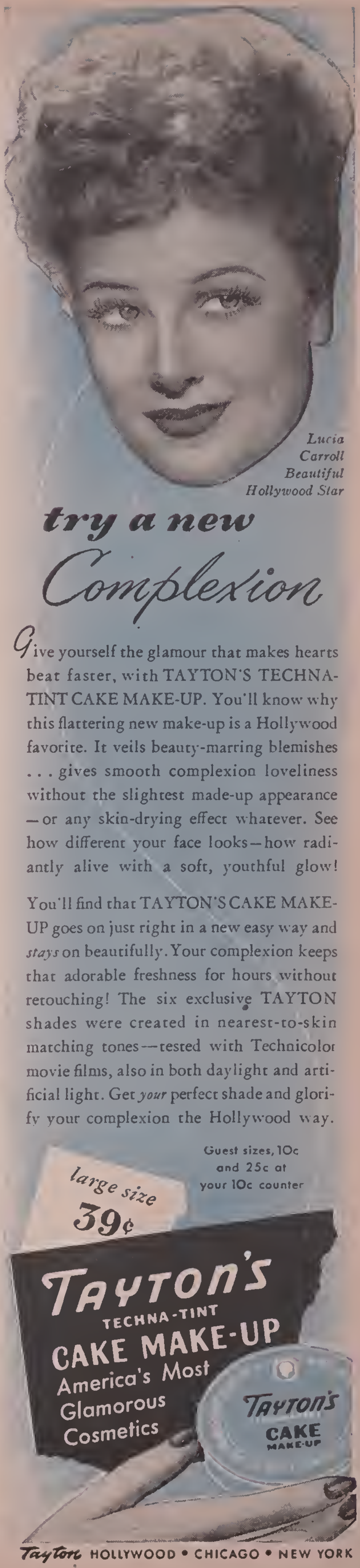

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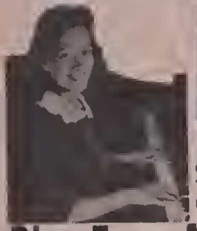

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uratively, through another Western, and then the Walkers decided if they starved, they could take no more of it.

Back in New York, Bob felt he had amassed enough student hours over the air so that he could conquer a big time station. The newlywed Walkers took a small cottage on Long Island, and Bob's radio ambition was fulfilled.

While Bob was building a personal career, Jennifer wasn't wasting her time. She and Bob had decided to have a family promptly, so that parents and children could grow up together. By October, 1942, there were two young Walkers—both boys. The first born was named Michael and the next, Robert, Jr. and Jennifer resembled a woman's magazine heroine in that she looked younger and more winsome than ever.

She and Bob decided that she, too, should resume her career. After taking several tests she was put under contract by David Selznick. Meanwhile, 20th Century-Fox had bought "The Song of Bernadette" and were conducting almost as exhaustive a search as was instituted for "Scarlet O'Hara." One look at her test convinced the biggies.

She bundled up the two youngsters and came to Hollywood at Bob's insistence, leaving him in New York. Just before Thanksgiving, one Saturday night, Jennifer placed a lonesome telephone call to her husband. There was no answer. All day Sunday she repeated her call without result. She gave this failure little thought; she knew Bob was busy and that any number of things might have kept him beyond telephone range.

Yet, when there was no letter from him on Monday morning, she discovered that she had swallowed a golf ball that had refused to budge beyond the point of her solar plexus. Sunk in preoccupation, she took the two boys over to a neighborhood park.

While she was keeping one eye on the progeny and one on her knitting, she decided to make that long distance telephone call her life work until she gained an answer.

"Come on, boys, we have to go back to the house," she called.

Young Mike, being nearly three, had a bright idea. "To meet Daddy?"

Jennifer bit her lip and made no answer. Half a block from the apartment, Bobbie emitted an Indian war whoop and charged down the street, straight into the arms of the man who arose slowly from his seat on a suitcase.

After greetings and kisses were exchanged, Bob explained—that incredible grin creasing his face—that he had tested for MGM without telling Jennifer a thing about it, and that he was signed to a long term contract. His first picture was to be "Bataan" and after that, "Private Hargrove."

If Mr. Walker's sturdy shoulder absorbed a few of his wife's delighted tears, who is to be surprised? "Get us," he chuckled. "Aren't we something?"

So that's their story. Who could have predicted that such a story would be fated to come to an unhappy ending? There seems no plausible "why" for the failure of a marriage given so many advantages. Explanations are lacking, but the regrets are many; for the Walkers' was a married happiness generously admired—and envied.

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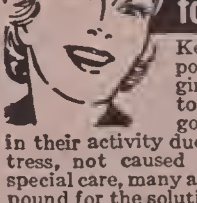

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SAN LUIS REY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

breathtakingly beautiful than he had remembered. Then she was in his arms, and for a breathless moment the world stood still.

"The plaza is packed with people," he said as he released her at last. "Everybody is there. Music! Dancing! Come along."

She hesitated, torn between her desire and the fear of offending the Viceroy, for his displeasure could mean the end of all the things Uncle Pio had planned for her, the triumphs that had come to mean so much to her, too. But when she told Manuel and saw the hurt clouding his eyes she knew that nothing mattered except being with him.

At first she went unnoticed in the crowd. Then suddenly there was a cry of recognition.

"Look!" someone cried out. "La Villegas! It is she!" And they clustered around her feeling that for all the glory that had come to them she was still one of them, of the people. "La Villegas!" they said, and they couldn't hold back their happiness. "You have come back to us! You have not forgotten!"

They asked her to sing and it was like the old days, singing to them, with Manuel's eyes fixed on her so eagerly. Only Esteban, hovering there on the edge of the crowd, refused to be swayed by her magic and he couldn't control the hatred in his eyes nor the sickness in his soul, feeling that from then on he would always be second in his brother's heart.

He felt there could never be any happiness for him again and he went back to his room at the inn wanting to escape the music and the laughter mocking his own sorrow. But his tormented thoughts were still with him. It was almost as though he could see Micaela in Manuel's arms, hear the soft words he was whispering to her.

At first it was like that. Hand in hand they wandered through the gay crowds. It wasn't until Micaela saw the Viceroy's carriage being driven rapidly towards the palace with Uncle Pio sitting so dejectedly in it that she had that pang of conscience.

"I hope Uncle Pio is not in trouble," she said softly. "The Viceroy may be angry."

"It serves him right that you didn't go at his call," Manuel said darkly. "These Viceroys think everything belongs to them."

"You see I didn't go." Micaela smiled as they turned into a small side street away from the crowds. "I came with you."

"But you were thinking of going," he said. "You must have accepted or he wouldn't have sent the coach."

Micaela became indignant now, too.

"Why shouldn't I?" she demanded.

"Don't you know why they ask you?" His young voice was raw with his misery. "Your name is on the front of the theatre. They want to look you over, like a freak, at close range. The women will make fun of you, the men will make love to you. And between the two you will be standing on your head."

Her small chin lifted.

"You think I would not be able to deal with them?" she asked indig-

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nantly. "Is that what you mean?"

He ignored the question.

"Do you promise not to go?" he asked.

"No," she said flatly.

"You will!" He grasped her elbow and wheeled her around. Then suddenly all his fury against her was spent. He took her in his arms but she was still resentful as she twisted away from him.

"You talk about the Viceroy," she said hotly. "You want everything your way, too. I shall do as I please." And as he stood there uncertainly she turned and ran away, her laughter drifting back to him, mocking him.

After that first rebellious moment he ran after her, but she was lost among the merrymakers. And so at last he went to the inn. And it was there he found Esteban and saw the blood spouting from the wound in his breast and the stained knife lying beside him. And he knew it was because of Micaela his brother had tried to kill himself.

The doctor came but he did not give much encouragement as he dressed the wound. All that night Manuel listened in agony as his brother raved in delirium—and always the name on his lips was Micaela's.

"She will not bring you happiness," he sobbed. "She does not love you. But no matter, perhaps I will not trouble you any more."

"You will live," Manuel said quietly. And it helped to keep repeating the words over and over again.

The darkness went and morning came. The street below quickened with the commonplace sounds of the day, but Manuel didn't even hear them. It was as if he were lost to all conscious thought just as Esteban was. And it wasn't until the door opened and he saw Micaela standing there that he felt himself coming slowly, painfully back to life again.

"Manuel," she said softly. "Doña Mercedes told me."

At the sound of her voice, Esteban was shocked out of his stupor.

"So you have come, Micaela!" he shouted. And in his rage he found the strength to raise himself up on his elbow. "You have come to see me die! You thought you could take Manuel away from me, but you were not worthy of him. You do not love anyone but yourself."

"Esteban!" she said in a horrified whisper. "How can you say that?"

Esteban sank back exhausted, and for a moment Manuel thought that he was dead. Half crazed with fear, he turned to Micaela.

"Don't torture him! Go away. I never want to see you again!" he cried.

Esteban didn't die, but Manuel became a changed man. Something seemed to have died in him. He was morose and silent, and when Esteban's recovery was complete he sailed on a journey half around the world.

Micaela never spoke of him after that. For many weeks she kept to herself and her work in the theatre. More invitations came from the Viceroy, every one of them more urgent than the last had been, and finally after one of her greatest triumphs she accepted.

Never had the Viceroy prepared for any guest as he did for Micaela. He placed her at his right hand at the dinner table, the position of honor which was formerly held by the Marquesa de Montemayer—and na-

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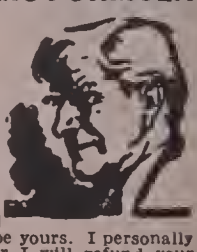

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turally the great lady resented this. But she was too clever to show her displeasure. Instead, she sat back in the drawing room afterwards while the other women guests taunted the interloper, reminding her of the days they had tossed coins to her when she sang in the streets.

Micaela sat there silently, unable to strike back at them. She had played great ladies, queens, empresses and always she knew what to say because Uncle Pio had taught her the words. But tonight when she needed words as never before, no words would come. She didn't know her part. She was helpless.

And as the Marquesa saw the Viceroy's anger mounting, she realized how much he cared for Micaela and knew how she could make use of his adoration. So when Micaela, stung beyond endurance, rose as if she were leaving, the Marquesa went to her.

"My dear la Villegas," she said. "Pay no attention to them. There's nothing like jealousy to sharpen the tongue."

And Micaela thanked her gratefully, feeling that she had found a friend.

It was at this part of the story Brother Juniper knew that he needed help again. He had recorded all that he had discovered of these lives, but the solution still evaded him, the threads were still tangled. So again he went to the Abbess, imploring her to tell him all she knew of the Marquesa.

She answered reluctantly, because she still wondered if it were not impious to question the acts of God. But little by little the friar learned of the strange enigma in the life of the Marquesa. How she suffered through a love that embittered her whole nature, a love for her only child, Doña Clara, a love so demanding and possessive that it was not love at all but a selfish obsession. He learned too, how after her daughter had married and gone to Spain the Marquesa became so embittered that from then on a blind emotion colored her whole life, making her think of nothing but how she could bring her daughter back to her again.

At last she went to the Abbess, asking if there were not one of the young orphaned girls in the Convent she could take into her house to be her companion and so ease her loneliness. And so eloquently did she make her plea that the Abbess selected Pepita, the young girl she loved more than any of the others, the girl she had decided would one day be her successor. For she knew that a stay at the Marquesa's villa would be an experience that would develop the girl's mind and teach her a certain worldliness that would help her in her work in later years.

But Pepita could not take Doña Clara's place, and her presence in the house only made the mother's loneliness the more unbearable. And so the days passed, and the weeks and the months, in that agony of longing—until that night of the Viceroy's dinner when the Marquesa saw the opportunity for using his infatuation for Micaela to serve her one compelling interest.

Uncle Pio was the proudest man in Peru, as the Viceroy became more and more enamored of Micaela. But his triumph was short lived. For Micaela, finding a peace she had never known before in the company of this man so much older than herself, the first man she had ever known who

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Several years ago Joan Crawford was shopping in one of New York's popular department stores when she was mobbed by fans. She escaped from them into a very exclusive store. As she cowered in a corner, she looked out on Fifth Avenue and saw Einstein, the discoverer of relativity, walking along hatless, his hair ruffled by the wind. There were no fans swarming around him. But Miss Crawford sighed, "Isn't he wonderful?" and stood with her nose plastered to the window, just as her fans were doing, except that they had stood outside looking in, and she stood inside looking out.

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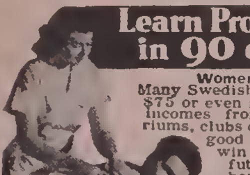

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did not make demands on her but only tried to please her, retired from the theatre.

She liked the man for himself, for he was charming and it had always been his pleasure to please women. But more than that it gave her a feeling of accomplishing something much more worthwhile than she had ever accomplished in the theatre. And she saw that because of his association with her, the Viceroy was brought closer to the people. Because she had come from their humble source, his interest in their welfare and education was awakened. She knew there were people around her who hated her, Don Gonzalo most of all. But so secure did she feel of the Viceroy's devotion and the Marquesa's friendship that none of the others mattered.

Then came the day when she was to discover the Marquesa was her enemy. Strange that it was Esteban who brought the news to her. Strange it was for her, whom he still hated, that he was breaking his oath as a scribe. Maybe in his perverse way he felt he was being loyal to Manuel, or maybe he was trying to atone for having taken Manuel from her. The reason, whatever it was, lay hidden in his complex brain.

The Marquesa had summoned him to write a letter to her daughter, since her own fingers were so crippled with rheumatism she couldn't hold a pen. And Micaela listened horrified as Esteban told the things the old woman had dictated. There was some truth in them, but she had embroidered and exaggerated the facts of the Viceroy's love for Micaela, bidding her daughter to whisper them about the Court in Madrid so that the gossip would reach the King's ear and he would recall the Viceroy and elevate another in his place.

"The other, I hope, will be your husband," she had dictated. And a smile had played about her lips as she spoke. "He is in high favor with the King and I pray that he may return here to rule and bring you back to me."

Micaela felt she had turned to stone as she listened. All the peace she had felt was gone, as she realized the Viceroy might suffer disgrace because of her. Esteban had destroyed the letter but there would be others. She had to find a way of stopping the Marquesa's venom before it was too late.

She had depended on Uncle Pio for so many years that it was to him she turned now.

"I dare not tell the Viceroy," she whispered. "If I admit I am involving him in trouble, he'd be furious, and at me. I don't know what to do. I need you, because as always when I need them, I have no words."

"We'll find them," Uncle Pio said, and it helped that his voice sounded so confident. "When will you see the Marquesa again?"

"This afternoon at a small musicale," she said. "Everyone of importance will be there. They have asked me to sing."

"Good." He smiled. "We will have a special song ready for them. Yes, new words to an old song."

No one at that musicale had any warning when Micaela began to sing. There was the melody she had sung so often, her voice as gay and lilting as ever. But the words of the song lashed at the old Marquesa. Her name wasn't mentioned, but no one could mistake the old crow Micaela sang

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about, the old crow who drove her daughter away from her by her cawing and pecking only to try to bring her back by turning the palace upside down so that it would make a regal nest for her fledgling.

The old Marquesa sat in frozen silence to the very end. Then somehow from the depths of her rage and humiliation she managed to summon a dignity that she held about her like a cold, proud cloak as she left the room, as she drove through the streets to her home. But it could not protect her from herself.

She staggered as she walked up the stairs to her room, and then at the threshold a new fury seized her as she saw the girl Pepita kneeling before the Prie Dieu in the alcove, the little altar that had been her daughter's. But before her anger could be voiced, she heard the girl's whispered words. She was praying for her, the Marquesa! She was pleading with God to forgive her for planning evil against a man who had never harmed her.

"She believes that she loves her daughter," the girl said softly. "But true love is not cruel, it serves unselfishly without greed. Help her to understand that happiness cannot come from evil."

The Marquesa did not wait to hear any more. With a strangled sob she turned and walked heavily down to the drawing room and sank into a chair, her trembling hands covering her face.

She heard a commotion in the street outside, but she did not stir. Then she was conscious of someone coming into the room, but at first all she saw was the bare feet of the woman standing before her. Then as her eyes travelled slowly upwards she saw first the black dress worn by penitents, then Micaela's cold proud face, Micaela who had been ordered by the Viceroy to come there as a common sinner and beg forgiveness; for even before the Viceroy's love for her came his code of behavior among ladies and gentlemen and she had violated that code.

Only those few moments before the Marquesa would have gloried in Micaela's shame, but now there was only the sense of her own transgressions. It was she who had sinned, not Micaela. And as her stumbling words confessed her selfishness and wrong doing, Micaela could not hold back her sobs as she sank on her knees before her.

"Tomorrow I shall go to the Shrine at San Luis Rey," the Marquesa said softly. "And my prayer shall be: 'Let me live now, let me begin again.'"

She began to weep then, and so for a little while they wept together.

When Micaela left at last her head was held proudly and all the shame of being humbled in the streets was gone. Then as she went into her villa she heard her name called and she turned to see Manuel standing there, shaking with rage because of the ordeal that had been forced on her. His ship had come in only that day and he had seen her in her penitent's garb, but he had been unable to reach her through the crowd.

"Come with me, Micaela," he begged. But even as they stood there, their hands clinging, the door opened and the Viceroy entered with the obsequious Don Gonzalo at his heels.

Manuel had never been one for dis-

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cretion and now his furious epithets struck at the Viceroy for the public shame he had brought on Micaela. Don Gonzalo stepped forward threateningly, his hand on the hilt of his sword, and Manuel's involuntarily went to the pistol stuck in his belt. It was all that Don Gonzalo wanted, that gesture, and he was quick to seize on it and put Manuel under arrest. Micaela could have reasoned with the Viceroy alone, but with Don Gonzalo there, reminding the Viceroy of his danger, she was powerless.

"I am protecting him from himself," the Viceroy said as the door closed on the others. "I can't blame him for loving you, I do myself. But one of us must change."

"You mean I must change!" Micaela flung the words at him bitterly. "All my life men have been telling me what to do. Uncle Pio, Manuel, then you! Educating me, managing me, dictating to me, correcting everything I did from how to use a fork to walking in bare feet! I've been going to school long enough. I've graduated!"

"Then today is doubly important," he said. "You remember our engagement to visit the city of Huanuco tomorrow to dedicate the new hospital? Since the hospital was your idea it is important that you go. Not for me, but for the people."

"You expect me to do this with Manuel in prison?" she raged.

"I expect you to carry out your duty, as I do," he said. Then his voice softened. "Micaela, I came to you today to ask you to be my wife."

It was her sublime triumph but it meant nothing. She looked at him and her eyes were veiled, inscrutable.

"You have paid me the greatest compliment . . . too late," she said. And then coldly, "You haven't told me what you intend doing with Manuel."

"We can discuss that on the road," he said. "I suggest that you make ready."

It was as they were leaving early the next morning that the word came that Manuel had escaped. Micaela tried to hold back her wild triumph. But as she sat beside the Viceroy in the state carriage she shuddered for Manuel's future safety, as she saw Don Gonzalo's baleful eyes fixed on her. He had never forgiven her for that unintentional insult of that day so long ago.

She was glad to see the Marquesa's carriage already there as they reached the bridge, for she did not relish that first moment when she would be alone with the Viceroy. And as he crossed, the Marquesa walked behind him, as befitted her rank, with the child Pepita helping her. Then as Don Gonzalo followed, Micaela's breath came in a surprised gasp as she saw Esteban hurrying to the bridge. And as she stood aside to let him pass, an old Indian followed him on the narrow span.

The Viceroy had reached the other end as Micaela stepped on the bridge. She had gone just a few steps when she heard a familiar whistle and turned to see Uncle Pio hidden among the rocks near the entrance of the bridge. Then as she saw Manuel crouching beside him, she started back, her emotions torn between joy and her fear that he would be discovered. She must warn him. She must tell him.

Suddenly she heard that tearing sound and felt the bridge slipping from under her. She felt strong hands grasping hers, pulling her back. And then there was the safety of Manuel's arms holding her as she heard the frenzied screams of the five who had still been on the bridge—Esteban, the Marquesa and the child Pepita, Don Gonzalo and the old Indian.

Brother Juniper had recorded all of this, all that he had learned of those five who had been flung to death from the broken bridge. But still the full meaning evaded him, for each time he found a truth he found also a contradiction. There were the different things that had been said of Micaela. Various people called her various things. Artist, adventuress, upstart, mongrel and great lady, she had been called all of these, for no human being seems the same to any other two.

Even the Viceroy had perhaps been misunderstood, Brother Juniper thought, for he had accepted the fall of the bridge as a sign of the gulf separating him from Micaela and so had done nothing to threaten her happiness with Manuel.

The friar had learned, too, that it was Uncle Pio who had managed Manuel's escape from the prison and that Esteban had set out to overtake the Viceroy in the hope that he might win a full pardon for his brother. But somehow, try as he would, he could not put all the threads together. Why had Esteban lived before when his life was in such grave danger, only to die now?

Why, why, why?

The questions burned in Brother Juniper's brain, but there was no answer to any of them.

So at last he knew that the Abbess had been right and that no human mind can measure the design of God Almighty. There were the dead and there were the living, and no one could cross the bridge dividing them, the bridge fashioned of the love that had once held them together.

Brother Juniper recorded the lives of all these people. And just as he could find only puzzles in their pasts, so it was impossible that he could predict what was their future. "Manuel and Micaela—will they be married?" he asked Uncle Pio. But the wise old Pio wouldn't comment.

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 6

R	A	C	A	■	M	A	J	O	R	■	S	O	P	S
A	R	A	R	■	C	L	E	F	T	■	T	R	A	P
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T	A	M	I	R	O	F	F	■	D	O	N	A	L	D
■	■	■	D	I	N	T	■	L	O	U	■	■	■	■
S	T	R	A	T	A	■	M	I	N	I	S	T	E	R
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NOW I DARE TELL THESE STORIES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

interviews with members of my own sex. Questions that I can put to a woman star without batting an eye would make me feel like a fool if I had to ask them of men. However, my favorite actors to talk to, casual like, are Cary Grant, Jimmy Cagney, Franchot Tone, and Bob Taylor.

An interview with Bob Hope is always a memorable experience, except that unless you are a shorthand expert (which I am not) you're apt to forget half of his cracks by the time you're ready to write your story. Bob must have a million gags stored up in that agile brain, and he can twist any of them around to suit the occasion.

One of my particular pets is the droll Helen Broderick, whose dead pan conceals one of the most devastating senses of humor in Hollywood. Some of the stories she tells about the strange happenings on movie sets are gems. No respecter of personalities, Miss Broderick is never malicious, but she is never fooled.

A still taken in the days when she played duenna to Ginger Rogers in those Astaire-Rogers musicals is one of her most prized possessions.

"You know, both Ginger and Fred were allowed to retouch their own photographs," Helen related. "Most of the big stars have a wonderful time going over their stills, marking them with grease pencils to show where they want lines taken out.

"Well, a magazine wanted an informal picture of me with Astaire and Rogers, and we posed for it. I didn't get to see the proofs, not being a big star, but both of the others got out their red pencils and had a wonderful time. When the pictures came back, I was delighted. I looked about twenty-five, and Ginger and Fred were teen age kids. But first Ginger objected, then Fred. Out came the red pencils, and back the pictures went to the still gallery. The next time I saw them I nearly fainted. Astaire and Rogers were now about twelve—and since the retouchers had worked on me along with the others, I was a sort of Lana Turner effect of eighteen. Oh, it's a lovely still. I look at it for hours."

Many a studio photographer has cursed the day when a movie star was first allowed to "okay" a photograph. It has led to headaches by the score . . . because the stars have their own ideas, even as you and I, as to what they really look like. Vivien Leigh, for example, will not approve a picture showing her smiling. Although a photographer once prevailed upon her to pose for a whole series of smiling shots (I saw them and they were delightful) she would not allow them to be released for publication. And Claudette Colbert, for some odd reason, always turns her left cheek to the still camera. She just doesn't like the right side of her face, although most of us know that Claudette is a dish upside-down, sideways, or backwards.

On the reverse side of the ledger, there are the previously mentioned Miss Davis and Sheridan, who don't give a hoot what they look like, as long as the pictures have life and action.

Rita Hayworth also belongs in this category. She has many of the same qualities of Ann Sheridan, only more subdued. Rita is a genuinely sweet person, always thoughtful and considerate. She is also one of the two stars who have actually thanked me for a story after seeing it in print.

My most embarrassing moment as a Hollywood interviewer came during a cocktail party several years ago. Quite a number of movie players were present, among the late arrivals being Jane Wyman and her husband, Ronald Reagan. Remembering what a cute trick Jane Wyman was on the screen, I was rather startled at her appearance. She was, quite frankly, on the plump side, and a short silver fox jacket didn't help any. I turned to someone on my right and said rather peevishly. "That girl certainly has let herself go!"

Unfortunately it was one of Miss Wyman's best friends who answered ever so sweetly, "Jane is expecting a baby next week."

After that, I kept my big mouth shut.

THE END

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LANA TURNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

my friends is the act of a very wise wife. She makes me feel that my likes and dislikes are important to her.

I say this is wise, because experience, as married happiness experts are constantly telling us, shows that a husband and wife are happiest when they manage to make each other feel important. I don't mean for a moment that people who are married should lose their independence or their individualities. But I do think they must become interdependent—drawing from each other, and contributing to each other. Before I would consider a business opportunity or buy a pair of shoes, I talk it over with Lana; and she takes me into her confidence on everything, too. Before she starts a picture or a broadcast, she asks my opinion. I may have only a limited knowledge of the subject at hand, but—it's the principle of the thing; we are husband and wife, and we share our concerns and problems.

One thing for which I am grateful is that we enjoy the same things. We both love to dance; we like golf, tennis, and of course—picture shows. We don't like crowds, and we don't go to big restaurants. We like to go places, but don't care much for long trips.

A question I know you'd like to ask is, are we jealous of each other? If you love a person enough, you can't help but have a deep fear of losing them—just as you have a deep natural fear of losing your life. Yes, we are very much concerned over each other, but, trusting each other, we laugh at the little streaks of normal jealousy we sometimes see in ourselves. If you have enough mutual interests—as we have—jealousy never gets a chance to grow into anything unpleasant.

One mutual interest is outdoor life. My wife is really an athletic girl which, I imagine, will be a surprise to many. She is a good swimmer, and she is a wonderful shot, too. We used to do quite a bit of skeet-shooting and trapshooting. When it comes to bowling, I leave well enough alone. It's one sport at which she can beat me.

We both like to read. At home we spend a lot of time with books and magazines, or we play records, or talk. We both love our home, and spend a lot of time together. Of course, much of our conversation is about our baby, and one of our games is finding resemblances to each other in the baby's features. Lana thinks she has my eyes and brow, and I think she has Lana's nose, chin and facial contours. The thing is, she seems to change a little every day.

Motherhood has changed Lana somewhat—caused her to grow up a little more, it seems to me, mentally and spiritually. She is quieter than she used to be. Probably what I am trying to say is that she has found a pattern she wants to follow, a way of life that is satisfying and pleasing to her as a woman. If Lana ever quits the screen, she will already have established herself in the greater role of motherhood and homemaker. She loves domesticity, and is a born homemaker. She is clever with a needle. And I am not surprised that she once wanted to be a designer. She can bring home a hat, rip it up, put it together again in a way that would make Lily Dache envious. She can alter a dress and make it into something entirely different. Of course, such things always seem like magic to a man, but I've heard women say Lana is good at these things, so you don't need to take my word for it. You might think I'm prejudiced.

Blondes have been the subject of a lot of kidding for about ten years, but I want to say that I am glad Lana is blonde and that she wears her hair long. I fell in love with her as a blonde, and I'd like her to stay a blonde.

"If you like my hair that way," she says, "darling, that's the way it will remain."

Of course, if she ever wanted to change it, she could probably talk me into seeing her way. In fact, I'll bet she could. You see, it is these endearing qualities in her that, to me, make Lana what she is.

THE END

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Sure enough, he was. But Virginia, who has a soft place in her heart for service men, didn't forget the boy. After she was through with the show, she went searching for him. She found him in the kitchen, as he predicted, at k.p. with five other sad youths. None of them had seen the show.

Virginia told them to cheer up. Without an accompanist, she launched into one of her dead-pan songs. The boys loved it. She gave them an encore. They applauded her until the top kick arrived to see what all the row was about. He came to bawl the men out, but stayed to cheer Virginia.

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BRIAN DONLEVY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)

we'll have to answer. And one of the first I know will be about my early morning habits. You'll say, "Mommy, does every man go out at 6:30 in the morning and have breakfast somewhere else?"

And then your mother will probably say grimly, "Darling, every other daddy in the world except your daddy eats breakfast with his family. Your daddy is just different!"

Which will leave me in a fine hole. So I'd better explain it right now, even though you won't understand any more than your mother, because you're both women. But here it is:

Guys like to keep in shape. They like to have workouts in gymnasiums and steam baths and things, just because it makes them feel good. Well, most guys do it before dinner, but I like to do it before breakfast. So I hoist myself out of bed at 6:30 and drive to the Beverly Hills Athletic Club, where there are two other early birds like me. So we just work out, that's all. Then we go into the club kitchen and get ourselves breakfast of orange juice, coffee, toast and eggs, and then we wash up the dishes, and zingo! we're off to work. It's quite understandable—in spite of what you two dames may think!

But I know you'll understand, later on in life. Because I'm going to teach you how to work out, and how to fish and hunt and swim, and I'm going to take you in my truck up to my tungsten mine in the Piute Mountains near the Mojave Desert. A girl nowadays can be just like a boy—she can do anything. And I want you to grow up that way so you'll always be what you are now: natural. I know your mother is natural and I believe I am—and that is above all things the most important quality to have.

So hurry out of those doll dresses, pet. Your dad wants to make a man out of you!

August 20, 1943.

Judy, you queen among women! Two great things have happened today!

You were six months old—and you spoke your first word. It was "Uh-uh," and you said it with one blue eye sourly eyeing your spinach, and you shook your head the while.

You certainly talk a lot for your age, you know it? Maybe it means you'll grow up to be a female Walter Winchell. Or maybe it just means you'll grow up to be a female!

October 13, 1943.

Oh, Judy, your Dad is low enough in his mind to squeeze under the rug. Lower than he's ever been in his whole life long—even when he was starving to death in New York in the early days, or being eaten with loneliness in Hollywood before he met your mother.

I'm sick in a hospital in Chicago, two thousand miles from you. And five doctors have just gone and they don't know what's the matter with me—and I feel awful, physically, and worse mentally. I'm going over everything I've ever known of you, like a drowning man. My first glimpse of you through the plate glass window at the hospital—and the first time

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you sat in the palm of my hand (and it just fit you, too!), and I said to your mother, "Look! The little devil can use my hand for an armchair—yet I've already got the money socked away in bonds for her college education!" And the time I was carrying you past the white iron ducks on our lawn and you said, "Duck!" just as clear as clear. Seven months old you were then.

And the time, just a week ago before I left home to go on this USO camp tour when you first stood up, hanging on to your crib for dear life—eight months old! And the way your dinky mouth looks when you laugh, with those two silly teeth sticking out of it like a coyote's—and your blue eyes, full of mischief, and your brown curly hair as soft as eiderdown. All of it I remember now, quickly, and all of the things about your mother. The New Year's Eve we met nine years ago, when she was a singer at the Trocadero, and our two weddings—one in Mexico, one in Los Angeles—and our house and the magic she's done to all the rooms to make it into a home.

But I'll stop now. I shouldn't be writing this, only I couldn't help it. Just so you'd know some day what I was thinking, just in case.

September 1, 1943.

Well, I just built a chicken house for you, for those two funny looking bantam chickens that one of my friends just gave you. And I'm big as life and twice as healthy, and I could kick myself for the gloomy things I was writing only two weeks back in Chicago.

Honey, all I had was kickbacks from some sulfa drugs I took for a cold. It boils down to that. And when I think how they had to cart me to the Chicago station on a stretcher—and how weak as a kitten I was on the train coming west to you—and how I dragged myself off at Kansas City to buy you a teddy bear in the station, thinking, "This is my last present for her!" The whole thing makes me wince, now that I'm in my overalls again, hammering a chicken coop together! But when you're older, you'll find out that when a healthy ox like me gets packed into a hospital, he hears a funeral march playing in his ears far louder than any chronic invalid.

Tomorrow I'm building you a play pen, with wheels so we can move it around. I got the wheels in a second hand shop when I thought we weren't going to be able to get hold of a baby carriage for you, thanks to wartime shortages—and now they're going to be useful, after all! And I'm painting the thing white, with the left over paint from your addition to the house.

Like the sounds of it? You'd better, Judith Ann! I'm a big strong man again, baby, and I won't take any back talk from you!

December 25, 1943.

Christmas time, Judith Ann—your very first. Marjorie and I stayed up half the night working on your little Christmas tree, and came down hollow-eyed this morning to watch your reaction. Christmas trees mean a lot to me, because I never had any until I was married. I was an only child, and a poor one, and my parents couldn't see the point—so I wanted to watch my only child see her first one, and I hoped you'd take it big.

And baby, you didn't let me down! You threw out those two-bit sized hands of yours and burst into that little hysterical yelp you give that means you're delighted, and then you said, clear as a bell, "Happy!" Just like that. So Marjorie and I both got a half-nelson on you and each other and stood there like a couple of happy idiots, laughing and hugging.

So then we let you scuttle over to all your toys under the tree. And we watched you, and held hands, and Marjorie said, "Darling, we've got every present Santa could possibly give us."

And I said, "For this Christmas, yes. For next Christmas, no."

So then she looked at me, and so did you, just as if you understood and the two of you were lining up sides against me—and I explained. I said, "For next Christmas, I'd like another little Judy. Same size, same style, same sex!"

Which is just what I would like. But for right now, my little daughter, you're everything a guy could want in all the world. And you're certainly enough for this one!

Rosalind Russell, Chester Morris (left) and George Brent take time out at a Radio Theater rehearsal on which they were guests recently of C. B. DeMille.

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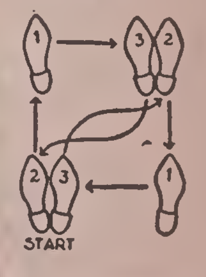

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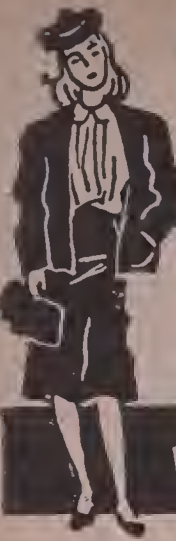

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15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a woman smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed — never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. What to do if your husband flirts; if someone's husband flirts with you.
41. Having a good time at a party.
42. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
43. How are your telephone manners?
44. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
45. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
46. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
47. Some age-old problems and their answers: To kiss or not to kiss; to drink or not; can a woman visit a man's apartment; can you invite a man to your room?
48. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
49. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
50. How to handle the question of money matters: with husband, friends, etc.
51. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
52. Those difficult forties and fifties—the change of life.
53. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
54. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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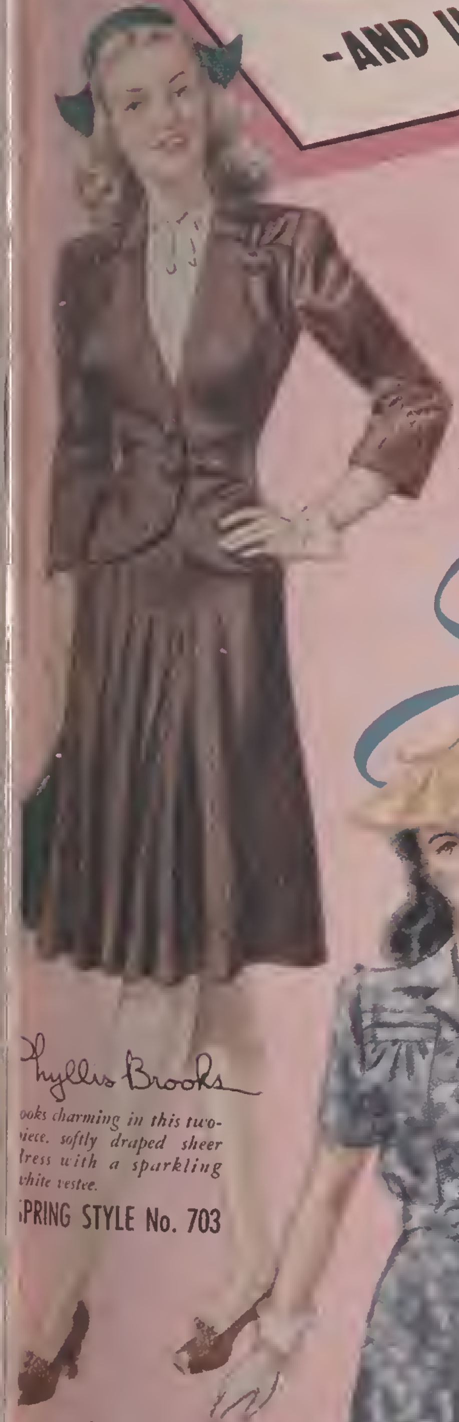
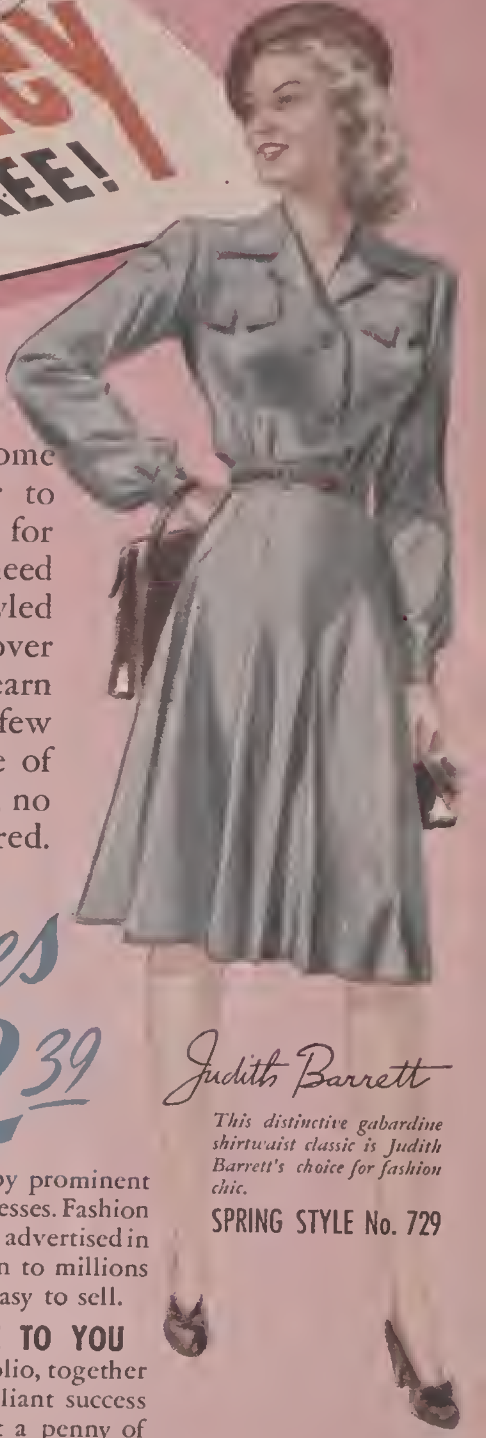


Phyllis Brooks

looks charming in this two-piece, softly draped sheer dress with a sparkling white vestee.

SPRING STYLE No. 703



Judith Barrett

This distinctive gabardine shirtwaist classic is Judith Barrett's choice for fashion chic.

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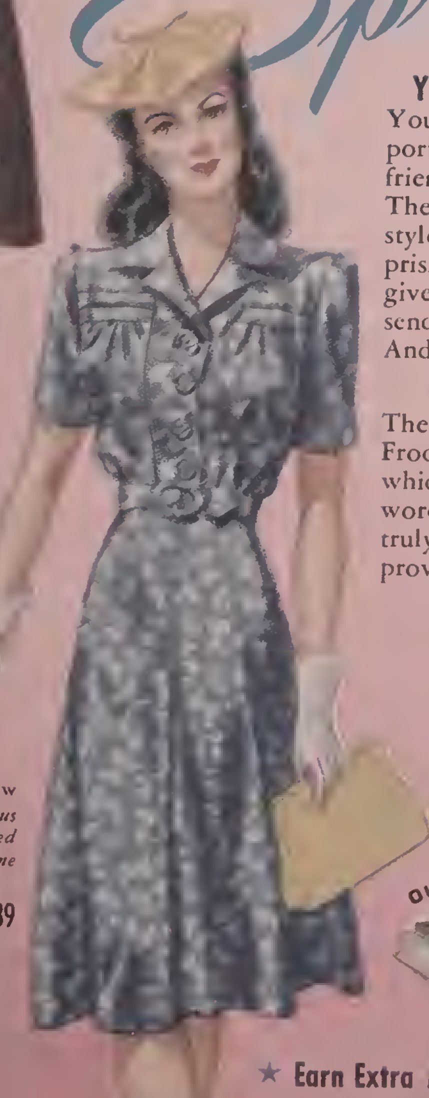

Joan Davis

Star of NBC Sealtest Show *selects this sparkling cactus print, beautifully styled shirtwaist dress for all-time loveliness.*

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$2,000 PRIZE CONTEST

See Page 28

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OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

Romantic Story of the

DINAH SHORE-GEORGE MONTGOMERY ELOPEMENT

JAN 24 194

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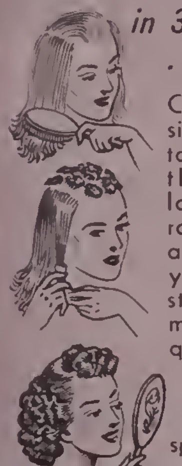

Charm-Kurl is the simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of natural looking curls and waves into your hair. Straight, stringy, hard-to-manage hair quickly takes on new beauty. Bleached, dyed and gray hair responds marvelously.

● The Charm-Kurl home way is sheer magic. Each kit contains permanent wave solution, a generous supply of curlers, shampoo, wave set and complete, easy-to-follow instructions. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—it's SAFE for every type of hair. See for yourself how lovely your hair will look, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions.

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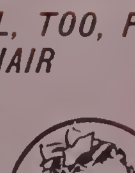
Thousands of delighted mothers are enthusiastic about Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit because it is safe, easy to use—so economical and long-lasting. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll get an extra kit for your daughter, she'll be so thrilled.



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America's Most Glamorous Cosmetics

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said,

★ ★ ★ ★

"When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."

M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".

★ ★ ★ ★

With Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson, Esther Williams.

★ ★ ★ ★

Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

★ ★ ★ ★

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

★ ★ ★ ★

Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

★ ★ ★ ★

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

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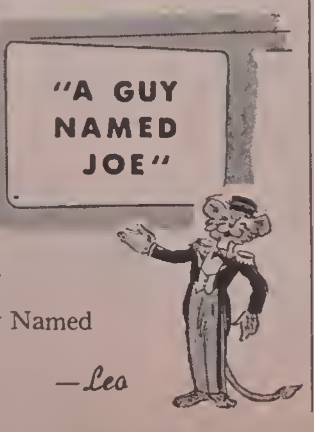

Presented by
A Guy Named
—Leo

Movieland

VOL. 2, NO. 2 MARCH, 1944

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR THE INTELLIGENT MOVIE-GOER
BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Cover of Olivia de Havilland photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley
Miss de Havilland's flowers and veil arranged by John-Fredericks

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a guy named **LEO PRESENTS**

a guy named **SPENCER TRACY**

a gal named **IRENE DUNNE**

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-Marvelous Romance
The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"A Guy Named Joe"

with VAN JOHNSON · WARD BOND · JAMES GLEASON · LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON · ESTHER WILLIAMS · Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo · Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan · Directed by VICTOR FLEMING · Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
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TRIGGER

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WITH

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The Wiere Brothers
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THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

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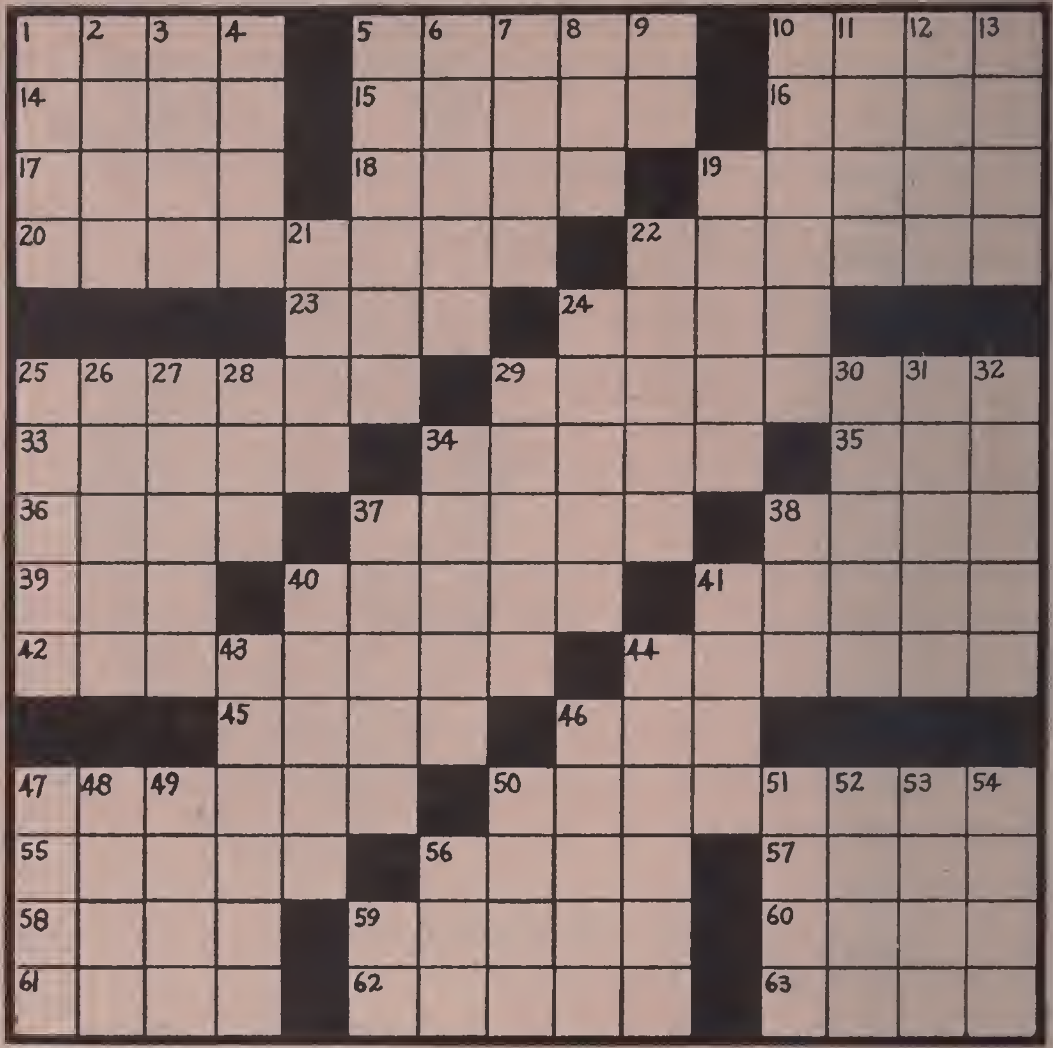


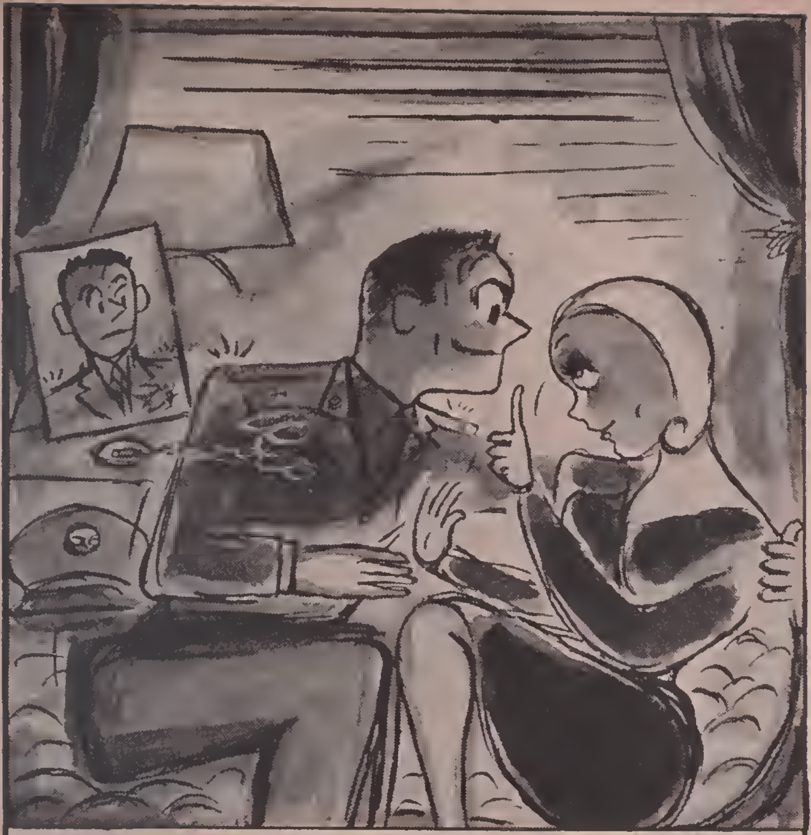
ACROSS

1. Chessman
5. "Man From ----- Mountain"
10. A singer in "The Sky's the Limit"
14. Vaudeville in a burlesque show
15. More inclined
16. Pro ----
17. "This ---- is Mine"
18. "The North ----"
19. A great personage
20. "Rochester" in "What's Buzzin', Cousin?"
22. "------ Come Home"
23. Contraction of even
24. Herbert Marshall, familiarly
25. "Tom Richards" in "Johnny Come Lately"
29. "The Lady --------"
33. Judean king of 37 B. C.
34. Cosmetic used by movie actresses
35. "The Better ---"
36. Angered
37. "Yankee Doodle -----"
38. Heraldic wreath
39. Used for facial decoration on the old Mack Sennett lot
40. Anatomical cavity
41. Melodious
42. "Footlight --------"
44. Warning signals
45. "The Pride of the Yankees"
46. A dance (French)
47. "Thousands Cheer" is a ------ film
50. "Sherlock Holmes"
55. Pith helmet
56. Tough
57. Pseudonym of Chas. Lamb
58. Compass points (abbr.)
59. South American quadruped
60. Playing cards
61. "---- of the Storm Country"
62. "Power of the -----"
63. He rides in "Blazing Guns"

DOWN

1. "Genya Smetana" in "Hi Diddle Diddle"
2. "Boats O'Hara" in "Action in the North Atlantic"
3. "Reap the Wild ----"
4. Knot
5. "Capt. Steve Jarvis" in "Action in the North Atlantic"
6. Randolph Scott in "The Desperadoes"
7. Oliver's pal
8. Noun suffix
9. "Dixie Dugan's" pa (inits.)
10. Unpopular movies (slang)
11. He is in "Girl Crazy"
12. Toilet box
13. Esther ---- is in "Swing Your Partner"
19. Katina Paxinou in "Hostages"
21. "Mary Wilson" in "The Man from Down Under"
22. You can see him in "Stage Door Canteen"
24. Half a dozen are in "Stage Door Canteen"
25. Robert Donat
26. Bird of prey's nest
27. Starred with Walter in "Blossoms in the Dust"
28. Mr. Ameche in reverse
29. Where the crime was committed
30. Sings "Honeysuckle Rose" in "Thousands Cheer"
31. "Ann Richards" in "Night Plane from Chungking"
32. "----- of Freedom"
34. Dexterous
37. Daily record
38. "In This --- Life"
40. Gin
41. Movie based on M. R. Rinehart's stories
43. Outlet
44. Sylvan deities
46. "----- After Dark"
47. "Let it stand (Print.)
48. "Fletcher Marvin" in "True to Life"
49. Mimics
50. Fit for use
51. Mary ---- sings in "Melody Parade"
52. Butter substitute
53. Mr. Martini
54. "---- Lynne"
56. "The --- Against Mrs. Hadley"
59. "Lt. Ward Stewart" in "Crash Dive" (inits.)

(For Solution See Page 84)



"But it would be more fun to see 'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

drop everything
to see it!

Paramount's

"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

(There's no Morgan in it–
There's no Creek in it–
But there *is* a Miracle–
And *what* a Miracle!*)

starring **Eddie Bracken**
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

and **Betty Hutton**
As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and 'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pictures are made, you'll simply collapse!"

*"Promise me you won't tell a soul what the hilarious MIRACLE is. They wouldn't believe you anyway!"

Melisse

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Scenes from the forthcoming musical sensation of 1944

Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS · JINX FALKENBURG
and
THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

COULD THIS BE AN OPTION ON LOVE?

Deanna Durbin (see pictures of her home, page 58) has a very new secret heart-throb. The gentleman is Robert Landry, very handsome, young and distinguished as a war photographer. Before handsome Bob went overseas he had photographed Deanna many times. Thus, while Deanna knew him, it wasn't until after her separation that she really noticed him. Bob had returned from a grizzly war assignment in Africa and Sicily, and was preparing for his takeoff to England for a new assignment, when a friend took him to Deanna's house one evening to attend a small party. After that the star and the photographer were inseparable, until it was time for the cameraman to board his plane on the first leg of his overseas hop. Deanna went to the airport with him. Frequent phone calls came through to her from New York, while Bob waited for transportation there—and finally a cable for her from England, when he arrived.

No one knows just what may happen.

Deanna's divorce will not be final until the last part of the year. By that time Mr. Landry may have returned from his assignment. But right now Deanna writes a letter every day and eagerly greets the postman when he turns up the driveway. For your information Bob Landry is about six feet, has dark brown hair, nice laughing blue eyes, and wears glasses.

MOVIEMAKING IN MEXICO

Even if it is the middle of winter, I've just taken my vacation. I went to Mexico City. I'd heard so many raves from Ann Sheridan, from Bette Davis, from Errol Flynn, and,

(More Inside Hollywood on page 101)

Red Skelton gasps at his Mocambo bill. (An evening for two costs around $40.) His date was Muriel Morris, his supposed fiancee.

"I'm sure most people would have thought him an ugly man...but when his lips caressed my hair...his fingers touched my throat... I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman ever loved!"

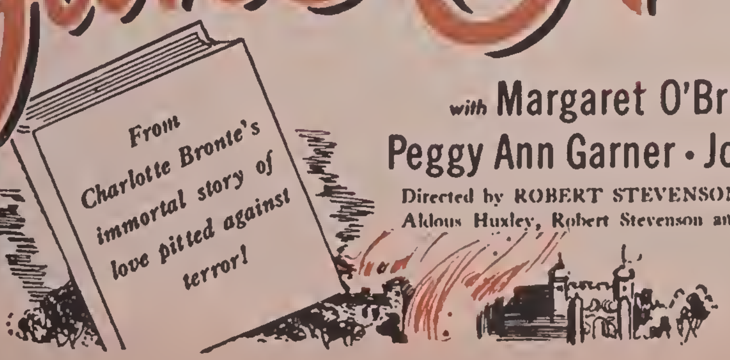
20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

ORSON WELLES
as "Edward Rochester"

JOAN FONTAINE
as "Jane"

Jane Eyre

by
Charlotte Bronte


From Charlotte Bronte's immortal story of love pitted against terror!

with **Margaret O'Brien**
Peggy Ann Garner • John Sutton
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman

And watch for the other coming big pictures from **20th** *Century-Fox including*

THE SULLIVANS

The story of the year about the family of the year! — in the picture of a lifetime!

Make-up
created by the men
who make up the
Hollywood Stars

BETTY GRABLE IN
"Pin Up Girl"
A 20th Century Fox Picture

HOUSE OF
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP

FOUNDATION CREAM
FACE POWDER
ROUGE
LIPSTICK

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty . . . goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes . . . does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin . . . never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of
**WESTMORE
MAKE-UP**

Perc Westmore,
Hollywood
Make-up
Genius.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

before the war, from Ty Power, that I wanted to do a look-see for myself.

But even if it was a vacation, I couldn't keep myself away from the movie industry. This was the Mexican movie industry, to be sure, very young and untried compared to ours, but vividly interesting.

I speak only about six Spanish phrases, but that didn't bother me in getting around, for they've borrowed our movie phrases wholesale south of the border. "Spots," "mikes," "camera," "lights," "hold it for a still," "okay for sound." You hear those words and orders shouted in perfect English on the sets and stages, which are also called just that—and here and there, too, you see familiar faces.

In a narrow, crowded street in Cuernavaca, for example, some two hours away from Mexico City, I saw a light-haired girl approaching me, grinning. Beside her, a man in what Californians call Balboa blues was also grinning. It was Sally Blane and Norman Foster, down there shooting a new film. They've signed up in Mexico for a year, bringing their daughter, Gretchen (who is, of course, named for Aunt Loretta Young whose real name is Gretchen, too), and their furniture with them.

With the brilliant Mexican editor and pretty Mexican starlet, Marta Elba, I drove out to a vast estate where some forgotten Spanish millionaire once lorded it over the countryside. It was now a setting for "Nana," the famous Zola story, in which Lupe Velez is starred.

I must confess that it wasn't until I saw Lupe in the exquisitely alluring costumes of "Nana" that I realized how we have wasted her beauty and talent in this country on those "Spitfire" productions. The fiery Velez, who has wit and charm plus a very lively intelligence, was aware of it, though—which was the only reason she had returned to her native country to impersonate the Zola heroine. She hopes the film will be shown in this country. Having watched a sequence being shot, I hope so, too, for Lupe's work had a subtlety and a depth of feeling that utterly surprised me.

In fact, seeing her against the background of her own country, I realized again how talent overcomes all barriers of poverty, language or setting. Guadalupe Velez was born without any material advantages, or, to be more accurate about it, with every material disadvantage. But she did have brains and personality, and she has used both those gifts magnificently.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 64)

Lupe Velez is very obviously "that way" about Arturo de Cordova, and it's said they'll be married, soon as his divorce is final.

LETTER FROM A BOY IN THE SERVICE

$5.00 LETTER

While located in Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas, I was one of the fortunate soldiers to see Cary Grant in "Show Time at the Roxy." Before his arrival, the strong foothold he retains through the admiration of fans was exhibited in opinions regarding his personality and acting ability.

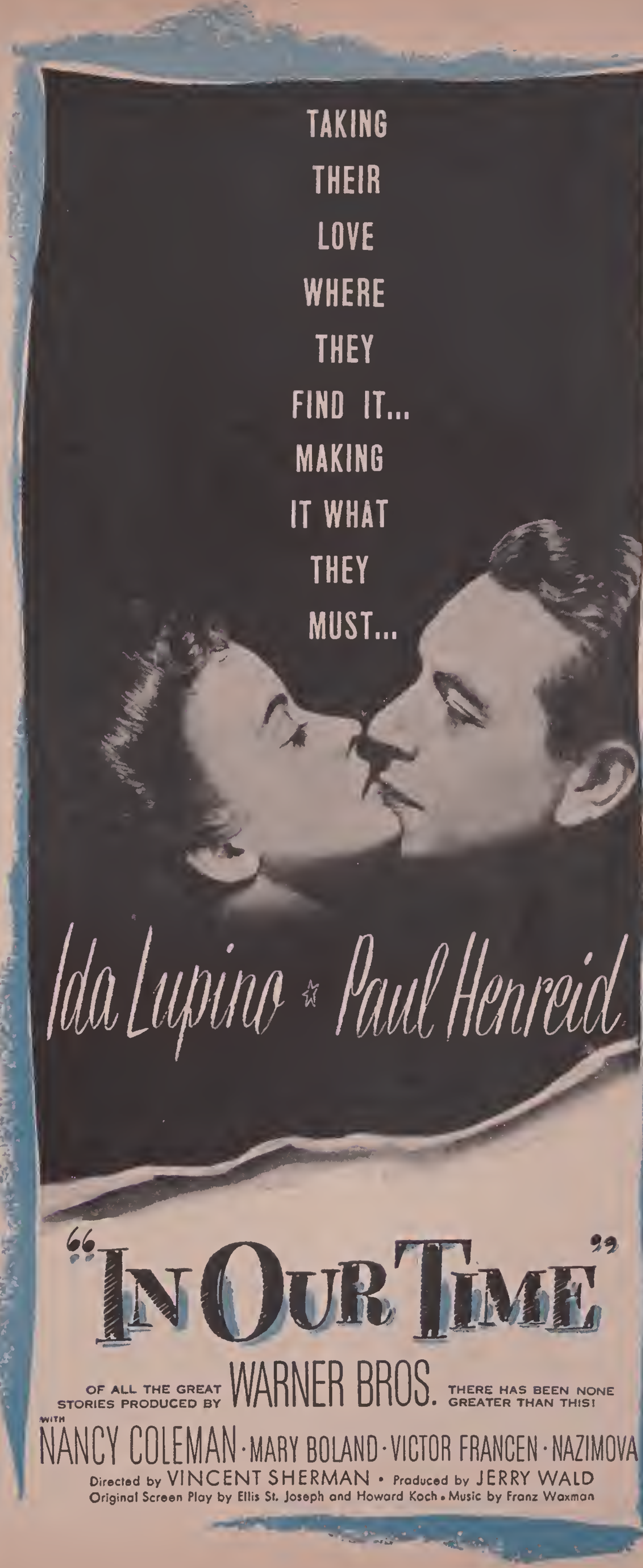
There were remarks of "A regular guy's coming to camp . . . Wasn't he tops in 'Suspicion?' . . . Remember 'The Awful Truth?' "

The Field House where the show took place was filled to capacity long before curtain call. It was a gay, light, entertaining affair, with chorus girls, singing personalities, and comedians.

Finally, Cary was ushered before us. The whole place was a scene of whistling, shouting and applauding, without restraint. When the opportunity allowed him to speak, the house was intent on hearing his sincere efforts to do his part in making the armed forces happy with his showmanship.

The night was eventful. The welcome accorded to Cary shall never be forgotten. It remains as glowing proof of the appreciation the armed forces are showing toward Hollywood's all-out effort to keep up morale.

Cpl. Albert B. Manski,
Hq. Det., B. I. R. T. C.,
Camp Fannin, Texas.


TAKING THEIR LOVE WHERE THEY FIND IT... MAKING IT WHAT THEY MUST...
Ida Lupino ☆ Paul Henreid
"IN OUR TIME"

OF ALL THE GREAT STORIES PRODUCED BY WARNER BROS. THERE HAS BEEN NONE GREATER THAN THIS!

WITH NANCY COLEMAN · MARY BOLAND · VICTOR FRANCEN · NAZIMOVA

Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN • Produced by JERRY WALD

Original Screen Play by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Koch • Music by Franz Waxman

War Duties
lead many women
to use Tampax

NO BELTS
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NO ODOR

When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn *internally;* so there *cannot be* any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying . . . Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is *no odor.*

You will find Tampax superior in many ways. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into throw-away applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and cannot be felt when in place. It requires no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deodorant is needed, and an average month's supply will fit in your purse.

Ask for Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. *Three absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Buy a supply today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Regular
TAMPAX

MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE GUIDE

THE DESERT SONG (Warners) brings back snatches of the lovely Sigmund Romberg music which Dennis Morgan and Irene Manning sing. But the fifteen-year-old operetta has had its face lifted not too becomingly. It now seems that the Nazis were behind the plot to enslave the freedom-loving Riffs, and the French were merely unwitting tools in building a vital railway line in Morocco by which Germany planned to benefit. It is hard to believe that the scheme was upset by an American piano player who masqueraded as El Khobar, the Red Shadow.

Things were much better when "The Desert Song" did not try to be an anti-Axis anthem and was content simply to give voice to the charming Romberg melodies. Dennis Morgan proves that he is just the lad to sing a love lyric with the best of them. There is also a certain amount of dash in the character he portrays who leads swift-riding horsemen across the flaming sands, in vivid Technicolor. It is likewise a pleasure to renew memories of that prince of comedians, the late Lynne Overman. Bruce Cabot is a formidable heavy who realizes the error of his collaboration with the villainous Victor Françen in the Nazi-inspired slave trade. It all adds up to a beautiful, yet frequently empty entertainment which can be taken or left alone, depending on how you are feeling this evening.

JACK LONDON (United Artists) fails to satisfy what admirers of the author and his books will have reason to expect of his screen biography. It lacks excitement because it is merely a literary picture about a literary figure, and misses the lusty, roaring life of the man who was really Jack London. Glossed over are the circumstances which awakened the urge to write in the rough and ready crusader who won his reputation with "Call of the Wild." The greater part of the film is devoted to giving an audience smug assurance that London was one of the first Occidentals to learn of Japan's dream of world conquest. He became aware of the "Yellow Peril" because a Jap officer boasted, yet might have been talking through his hat. It happened when London was a war correspondent in Korea and Theodore Roosevelt was president. So all of America is indicted for not anticipating what happened at Pearl Harbor two generations later.

Michael O'Shea creates a physically able portrait of London and he is not to be blamed for the shortcomings of the drama. Nor is Susan Hayward, who plays Charmian. Yet when the movie comes to a convenient theatre, your time will be better spent with a Jack London novel.

THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS (United Artists) commemorates the heroism of Soviet women who serve as nurses in the front lines. The story was originally filmed in Russia and called "The Girl from Leningrad." Remade in Hollywood, Anna Sten, Mimi Forsaythe and young Kathy Frye play the new title roles, and their performances make this a worth-seeing picture of appealing simplicity. It may well open a fresh career for Anna Sten and surely establishes one for just-'teen-age Kathy Frye. Kent Smith and Alexander Granach are the men importantly concerned.

The plot opens with the mobilization of a group of volunteer nurses bravely answering the call of their country. The Nazi invaders are threatening the city and the women are rushed to a temporary hospital on the front which has to be abandoned when winter comes. But three nurses stay on to continue their valiant work as a ski unit. Some fine factual battle footage in the snow enlivens the latter episodes, and the

(*Continued on page* 74)

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE

MADAME CURIE *(MGM)* Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon as Marie and Pierre Curie play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium. A picture due to be a strong contender for several Academy Awards this year.

HAPPY LAND *(20th Century-Fox)* an inspiring reavowal of treasured American memories, which you dare not miss seeing and remembering. Don Ameche in a performance that will surprise you.

LOST ANGEL *(MGM)* little Margaret O'Brien in a little tender, heartwarming entertainment that is a joy to behold.

HIGHER AND HIGHER *(RKO)* just because it is a musical which allows the one and only Frank Sinatra to do justice to his fame.

JANE EYRE *(20th Century-Fox)* Charlotte Brontë's novel of a woman's love comes to the screen as a classic drama superbly performed by Joan Fontaine. No woman will ever forget it.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE *(Warners)* Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins pit their acting skills in a nip and tuck display of friendship.

GUADALCANAL DIARY *(20th Century-Fox)* from the Richard Tregaskis book, this factual picture smashingly fulfills its obligation to history.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE *(Warners)* a sparkling modern Cinderella comedy in reverse. Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn.

CORVETTE K-225 *(Universal)* a salute to those scrappy little warships of the Canadian Navy which have been the most effective weapon against U-boats. Sea-worthy.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *(Paramount)* a pretentious depiction of Hemingway's Spanish story. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman and Katina Paxinou.

There's nothing rusty about "Dusty" Anderson, a beauty of the perfect outdoor type. She's a smart girl, too—which is what Hollywood seeks in addition to a pretty face. Set for "natural" roles, she also shows a flair for comedy; has an enthusiasm for life, plus a determination to make good—and she will.

Eileen McClary was chosen for young college-type roles because she has no affectations. When she was given a screen test she showed considerable dramatic aptitude, though she had had no dramatic training. One of the youngest in the group, she is suitable for unsophisticated parts—the likely ingenue.

The SURVIVORS

Here are four beautiful models who were transplanted from hurry scurry New York to the sunny coast of California. They were brought out with eleven other nationally looked-at lovelies to take part in Columbia's "Cover Girl", starring Rita Hayworth. Four out of the fifteen remain in Hollywood with contracts clutched in their little warm hands. This is a very large percentage—four out of fifteen—but for each of the girls there are special reasons for their being selected as starring material.

Susann (accent on the last syllable) Shaw is a versatile actress. She belonged to dramatic clubs in school at Pasadena, and has a nice soprano voice. Although she'll appeal to women, too, she's fundamentally a man's gal. A congenital rebel with a lot of fire, despite the dewy-eyed look.

B. J. Graham (her name is Betty Jane) looks like a typical American girl. She is considered by many as the most beautiful of the group. Because she is lovely without makeup, she is of a new era. Wide brows, clear eyes and a straight upper lip make her different looking. And—she can act!

"FANCY PANTS"
Hollywood Slack Sensation!

ANN MILLER
Star of the Columbia Picture "HEY ROOKIE"

SLACKS—With Hollywood verve, colorfully highlighted with gay embroidery! A rich, wool-like "Reltex" fabric. Deep slash pocket—full pleats. Sizes 10 to 18, at $7.98 plus postage.

BLOUSE—White rayon **"Castenada Crepe"** French smocked neck; drawstring throat and sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.98, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. O. D.
If you are not completely satisfied, we will refund your money.

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(Mark 1st and 2nd choice)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Draw a circle around size wanted in slacks and blouse)
Blouse, at $3.98, plus postage. **Size: 32 34 36 38**
(Please print name, etc.)
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Street ____________
City ____________ State ____________

At Teddy Powell's Palladium opening: Powell and Phil Regan; below, Sammy Kaye and Jill Warren.

Mickey Scrima, skin-beater for the Harry James outfit. An action shot snapped during a recent broadcast.

WORDS of MUSIC

by JILL WARREN

THE TUNEFILMS:

Paramount has sunk a tidy little sum into their technicolor super-special, "Lady In The Dark," but it appears to have been worth it. Ginger Rogers is the star, with no less than three leading men: Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Warner Baxter. All the wonderful music from the original New York show has been retained, plus a new one by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Huesen, "Suddenly It's Spring." The dance numbers, directed by Don Loper, are excellent. Though it's been four years since she has danced on the screen, Ginger shows that she can still make with the feet. She does a ballroom number with Loper and also a solo Charleston. The big musical high note is the "Saga of Jenny" which Ginger sings for all she is worth . . . and that's singing it!

Twentieth Century-Fox' latest rhythm flicker is "Pin-Up Girl," Betty Grable's last film before the arrival of her baby. It's full of fun, frolic and swing, what with Martha Raye, Joe E. Brown and Charlie Spivak and his band in the cast list. And the music is something. There are two haunting ballads which are sure to have a long stay on the hit parade, "Time Alone Will Tell," and "Once Too Often." Be sure to listen for the wonderful Spivak trumpet on "Time Alone." Then there is a cute number, "Don't Carry Tales Out Of School," which Betty sings with the Spivak band. "Yankee Doodle Hayride" is the big swing number of the picture and be sure to listen for the effective duet Martha Raye does with Charlie. All in all it's a film for your "must" list. . . .

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Before I give you the hot news from the wax front, don't forget that the release dates may vary in different sections of the country due to transportation difficulties and all that sort of thing. So if you can't get the record you want just when you want it, be patient—it'll be along.

Now for the goodies. Get a load of these new ones from the Capitol Company. The result of Stan Kenton's first recording date is a happy one—"Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," Duke Ellington's latest ballad, and "Harlem Folk Dance," an instrumental. "Do Nothing" is sung by Kenton's carrot-topped saxophonist, Red Dorris. "Folk Dance" is an original by Kenton with a typical Kenton arrangement. There are two swell trumpet solos, the first by Karl George, who was with the original Teddy Wilson band, and the second by John Carroll. Kenton just uses a three-man rhythm section so the only piano you will hear on the record is a short interlude by Stan himself. Which is unusual, considering he has nine brass, including five trumpets. Red Dorris' tenor sax is also heard on this side.

Margaret Whiting is no longer the regular vocalist with Freddie Slack's band, but she still records with him. Their latest combined effort is "Silver Wings In The Moonlight." This is the pop ballad which is number one on England's hit parade. On the reverse side of this is an instrumental, "Furlough Fling," which heavily features Slack's 88 and Barney Bigard's clarinet.

If you like good cowboy music, Capitol has it for you in Tex Ritter's newest. It's "Have I Stayed Away Too Long?" and "There Is A Gold Star In Her Window." The first tune was written by Frank Loesser and looks like a solid hit. Ritter sings the vocals for both.

(*Continued on page* 16)

Freddy Martin, caught in a concentratin' mood while doing a Jack Carson program.

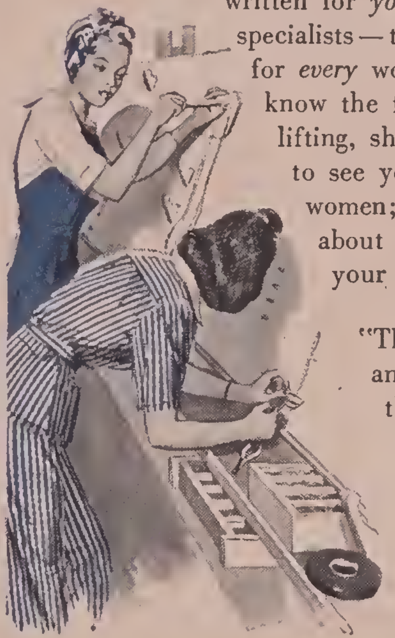
"I don't want to be an Absentee —but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We *know* how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how *can* we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! It's a brand new booklet written for *you* by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for *every* woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.

"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to *all* women!



Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for *your* free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys *away* from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

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That day is here again

To War Plant Nurses and Personnel Managers. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31

TODAY THE DAY?

SANITARY PROTECTION

that's 3 Ways Better!

This month thousands will experience new peace of mind – a wonderful new feeling of security! For SAN-NAP-PAK provides *extra* protection, with extra comfort and convenience!

San-nap-paks are SAFER!
San-nap-paks are MORE COMFORTABLE!
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It's the pad with the extra "Pink Layer of Protection"!

Designed to conform to the body...invisible under clothes!

Stay soft and fresh hours longer . . . require fewer changes.

NEVER BEFORE SUCH COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!

Safer-Softer
SAN-NAP-PAK
SANITARY NAPKINS
JUST SAY
Sanapak

Try Countess Lydia Grey – the facial tissue with the "doeskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!

Lydia Grey
CLEANSING TISSUES
500

Happy times! Freddie Slack's recording date for Capitol. Left to right it's Margaret Whiting, Al Jarvis, Freddie, Jean Ruth ("Reveille With Beverly" gal) and Johnny Mercer.

(*Continued from page* 15)

Paul Sells does the accordion solos, and he also made the arrangements.

Capitol's first album is one I'm sure you'll want to own—"Songs by Johnny Mercer." There are eight of Johnny's greatest tunes, and the titles will only serve to remind you what a great writer that Mercer is: "Jamboree Jones," "You And Your Love," "You Grow Sweeter As The Years Go By," "Nodaway Road," "Blues In The Night," "Too Marvelous For Words," "I'll Remember You," and "Dixieland Band." The vocal department is handled by Johnny himself, Jo Stafford and The Pied Pipers, backed up by Paul Weston's orchestra. . . . You jazz fans will be glad to learn that Capitol has big plans for a swell album entitled "American Jazz." It won't be released for some time but I thought you'd like to hear about it now. Just take a gander at the lineup of musicians, and you'll see what I mean. Jack Teagarden, trombone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Dave Barbour, guitar; Jimmy Noone, clarinet; Artie Shapiro, bass; Billy May, trumpet; Dave Matthews, tenor sax; and Zutty Singleton on drums. The singing duties will be divided between Teagarden and Peggy Lee. . . .

Now we'll move over to Decca. They have made some terrific albums, the first of which is the whole score from the great show, "Oklahoma." The members of the original cast sing the songs, with the same orchestra and chorus, so if you can't afford a ticket to New York to see the show, these records look like the next best thing. My favorite tunes are "People Will Say We're In Love" and "Surrey With The Fringe On Top," but there are twelve sides in all, so I'll let you take your pick.

If you saw "For Whom The Bell Tolls," you remember the sensational musical score by Victor Young. Well, Decca has put the whole thing, just as it was in the picture, into an album, with Young conducting the orchestra. It isn't swing, but it's definitely worth having.

We switch back to rhythm again with another album—all the Gershwin songs from "Girl Crazy," done by Judy Garland, and of all people, Mickey Rooney. They're really swell. Judy does "Embraceable You," "But Not For Me," "I've Got Rhythm," and "Bidin' My Time." Personally, I think they are the best platters she has ever made. This is the first time Mickey has ever made a commercial record, but he does a fine job of it. He sings a double number with Judy, "Could You Use Me," and one solo, "Treat Me Rough." On this one he gives out with licks and everything. The arrangements were made by Conrad Salinger, who is considered to be just about the best arranger in Hollywood. On "I've Got Rhythm" there is some terrific piano work by a colored boy, Calvin Jackson. Leo Diamond's harmonica band is behind Judy on "Bidin' My Time."

Well, there it is kiddies—break the piggy bank and buzz down to your nearest music store, and I hope you don't get stepped on in the rush. . . .

EARMARKS OF HITS:

Up and down Vine Street the talk is all about a new hillbilly tune, "San Fernando Valley," by the conductor-composer Gordon Jenkins. The wise boys say it's going to be one of 1944's biggest hits. Evidently the publishers think so too because they gave Jenkins a thousand dollar advance before the tune was even played on the air.

Private Frank Loesser of the Air Corps received a citation from Henry Morgenthau for his song, "What Do You Do In The Infantry?" It has been chosen as the official song by two Infantry divisions and will also be the theme for the Fifth Canadian War Loan Drive. The pair of marching shoes shown on the cover of the sheet music belong to Loesser's pal, Private Milton De Lugg, also of the Air Corps, who in civilian life was the swing accordionist with Matty Malneck's band. . . . Harry Nemo and Eddie De Lange have teamed up for a new ballad called "Have You A Love To Go With That?" Frank Sinatra has been singing it, and a song can't go wrong when that boy does it. Nemo will be remembered as the author of "'Tis Autumn."

When Jeff Clarkson, Les Brown's piano player, was sixteen years old, he wrote a song with his father entitled "Home." At that time nothing much happened, but the publishers have revived it and I think you'll be hearing it a lot on the air. . . .

ON THE BEAM:

Dick Todd has been made a regular member of the Blue Network's "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street." . . . Lionel Hampton and his band are now heard on the Blue's "Soldiers of Production" Sunday series. He has a seventeen-piece outfit and of course he features his Vibraharp. . . . I wish they'd let Stan Kenton be heard a little more on the Bob Hope program. The guy plays such sensational piano but it never appears on that show. . . . If you're a Connie Haines fan you can hear her several times a week on fifteen minute sustainers over the Blue Network. Of course she is still the songstress on the Abbott-Costello program. . . . Have you heard any of the shows from the Santa Ana Air Base in California over the Mutual Network? They have a swell jazz outfit featuring Mannie Klein's trumpet. . . . Freddy Martin is the new music man on the Jack Carson air-frolic over C.B.S. . . . Another Martin, Nora by name, and no relation to Freddy, has been a click on Eddie Cantor's program. . . . Keep your eye on Georgia Gibbs, the vocal girl on the Jimmy Durante-Gary Moore clambake. I heard her introduce "Shoo Shoo, Baby" a few months ago and became a fan right then and there. . . .

JAM NOTES:

Red Nichols, whose "Five Pennies" were a big hit several years ago, has come out of retirement and is in Hollywood building up a new band. . . . When Helen Forrest played her first solo engagement in New York she did so with a new hairdo and a new salary. She is now a redhead and her weekly pay check is about ten times bigger than it was when she was with Harry James. Incidentally, something happened at the last moment and Helen Ward didn't join Harry. I, for one, was disappointed because she has always been one of my favorites.

Tommy Ryan has been doing okay as a band leader. He took over the baton of the Blue Barron band when

(*Continued on page* 18)

After 7 SHORT WEEKS

—the radiant girl she never dreamed she could be!

Before

Charita McCann—New Rochelle, New York, secretary, took the "Powers Girl" training she was "just average"—now her friends agree she's beautiful, charming, poised!

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE OFFERS YOU

Just a few of the 60 exclusive Powers Home Course Features:

YOUR FIGURE: Simple, easy ways to give you a model figure. Personalized for *you*. Gain or lose—you can perfect your proportions.

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WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE HAS DONE FOR OTHER GIRLS

Mr. Powers' students have written:

"Has given me the 'lift' I've needed for a long time."—"I've lost about 10 pounds—4 inches off my hips."—"My friends tell me I look so happy and sure of myself, they envy me."—"My complexion is already clearing beautifully!"—"I've found a better job, thanks to you."

READ HOW the "Powers Girl" training can do as much for you—help you to a lovelier figure, perfect style and grooming—greater appeal!

ARE you, too, "just average" in looks and personality? Have you ever dreamed of being prettier, more poised, more charming, more sought after?

Now you, too, can actually see your dreams come true! John Robert Powers, creator of the famous "Powers Girls" will help you personally to achieve your heart's desire. In a few short weeks, at modest cost, you discover to your joy what wonders correct make-up, hair style, voice training, styling planned especially for you can do. Instruction is individual!

You get the personal advice of the trained Powers School faculty. It's easy—fascinating—fun—and what a wonderful reward! So don't wait a day longer to start becoming the more attractive—more sought-after girl that you really can be.

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Send for the fascinating booklet that tells you without charge or obligation how to become a lovelier . . . more successful YOU.

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Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I want the thrill that comes from being prettier, more poised and charming than I've ever been! Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your illustrated booklet "The Powers Way."

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Occupation______________Age______

If Your Daughter Has Just Married

SHE SHOULD KNOW CERTAIN VITAL FACTS!

New, More Convenient Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

● Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (*See free book offer below.*)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. Give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET

Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of up-to-date facts. Sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7323, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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City....................*State*.........

Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

(*Continued from page 17*)

Barron went into the army. Tommy's former boss, Sammy Kaye, gave him his blessings and a lot of timely tips on how to be a successful leader. . . . Lina Romay, Xavier Cugat's glamorous songstress, was married in California on Thanksgiving day to John Adams, a stock broker.

Ella Mae Morse has been doing great business on her first theater tour as a soloist. . . . In spite of suffering terribly with arthritis and being warned by his doctors to take it easy, Kay Kyser did all his holiday broadcasts from big desert camps and played many, many shows for soldiers stationed at isolated sections. . . . Jimmy Cash, the singer on the Burns and Allen air show, has been signed for Universal's forthcoming film, "Cross Your Fingers." It will be his first appearance before a movie camera.

Teddy Powell's band has been called the "Surprise Band of the Year" and he lived up to his billing when he opened at the Hollywood Palladium in December. The band is one of the best to be heard on the coast in a long while. I was particularly impressed with the brass section, especially one Dick Mains, who plays a whale of a trumpet. Teddy's vocalists, Gene Howard and Peggy Mann, are both fine. Powell was as excited as a kid opening night. "This is the first time we've been out here," he told me, "and I want the kids to like us." Well, relax, Teddy—they did. Right in the middle of the crowd in front of the bandstand I bumped into Sammy Kaye, who seemed to be enjoying the proceedings immensely. He told me he was having a lot of fun because it's so seldom he can get out on a dance floor and just be one of the customers. The Kaye band has been signed by Charles Rogers for a big spot in the new picture. "The Song of The Open Road."

Calvin Jackson, formerly one of Harry James' arrangers, has joined the M-G-M music staff. Incidentally, Harry has added four fiddles, bringing his string section up to thirteen. . . . Billie Rogers, the young girl with a horn, has been leading her own small band around the middle west. When Billie went with Woody Herman a couple of years ago she became the first girl musician ever to be featured with a big name band.

Andy Russell, who is coming up fast as a singer, has been signed to record under the Capitol label. Capitol also signed Eddie Miller and his orchestra. This is the old Bob Crosby Dixieland bunch, and they are going to wax a series of tunes. . . . Have you heard Kay Armen? She is a new artist recording for Decca and she hails from the same home town as one Dinah Shore—Nashville, Tennessee. . . . Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman's former thrush, is the proud mother of a seven-pound baby girl, born Caesarian in Los Angeles, November 11. Peggy has named the child Nicki. The happy father is the ex-Goodman guitarist, Dave Barbour. Since leaving Benny, Dave has been working on radio shows in Hollywood. Personally, I'd like to see Peggy go back with her old boss, but I don't think she wants to travel any more. . . . Freddy Martin has been signed to remain at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles for the duration of the war. . . .

* * *

Salutations, stoo-dents! Let's call class to order and get on with the music business of the month.

That's all for this month, inmates. Thanks much for your swell letters. I'll be glad to keep on answering your musical questions as long as you throw in the self-addressed stamped envelope. Just write to Jill Warren in care of Movieland, 9126 Sunset, Los Angeles, 46, California.

THE END

WARREN'S WAX WORKS

OLDIES BUT GOODIES:

Brunswick has brought out another album in the collectors' series. It's Bing Crosby's Early Recordings, Volume I, and it contains some of the Bing's earliest and greatest hits. To give you a brief idea, here are a few of the titles: "Just One More Chance," "Goodnight, Sweetheart," "Out Of Nowhere," and "Too Late."

LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:

From the Columbia Masterworks Label: Mozart's Concerto #12 in A Major, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting and Louis Kentner at the piano.

Also from Columbia. The eminent violinist, Nathan Milstein, accompanied by Artur Balsam at the piano, playing "Scherzo Tarantelle" by Wieniowski and "Burleska" by Suk.

THE HOT PLATE:

"It Must Be Jelly Cause Jam Don't Shake Like That." This is the last platter Glenn Miller made before going into the army. It's typical Miller, and it's on the Victor label.

Buy yourself Capitol's "Hurry, Hurry," with Savannah Churchill's great vocal and Benny Carter's band and tenor saxophone.

BY COBINA WRIGHT, Jr.

Dinah came to Hollywood and love came to Dinah. A romance that bloomed altar-wise, with three days for a honeymoon

I PLAYED CUPID TO DINAH SHORE AND GEORGE MONTGOMERY

George and Dinah, on one of their rare nights out, exchange greetings at the Mocambo with Bob (Seabiscuit) Howard.

I AM a perpetual matchmaker. You've heard descriptions of "old matchmaking women." That's a description of me, at twenty-two. Let boy meet girl in my presence and I mentally start marching them to the altar. What I shall be at forty I hardly dare think. The officious, beaming Head of The Lonely Hearts Bureau, probably.

My excuse for this romantic meddling is that I am so blissfully married that I want every other girl to experience the same type of happiness. Even though my husband, Palmer Beaudette, is separated from me by the Pacific Ocean, Australia and several assorted islands, and even though I know the loneliness and fears of other war wives, I still think marriage is a perfect state.

Thus I simply couldn't restrain my impulse to be Danielle Cupid to Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. After all, Dinah is one of my very best friends and George is my good-luck hero. What's more, for months Dinah and I had been rationing one another on our conversations concerning George and Palmer. For every half hour of chatter about Palmer and my baby, I allowed Dinah a half hour of "isn't he wonderful" about George.

But to say that I led them to the altar at near dawn of the morning of December 4th, 1943, is to be too, too glamorous. What I did, together with two couples, besides the love birds (me along, the extra woman like other war wives these days, too) was to lead the bemused Dinah and George into the chilliest, dustiest office you ever saw, and stand them up before one of the nicest judges. The place was Las Vegas, Nevada, and poor Dinah was so cold that she nearly matched the blue bridal gown she wore.

If I'm going to tell this story properly, however, I'd better get back to the beginning.

It was love at first sight of George for Dinah, even though they hadn't met. George was in the screen and Dinah was in the audience, but Dinah sighed, "I'm going to like that guy when I meet him."

Today I can be very superior with Dinah by pointing out that I knew her dream man before she did. Like her, I felt I liked him from the moment I saw him. The difference was that he distinctly did not go for me.

There was a sound reason for that. It was midsummer of 1939 and I had just arrived at Twentieth Century-Fox for my first film test. George, being between pictures, had gone to his Montana ranch. So you can imagine his joy when he was called back to stand in on that test with me. He loathed me and made no effort to hide the fact.

The test, however, was okayed and I got superstitious about him. I felt as long as he was around I couldn't fail, and every time I got a role in a picture, I'd go discuss it with him. I guess he gradually decided I was an innocent who meant no harm, for he was sweet and sincere in all his advice. Mother invited him to a couple of cocktail parties. He came, and after that we were really friends.

It slays Dinah and me today but we cannot remember where we first met. We think it was at one of the Eddie Cantor broadcasts, but we know certainly it was in New York. But we never became really acquainted until we were both in San Francisco at the time of the George Gershwin memorial concert.

But the way Frances Rose Shore and Cobina Wright, Jr., cottoned to one another from that time on was really a thing. It took me about half a day to learn what a romantic girl this Frances Rose, now Dinah, was. She dreamed of The One Man and a wedding, duly presided over by her father, in which Moonlight

The morning after the Las Vegas rites, with Dinah wearing the platinum ring which makes the whole thing official.

and Magnolias would be prominently featured, with mint juleps flowing at the wedding breakfast faster than water over Niagara.

So what did she get? She got a wedding breakfast of dried up lettuce and tomato salad, cold toast with margarine and a glass of milk in a place elegantly called "The Failing Elk."

Dinah met George at the Hollywood Canteen. There couldn't be any two people more alike than Dinah and George. Neither one of them drinks. Neither one of them smokes. They care almost nothing at all for night clubs. They both are wonderful cooks. They are as completely unspoiled and genuine as it is humanly possible to be, particularly considering their fame, and they want a home and children more than any other thing in the world.

From the day of their first meeting, they dated every single night that George was home on furlough, and their letters flew back and forth every day they were separated. As Hollywood courtships go, it was a long one, continuing over more than a year, and their love was tested by both proximity and separations, and grew steadily stronger under every hazard.

I guess I started living Dinah's life, while I was waiting to have my baby and Palmer so far away from me, because I was so lonely. We took Spanish lessons together daily, and planned the decoration of our homes, above that fifty-fifty chatter concerning the amazing virtues of the men we loved.

The Monday night before their wedding, George came back on a ten-day furlough from action in the North Pacific. I didn't know he had returned, and expecting Dinah for dinner, I was very shocked to open the door and discover her locked in a soldier's embrace. When I saw it was George, my matchmaking instincts really got going. Tuesday night, together with Dinah's two girlhood chums, Rufus and Shirley, who came with her to Hollywood, and their grand men and me, that extra war wife, we all had dinner, a wonderful spaghetti dinner which George cooked without so much as a nod from any woman. I looked at Dinah sitting at the head of the table, her eyes glowing. I looked at George opposite her, beaming like a lighthouse. I decided something had to be done.

"Why don't you two elope Saturday before George goes back?" I asked.

George just gazed at me, speechless. Dinah said, "Why, I can't! I'd miss our Spanish lesson!"

Dinah said, "Why I couldn't possibly. How would I get a dress?"

Dinah said, "How would we get away with it? How would we get the license and the ring?"

Said I, right in my element, "Leave it to me. I'll fix everything."

I really did, too. I called Las Vegas and found out the justice and all that. For something old I got one of Shirley's handkerchiefs. For something blue, I got a blue garter of Rufus', to (*Continued on page* 75)

Dinah at the Hollywood Canteen—which, incidentally, is where she first met George. Not where she first fell in love with him, though. He had been her screen idol, and she was the little gal sighing with admiration.

Cobina Wright, Jr. (Mrs. Palmer Beaudette), without whom the wedding might never have taken place. She arranged it all.

Love Story...

CAGNEY TWENTY-YEAR-OLD VARIETY

Proving that fame, poverty, and wealth can't separate two people who really adore one another.

All the comforts of home. This is to make up for the lean, hard vaudeville days, when a living was hard to make.

Jimmy and Billie Cagney find their places at the Academy Award dinner where Jimmy received the Oscar for his part in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

BY VIVIAN COSBY

IF THERE is one principal thing the trouble with love in Hollywood—and Daniel J. Cupid has a terrible time in glamour village—it is that all Hollywood romance is so new. Hollywood's great loves six days of the week are those which started yesterday and end tomorrow. Love at first sight is chronic out here, all too swiftly followed by disillusion on the first morning in the honeymoon dinette.

So here is a story that is the glittering exception, the story of a stellar love that is twenty years romantic. And it concerns not a dignified pair of character people, but a gentleman who has stayed in the top ten bracket for many a season and who is still there. It concerns a guy with whom the ladies of the audience have always looked upon with favor, and not entirely for his acting ability, either. And it concerns the star's wife who is, and always was, cute as a button.

Their names today are Jimmy and Billie Cagney, and

The lord and master of the driveway of the house he and Billie dreamed about twenty years ago before they were married.

their personal life couldn't be happier, and this is the story of how they got and stayed that way.

Cut back to the early fall of 1923, to Broadway which was then the center of the theatrical world, and to a rainy night at eleven-thirty p.m.

Jimmy Cagney, a nineteen-year-old chorus boy in the musical comedy, "Pitter Patter," stood at the stage door, watching the rain pour down in torrents. Being without an umbrella and not having enough spare cash to hail a cab, he was wondering how he could get to his hotel without drenching his one and only good suit.

One of the chorus girls came to the door. Jimmy had already noticed that she was cute, but her main attraction at this moment was the fact that she was carrying an umbrella. With a little friendly conversation he discovered they were stopping at the same hotel. So naturally 'they shared her umbrella.

This walk in the rain was the start of the courtship

Just off the living room is Jimmy's den where it certainly looks as if a man could pick up a lot of information and entertainment in his spare moments

The Cagney living room—New England style, as is the whole house. See son Casey's little director's chair at the left?

of Jimmy Cagney and Billie Vernon. By way of a big splurge Jimmy took Billie to a lunch room that night. Over coffee and doughnuts Jimmy told Billie his dreams. Some day he was going to own a farm (a strange fancy for a boy from the sidewalks of New York). Some day he was going to be wealthy. Billie listened that night and agreed with all of it. She thought it was fine. She listened night after night, in different lunch rooms, but always having the same menus and the same dreams. Billie was sure nobody had ever dreamed such dreams before, and Jimmy was positive no girl was ever as sensitive and sweet and all-around endearing as Billie.

In other words they were in love, like ten million other pairs of young lovers before and after them.

When there was no matinee Billie and Jimmy went window shopping—not at department stores but antique shops, for Jimmy was (and still is) crazy about old things. For fun they planned a Cape Cod house they would some day build and furnish with New England antiques.

They were married when the show "Pitter Patter" closed. Billie claims the name of the show and the fact their courtship started on a rainy night was a bad omen for the first years of their marriage. For those years were filled with rainy days—and many meatless ones not sanctioned by the government.

Their luck was so thoroughly bad it would have wrecked their marriage if they hadn't been such perfect companions. They spent their honeymoon rehearsing an act for vaudeville. Looking back on it now, they both realize the act was an invitation to starvation. But at that time they were young, ambitious, and over confident. At the opening of the act Billie was on stage. Jimmy, wearing a tight suit, a little straw hat, a black tie, and trick collar, made his entrance. Billie would haul off and knock him down.

"What's the matter," Jimmy said.

"Sorry," replied Billie, "I thought you were someone else."

The dialogue was all like that, which should give you an idea of why they ate irregularly. After a few seasons of hit and miss bookings, Billie began to do some serious thinking. It seemed to her the James Cagneys were getting nowhere . . . but fast. She looked the situation straight in the face. She was a good dancer but nothing sensational. Jimmy was the more talented. But she knew he was a very unfunny comic. She felt, however, he was an excellent actor.

One evening she told Jimmy that they should go to New York. Here Billie would open a dancing school. Jimmy could storm producers' offices for a chance in a dramatic show. She argued they could have a home even if it was only one room. As for starving, they could achieve this just as easily in one spot as they could roaming about the country—besides they would save the wear and tear on their clothes and bodies. Billie told it all jokingly, and Jimmy didn't have to be argued with to give up their tawdry existence.

Back in New York Billie and Jimmy were much happier. True, the first shows Jimmy appeared in did not pay much salary, nor did his performances cause the critics to lose a night's sleep—nevertheless the Cagneys had now planted some roots. They had a cute, small, though very dark, apartment; they quickly made friends and Jimmy was gaining valuable experience.

When Jimmy was not working, and if the financial department could take it, they would get tickets in the gallery for all the Broadway shows, which was their idea of heaven.

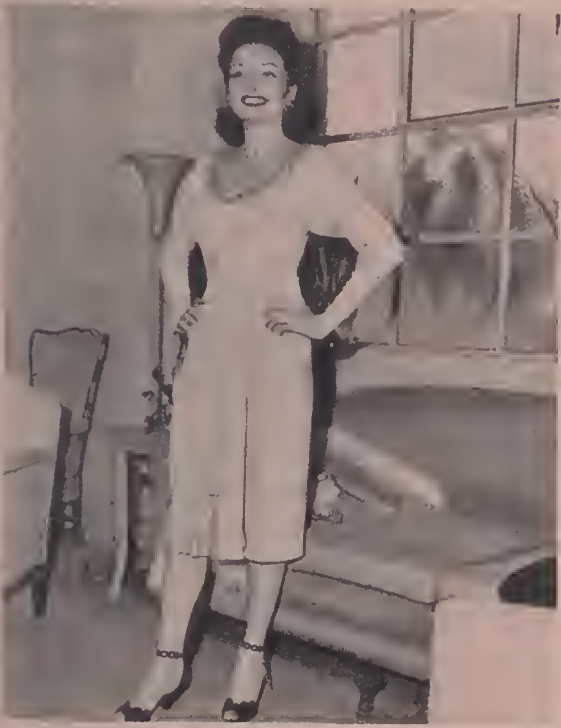
Jimmy's favorite actor was George M. Cohan. Sitting in the gallery, watching this great showman, Jimmy even in his wildest dreams would never have believed that some day he would portray this great man on the screen to the tune of twelve thousand, five hundred dollars a week.

Recently a close friend of the late star told the Cagneys an incident which was a great tribute to Jimmy.

Shortly after "Yankee Doodle Dandy" was released, George wanted his wife, who has been an invalid for years, to see it. So it was arranged for the picture to be shown at the Cohan home. During the picture Mrs. Cohan was silent, but when it was finished, she got out of her wheel chair and slowly (*Continued on page* 85)

WEDDING

of the Month



The bride! Lynn Bari, Twentieth Century-Fox actress, poses for a full-length view of her beige crepe wedding gown. See how the matching souffle neckline is edged with a design of French gold beads? The cardigan sleeves came to a point over each hand, and a front drape lends grace to the form-fitting line.

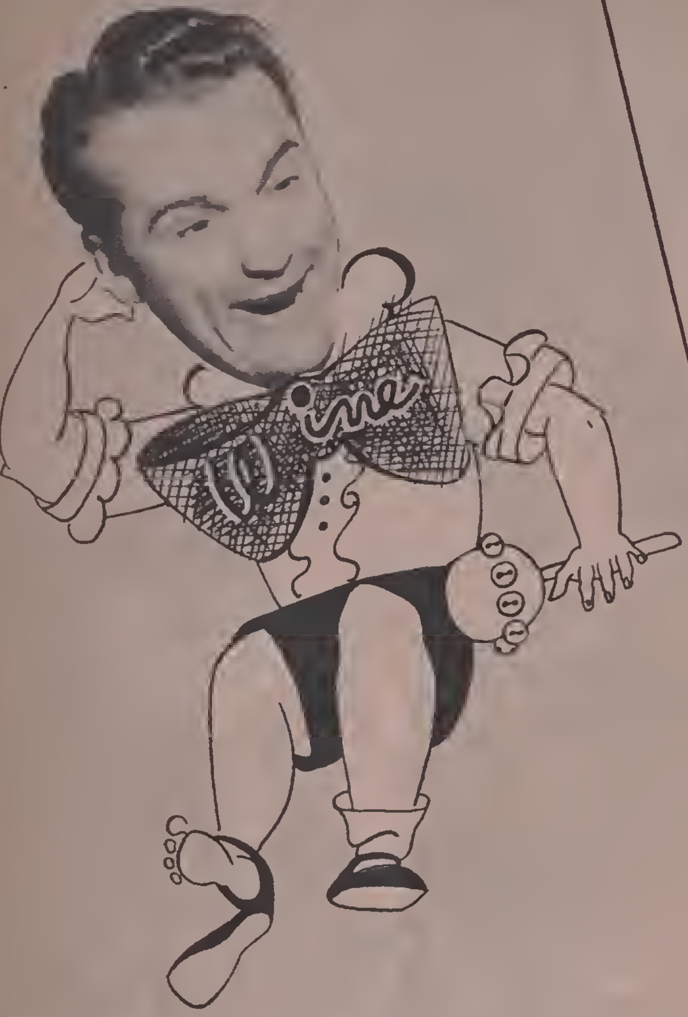
Their wedding kiss! The bridegroom, Sid Luft, is a test pilot. The bride, who wore a brown velvet halo-hat with her beige wedding costume, carried a bouquet of Talisman roses and white camellias. After the ceremony was over, she wore a corsage of green orchids, also given to her by the adoring benedict. Wedding ceremony and reception took place at the Bel Air home of the William Perlbergs. (Twentieth Century-Fox producer, Mr. Perlberg.) By the way, this was a second wedding for Lynn. She was once married and divorced from agent Walter Kane.

"With this ring I thee wed"—and the knot was tied! The marriage rites were read by Judge Edward Brand (brother of Harry Brand, the studio publicity head), before an improvised altar decorated with bouquets of dusty pink chrysanthemums. Lynn's bracelet is a gift from the bridegroom. It's gold mesh, set with rubies and diamonds.

Here Movieland's editor calls on designer Howard Greer so that she can see the last fitting of Lynn's wedding dress, the fashion note of this wedding of the month. For "something borrowed" the bride wore a blue garter contributed by "Cookie" (Mrs. Mack) Gordon; her "something old", a handkerchief Sid had given her for her birthday.

STARS ARE NOT

BY
NONA
CROFT



Red Skelton doesn't believe colors influence his luck. But you always find a dash of maroon on him. So where there's Red, there's maroon!

Dorothy Lamour has never been known to cross to the other side of the street to avoid having a black cat cross her path. Black cats never bring her bad luck. Nor walking under ladders. She goes looking for ladders to walk under.

Van Johnson always shines silver before eating, even when dining at friends' homes. He says he likes to see Lady Luck shine right back at him.

ALICE FAYE doesn't believe in retracing one single step. She never goes back to put the cat out, to bring the dog in, to turn the radio off or make certain her last smoldering cigarette has been extinguished.

Kay Francis absolutely refuses to wear orchids. Even Walter Winchell couldn't pin one on her. "Of course, they are an exquisite flower," says Kay blithely, "but let the other girls wear them—they don't bring me luck."

Maureen O'Hara has a date once a month with—guess who? The new moon, no less. She closes her eyes, bows to the moon, turns around three times and crosses her palm with silver. Do you wonder if it's an Irish custom? No, it's Maureen's. After she has performed this little ritual, she believes Dame Fortune will graciously smile upon her. With that new baby on the way she's now doing this more faithfully than ever.

Virginia Bruce will walk a mile—no, not for a Camel—but to make a wish on a white horse. This is a heck of a habit to have in Hollywood where a horse of any color is a darned rare sight. Virginia sometimes goes months without a chance at a single wish.

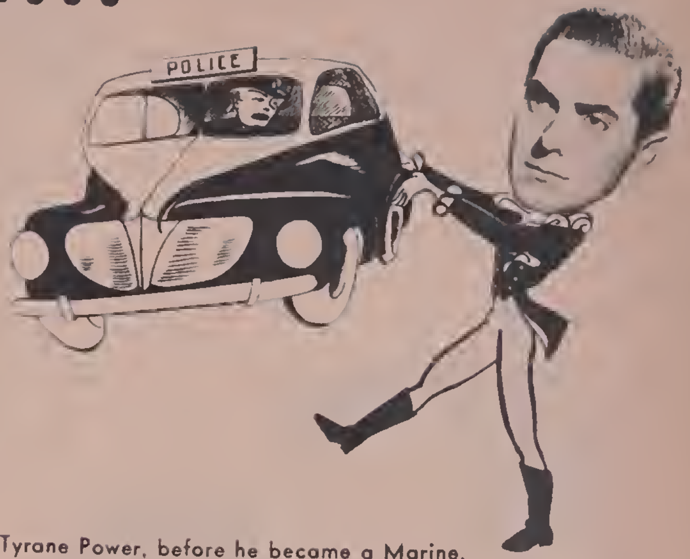
Dennis Morgan always puts his left shoe on first. The reason can be traced back to Dennis' struggling

SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT...

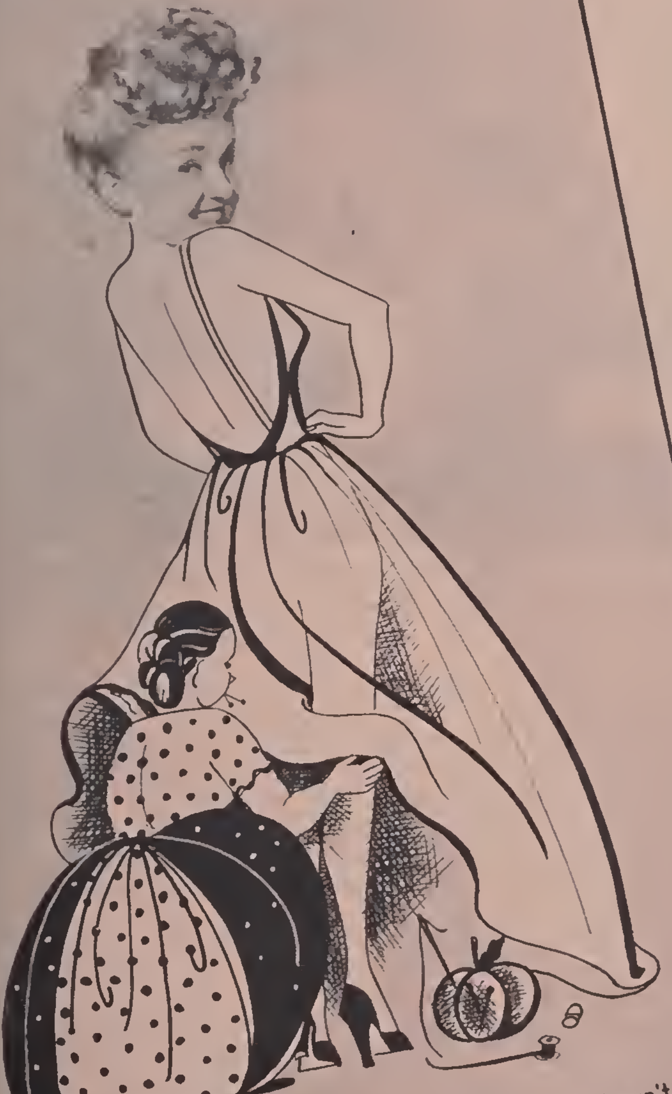
days when he was singing in a Chicago night club. His success hadn't been too outstanding. So, for a change of luck, he decided to put the right shoe on first. Lo and behold, he found a razor blade—shining and sharp—parked in his right shoe. That settled it! The left shoe was the right shoe for Dennis from then on.

Barry Sullivan scoffs at the legend that the Irish are the most superstitious people on earth. But to be on the safe side he always carries a small piece of wood with him so if an occasion arises he can knock on it.

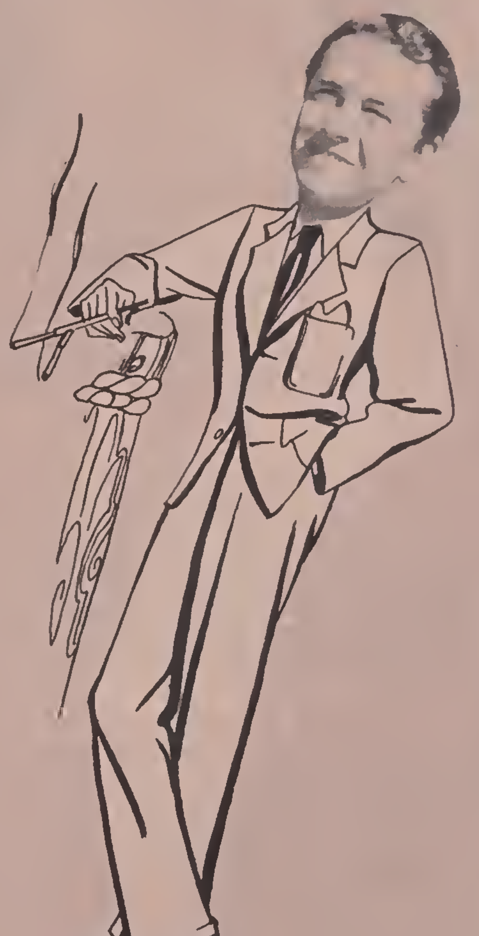
Sonja Henie won't live in any house that hasn't an even number of steps leading to the front door. An odd number puts her in a bad (*Continued on page 90*)



Tyrone Power, before he became a Marine, believed he had a lucky parking spot at 20th Century-Fox. (Where he'd put his car the day he tested for his first important picture part.) If he found other cars there, he pushed them out of the way.



A stitch in time may save nine, but Betty Grable doesn't like to be stitched. Never permits anyone to take any stitches in her clothes while they're being fitted on her. She'd rather be a "pinned up" gal than sewed up.



Paul Henreid never lights more than two cigarettes on one match. To avoid having anyone else take this chance, he started the gesture of lighting two cigarettes at the same time.

LUM AND ABNER NEED

The Young Men Who Play Oldsters on Screen and Radio Will

What do you think of Abner (Norris Goff) as a great new screen lover? Posed with him here is Barbara Hale, the love interest opposite Frank Sinatra in the RKO musical, "Higher and Higher."

Lum (Chester Lauck) seems to be doing all right, too! Barbara thinks he would make a top leading man. Dramatically romantic, or the old man with white wig and whiskers—which will it be?

WHEN you're perplexed about something, ask folks to help you. Ask advice. That's what Chet Lauck and Norris Goff would tell you. That's their philosophy, and the philosophy of their famous screen and radio characters, Lum and Abner, as well.

Now Lauck and Goff are perplexed, and they're turning to you Movieland readers for the solution to their problems.

They want to find out whether their movie audience, which probably includes a big slice of their giant radio audience, as well, would like to see them on the screen as young men.

You see, sans those white wigs and whiskers, bleached brows and artificial wrinkles they wore in "So This Is Washington" and other pictures, the boys are pretty sharp. More than a bit on the leading man type. They're quite the boys around Hollywood town.

It took the movies years to talk the boys, already famous on radio, into making a picture. Their first clicked, and then they made another. It was called "The Bashful Bachelor." That was even more successful, particularly in the smaller towns and rural districts, where Lum and Abner are top favorites on the air.

But it remained for their latest picture, "So This Is Washington," to hit the big cities between the eyes. Still, it followed a formula. It carried on the radio characters, white whiskers and all. The boys thought they ought to keep these characters intact, with their Arkansas dialect and background at least included in the movies, along with familiar sets such as the Jot 'Em Down Store.

Now they're just about talked into appearing on the screen as themselves, either in or out of their familiar Lum and Abner pictures.

They want the advice of their screen and radio fans about this vitally important step in their careers.

What do you think? Should they start a new series of films having nothing to do with the Lum and Abner pictures, radio shows, characters or locale, in each of which they would play different characters, just as do Messrs. Grant, Cagney, Cooper, etc.?

Or should they just stay themselves?

Each method, from the boys' point of view, has good points and bad. That's why they're perplexed. And that's why they are asking you for advice through Movieland.

To make it interesting, the stars, the companies producing and releasing their pictures, and this magazine, have planned to ask for this advice in a contest.

YOUR HELP!

Pay You Money For Your Advice

Norris Goff (top) plays checkers with Abner, while Chester Lauck engages his old friend Lum. Actually, of course, it's a trick of the cameraman.

For prizes, to make the contest still more interesting, $2,000 in War Bonds will be given to the winners, with the first prize a $1000 Bond. There will be five $100 Bond prizes and ten $50 Bond prizes.

These lush rewards are offered for the best letters of advice, not longer than 250 words each, telling Lum and Abner—Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—what you would like them to do in this predicament.

Prizes will be awarded on the basis of the soundness of the advice, rather than on the literary quality of the letters.

The letters should be addressed to the Lum and Abner Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.

The contest closes April 1, 1944. No letters postmarked after midnight of that date can be judged.

Meanwhile, the boys will await your response to their plea. Of course, their radio shows will be going on right along, five per week, Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network. And they may film a Lum and Abner picture.

But they'll wait for the advice of their friends before they bow to producer pressure to step before the cameras as their youthful selves. They want to hear what you have to say about it.

LUM AND ABNER ARE GIVING AWAY

$2000 in WAR BONDS!

First Prize . . . . . $1000 War Bond

Second Prize (5). . . $100 War Bonds

Third Prize (10) . . . $50 War Bonds

All Bonds Donated by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

RULES:

1. Write 250 words or less telling Lum and Abner why you think they should keep the characters they have established intact—or—why you believe they should follow the advice of their studio and appear on the screen as themselves either in or out of their familiar Lum and Abner pictures.
2. Fill in the coupon below. Be sure to print your full name and state whether you are Miss, Mrs. or Mr. If you are married use your own surname. Clip coupon to your letter and mail to Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.
3. Submit one entry only.
4. All letters become the property of MOVIELAND, INC.
5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of MOVIELAND, INC., and RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., and members of their families.
6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than April 1, 1944.
7. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and readability will be considered in selecting the winners.
8. The contest will be judged by the Contest Editors of MOVIELAND. The decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S LUM and ABNER CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME...

STREET...

CITY......................... STATE....................

Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter

Somewhere on Guadalcanal. Rita Hayworth fans discover a George Hurrell shot of their favorite star in a magazine. Seaman 2nd Class Helmick, of the naval photographic corps, caught the scene just as it happened. Result, this photo-within-a-photo.

"Something on the black lace side" was the request made by a group of submariners in the Pacific, and Rita sent this photo.

Big thrill! The USO conducts regular weekly tours around the Hollywood lots. Sometimes the uniformed visitors are lucky and catch a star when she has time to show them some real fun and entertainment.

HEROES, HAYWORTH AND LONELY HEARTS

What's a Pin-Up girl? She's the symbol of home, the picture a fighting man writes to, his dream of love and glamour—Rita Hayworth

By DOROTHY DEERE

The letter read:

"Dear Rita:

"This is not a fan letter, but rather a supplication from a couple of white men out here in the Far East. We're an outfit of submariners who've been in these parts ever since the start of the trouble with our little brown friends. It's all been very interesting and you might say exciting, but we do get tired of nothing but salt water with only an occasional week in port for a sack of peanuts and a short beer.

"In other words, we're growing tired of our own company and muchly desiring a change of scenery. We've already taken a step in the right direction by giving that picture of you in your night-shirt (the one that ran in a fan mag some time ago) a prominent location in our boudoir. However, as time passes, this photo, luscious as it is, is growing dull and faded as battery fumes and depth charges do their damnedest. We therefore request, with all respect, that you forward us something with a dash of color in it—say on the black lace side—that may effectively resist the wear and tear of war conditions.

"Rest assured that the photo, if sent, will be placed over the mantel with the 'God Bless Our Home' sampler—which should show you that we're really a bunch of very sentimental guys, and that picture will do more good than you could even guess.

"It's going to be a long time before we get back to the good ol' U.S.A. and find ourselves marching in that Victory Parade up Market Street in San Francisco. Until that time, keep the folks busy back there—and thanks in advance for that black lace job we asked for.

Sincerely,
Lieut. ———, J. G.
U.S.S. Swordfish
(with the Asiatic fleet)"

* * *

How does it feel to get some nine thousand letters from service men a month—month after month—every one of them suggesting, pleading or just plain demanding that you send them an autographed picture?

What would it do to you to know that all over this gun-torn world—in muddy fox-holes, in bullet-pierced

What, and she can cook, too? One Spanish omelette, coming up! It's this sort of thing that makes several million service men think the American way of life is well worth their fighting for.

cockpits, in fever-ridden jungle hospitals, in sweltering ships' boiler rooms—your likeness is pinned or pasted, or carried in the pockets of men you've never met, whose names you couldn't even begin to remember?

The term "Pin-Up Girl," like the words "jeep," "G-I haircut," "blackout," "4-F" and other current Americana, was born of practical usage and straightaway went whimsical. It has done wonders for the radio gangsters' vocabulary, and given the movie press agent a new lease on news space. Outside of that, it hasn't earned much respect on the home front.

A "Pin-Up Girl," as far as the general public is concerned, is a glamour gal who poses with as little between her and the camera as the Hays office will allow, and then sends out the picture to any soldier, sailor or marine who asks for it. The more curves she can pitch in one posing, the more of them are going to ask for it.

To the men in training or on the battlefronts, the "Pin-Up Girl" is something else again. The very process now dragging civilization downward has raised her to something akin to a symbol. She is glorified sex and allure, for these are the things Hollywood has always stood for. But to understand how much more she has suddenly become—confidant, talisman, dream-girl in the dreamland of fun and peace and plenty they once called home—you'd have to read the thousands and thousands of letters she receives.

Rita Hayworth, the lovely, leggy Latin who, along with Betty Grable, Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr tops the list of favorites, says this "Pin-Up" business is something you can't explain in one sentence.

"It's flattering—and it's frightening.

"Practically every feminine star's mail has been increased by the war. We get great stacks of letters declaring us the favorite of this troop and the sweetheart of that one, and it's a great improvement on ordinary fan mail. Instead of a solitary fan letter, we're getting adulation on the wholesale plan.

"You hear you've been voted 'The Girl We'd Rather Whistle At in the Southwest Pacific Area,' or maybe 'The Girl We'd Rather Share a Life Raft With,' and you thank heaven for the good old unsinkable American sense of humor. Those are the letters you turn over to the publicity department—because, after all, that's part of being an actress.

"Then, there are the other kind—"

A couple of cartons of the "other" kind of letters sit in the corner of Rita's private dressing suite on the Columbia lot. The suite, as you might expect, is ex-

Posing for camera fans in the Columbia still gallery. A lot of fighters appreciate the opportunity of taking their own Pin-Up pictures, and Rita is the gal who will never refuse a sitting.

Rita, the "sew up girl" at Camp Callon. Says a sailor in a Maryland boot camp, "Say, aren't you forgetting the Navy?"

pensively movietown, jewelled with mirrored dressing tables, lush with white carpeting and flower-splashed drapery, such utilitarian objects as telephone and electric fan glamourized with a pale peach make up.

The one inescapable note of reality in the whole setup is those cartons, their dull sides bellying with the load of stacked letters. Postmarked from places the average American never heard of until a year ago, they were written by men who haven't had their feet on a carpet or leaned their heads against the upholstered back of a divan for many weary months. Men up to their ears in the grim business of war, and while they wait to kill or be killed, hungering for the softness and comfort they used to think were standard equipment for living.

A "Pin-Up Girl" can't escape that hunger written into and between the lines. To her, who is part real and part dream, the writer sets down all the things he keeps out of the letters written home.

Rita wafts one of her long-fingered hands toward a carton and picks a letter off the top. It turns out to be from a member of the Signal Photographic Corps newly moved from the Pacific to the "desolate forests of Australia," and it might be the inner voice of any soldier, anywhere. It reads, in part:

"—and it wasn't any picnic. I've seen enough filth, ruin, gore and suffering to last me a life-time. One thing I'm going to do when I get back is *live*—and you'd be surprised to know the little things that now make up my definition of Life—a piece of good steak, a clean bed, a drink of cold water with no chlorine or iodine in it.

"It's very funny, how many things we all take for granted until they take them away from us—the little things of personal comfort, the love and sweetness, the companionship of peaceful people, the personal touches that used to make our much too ordinary day differ just slightly from that of the mug across the street, or the newsboy on the corner.

"All those things seem to me now as if they only took place in a wonderful dream I once had, and every night I try to recapture some of it so the next day will be a little more bearable. Damn it, Rita, I'm homesick—and it makes me sound like a sissy, which doesn't matter, because after all you don't even know me.

"You see, even in these far off spots Hollywood still holds on to its enchantment. I started out writing just to ask you for a picture of yourself. Somehow I feel it would help me to remember a lot of things pretty hazy to me now—the movies and other fun, the happiness and beauty that are (*Continued on page 68*)

THIS IS MYSELF

BY OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Livvy adores older men. That must include Charles Coburn, who's shown with her here in a scene from "Princess O'Rourke," recent Warner Bros. release.

Look at this! Major Woodward Malone on a dancing date with Olivia. She's attracted by men with brains, humor and courage. Could it be that here's one who qualifies?

She's always been in love, ever since she was five years old. Olivia, the romantic gal with "three A" ambitions

MY FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE . . .

Occurred when I was five. We lived opposite a school, an old wooden building that had been declared derelict. The children in the neighborhood plugged the plumbing and flooded the boys' half of the basement so that water stood three feet deep.

We made rafts of boxes that were lying around, and had a glorious time poling around the basement on them.

I still feel the thrill of my tremendous excitement.

I REMEMBER . . .

A little boy named Abner Read, in the third grade when I was in first grade. He wore an orange and black sweater which he hung up in the cloak room. I used to come to school late so that I could kiss it surreptitiously as I passed.

I FORGET . . .

When I ceased to care for Abner, but I was always in love. When I was six I admired another boy who threw a rock at me. Ten years later, when I was sixteen, he proposed.

I USED TO . . .

Want to be an author, an actress, an artist, and something else that began with "a"—I can't think what! I believed there was something special about

Soon to be seen in "Devotion" (Warner Bros.)—Olivia de Havilland, who believes destiny plays a great part in her life. She doesn't care what people say about her, knows she is her own best judge.

all my ambitions beginning with "a". It seemed a significant coincidence.

See myself as a heroine. I saw myself saving lives by the dozen. When the Los Gatos Creek flooded the prune trees, which it did regularly every year, I saw myself rescuing people with the Australian crawl. . . . I still can't swim more than fifteen consecutive strokes!

See myself in various roles and then act out the roles. I went to a convent where the slightest deviation from conventional behavior was punished. I was distinctly feminine, but I saw myself then as a tomboy and proceeded to behave like one. Very trying for my family but I suppose I enjoyed it at the time.

(*Continued on page* 83)

Ah, sweet spring! So distinctly feminine, but time was when this pretty miss was really quite a tomboy. To this day, she still plays tricks on traffic cops.

CHECKING UP ON JAMES CRAIG

Jim mows the lawn, with helpful interference supplied by James, Jr., nicknamed "The Bub."

Success story, about a carpenter from Texas who dared to knock for an opportunity in Hollywood, and became a star. The future he's looking to, what he's really like

Cowboy Jim really rides the range, as you can see. He loves horses, started riding as a kid.

Illustrated by Nat Dallinger's exclusive Movieland photographs.

Milking bossie is one of his regular morning chores. He's accurate at it, too—an expert.

By

KITTY

CALLAHAN

JAMES CRAIG'S acting career is astronomical at the moment, literally and figuratively. But his feet, and his hands as well, are really stuck in good old terra firma.

It's like this. On the set of "The Heavenly Body," during the shooting of that sophisticated comedy in which scientific astronomy gets all mixed up with pseudo-science astrology, they had an expression for Jimmy's activities: "From Hedy to horses to cement."

For as soon as James Craig finished his stint before the camera, making love to Hedy Lamarr, he doffed his actor's clothes, donned his dungarees, hopped on his motorcycle and dashed back to his farm.

Properly, in California, you should say "ranch." But Jim insists his place isn't big enough to live up to that tremendous name.

"We were building the brooder house and feed room at the time," Jimmy said. "There was cement to mix and the foundation to lay. With hundreds of chickens awaiting a roof over their heads, making love to Hedy couldn't be allowed to interfere." His dark brown eyes flashed and laugh lines sprouted deep at the corners of his mouth as he said that.

The remark explains a lot about Jim Craig. He is a rugged stalwart in a gentlemanly mold. He is not afraid of hard work. On the contrary, he thrives on it, whether it is strenuous physical labor or acting before the camera.

"In a year and a half, I haven't even taken one Sunday off," he says, proud of his vitality.

No Hollywood actor has made greater strides in the past year than James Craig. Ever since his vivid portrayal of the student doctor in "Kitty Foyle," each of his pictures has been a stepping stone to greater popularity, and including every kind of acting from roles in such cowboy sagas as "Northwest Rangers," to serious drama in "The Human Comedy," to broad comedy in "Swing Shift Maisie." He's made seven pictures in the past year, which is a record for a leading man.

"I want to be able to play any kind of a role and I'll do whatever I have to do to learn. Acting is like

It was gas rationing that made it necessary for the Jimmy Craigs to rent this Beverly Hills home. They much prefer ranch living.

Jim and his beautiful wife, Mary, live a gaily quiet home life, independent of the Hollywood social whirl.

Time for those first-of-the-month budget blues, when Mary and Jim go into a family huddle over the bills.

The Craig "men" get together. They're great pals, the trio you see here—including Duke, the cocker spaniel.

a trade," he says. "A carpenter, for instance, knows what tools he has, but he must also know how to use them."

He thinks naturally in terms of carpentering. One of the first jobs he ever had was that of carpenter's helper at the Dupont plant at Old Hickory, Tennessee, during summer vacations.

In high school and college he became an outstanding athlete in football and track, and for a time when school days were over he played professional football. That football physique, six feet, two and a half inches, and one hundred ninety pounds, gives him a niche among the biggest leading men in motion pictures.

From the time Jimmy had his first paper route, while in knee pants in his native Nashville, right up 'til now, his ambition for financial independence has been a driving force within him.

At various times he was on the verge of a career in medicine, professional football, boxing and oil promotion. But none of those gave him the opportunity to get ahead fast enough.

James Craig is not one to wait for opportunity to knock. He goes out and makes it thump. That's how he became an actor.

He was doing very well for himself in sales promotion with General Motors in Houston, Texas, after he had graduated from Rice Institute. By most young men's standards, he was well on his way. He had a good salary, his own apartment and a car.

However, on his first vacation he drove to California. He visited Hollywood, and once in a while he caught a glimpse of a celebrity sans makeup. He thought of all that beautiful movie money.

"Why stars are just people like the rest of us," he analyzed. "Only, they know how to act. Why can't you learn to act just as you learn anything else?"

Jimmy had no contacts in Hollywood. However, he had faith in his own salesmanship. One of his tenets of selling had always been to go to the top, to see the head man. He used the same technique to launch himself into pictures.

James Henry Meador, salesman from Houston, had never been on a stage, had never had a dramatic lesson in his life. But he calmly called M-G-M and asked for the drama coach. He was connected with Oliver Hinsdale and before he had hung up, Jimmy had been invited to the studio next day for an interview.

"I sold myself to Hinsdale, all right," Jimmy relates. "'Go home and get a good diction coach,' Hinsdale told me. 'Try to do some Little Theater work and come back next year.'"

That's exactly what he did.

The following summer when Jimmy returned to Hollywood, he located Oliver Hinsdale at Paramount now, instead of M-G-M, and again was asked to come to the studio. This time, he impressed Hinsdale with what he had learned about acting. He was soon signed to a contract, and his name was changed to James Craig.

Having come from Texas with a drawl half acquired from his native Tennessee, half from his sojourn in the Lone Star State, the studio powers-that-be identified him with the wide open spaces and Jimmy found himself assigned to horse operas.

Jim loves horses. He has ridden since he was a stripling on his grandfather's farm, but he certainly didn't want to tie his motion picture future to westerns.

In vain he sought roles without boots and spurs. "You have no real dramatic experience," the studio argued, and kept him in the saddle.

"I figured the New York stage was the best place to get dramatic experience," Jimmy said, "so I headed for New York."

(Continued on page 71)

THE BOYS YOU MISS IN PICTURES ARE IN THE NEW ARMY SHOW

"WINGED VICTORY," the New York stage hit, is paying off with big dividends as a cash collecting benefit for Army Emergency Relief. At a request from General Arnold, funds from the show go for medical assistance to families of soldiers.

It's another "This Is the Army" deal. In the cast you will find some of the boys you have been missing in pictures—hit players in the show, many of whom have been commandeered for the Hollywood screen version now in production on the 20th Century-Fox lot. (Incidentally, of the three hundred men in the troupe, none has been called from combat duty.)

Moss Hart, who authored and directed, has heretofore rejected every offer that Hollywood has made. Now, however, he is doing "Winged Victory" for free, helping to make the movie version.

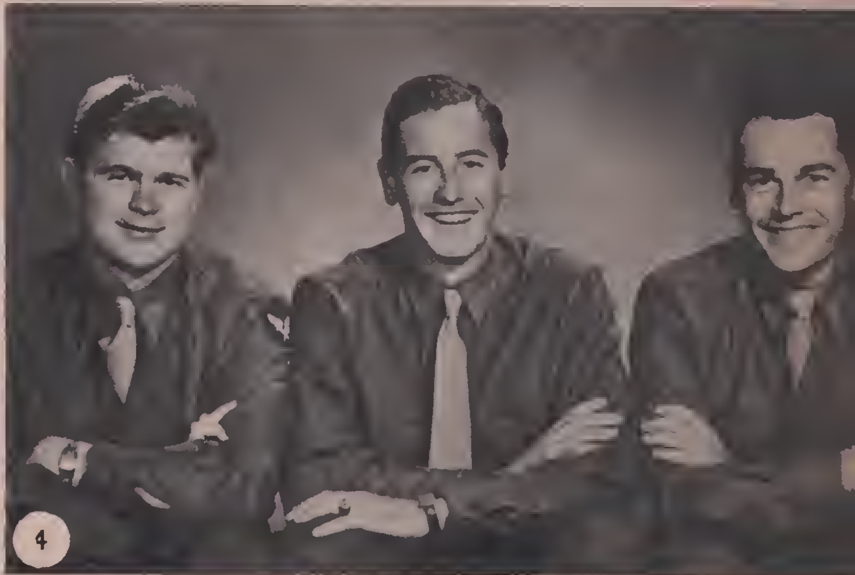
1 Here being directed by Moss Hart is Phyllis Avery, daughter of Stephen Morehouse Avery; Cpl. Mark Daniels, the writer who was once married to Fay Wray, and comedian Pfc. Edmond O'Brien, who was Deanna Durbin's leading man, also occasionally her "date."

2 Company atten-shun! Boys working in "Winged Victory" continue Army body building routine by drilling daily in Central Park.

3 Pvt. Ray McDonald rehearses his dance backstage. You used to see him in M-G-M pictures. He's Gracie McDonald's brother.

4 The three flying cadets in the show, Privates Barry Nelson, Don Taylor (ex-M-G-M-er) and Walter Reed, who scored in "Bombardier."

5 Once a Hollywood Warner designer, Sgt. Howard Shoup's doing "Victory" costumes now for pretty Elizabeth Fraser (center).



BATTLE OF THE BEST SELLERS

Katharine Hepburn read a story, liked it—result, "Woman of the Year," and an Oscar for the authors.

Your reporter, William Dozier, head of the Story Department for Paramount—collector of stories about stories.

James Hilton, author turned script writer. Except for him, there might have been no "Mrs. Miniver."

by WILLIAM DOZIER

THERE aren't a half dozen stars in Hollywood today who even pretend to perpetuate the myth that film stars pick their own stories. But behind the stars as you see them on the screen the battle of the sellers rages.

Once in a great while, in the case of an original story tailored by a Hollywood writer for some particular player, the star is the first to learn of the story and bring it to his studio's attention. Such was the case with "Mr. Lucky," Cary Grant's last for RKO. Milton Holmes, tennis playing friend of Cary, knocked out his first original story and pointed it for Grant. Cary read it . . . recognized the potentialities as a vehicle for himself, waltzed into head man Charlie Koerner's office, and a few hours later RKO had traded Holmes thirty-five thousand dollars for his yarn. It was then titled "Bundles For Freedom" and later appeared under that title in a national magazine.

Then there was also the time Katharine Hepburn, while dating director Garson Kanin, heard of a story Gar's brother, Michael, was at work on in collaboration with Ring Lardner, Jr. Katie read it, rushed over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and said if they would give her Spencer Tracy for her leading man and buy this script (for a chilled one hundred thousand dollars, by the way) she would make the picture for them. Result—"Woman of the Year," an Academy nomination for Katie and an Oscar for Kanin and Lardner for the year's best original screenplay.

But those are exceptions, and most of Hollywood's top pictures come from best-selling novels and successful Broadway plays; but since there are about three thousand books published yearly compared to about two hundred plays produced on Broadway, the minority naturally must come from the former source. And the stars are usually the last to know of these stories.

How does a story ever get to the attention of a producer and then to a star? This is how. Each of the seven major companies and several independent producers maintain an extensive story department not only in their West Coast studios but also in their New York offices. These staffs are constantly combing the book publishing market, and secure access to forthcoming novels many months before they appear between covers in the book shops. The picture possibilities of these embryonic best sellers are appraised by trained editors, by skilled producers, and shrewd executives. Nine times out of ten, the movie rights are bought by some studio long before the general public . . . and the stars . . . are aware of the book's existence. "Gone With The Wind," "How Green Was My Valley," "King's Row," "Random Harvest," "Pied Piper," "Frenchman's Creek," "Saratoga Trunk," "The Hour Before the Dawn," "Drivin' Woman," "The Human Comedy," and countless other important novels which have become, or are soon to become, front rank pictures, were bought by studios either from the author's manuscripts or publishers' galley-proofs, in all cases at least six months before publication of the books themselves.

When Elizabeth Chevalier had completed only a sixty-page outline of "Drivin' Woman," her agent took it to MGM, who in turn gambled on its prospects for best sellerdom, planked down seventy-five thousand dollars then and there, and sat back smilingly to watch the book jump to the top of the best seller list eight months later. They didn't know then what new star would be born, or what established star made to shine brighter, by playing this adventurous heroine. Now they have finally decided the star shall be Greer Garson. Likewise did MGM buy "Random Harvest" three weeks after James Hilton had finished the manuscript, and "The Human Comedy" before Saroyan himself had decided whether or not to have it published in book form. And neither Greer Garson nor Ronald Colman nor Mickey Rooney nor adorable little Jackie Jenkins had any idea of what was going on in those directions at the time.

When Paramount bought "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in this case about two weeks after publication, they had no idea who would play Roberto or Maria. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman had been mentioned, yes, but Paramount had no contract with either at the time and no assurance they could ever get these two stars for the production. Indeed, when the studio prepared to produce the picture, it was first planned to use Vera Zorina as Maria and Stirling Hayden, its rising star, as Roberto. Stirling joined the war effort, Zorina tested for Maria . . . but finally, as the world now knows, Cooper and Bergman played the roles.

When Warner Bros. snatched Edna Ferber's "Saratoga Trunk" from the other companies (and for one hundred and seventy-five thousand) nine months before its publication, they certainly had no idea the same Gary and Ingrid would wind up in the top parts. And neither did Gary and Ingrid. Many months later, after the two had worked so successfully and harmoniously with director Sam Wood in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," all three decided to move over to Warners' and do another picture together.

When I sat at the Academy Banquet last February and watched Greer Garson accept the richly deserved Oscar for her performance as Mrs. Miniver, I couldn't help thinking of the circumstances which brought this story to the screen, and eventually the statuette to Miss Garson.

Jan Struther's little book was at the top of the national best seller list—yet every studio had passed it by. "No story," they said, or "too precious, we're afraid." But one day the author's agent, who was also James Hilton's agent, asked Hilton to read the book. He did.

"Do you think you could get a movie story out of it, Jimmy?" asked the agent. The author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" said he was pretty sure he could. So over to the studio went the two. They lunched with producer-director Sidney Franklin and story editor Kenneth MacKenna (now Capt. MacKenna of the U. S. Army).

Next day MGM took an option on the book, James Hilton was hired to adapt it, three other writers were later called in to help, and finally from all that grist emerged Greer Garson playing the title role in the acknowledged best picture of the year. Jan Struther is now in Hollywood. Not long ago, I saw her again at a cocktail party. Jimmy Hilton was there also, and we enjoyed reminiscing along the above lines. You see, I was the agent, but that is unimportant.

Two years before, Ginger Rogers nabbed the Academy Award, and justifiably so, for (*Continued on page 73*)

Director Victor Fleming with William Saroyan (center) and Producer Sam Zimbalist (left) on the lot at MGM during the making of "The Human Comedy." The author-studio arguments developed during the filming were quickly forgotten after the picture came off a hit.

Your lovely lustrous hair is sure
To make him fall for your allure!

No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

THE SUIT is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickeys and blouses—and wear it under a top coat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

"She's gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!" That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre!
So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do. That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner added
Special drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner added

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

THIS YEAR OF GRACE
for Joan Crawford

1944 offers Joan Crawford, born on March 23rd, under the sign Aries, many opportunities to reach the greatest heights of her dramatic career, if she has learned to control a fiery disposition and lay temperament aside.

For Saturn and Uranus transit her seventh House. They twine her Natal Moon, Saturn and Mars, and oppose her natal Uranus. This dynamic combination holds better understanding of people and affairs. It gives her caution and control of her own impulses.

Her natal Sun, in Aries at birth, opposed Mars, her ruling planet, and also squared Neptune. Therefore she has an impulsive nature, is open to jealousy and deception. but has the courage to fight against all odds.

She should remember that hasty action, especially in speculation of any nature, has made many past difficulties. This applies alike to home and career. Any home problems should be settled by July.

She should control over-optimism. Desires with high motives will be realized, provided she does not drive herself—and others—to the point of exhaustion in her determination for perfection.

Even hard won rewards are hard to keep. So it is that as the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon trace their paths across her chart this year, they bring their share of problems and joys. Nothing should tempt her from the path she is now traveling. If she accepts the freedoms and restraints with tact and wisdom, the year's end should find her one of the screen's immortals.

For all persons born between March 21 and April 20

Early in its stride the year brings some recognition of apparently unrewarded struggles. Many who seemed to turn from you will now return for help and offer help. Business and social affairs will improve, since you have far too much pride to accept help without giving it.

Persons born under Aries have difficulty in understanding and cooperating with those with whom they are in partnership, especially during April and May. It is part of your cosmic task to recognize your partners' importance and your need of them. You can be wrong, so walk softly and with caution.

Be very sure of any investment, whether in finances or love. Caution is not your metier, but you must use it all the time. Romance beckons, but be sure of your decisions, and if you are already married and the year demands much of your partner, be thankful he or she is having the chance of fulfillment. Avoid resentment.

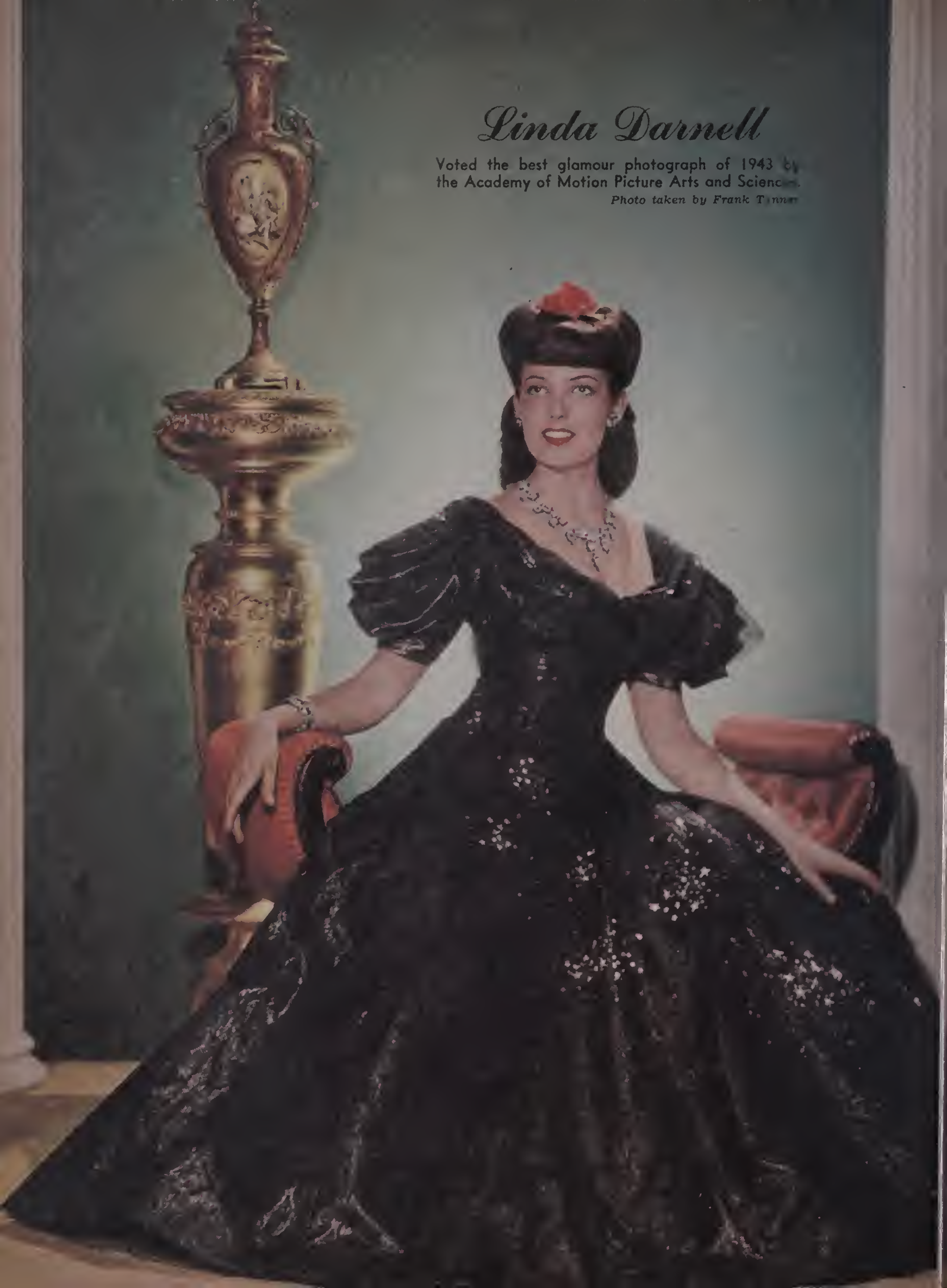
Forgive the infidelities of friends, but don't forget them. Strive to stay beyond any pettiness and impatience. It is a year packed full of dynamite, so handle it with care, and the results will exceed your ambitions—which are limitless.

Late breakfast, served by Maureen. "Tell it to the Marines", Lieutenant. Breakfast at camp was never like this! They take tea, instead of coffee, Irish style.

Bill's pride and joy, their victory garden. He put it in before his induction, left Maureen in charge. The fem fashion note, by the way, is Maureen's beige flannel shorts, worn with a red belt.

The expectant father, suddenly concerned with new family problems. Food rationing, preparing baby's nursery, extra clotheslines, all that sort of thing.

Exclusive photos taken by
Nat Dallinger, Movieland's staff cameraman.



Linda Darnell

Voted the best glamour photograph of 1943 by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Photo taken by Frank Tanner

THEIR FIRST LOVE

Barbara Stanwyck: *"He didn't think much of my face."*

BARBARA STANWYCK was fourteen years old when she met her dream man. "I was standing backstage in a New York theater," she recalls, "watching a vaudeville act in which a family friend was appearing. Standing in the wings, I was very much impressed by this glimpse of a world which seemed very glamorous to me. Then I saw the most marvelous looking man I had ever beheld. He had also stepped into the wings of the theatre. He was tall and dark haired, and had a moustache. His hair had a glint which probably came from vaseline. He was undoubtedly a typical vaudevillian, but he was my ideal of everything a man should be. I lost my heart to him immediately, and decided that this was a definite case of 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight'?

"I swished past my dream man in the hope of attracting his attention. I succeeded. He turned to a man standing near him, and said in a whisper loud, 'Look at that petite enfant. Hasn't she the funniest face we've ever had backstage?'

"I was so hurt that I vowed I'd never fall in love again. Of course, I didn't know then that one wonderful day I was going to meet a guy called Robert Taylor."

Irene Dunne: *"I ignored him."*

IRENE DUNNE says, "When I was sixteen, there came to Louisville, Kentucky, one of the handsomest boys we'd ever seen in town. His name was Walter, and all the girls were crazy about him. Besides being handsome, he was so sophisticated. He treated us all like country cousins and we loved it. I lost my heart to him completely, though I pretended I loathed him.

"One day I was invited to a party at which I knew Walter would also be present. I laid my campaign plans very carefully. I knew that every girl at the party would set her cap for Walter; that they would all be chasing him. I made up my mind that I would be the only girl at the party to ignore Walter. I reasoned that a young man pursued by so many women might be intrigued by the one girl who didn't pursue him.

"My campaign worked. Walter evidently couldn't understand why I ignored him so completely; and from that time on, he began pursuing me. What would have happened if he hadn't moved out of town, I can't imagine."

Anne
Baxter

The SULLIVANS

Copyright, 1944, by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

THE CAST

Katherine Mary	*Anne Baxter*
Mr. Sullivan	*Thomas Mitchell*
Al	*Edward Ryan*
Genevieve	*Trudy Marshall*
Frank	*John Campbell*
George	*James Cardwell*
Matt	*John Alvin*
Joe	*George Offerman, Jr.*
Mrs. Sullivan	*Selena Royle*
Father Francis	*Roy Roberts*
Lieutenant	*Ward Bond*

and the brothers as children:
Al, Bobby Driscoll; Frank, Marvin Davis; George, Buddy Swan; Matt, Billy Cummings; Joe, Johnny Calkins; Genevieve as a child is played by Nancy June Robinson

Others in the cast:
Ronnie Harris, Betty Farrington, Barbara Brown, Larry Thompson, Selmer Jackson, Harry Shannon, John Wald, Mel Schubert, Stephen Barclay, John Nesbitt, Bernard Sommer, Sammy Cantor, Stymie Beard

Directed by Lloyd Bacon
Produced by Sam Jaffe
Movieland Story
by Elizabeth Petersen Macdonald,
from the screen play by Mary McCall
A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX
FILM PRODUCTION

ALL the Sullivans were sitting there on the platform in the shipyard, Mom and Pa and Gen. Funny to think of the three of them as *all the Sullivans,* but that's how it was now—just them and that ship waiting to ride down the ways, the ship with *SULLIVAN* painted across its prow.

Mom was wearing a new hat and an orchid corsage. A short time ago she wouldn't have known an orchid from an iris, but things were different now. She'd got so she knew a lot she never had before, travelling all over the country the way she and Pa had, seeing the big cities, New York and Chicago and now San Francisco. They certainly had done a lot of running around for a couple of homebodies. At their time of life, too.

Yet Mom wore her years surprisingly well, considering everything. Of course they'd taken away the prettiness she had when she was a girl, and they'd thickened her waist and padded her bosom and left lines on her face. But the years had enriched her, too. She'd borne six kids and she'd had the love of a good man for thirty years and she'd always had young people around to keep her

The Sullivan boys had always wanted a boat of their own. What did it matter that this one was full of holes? They caulked the holes with dried mud and set sail. Ship ahoy!

Sequel to the ill-fated first voyage. It was a long swim to shore, and little Al almost didn't make it. It's things like this a mother remembers, when her boys have grown up.

These were the happiest years for the Sullivan family. Oh, the kids got into trouble now and then, and Pa scolded them. There was never much money, still Ma always managed somehow. The thing was, you see, the Sullivans always stuck together.

The SULLIVANS

CONTINUED

Thirty-three years Pa had been with the railroad, and never once late. Still had a lot of vigor left in him, too. He was always a good father to his family, and a good husband.

It was the day George won the motorcycle race. Frank and Matt rushed right out to congratulate him, but they weren't a bit more thrilled than all the rest of the family—including Gen!

forgetting she wasn't as young as she used to be.

Pa had a lot of vigor left in him, too. He was the sort of man who'd never dodder, who could never be called a poor, sweet old man, no matter what happened to him. He had taken care of himself in roundhouse fights when he was a young fella, and he could still stand up against any blows life dealt him.

Mom sat up just as straight as she could when the Admiral began making his speech. She didn't want to miss a word of it. Remembering things afterward was so important. She'd found that out.

"We are here today," he began, "for the christening and launching of a new ship of the United States Navy. She is to be named for five ordinary seamen, five American boys who enlisted together to fight for our country."

Mom heard Gen trying to stifle a sniffle. Things were harder for those who hadn't lived long enough to get a good grip on life. Poor Gen didn't have so many years of lusty living behind her when the blow fell as Mom and Pa had. Mom leaned over and patted her daughter's hand, but her eyes kept looking at the Admiral.

"It was by their own special request to the Navy that they sailed together on the same ship, the cruiser Juneau," he was saying. "They knew the risk they ran, the danger that if one were lost, all might be lost. But they had grown up together, back in Waterloo, Iowa, and when the time came they were resolved to fight together, too."

The brand new hat perched on Mom's head nodded in vigorous accord. They'd always been like that, the boys—ever since they were barely able to toddle, ganging up together when anyone of them had a fight on his hands. Not that they didn't fight with each other, too. They wouldn't have been the Sullivans if they hadn't. But Mom had always let them finish it when they did fight. She wasn't one for coddling or protecting any of them. She remembered how there was always a bottle of arnica in the house those days, and there was hardly a day one of them didn't have a black eye. Black eyes and arnica—funny the way they spelled the happiest years in Mom's life. Years with the house full of growing kids sliding down banisters and tracking up the kitchen with muddy feet and . . . goodness, she could go on forever thinking of all the things they used to do. Now she had to listen to the Admiral.

"They were brothers. The Juneau's register carried their family name five times." And as the Admiral repeated the name Sullivan five times, his voice made a proud thing of it. "A world at war should know the story of the Sullivan family. Their life was a constant struggle against poverty. There were six children to feed and clothe, house and educate on the wages of a railway freight conductor. Yet the Sullivans so lived in their family, and in this country, that Death itself could not defeat them. There was . . ."

He was repeating their names now in order of their ages, but Mom didn't have to listen to that. They were written in her heart. George, first, he was the oldest. Then Francis and Joseph and Madison and Albert. One after the other she had held them in her arms, such funny little wrinkled-faced babies. And of course there was Gen, too, who had come between Francis and Joseph.

The Admiral was right. There never had been much money, and no one knew as well as Mom how hard it was to stretch Pa's pay to take care of all of them. But they'd always been able to laugh. Nothing was ever so hard that they weren't able to laugh.

Like that time Pa told the boys there was trout in Miller's pond and casually suggested the best bait was the worms found under grapevines.

"Rain runnin' offa grapevines soaks into the dirt, see, an' gets a special kind of worm food in it," Pa said—and there wasn't even a twinkle in his eyes. "But you don't wanna hurt the roots of the vine when you dig for them, though. If them roots bleed, see, it poisons the worms."

How the boys had dug under Pa's cherished grapevines that day! Pa had been pretty busy and the weeds had got a strong hold around them, but when the boys got finished digging and pulling up it looked as if a professional gardener had been at work—and the grapes were the best that year they'd ever been.

But the fishing wasn't. All the kids came home with was one scrawny little thing hardly bigger than a minnow.

"Pa," George called as they came up the path. "There wasn't no trout in . . ."

But Pa was laughing so he didn't finish the sentence.

"Trout's hard to catch," Pa guffawed. "But you can always catch suckers."

It didn't seem long ago, remembering. It could have been yesterday they brought home that dog given them by the man who lived down near the dump. And pretty glad the man was to be rid of him, too, Mom decided, judging from the way the critter ate and tore around the house and dirtied up the big wash she'd just finished. They called him Chief and they were terribly proud of him.

"A real, genuwine Mongrel hound," that's what the man had told them he was and that's what the boys called him, too. They got in a fight with the kids who lived in the next district when they jeered at Chief, saying there was no such thing as a Mongrel hound, and who'd want a mangy old flea-bitten mutt from the dumps anyway.

"Why don't your mother cut him up for stew?" one of them had sneered. And that had been just too much for the Sullivans.

"Okay," George had said, rolling up his sleeves. "Here we go." And they lit into the gang.

It was right outside of the church, too. The four oldest had been to Confession. Al was still in there with the priest and the others were waiting for him. But by the time he was through the fight was still going on in full force, and Al forgot he was wearing his new First Communion suit and lit right in with the others.

They were a sight when they came home, and Mom sent them right back to the priest to make their confessions all over again. Father Francis understood boys, though, and his eyes twinkled as he gave them penance. But the new suit had been torn beyond patching. And so there Al went through Communion the next day in in his corduroy everyday clothes, and the shiner closing one eye was a beauty. But he was wearing his flowing white satin bow on one arm with the best of them.

It was after that Pa decided the boys would have to get rid of Chief. He was eating more than any one of them and it was hard enough having eight mouths to feed, without that dog, who never seemed to get his fill. The boys took it hard, but they knew once Pa had made up his mind it was useless to argue or try to wheedle him.

They picked out a nice comfortable farm first, where it looked as if food, even for a dog, would be no problem. Then, luring Chief into the barn, they shut the door on him, praying the farmer would be good to him when he found him. But they'd no sooner got home than they heard an eager yelp at the back door—and there was Chief, panting with eagerness and exertion, closing his eyes in ecstasy as he lifted one paw in frantic greeting.

After that the least they could do was to give him one heck of a time before they tried losing him again. They went down to the lake to swim and then, oh wonder of wonders, they found the abandoned row boat. It was full of holes, but it was a boat. And the Sullivan boys had always wanted a boat of their own.

It was when they decided to christen her, the boat capsized and they all struck out for shore. It wasn't until the others reached the bank that they saw Al was having trouble. They were so far away they'd never be able to get to him in time. And then they saw Chief, paddling frantically towards Al. Grabbing the strap of his overalls, the dog towed him to shore. They'd heard of dogs doing things like that, but they'd never seen it happen before. Gosh, how they loved Chief then, a million, million times more than they even had before.

Pa didn't say much when they told him. Only his eyes looked kind of shiny. And after dinner they saw him give Chief the beef bone with almost enough meat left on it to do for stew the next day.

"Well, he was a good fella," Pa said, patting his head. "Good dog."

The boys knew everything was okay then.

They should never have taken Bill Bascom hunting with them that autumn. Bill had big ideas. He wasn't content with trying to flush rabbits or pheasants. A deer, that's what he wanted, he said, going further into the woods.

He hadn't been gone long when they missed Chief. At first they were sure he'd gone home, for he hadn't enjoyed the hunting. He'd cringed every time a gun went off. Then they heard a shot, followed by a frenzied yelp. The boys knew then even before they found Chief. What made it even worse was that there wasn't anything they could do for him.

"What'll we do with him?" Matt gulped. "Should we bury him here?"

"No," George said, his voice sounding prickly and hard. "Home. In the yard."

"Yeah." Joe nodded. "He liked the yard."

"Yeah," Frank said. "He sure liked the yard."

So there was the cross made of box slats nailed together, with Chief's name painted on it, and they gave him a funeral with flowers and hymns and a prayer and everything. And it was a long, long time before anyone dared to speak his name again.

It was right after the funeral the town saw the five Sullivans marching steadily along the street, looking neither to left nor right. It was their fighting walk and the other kids got out of their way. But the Sullivans didn't stop until they reached the Bascom house.

"Say, what's eating you?" Pa sounded so helpless whenever Mom cried. Maybe it was because she did it so seldom. "No sense turning on the waterworks, just because Al's gone daffy over some girl. Why, he wouldn't be a legal Sullivan if he didn't!"

"We want to see Bill," George said when Mrs. Bascom answered the bell.

"Billy's not feeling well," she said. "Maybe it'll cheer him up to see you. He's been crying all afternoon. He killed a dog. He feels just awful about it."

They looked at each other, their faces still stoney. They went upstairs and Bill's strangled sobs came out to them from behind the closed door. They didn't even knock but went right in.

Bill looked up at them, his face all red and splotched with tears. He didn't try to get away, just looked at them, waiting for them to leap on him. He looked as if he felt anything they did was coming to him. George cleared his throat.

"Bill," he said, and his voice sounded strange and awkward. "We're gettin' up a football team from Oak Street. We gotta get aholt of a smart quarterback. We come to ask would you play with us."

"Would I?" Bill's voice broke. "Gee! What do you think?"

Mom tasted the salt of old tears, remembering. That was one thing everybody had to say about her boys. They never held a grudge. They had forgiveness in their hearts.

Not that they were angels. Thank heavens, no! There was that time she was out visiting and Frank got the idea of building a wood box right against the kitchen wall, and cutting a door through so Mom could just open it and get wood anytime she needed it without them having to take it in from the lean-to outside. George tried to talk Frank out of it, pointing out it wasn't an easy job. But Frank flared up.

"Just because you're fourteen doesn't make you President of the United States!" he grumbled. "You can quit worryin', because I'm (*Continued on page 77*)

The fighting Sullivans, off to join the Navy—all but Al. In the end, though, Al's wife insisted that he go along with the rest. "You belong with them," Kotherine told him. "It's always been the five of you. I want you to go, Al."

The boys secretly resented Katherine Mary's taking Al away from them. Thot was just at first, though. After they got to know her, then it was different. They all loved her. She was one of them.

Here they are—George, Frank, Joe, Matt and Al—the quintet that went to work for Uncle Sam, getting special permission from the Navy Department for all of them to be on one ship. The Juneau.

Movieland's Five Best Pictures of the Month

BY JACK GRANT

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

(20th Century-Fox)

SPIRITUALLY and humanly, Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette" has been transformed into a screen masterpiece. It brings an inspiring and impelling message to a war-torn world, a message which shows the miracles that can be wrought by true, reverent faith. Bernadette possessed exactly such indestructible faith in her vision of "The Lady." And with the devout who shared her belief she shared the miracle. She was a child of only fourteen when her vision first came to her in the filthy grotto of a dumping ground outside Lourdes. Enchanted by the one others could not see, she returned again and again to blaze a trail for suffering humanity who found healing in the waters of the spring that gushed forth.

Among the 850,000 readers of the Werfel novel are many who will demand nothing short of perfection in a performance of the role of Bernadette. They will be thoroughly gratified by the simple, moving sincerity of Jennifer Jones as the peasant girl. It is a strangely exacting portrayal which could not countenance a single false note. Nor does Jennifer commit the slightest misstep in creating the undefended and essential spirit of one who was pure in heart—one through whom men have learned to see the eternal truths which the common day veils from our feeble eyes.

You will exult in the glorious uplift of numerous distinguished contributions that deftly recapture the mid-Nineteenth Century period in the French Pyrenees. There is space to mention merely a few of the memorable characterizations: the priest by Charles Bickford, the archskeptic by Vincent Price, and the poverty stricken parents by Anne Revere and Roman Bohnen.

TENDER COMRADE

(RKO-Radio)

IN THE windows of America hang countless little service flags of red, white and blue. This is a story about the women who are proudly privileged to display these stars in honor of their men who are off to war. Specially, the tribute is paid to a typical cross-section of service widows who have assumed the industrial duties of husbands and sons for the duration and are living in memories until their men return.

"Tender Comrade" will accord you a glowing emotional experience in the theatre. Filled with deeply moving moments of lasting beauty, the drama attains unforgettable heights. Ginger Rogers gives a magnificent performance of a girl who, with chin up, is determined to aid however she can in the fight. It is her idea that she and three other war workers pool their rent expenses and share a home as patriotically as they share a car. It is she who thinks of seeking a housekeeper when the housework at night proves a hardship to the girls who labor all day. Her memories of the man she married are those we are invited to share, from the time of the proposal, down through the little irritations of wedded differences, to the last goodbye they said. With her, too, we are stirred to accept the challenge for protecting the peace that men are dying now to deliver to us.

There is glorious understanding in the portrait Ginger offers. Robert Ryan plays her husband with an honesty that is refreshing. Ruth Hussey does a colorful role of the most brittle member of the girls' household, Patricia Collinge is the woman with two sons in uniform, and Kim Hunter, the appealing schoolgirl of the group. Mady Christians is a treasure as the German-born housekeeper they find.

DESTINATION TOKYO

(Warner Bros.)

SOME day, after the war is won, the Navy Department may let us know the name of the real-life submarine captain whom Cary Grant enacts in "Destination Tokyo." His identity and that of the courageous crew have remained a military secret, even though it officially became known last May that an American submarine ran interference in Tokyo Harbor for the smashing aerial raid on Japan staged by Doolittle and his boys. Such an amazing cruise into enemy waters as the one depicted in this immensely exciting picture actually took place. It was brought off by men of intestinal fortitude spelled with a capital "G." Hollywood has filmed no finer war adventure than "Destination Tokyo." You can't afford to miss its tense excitement.

Cary is every inch the distinguished naval captain he portrays. John Garfield does a grand job of the torpedoman who enjoys bragging of conquests ashore; Alan Hale, the richly amusing cookie; and John Ridgely, the Japanese-speaking officer in command of the landing party. Newcomers Robert Hutton, as the kid, and William Prince, as Pills the pharmacist mate, are noteworthy. The episode of the emergency operation is borrowed from a true occurrence.

Fictionally, the submarine is called the *U.S.S. Copperfin.* It puts to sea under sealed orders, stops at the Aleutians to pick up the Japanese-speaking officer, repulses an attack by Zeros, and dodges through the mine fields in Tokyo Harbor by tagging a Jap transport. Weather observations are radioed to the *Hornet* for the benefit of Doolittle, then begins the fight to get away again. It's a thriller of war thrillers, but grippingly real and really dramatic.

A GUY NAMED JOE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

ACCORDING to the creed of flyers, "pilots never die." At the elbow of every veteran or tyro in the air is the spirit of "A Guy Named Joe" to help when the going gets tough. What else can account for all the unexplainable happenings which make up the stories in the airman's lore? Amazing, unbelievable stories, but told as being true.

Call this a whimsey of the superstitious-minded, if you will. Yet somehow it is an enormously heartening notion which is widely believed by men whose bravery we celebrate on every front of this global war. There are gremlins, aren't there—imps of evil who make things go wrong? Well, why can't there be guys named Joe, too?

If in your enjoyment of this picture you are reminded of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" by the cloud-covered flying field upon which Spencer Tracy lands, it may be well for you to recall that both fantasies were produced by the same man, Everett Riskin. From Lionel Barrymore, who enacts the "general," Tracy gets his first orders after the crash. He is assigned to be a Joe for a fresh kid just out of Boston Tech. It looks like a snap job, until the kid starts to fall in love with the charming ferry transport pilot whom Tracy loved on earth. There begins a strange and fascinating romance which has angles of the eternal triangle in the real and the supernatural.

But we're not going to reveal who wins the lady's hand. Irene Dunne is the lovely one in the Ferry Transport Service, and Van Johnson the kid from Boston Tech. Van had an accident on a motorcycle that hospitalized him while the picture was in production. It could be that Joes don't ride on handlebars.

GUNG HO!

(Universal)

THE story of Carlson's Marine Raiders and of their stunning hit-and-run raid on the Japanese stronghold on Makin Island. Their thrilling feat in August of 1942 made world headlines, not only because of the brilliant military strategy of the surprise attack, but because it marked America's first offensive in the war with Japan.

The picture that Walter Wanger has based upon this achievement by Carlson's hand-picked Marines is a first-class thriller that will hold you spellbound by the intensity of the battle sequences, certainly as stirring and exciting as any ever filmed. Real Marines worked before the cameras in these fights as part of their Raider training at Camp Pendleton. No tougher, rougher band of fighting men has ever been assembled than these fellows who wear the uniform of Uncle Sam. The title, "Gung Ho," is the slogan under which they are trained. Translated from the Chinese, it means "work in harmony," which is what they must learn to do to survive. Represented by that slogan is a whole new code of officer-men relationships. Fighting men are given democracy in the service equal to the free rights institutions they're offering their lives to help preserve.

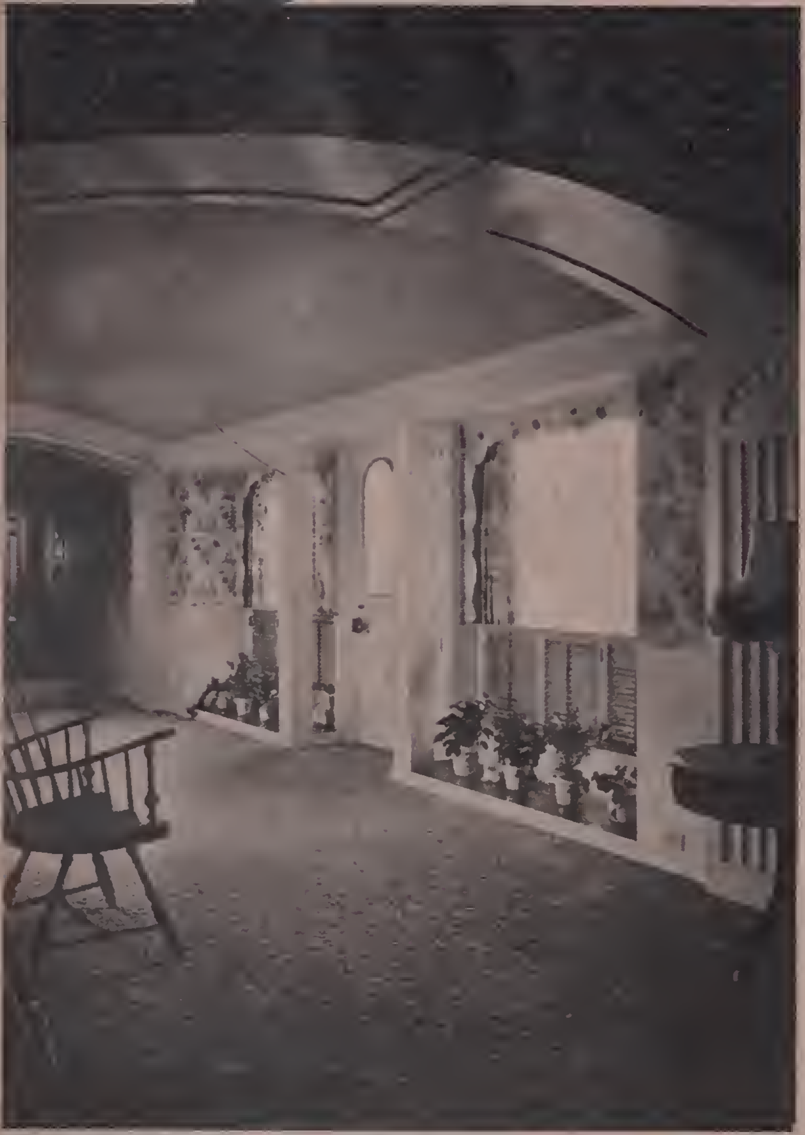
Randolph Scott plays the character who is the counterpart of Colonel Carlson. Surrounding him are such stalwarts in the ranks as Alan Curtis, J. Carrol Naish, Sam Levene and Rod Cameron. But there is small chance for individual performance honors in a cast that works in harmony like the men they impersonate. The story falters only when it tries to arouse interest in a pallid love thread which involves a couple of glimpses of Grace McDonald.

HOME OF A STAR

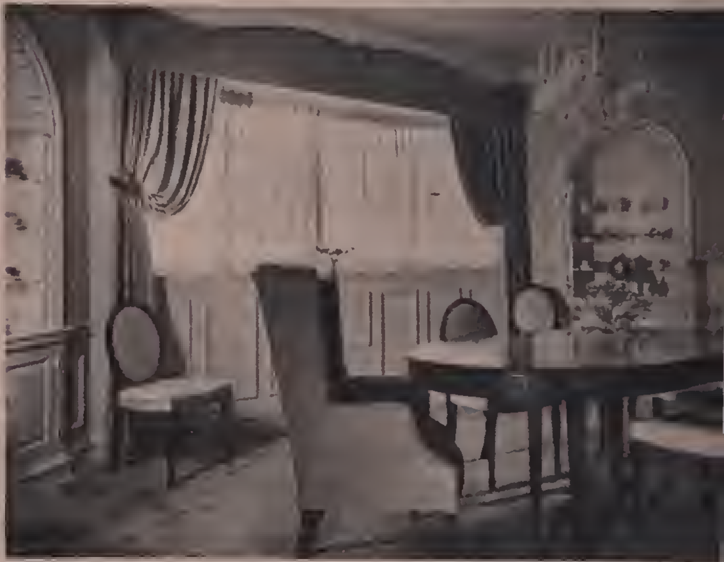
Deanna Durbin's

EVERY Sunday on Sunset Boulevard vendors sell maps to the homes of the stars. Many of the places are difficult to see because they are built high on the hilltops or behind secluded walls and dense shrubbery. Most interesting of all are the interiors of the homes which are never seen by the outside world. Movieland will bring to you in pictures a series of photographic features showing the rooms of the homes of the moving picture people. Here you will see their personalities as reflected in the rooms in which they live.

Herewith are pictures of Deanna Durbin's home. Here she came as a bride, and although recently divorced from Vaughn Paul, she goes on living here, surrounded by beautiful furniture and appointments. She has a particular love for fireplaces, and her fondness for rocking chairs is in evidence throughout. Because music is the background of her life there is a piano, an organ and a Capehart. Because she loves brown it is repeated throughout in decoration.

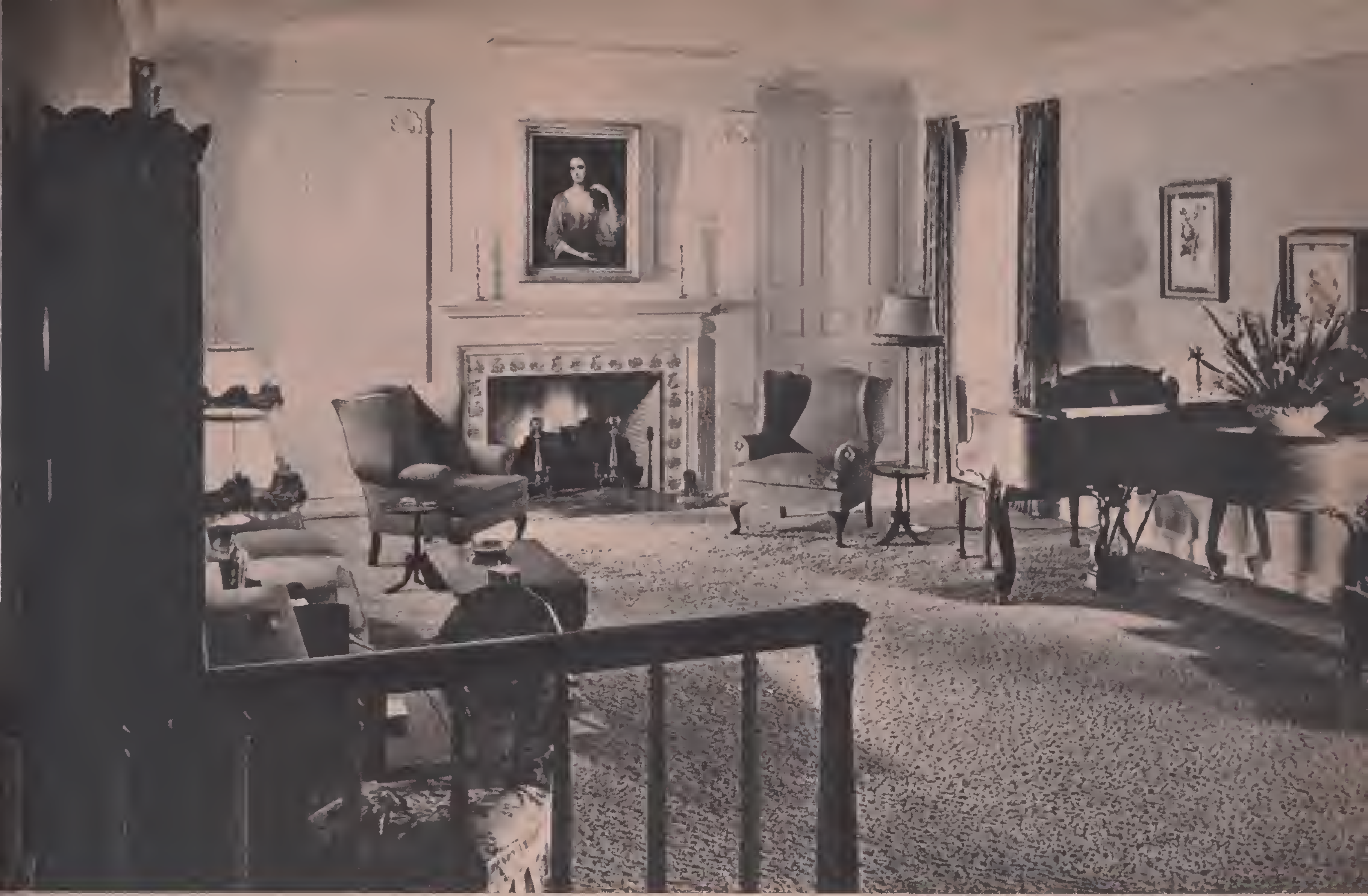


Through the paneled archway you see the entrance hall, with paned windows flanking the Dutch door and potted plants below to give an informal note. The curtains and covered walls are of printed chintz. The woodwork is ivory; the carpeted floors, dusty blue.

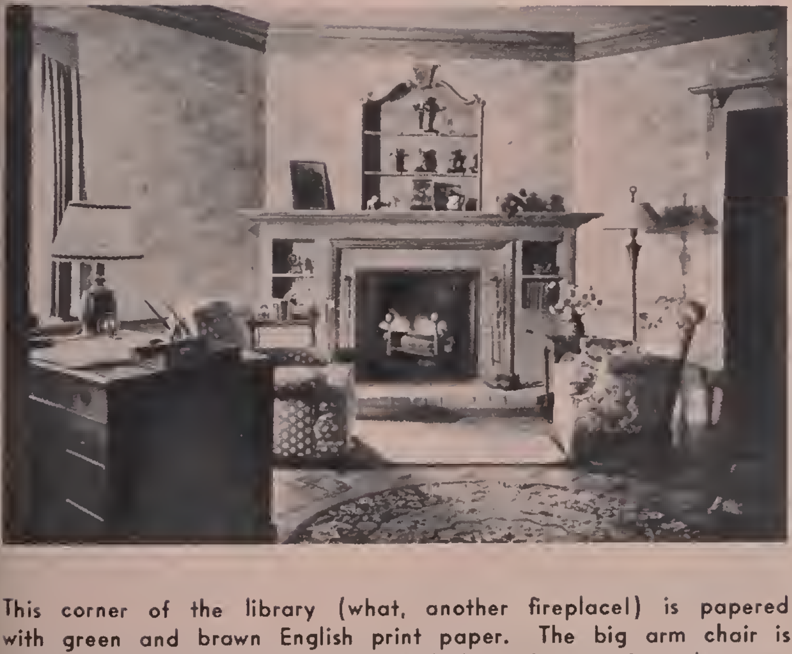


Peach colored glass curtains at the bay window cast a rosy glow in the dining room. Drapes and rug are apple green, peach silk shantung upholsters the chairs. In the corner cupboard Deanna keeps the coffee cup collection her family brought from England.

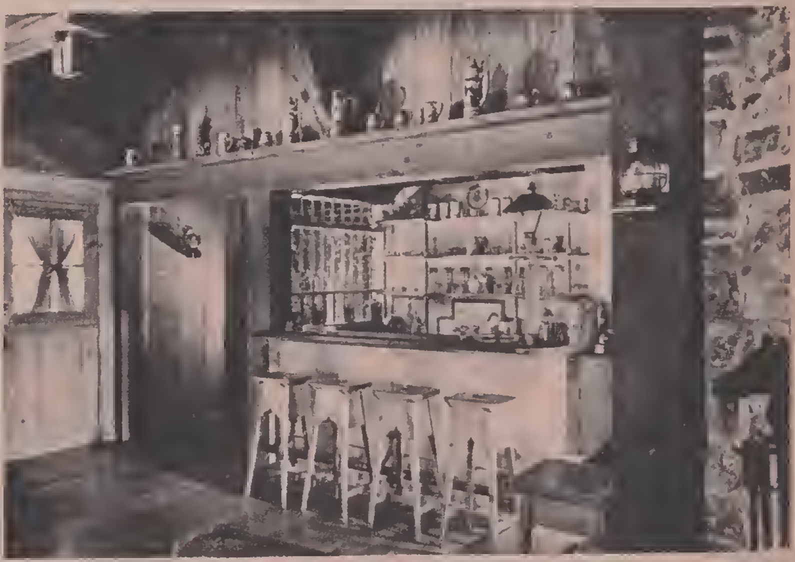
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAYNARD PARKER



The living room is paneled at one end, encasing a fireplace. Around the fireplace, a border of Dutch tiles. Deanna's beautifully carved piano is a studio grand, and on the wall next to it are floral prints hung in quaint old gold frames. The rug is blue carpeting, heavily napped, and the two chairs by the fireplace are deep rose. Drapes are blue chintz with a floral pattern.



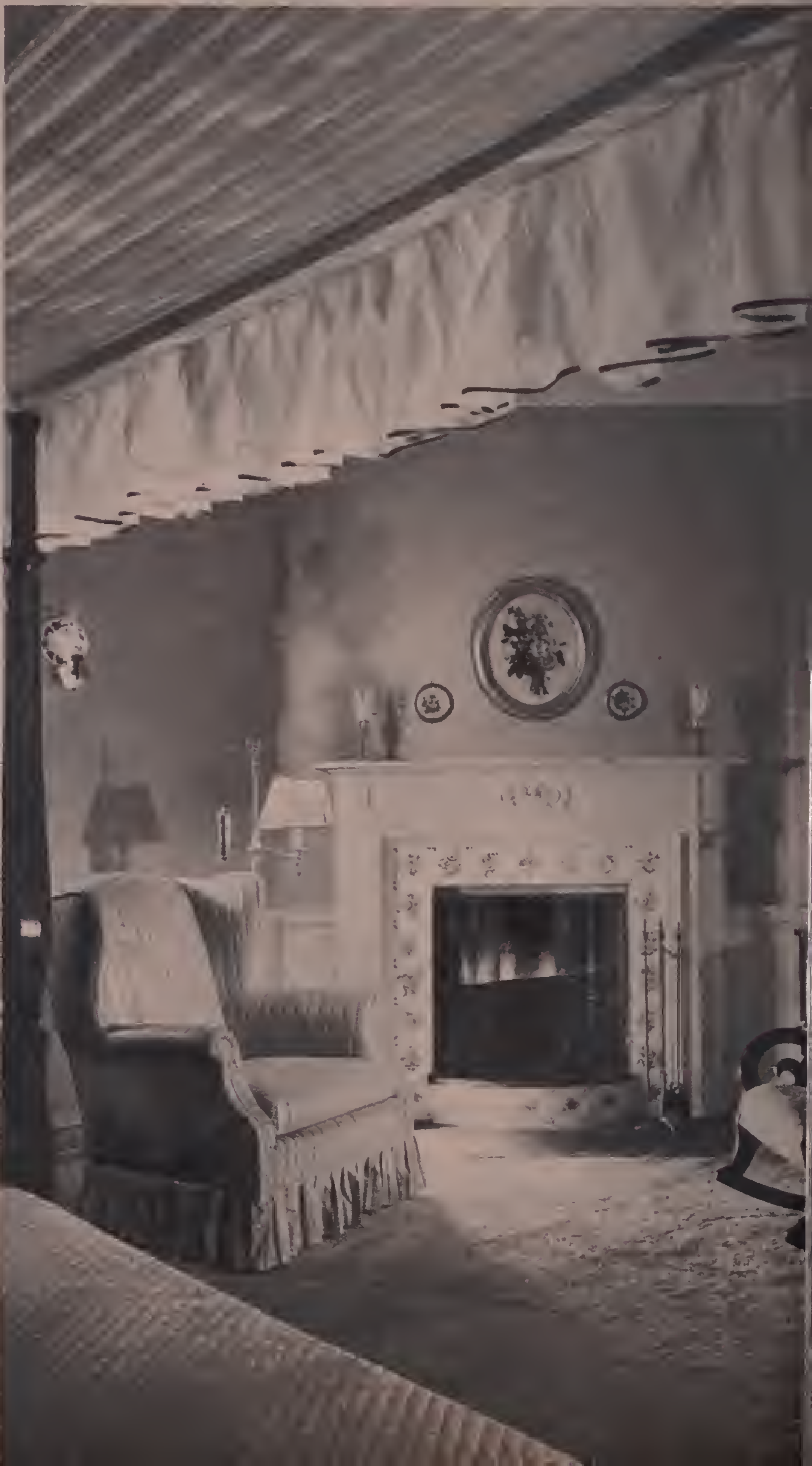
This corner of the library (what, another fireplace!) is papered with green and brown English print paper. The big arm chair is covered with brown print, and the little rocker is of apple green quilted chintz. For the floor, which is inlaid, hooked throw rugs.

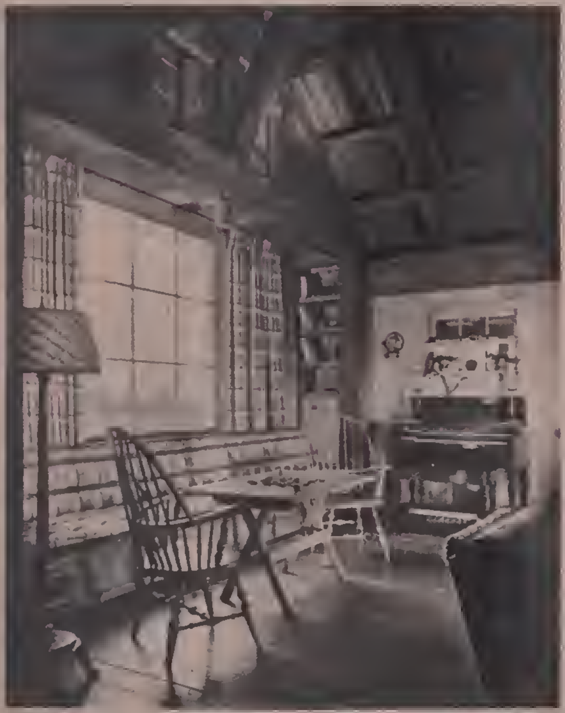


Deanna Durbin's playroom, as in most Hollywood houses, is one of the important rooms. At one end is the paneled bar, on which is a lamp post. Above the bar is a collection of old English beer mugs and Toby jugs. The room is lighted with bronze wall lamps.

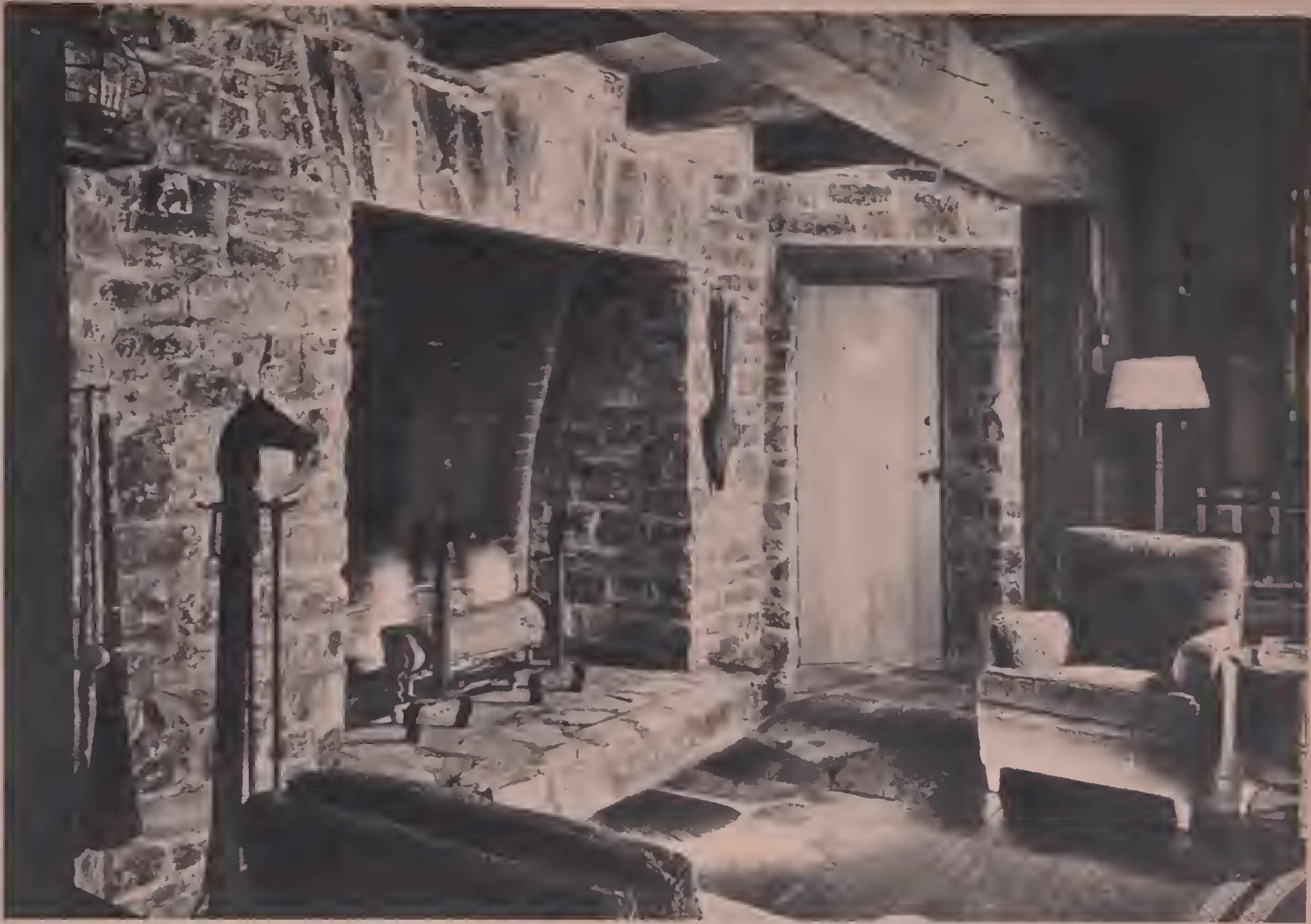
Deanna Durbin CONTINUED

In a corner of Miss Durbin's bedroom is a dainty fireplace, with Dutch tiles for a colorful floral border. The rug is taupe colored, the arm chair is deep rose and the rocker is covered with a contrasting green and white print. The three walls we see here are brown striped paper.

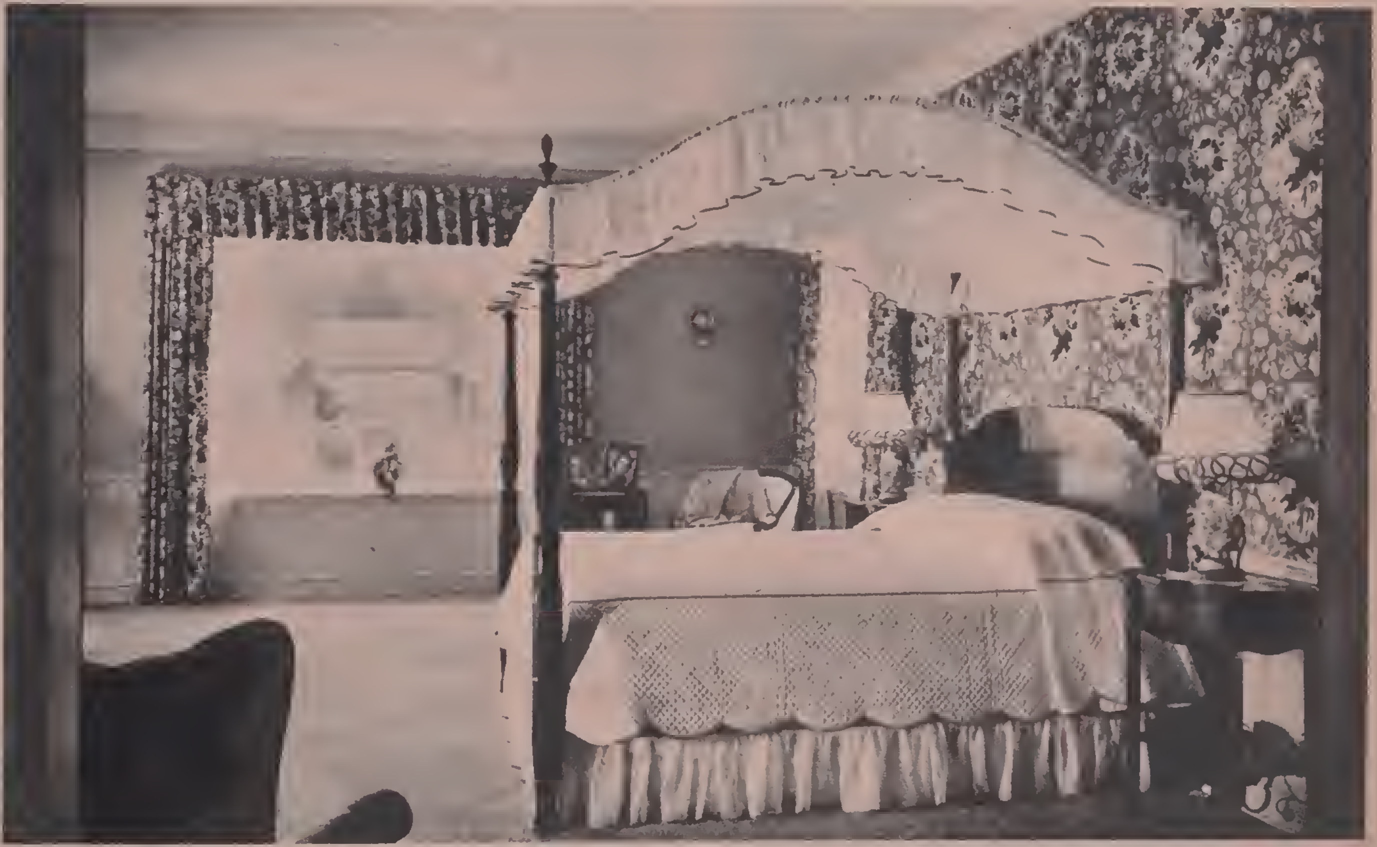




Walls in the playroom, where Deanna entertains more often than in her living room, are knotty pine; ceiling beams of dark wood. The curtains and window seat cushion are red plaid chintz, and her Hammond electric organ is spinet style.



This big rock fireplace at one end of the playroom—why, it's higher than Deanna is tall! An ingenious touch, too, was salvaging an old iron hitching post for a fireside set. Iron horses to match serve as andirons. The chairs at either side are covered with nubby green material, with a large hooked rug for the floor.



Deanna's mahogany bed is a four poster, against a wall covered with chintz, red and brown predominating, to match the draperies. White organdy canopy and the quilted spread are piped in green. White shades on the Dresden lamps at either side of the bed are also green-trimmed, picking up the colors from the rocker.

INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. J. SLOANE

Movieland Beauty Hints

BY MARIAN LONGACRE

ROUGE IS THE MOST ILL-USED of all cosmetics, according to leading makeup artist Wally Westmore. Rouge, says Wally, should primarily correct contours. On a round face blend rouge on the outer portion of the cheeks, carrying the color up to the temple and down to the jaw . . . making the illusion of a longer face. A long face, such as Loretta Young's, is rouged in circular pattern to effect roundness.

MAKEUP MISTAKE MOST COMMONLY MADE is the use of too heavy brow pencil. Brows should be penciled with a short brush-like stroke making each mark add to the appearance of a browlash. Only brunettes should use black pencil. Blondes and red-heads should use brown. Wally Westmore insists that red-heads do not add to beauty when using a pinkish red penciling. Brown is their best bet, too.

YOU WOMEN HAVE YOUR SHOULDERS TO THE RIVETER or your hand to the broom these days. For safety at work and symmetry for finger beauty, nails should not exceed one-eighth inch in length. This is a serviceable length for typists and war workers. If your job is more mental than physical then longer nails are practical. Liquid overcoats control splitting and breaking. If you wear dark polish continue the liquid coat to the end of the nail and under the nail tip for strengthening. Paulette Goddard's nails, which you see in the picture, are filed to give a tapering effect. She uses a clear colorless polish, which is a new fashion for spring. Pastel pinks are equally feminine and very wearable.

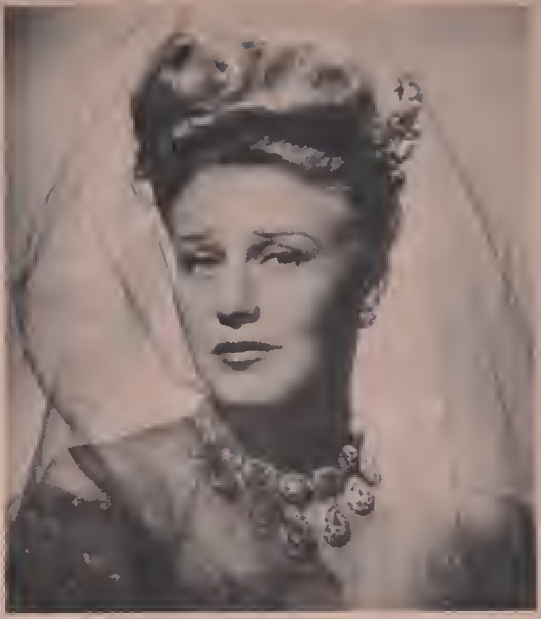
MUCH ADO HAS BEEN MADE in the past few years about matching makeup colors to costumes. Only if your clothes-color sense is correct! The idea is to suit costume and cosmetics to your natural coloring. Choose both to accent and accentuate; never to disguise. Don't use purple or orange rouges for cheeks or lips if they do not suit your complexion. Clothes are background for facial beauty, so consider your eyes, your hair, the texture and toning of your skin.

EDITH HEAD, LEADING DESIGNER at Paramount, knows more about line of clothes than slick chicks know of Sinatra. She makes a suggestion to help you while buying your Easter costume. Put a facial tissue mask over your face while trying on clothes. You then center your attention on the line of your figure. Because you more often see your mirror face than your full length figure you are inclined to put all of the attention to neckline and shoulders. Miss Head finds the mask compels us to lengthen that dumpy torso or hide that protruding derriere. Bows over skinny hipbones and corrective lines for a too-full figure make fittings more satisfactory. Hide your face, she says, till the figure is taken care of. Then you can remove the mask and beam at yourself.

FOR EVENING use a lighter powder and powder base and higher color. Electric lights pick up the contrast.

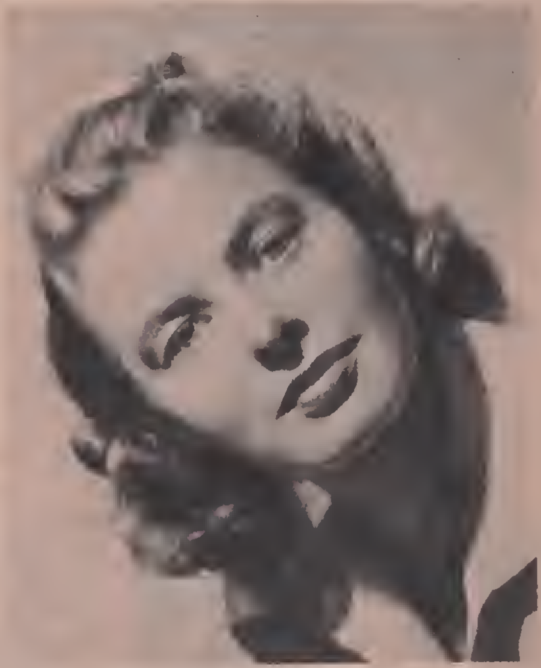
MAKE MASCARA HOLD to the lashes by powdering lightly over a first coat, then carefully applying a second.

FOR THE FUTURE Mr. Westmore predicts that pompadours will be smaller. Upsweep coiffures and long loose hairdos will lead the fashion field for civilians. Service girls will be smartly tailored with short cropped curls, simply arranged.



GINGER ROGERS' brows are thin and well shaped, giving her eyes a large wide-eyed appearance. To make facial balance, lipstick is carefully extended beyond the natural line of her lips, giving her mouth added fullness.

MR. WALLY WESTMORE shook his finger in my face and said, "You should spend fifteen minutes every morning applying your makeup." Being the sensitive type I fidgeted in my chair. When he saw that hurt look in my eye he added . . . "every woman should." Fifteen minutes a day gives a lasting makeup. Retouching of course is necessary but it can be kept to the minimum, says Wally, if you get off with the right start. Shown here, applying rouge to Dorothy Lamour, he forecasts a rosy complexion is the note for spring.



INGRID BERGMAN never wears makeup, even before the cameras, except a light base for color and lipstick to define the line of her mouth. Fresh natural beauty is one of the advantages she has which brought her to the attention of Hollywood bigwigs. She's one in a million, however, and it isn't advisable for you or me to follow her habit of no makeup. She can get away with it, to great advantage. That doesn't mean we all can.

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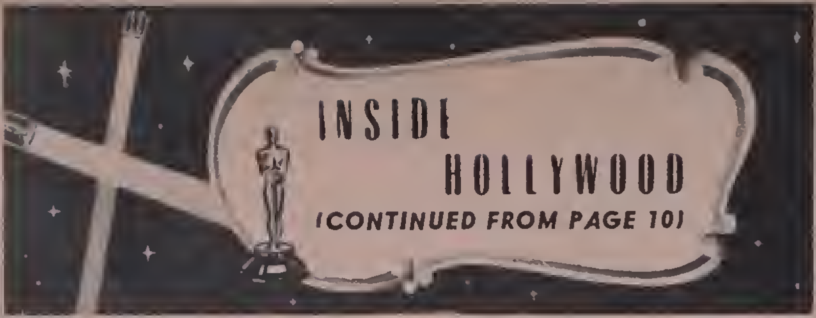

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

THEY HOVER AROUND HUTTON

When Betty Hutton checked in at Paramount for "Incendiary Blonde" after a long tour of army camps, there followed after her thanks and thanks from the boys she had seen. They honestly just love Betty because she not only dances and sings, but she's such a naturally swell girl. When she rejuvenates "Oh Bi-Jingo" you'll see her in the sexiest costume to date. Designed by Edith Head, the scanty is of nude colored chiffon with pailettes in the proper places and white ostrich feathers giving a saucy swish. Incidentally, that Hutton-de Cordova romance is definitely not a romance.

Which reminds me. Here is the guest list at a recent party given for Bernard Newman, dress designer: Loretta Young and Col. Tom Lewis, Ann Sothern and Lt. Bob Sterling, George and Julie Murphy, Ray and Mal Milland, Arthur Hornblow, Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, Betty Hutton and Buck Woodward, Olivia deHavilland and the Herbert Marshalls.

Did you notice anything strange about the guest list? I do. Miss Betty Hutton right plunk in the middle of the quiet Brentwood-Beverly Hills set! It seems that Betty is giving up the gay gang she used to run around with and is specializing in the quieter groups, because she wants to be a great dramatic actress and thinks that one way to get producers to see her in this light is to quiet down.

FEM FAN FAVORITES

Top pin-up boy with the gals in the armed services is the great Coop. Gary Cooper, who has just completed a camp tour of the South Pacific, is the crowned king. Running a close second is Tyrone Power. After them comes John Payne. Both Power and Payne are in the service, but their studio sends out the pictures for them. Another favorite is Lt. Ronald Reagan, who reminds all the girls of their fellas. Alan Ladd is a close runner up as a dream man, and Spencer Tracy can sign as many pictures as he has time for.

REPORTING ON ROONEY

Just to keep you posted on the Mickey Rooney situation. He is dating every girl in town, including Vicki Lane and Gloria de Haven. His heart still belongs to Helen Mueller, cover girl, but she hasn't made up her mind.

Gloria de Haven is the cute trick with Mickey on this Hollywood premiere night date. It may not be love, but what a lot of fun!

MR. YOUNG GOES TO WASHINGTON

Handsome Gig Young and his charming young wife are now stationed in Washington, D. C. There is no prouder gal in the world than Mrs. Gig, who thinks her naval lieutenant husband is just about everything in the world.

The day he received his commission was to her the biggest day in her life, even bigger than the day he was announced for stardom in the movies. They are expecting a baby any minute, and things are just fine with them.

☆

HANDSOME HUNK OF DATE-BAIT

Jess Barker, young Columbia player. He is playing the field, perhaps trying to break Van Johnson's record. In one week Jess took out glamour girls Olivia de Havilland, Julie Bishop, Anne Shirley and Bonita Granville.

☆

DISH-PAN MARINERS, REPORT HERE

Paulette Goddard and Jinx Falkenburg have learned to swap favors with the Marines. Jinx was visiting Paulette for a few weeks while Jinx's mater is vacationing in the East. The girls were doing their own housework.

On a bright Sunday morn, up to their elbows in suds, the gals were doing dishes hurriedly in hopes of getting off to the beach for the day. A knock came on the kitchen door. There stood three of the world's biggest Marines.

☆

Autographs they wanted. Okay said Paulette—provided they would finish the dishes. While the kitchen work was done by the three Marines, Paulette and Jinx tidied up the house. They parted early, the Marines with their autographs, the brunette beauties off for a day of sun tanning. *The boys didn't break a dish.*

☆

A SLIGHT CASE OF SHREWDNESS

She's sold her yacht to Charlie Chaplin. Sort of an ashes-to-ashes, dust-to-dust situation, for Paulette got her start with a nice nest egg from Chaplin when they were divorced. The Gorgeous Goddard is quite positively considered one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood. She's a business gal as well as an actress. Someone asked Chaplin how much dinero he thought Goddard has now. He said definitely more than he has. His tastes are so expensive.

☆

ANXIOUS WIVES DEPARTMENT

Ida Lupino and Martha O'Driscoll were reacting as typical service wives. Their husbands were both on airplane carriers when one was sunk off the Gilbert Islands. Studio phones were kept buzzing when they checked on the lists. Neither husband was on the sunk carrier.

☆

(More Inside Hollywood on page 66)

Anne Shirley's gadding about as usual, since the Victor Mature mix-up. Here she's taking her turn with Jess Barker.

Paulette Goddard (Paramount) on the set with Director Sidney Lanfield, poring over the script of "Standing Room Only."

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

NO DATES WITHOUT CHAPERONES

It has been reported that Shirley is "going steady" with this boy and that. Shirley denies it and says she is playing the field. Besides, and we quote Miss Temple, she will be sixteen in April and it will be another year before she can go out with a boy unchaperoned. So what is this "going steady" business?

THREE-YEAR-WEDS REMARRIED

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were just married on January 15th.

Yes, we know they have been married for three years, but Lucille has just adopted Desi's religion and they wanted to be married in a church. For a marriage that all the wiseacres in Hollywood said wouldn't last, this one has done right well.

WHAT'S WITH THE WALKERS?

Everyone on the set of "Since You Went Away" watches the progress of the Jennifer Jones-Bob Walker situation. The first day the couple lunched together in the Selznick commissary, everyone nodded to each other in proud parent fashion.

This has happened frequently during the filming of the picture and the cast thinks that perhaps Jennifer can see her way clear for a reconciliation with Bob. The loving thoughts and wishes of Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple and the bearded Monty Woolley might be helpful in bringing the Walkers together. Consensus is that Jennifer is heartbroken and wants her husband back, but is too proud to ask him.

SO VEDY MUCH DOMESTICATED

The Sonny Tufts have a house! Originally stymied with the housing shortage in Southern California, they resided in an auto court for months. Finally they found a house and bought it. It is in Beverly Hills and a small French Provincial type. The Tufts have gone domestic with a vengeance.

By the way, Mr. Tufts hates this "Cinderella Man" idea that his studio is publicizing him with. They say he is the young man who just got a job in pictures without even trying. Sunny says he has been working since he was fifteen just trying to get into pictures or a stage play, and it has been darned hard work. Hollywood, by the way, likes Mr. Tufts extremely well and is even more fond of his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts "dine out" at the Mocambo, but had to be hauled there by friends, on accounta the gasoline situation.

WHERE THE STARS GO TO EAT

The favorite eating places of your favorite movie stars are not what they used to be. Rationing has hit movieland just as it has hit your own home town. The Brown Derby in Hollywood has two voluntary meatless days, and the Derby out Beverly Hills way is closed on Mondays.

The Players, which Director Preston Sturges runs and where you dance as well as eat, makes no bones about now featuring dancing above eating. Time was when The Players had the best pantry in town, and many a movie star regretted what that extra Napoleon slice did to her hips. She doesn't have to worry now—that Napoleon slice just isn't there.

Lucey's, which is across from the Paramount lot and practically the Paramount star club, originally featured Italian food. Now Lucey's has gone back to the non-rationed type of Italian eats.

The haughty waiters at Mike Romanoff's are even more haughty these noondays. In funereal tones they simply announce before you order just what there is and what there isn't.

If you go to Musso-Franks on Hollywood Boulevard late in the week, just don't count on having any butter. They don't have any. The Cock 'n' Bull, the really deluxe spot, instead of the luscious roast beef that Garbo used to hide in the corner to eat, now features Philadelphia sausage, and not too much of that.

Favorite new, smart places are: Mrs. Weiss's Hungarian Restaurant in Beverly Hills where the lack of food is covered up with much gravy; Peppino's, the Italian spaghetti joint, is gaining every day in popularity; Chianti, also Italian, has a new popularity, but the saddest and greatest blow in town to all actors is that Schwab's Drug Store has closed for dinner. It was one of the most popular spots in town, but they just couldn't keep the fountain open, what with the lack of ice cream. Schwab's is sorely missed.

BUT IS THERE ANY FUTURE IN IT?

John Carradine likes miniature trains. He owns and operates one of the most complete sets in the West and is mighty proud of his "railroading." Sometimes he is called upon to defend his hobby (which is one of many), as when a director declared that "playing with toy trains is sissy business."

"Sir," said John at his Shakespearean best, "they are not toy trains; they are miniatures. And only highly intelligent persons can understand their appeal. They are informative, useful, productive . . . and I understand they've even taken the place of sex in some of the more effete homes in the East."

DARNELL TAKES TO DECORATING

For years Linda Darnell has pasted into a scrap book all pictures of interiors of houses that she liked.

When she and Pev Marley married and started to have the decoration of their new Pacific Palisades house done, Linda carefully showed the smart interior decorator her little pictures. The decorator wasn't as enthusiastic as Linda about them, and the result is that Linda is doing her own decoration, running from shop to shop with her book, saying "I want a sofa like this." "Do you have any small tables like this?"

Slowly but surely the house is taking shape and getting mighty pretty, too. Linda says it is costing just half what it would have through the decorator. Pev thinks she is even more wonderful now; so she is a happy girl.

THINGS JUST AREN'T THE SAME

Jackie Cooper is gone and June Horne, the Mocambo, The Players and Schwab's Drug Store miss him like sixty. Jackie is in the Navy Training V-12 and is enrolled at Notre Dame University learning to be an Ensign. He completed his preliminary training at Loyola University on the coast and then transferred to the big college.

Love Department: Rita Hayworth has returned to her natural black hair, on the orders of her husband, Orson Welles. Orson, who is noted for defying studio heads, issued the ultimatum to his bride and she obeyed.

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HEROES, HAYWORTH AND LONELY HEARTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

waiting for us, if we ever get back."

Not all of the letters are so vivid. Not every man can put into words just why it is that a picture of a cinema cutie in far off Hollywood has suddenly become to him a thing he must have.

Yet some brief letters are even more compelling. Like this one. Enclosed with it, when it came, was a picture of Rita, mud and blood stained, torn by the shrapnel that had pierced the chest of a boy who fell in Guadalcanal. The letter was written by one of his marine pals:

"Dear Miss Hayworth:

"I thought you might like to have this. They took it out of the pocket of my friend, Pvt. - - - - - -, who was killed in action. It's folded so small because he always carried it with him. You don't know him, but he said your picture always brought him luck. Sincerely, Pfc. - - - - - - - ."

Rita said, "That's what I mean by a letter that scares me. They expect so much of you. Letters from parachute jumpers, who want a picture or something to carry 'for luck when I hit the silk.' Letters from boys on boats, who ask you to be their ship's 'guiding star.' They think you can bring them luck—and so many times, their luck runs out.

"Here's another I'd like you to read. When you've finished, I want to tell you something about it."

The postmark was Seattle, Washington, but the letter was written in a pup tent on the frozen tundras of Alaska by a young army lieutenant, one of 1500 men who helped build the Alcan Highway:

"Dear Miss Hayworth:

"I have a story to tell. It covers the thoughts, experiences, emotions, adventures and hopes of a boy in the service for the last twelve months, in a lonely land.

"Setting: The great outstretches of a northern waste—the arctic, the land of the northern lights that constantly search the sky. Land of snow-covered mountains, glaciers, frozen lakes and rivers. A God-awful land, a cruel, lonely land.

"Characters: United States soldiers, white and black, Indians, Eskimos. Grizzly bears, moose, wild goats and sheep, caribou—and always the hungry timber wolves piercing the night with their howling.

"Just one thing of real, human beauty in this whole forsaken piece of universe, Miss Hayworth—your picture! You'll never know what it has done to lighten these twelve bitter months. Of all the lovely ladies the whole world over, you are the favorite in the hearts of the men here.

"Every day someone suggests that we write to that picture on the wall—to you, Miss Hayworth. We tell each other, 'Ask her for a date, go to see her on furlough, pour out your heart. Love her! Yes, love her—tenderly, effectively, gratefully. Love her for all of us. Make it real, but make it fast—for tomorrow we die.

"I hope to get a furlough soon and I would certainly like to tell our story to you—all of us would like to tell our story to you, but since that is impossible, maybe you can find time to listen to one of us."

The writer of that letter did come to see Rita at the studio one afternoon. His trip to Hollywood was financed by two hundred of his camp mates. He proved to be a clean-cut young

Double decker . . . or, piggie back? John Wayne uses Philip Dorn's back as an autograph desk at the Hollywood canteen—the quicker to serve their visiting fans from the Armed Forces.

chap. But back in civilization once more, he reverted to the young real estate man that he once was, a fellow who had never written a letter to a movie star in his whole life, much less a love letter.

"I think we were both a little ashamed about the whole thing," Rita explained, "until he started to talk about the work, and the cold, and finally the thrill it was when across the ice and snow, the two ends of the highway at last came together.

"He told me over and over how they would stand around nights and look at my picture—how they'd stand and talk to it! Do you know what I was thinking while he was telling me this? I was remembering how much I hadn't wanted to take the particular picture they had of me.

"The portrait sitting came up on a very busy day. I had a dance rehearsal, a script rehearsal and a singing lesson, all in a few hours. I had been out late at a party the night before and I wasn't in any too good a humor. To spend the whole afternoon grinning at the 'still' cameras seemed about the last straw.

"I gave up one afternoon—but grudgingly—and that particular picture brought pleasure to 1500 lonely men for one whole, long year. It doesn't seem possible one picture could do that much, but when you hear about it you wish you could personally go to all the forsaken spots in the world, and humbly ask for the privilege of 'pinning it up' yourself!

"Believe me, I'll never grudge another hour, or month, I give up to posing, no matter how I feel."

A photo is not all that is asked of a Pin-Up Girl. They are the most usual requests, but other requests come and they are varied. A bombardier asks for "a lock of your hair, to carry over my heart." A parachutist writes, "All the fellows here are asking Santa to bring them their favorite dream for Christmas—you are mine! More than anything, I want the print of your lips at the bottom of a letter. They give me goosebumps, honest! I'll carry your lips with me on all my jumps, and I promise you when I get into action you won't be ashamed of me!" An army chaplain goes down into history, asking her to adopt him, "to be my mental, but my very own, sister."

They want permission to name tanks after her, and guns—"please don't be offended, we claim it is the finest gun in the coast artillery, anywhere." The letters that really imbue you with a great sense of terrible responsibility, says Rita, are the ones that need important, personal replies.

These fall into two types. One sort is quite humble, with the writer not really daring to hope he'll hear from her. The one below was written by a private in training with the Motorized Division at Fort Jackson, S. C.:

"Dear Miss Hayworth:

"I am writing this letter in a shanty while on outpost duty just on th outskirts of the camp—out here where every little sound can be heard, and the only light in the darkness is a small dim lamp. I've been stationed here for some time and haven't any decent writing material, so will you please excuse the pencil? I was just lonely and wanted to talk to someone —mostly you.

"More than anything in the world, right now, I'd like to have a letter from you. Of course, I know you'll never find time to answer, but it's

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okay by me. Just to see your picture in our 13th Infantry book as a camp visitor gives me something to remember and fight for. Yeah, it may be true I won't become a hero like those thirteen boys who visited Hollywood, but you bet your life I'll try my darnedest to get a few of those Japs and Germans before one of them gets me."

"Of course, I'd like to sit right down and write to that boy," says Rita with a rueful grin, "to him—and all the other fellows who ask it. But the only possible way an actress could keep up a correspondence of that sort would be to give up her picture career—and then, hearing from her wouldn't have the same effect.

"I can barely find time to read all their letters, although I've worked out a system with my mother, my secretary and the mail department all helping me, to see that no requests for pictures go unanswered."

The Columbia mailing department opens all of Rita's mail and promptly mails out every photograph requested. The letters are then passed on to Rita's mother and secretary, who by a gradual process of sorting, decide the "special" letters she should see. They reach her then with small notations about their contents. One of the "specials" was postmarked from the U.S. Naval Hospital in Brooklyn, and written with unsteady hand:

"Dear Miss Hayworth:"

"I have been here in the hospital for going on seven months now, and as I have been confined to my bed that length of time and have just about run out of correspondents, I thought I would take a chance on getting an answer from my favorite movie actress.

"I know you are pretty busy, but I thought you might take time out to write to a service man who is just about done. That's what the Navy says—but I know better. I'm sure a letter from you would do more to speed me on the road to recovery than all the medicine in this hospital.

"When I think of all the damage the Nips have done to us, and that the Navy still wants to discharge me, I get desperate. If I possibly can, when I get out, I'm going to find a group of fellows like myself and take an independent hand in things.

"Why am I writing this to you? Well, perhaps you remember the time, about a year and a half ago, when you visited the Naval Training Station and taught some of us fellows to Conga. I was fortunate enough to be one of that group. Looking back on it now, it gives me courage.

"Won't you please write me?"

Rita did write, be assured, by return mail.

"The shortest letter I ever received was from Bataan," says Rita. "It had two lines—'*One of our buddies here has a picture of you. We want to thank you—for being so lovely!*'

"The rest of the page was taken up with signatures. I've never forgotten it. I think perhaps it's changed my whole attitude toward life, my whole character. When I think of those men in the hell that was Bataan, having me as a—well, inspiration—I feel so humble I can hardly bear it.

"I feel the need of every picture I make being gay, as only America is—or was before the war—gay. I want it to have that unbelievable, sassy American humor. To show, so wonderfully, the charm and glamour and wonder of our way of life. And as for me, personally—well, it makes me want to be good, really good, in every sense all the time."

That's the story of one "Pin-Up Girl," and probably the other girls' are quite similar.

They've been given war roles to play, and they take those roles seriously. There's more to this fad, it's plain, than meets the critical eye.

So call them "Pin-Up Girls" if you like, but you'd better smile when you say it. There are several million of Uncle Sam's service men to whom they're something super-special!

THE END

STARS' NIGHT AT THE NAVAL AID SHORE STATION

Hollywood backs another hospitality idea; a place where the boys find friendliness and good cheer—and pretty K. T. Stevens.

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, a hearty worker at the Station, chats with Loretta Young and Loretta's handsome hubby, Col. Tom Lewis.

JAMES CRAIG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

Using the same forthright approach he had used to get into pictures, Jim got a role in Guthrie McClintic's "Missouri Legend" seven days after arriving in New York. Then the usual Hollywood pattern began to operate. An Eastern movie scout discovered him and sent him back to Hollywood as a great dramatic find.

Even then, his roles were mediocre—until RKO tested him for the role of Mark Eisen, the doctor in "Kitty Foyle" with Ginger Rogers.

Now it just so happened that after he had finished high school, Jimmy had decided to become a doctor. He had studied three years of pre-medical at Austin Peay Junior College in Tennessee before transferring to Rice Institute in Texas. That knowledge, plus his now-proven dramatic experience, gave him something very real to contribute to his first major role.

His performance won him a long contract at RKO, and other leads followed until M-G-M borrowed him for "Omaha Trail" and liked him so well they bought his contract from RKO. By this devious route Jimmy got a long-term contract with the studio where he had first applied for work as an actor.

But he didn't really start clicking at M-G-M until "The Human Comedy," and here again was an echo out of his past.

As an enterprising youngster of thirteen, living in Florida with his family in the post-boom days, Jimmy had worked as a telegraph boy. That had all begun because he wanted a bicycle, and when Jimmy wanted anything he knew how to get it. Work for it. Earn it. Every cent of his meager salary went into a savings account for the bicycle.

One day, seeing a crowd around the bank where he had this fortune, he investigated. A notice read that the bank had failed. "Others in the crowd explained that I couldn't get my savings now," Jimmy said. "But their saying so wasn't going to stop me.

"I pushed by the guard at the door and went straight to the bank president. I told him I had to have my money; how close I was to getting the bicycle and how many telegrams I had delivered to earn it.

"Before I left I felt more sorry for the bank president than I did for myself. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he told me he couldn't pay me nor any of his other depositors.

"I never got my money, but it was a valuable lesson and has made me careful of investments ever since."

Jim's own experience as a telegraph boy gave him a depth of understanding and sympathy for his role as friend and adviser to telegraph boy, Mickey Rooney, in "The Human Comedy."

"The only security there is, is in having a little piece of land," James Craig says. "The one thing I'm sure of today is that I can eat tomorrow." And Jimmy loves to eat. That large frame of his requires plenty of stoking.

His love for the land goes back to boyhood summers spent on his grandfather's farm. "I get tremendous

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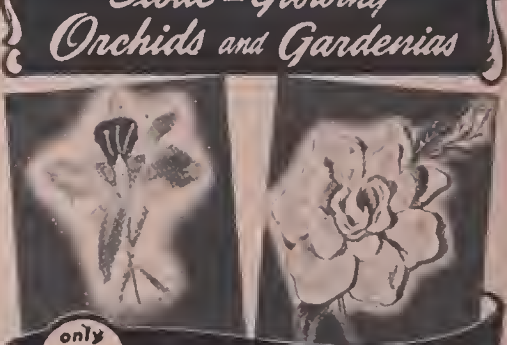

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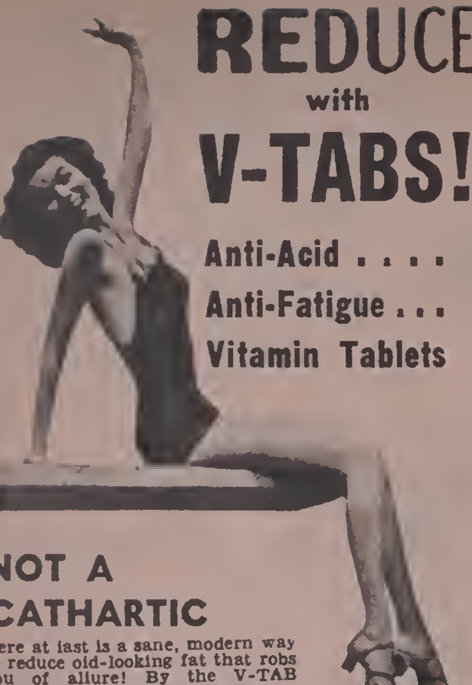

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satisfaction out of producing things," he says.

Jimmy's first experience entirely on his own was an adventure the summer he was fourteen, when he started out to see something of the country, hitch hiking and working at farms to earn his food.

One night, tired and hungry, he came upon a lonely farmhouse where a sad, middle-aged woman gave him a hearty meal. Before he had finished eating, he learned that the woman's husband had died the month before and she was desperate for someone to run the farm and save the crops from ruin.

"I'll work it for you until you get a good hired hand," Jimmy volunteered with youthful enthusiasm.

The woman didn't question his youth or ability. Here was her bread cast upon the waters. Together, they got things going. Jimmy stayed a month and left only when the farm was running smoothly and a capable farm hand was in charge.

Now that James Craig has a farm of his own he is like a boy with a new red wagon. Ranching is not a fad with him. He did not wait until he was financially able to buy some proven, going concern with all improvements in. Instead, he searched until he found just what he wanted in five acres in the San Fernando valley. They were run-down acres, but Jim wanted to pit his energies against that soil and make it produce.

"I get my exercise out there," he says. He extended his hands to exhibit his calloused palms. "I got those even wearing gloves—wheeling wheelbarrows and throwing a pick.

"Other fellows go to the beach or play golf for relaxation, but I get my relaxation in work. You have to work any farm when you have six cows, two horses, 2800 chickens and 100 hens."

To save gas Jimmy rides a motorcycle back and forth to the studio, a distance of nineteen miles each way.

One of his recent pictures included a sequence in which he was to ride a motorcycle. The studio, not knowing his prowess, was searching for a double when Jimmy heard of it. It ended by the studio's renting his motorcycle and Jimmy's doing his own death-defying ride.

Mrs. James Craig was Mary Ray, a non-professional, and the satellite of their household is three and a half year old James, Jr., affectionately dubbed "The Bub" by his adoring father.

Jimmy isn't waiting for The Bub to grow up to become a pal. He taught James, Jr., to ride a horse even before he could walk. Now, the two of them ride together. The Bub's scooter is his motorcycle. Before shoving off for a scoot about the farm, he goes through the same motions, with sound effects, as James, Sr., taking off on his motor.

They've a lot in common, these two. Real man to man understanding. Jimmy never makes the excuse of being too busy to answer childish questions. He treats his son as a contemporary, often makes it a point to ask his opinion about things.

When Jimmy works with a spade or hoe, The Bub is right beside him with his own miniature tools, putting all his baby energy into copying his father.

"You're never too young to start learning," says James Craig.

THE END

Ida Lupino, Warner Bros.

MOVIE STARS ARE FANS, TOO

Rarely is one star an ardent fan of another star's; but when she is, the tricks to which, she will stoop to meet her favorite make the stratogems employed by ordinary fans seem pallid.

There's the case of Ida Lupino. Ida is an ordent fan of Fred Astaire's. When Fred was appearing on the radio, she never made engagements for Sunday afternoons. Those were the afternoons on which Fred broadcasts; and though he wasn't any great hit on the air, Ida thought he was wonderful.

But Ida had never met Fred, and she kept hoping that some day she would. Then one day she attended a large formal affair at which Fred was present. But so were dozens of other stars. All evening Ida hung around Fred, hoping someone would introduce them. However, all her friends took it for granted that they had met.

Hours passed, and still no introduction. Finally Ida saw Fred making for the door. Quickly she gauged the distance to the door, and deliberately bumped into him. She said, "Oh, pardon me, Mr. Astaire, I'm so sorry! I'm Ida Lupino."

Unless he happens to read this, Fred will never know that Ida bumped into him on purpose.

BATTLE OF THE BEST SELLERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

her sparkling performance as Kitty Foyle. Yet Ginger had no more to do with RKO's purchase of Christopher Morley's book than Greer Garson did of Jan Struther's.

"Kitty Foyle," like "Mrs. Miniver," was already on the book stands, and rolling along in about fourth place on the best seller list when David Hempstead, who had just joined RKO as a producer, read the book. He hesitated a bit. After all, the other studios had ignored it. "The same old story of an other-side-of-the-tracks romance," most of them said.

But Hempstead had what Hollywood calls an "angle." He made a trip to New York, persuaded the then president of his company, George Schaeffer, to let him spend fifty thousand dollars of RKO's then very slender assets to buy "Kitty Foyle." Several months later came the picture which not only won an Oscar for Ginger, but also put RKO back on its feet financially, being by far its most successful venture in three seasons.

No wonder a few days ago, when the same David Hempstead read an original screenplay by Dalton Trumbo (who incidentally did the screen adaptation of "Kitty Foyle") and sent it to La Jolla for Ginger to read, the little lady took time out from her honeymoon, read the script, and yelled over the phone to Hempstead that she would make an extra picture this year for RKO if it could be that story. It's called "Tender Comrade" now, but the title will doubtless be changed. And the part of the young wife whose soldier husband is at the fighting front will give Ginger an excellent chance for another hunk of bronze for her mantel.

Did Veronica Lake ever dream Paramount would cast her as the German refugee in Somerset Maugham's best seller, "The Hour Before the Dawn?" Did Monty Woolley have any idea he would play the "Pied Piper" when 20th Century-Fox bought the book? Indeed not! Nor did Jennifer Jones have any notion she would be chosen to rise to stardom as little Bernadette Soubirous in "Song of Bernadette," or Diana Lynn in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," or Roddy McDowall in "How Green was My Valley," or Arturo de Cordova in "Frenchman's Creek," or Robert Walker in "See Here, Private Hargrove," or Gail Russell in "The Uninvited," or Gig Young in "The Gay Sisters."

What new sparkle will be added to what stars with Margaret Steen's "The Sun is My Undoing," or Rachel Field's "And Not Tomorrow," or Dr. Cronin's "Keys of the Kingdom," or Pearl Buck's "Dragon Seed," or Louis Bromfield's "Mrs. Parkington," or W. T. White's "They Were Expendable," Lloyd Douglas' "The Robe," Marcia Davenport's "Valley of Decision," or Betty Smith's forthcoming fine novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," no one knows. But these best sellers are all on Hollywood's current production schedule, and all were selected by studio "brain trusts."

War shortages and longer playing schedules have resulted in a smaller number of important pictures being made by all studios. Hence the choice of stories for these pictures must be even more carefully made. And the smartest and most successful stars will continue to let other people pick their vehicles for them, people who are able to estimate a story objectively, considering all its values, and not only the attractiveness of some individual role or scene. Clark Gable, pardon me, Capt. Clark Gable, one of the smartest and long one of Hollywood's brightest stars, once gave an interview which went something like this:

INTERVIEWER: Mr. Gable, you have been among the first five box-office stars for the past ten years. To what do you attribute this sustained popularity?

MR. GABLE: To the fact that my studio picks my stories, my directors, and my leading ladies.

INTERVIEWER: So help you?

MR. GABLE: So help me.

The chief of one of our biggest studios has a copy of this interview, magnified many times, hanging over his desk for all to see. And it's a word to the wise.

THE END

Soldier actors at the Mocambo. It's Lt. John Carroll (left) with Lt. and Mrs. Robert Preston.

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

whole affair impresses as a film without false fanfare. It ranks below "So Proudly We Hail" and above "Cry Havoc," two films which dealt with American nurses serving in other theatres of war.

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK (Paramount) tells a bawdy joke which will undoubtedly offend more people than Preston Sturges bargained for when he wrote and directed it. Ladies in particular will resent the smoking-room manner in which Sturges boisterously waxes gleeful about marriage and motherhood. The miracle is that a silly small-town girl named Trudy Kockenlocker married a soldier with whom she danced one night at a canteen and subsequently gave birth to sextuplets, thereby gaining international attention for the town of Morgan's Creek. Norval Jones is the patsy of the joke, and he gets into a mess of trouble by attempting to help Trudy keep the secret of her wedding to the soldier whose name she can't remember. She thinks it was something like Ratziwatski.

Sturges also hoped to keep the secret of the climax of his yarn which co-stars Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken as Trudy and Norval. The story synopsis issued by Paramount coyly announces that "the last sequence isn't on paper, as yet, but Sturges has everything solved." It is a "miracle," indeed, how the bad taste of the solution was passed by the Hays' office.

TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY (RKO) has, ho-hum, those nasty Nazis running all over the place again. There have been really flocks of them this month, and unless you are a dyed-in-the-wool Tarzan addict, you can skip his adventure in the desert. Jane, his mate, is still absent in England, but she writes to him asking for fever medicine for the soldiers. In search of the medicine, Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan encounters Nancy Kelly as an American magician who has strayed from the troops she came to entertain in Africa. She has a vital message to deliver to an Arab chief and does so, after Tarzan, Boy and Cheeta, the chimp, come to her aid. And there you have it.

CALLING DR. DEATH (Universal) is the first of a new series of Inner Sanctum murder mysteries to reach the screen. It is a substantial tale about a doctor who has to prove to himself that he did not kill his own wife. You will enjoy the performances of Lon Chaney as the medico, Patricia Morison as his nurse, and J. Carrol Naish as a believable detective. The solution is especially logical.

UNIFORMED HITCH HIKING in HOLLYWOOD

Jack Holt tells an interesting story about a young Marine who flagged him down one afternoon. It turned out that the boy, who was barely seventeen, was on liberty and didn't know a soul in Hollywood. What was worse, he was broke. Payday didn't come before he got his pass.

Holt, with a son in the service, was more than kind. It was dinner, the theater, and a bed at his house for the night. Then he staked the boy to bus fare, gave him his phone number and told the young Marine to call him up whenever he came to town.

The Marine telephoned about an hour later. He said he had to see Holt right away. He had something to tell him.

Holt jumped into his car and drove down to meet the boy—who had a confession to make. He was AWOL. He was about to desert and go back home, but because Holt was so kind, he just couldn't. He had to tell the truth. He wanted to be driven down to the recruiting headquarters in town to give himself up. Jack drove him down. The boy had been homesick and had given way to an impulse. There was no real harm in him.

SHORE-MONTGOMERY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

match Dinah's blue dress, of which more presently. For something borrowed, I gave Dinah an old charm bracelet of mine. I got extra cash for the license clerk and the judge. I got a prayer book for Dinah to carry, because I knew that was one of the mementoes of my own wedding I had missed the most.

It was funny about Dinah's dress. We went wildly shopping and the only one we could find that she liked—a pale blue crepe with short sleeves and a "V" neck—was a dinner dress. We couldn't see that for a Las Vegas elopement, so we had the skirt chopped off, and told the fitter Dinah simply had to have the dress for a Command Performance Saturday night (which as you probably know, is about the most invisible of all broadcasts since it is exclusively beamed out for our troops overseas).

Dinah did make that broadcast, though, singing magnificently, while our wedding party, Shirley Mitchell and her fiance, Paul Weston, Rufus and her husband and George and I, stood there, having the shakes and watching her.

Believe me, I don't know how she did it. Never was there a more perfect example of how "the show must go on." There she was, only about to elope, and all excited about the suddenness of it, just a few seconds before she went on the air, but who'd have known? Who could have guessed that she was so soon to be a thrilled young bride?

The moment she finished we started out. Dinah was hungry. The only place we could find open was a joint where the hamburgers were smothered in onions. Such romantic food! Dinah agreed to eat them if George would. Right that moment George would have agreed to do anything,

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so a mere hamburger couldn't faze him.

The moment she had eaten, Dinah fell asleep. We could have killed her. The rest of us were wide-eyed and nervous, but not the bride. She not only slept all the way up there but all the way back. Such contentment. George did the driving, with Dinah serenely slumbering on his shoulder.

When we hit Las Vegas, we sneaked out of the car. We didn't want to be held up by the rah-rah of publicity then. We began creeping into the Court House, when I looked over my shoulder at the movie theater opposite. What would be playing but "Thank Your Lucky Stars," Dinah's first released movie, and there were big heads of her decorating the lobby. Fortunately, however, nobody did recognize us.

It was freezing cold. Dinah insisted upon changing into her bridal dress, even though the only available place was an icy ladies' room. Shirley insisted she couldn't look at George, right before the wedding, so Dinah had to go through the darnedest contortions, talking over her shoulder to him, telling him where her suitcase was in the car.

With numbed hands, we helped her dress. Dinah put her fur coat on top of the dress, and we emerged into the judge's chambers, and the ceremony was half over before she stopped shivering long enough to slip out of the coat even half way. In fact, the judge wanted to have the wedding downstairs in a bigger room, but Dinah said through chattering teeth, "No, no. Let's stay here where it's warmer."

We started right back the moment those lovely words, "I pronounce you man and wife" were spoken, and Dinah and George started arguing as to which one had promised to obey whom. Within two sentences they decided it didn't matter, they were both so happy—whereupon the bride went straight back to slumberland on her groom's shoulder.

They had three days of honeymoon before George had to leave again, at the end of which Dinah and I were on our rationed conversations once more. George owns a ranch in Montana and Palmer owns an island off the coast of Virginia, and when the war is over we plan to visit one another, first one place and then the other. Palmer is very like George, so I know they can become the kind of pals Dinah and I are.

The only thing that bothered me right after the wedding was that I had no other couple to work on with my matchmaking wiles, until Gene Tierney fixed me up. Gene is also one of my closest girl friends and her little daughter is just the age of my own son.

You get it, don't you? Gene's daughter. My son. Twenty years from now, when they are twenty years and two months old, you may expect me right there in the orchid, rice and prayer book departments playing Mrs. Cupid, fixing things up.

Why heck, twenty years after that (after all, I'll only be a tidy sixty-two), I hope I'll be playing Danielle Cupid to their children, also. For that's the way, despite wars and loneliness and pain, I like to think that life will be; generation after generation finding out that love in marriage is the most perfect state of existence there can ever be.

THE END

Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

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Sounds like more than you "can afford"? Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

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Movieland Magazine

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THE SULLIVANS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

bossing this here job, get that straight."

"Okay, boss." George swept him a mock salaam. "Suit yourself, boss. Go right ahead, boss. But don't say I didn't warn you, boss."

"You get out!" Frank shouted.

"I'm gettin', boss." George grinned infuriatingly. "Me an' my comic book will be right upstairs, boss. When you get in a jam be sure and don't call me."

The jam wasn't long in coming. It was awfully hard cutting through the kitchen wall and even Frank was a bit worried when he saw what it was doing to Pa's prize saw. But it wasn't until that jet of water spurted out into their faces that they realized they'd damaged the water pipes. George wasn't aloof, though, when he saw they were on a spot. He was fixing the pipe when Pa came home.

Pa had a quick temper. He started right in yelling at George and wouldn't give him a chance to explain, grabbing him and jerking him to his feet. He was about to hit him when George's own temper flared and he started slugging it out with Pa. Mom was sickened when she came in and saw what was happening.

"You can't go fightin' your own sons!" she gasped. "Punishing them is one thing. Brawling with them is another."

"Oh ho!" Pa shouted in white heat. "It's not enough to come home and find the house destroyed. Now you gotta tell me how to raise the kids! Okay, Mrs. Sullivan. You know so much about how to handle 'em! Bake 'em a cake! Kiss 'em for what they've done! But don't ask for me to watch!"

He stamped out of the room and George left, too. Only George didn't come home for supper. Pa didn't eat much, either. "Waitin' to be coaxed," Pa said. "He'll wait a long time before I coax him." But right afterwards he put on his hat and said he was going to get tobacco.

They all made excuses to go and look for George, one after the other, but it wasn't any use. Mom didn't sleep a wink that night. Then as she was making breakfast George marched into the kitchen.

"Oh, darlin'," Mom breathed softly. "Never do that again."

"I ain't staying, Mom," George said shortly. "Not after what he done. He hit me. I hadn't done one single thing and . . ."

"You shouldn't have raised your hand to your father, George," Mom said quietly. "That's him coming now. You're to ask his pardon." Then as he stood there staring, she patted his arm and whispered, "For my sake, Georgie."

After that what could George do? But Pa made it awful easy for him, even though he couldn't bring himself to say he had been wrong, too.

"Skip it, son." That's all he said. "All Irishmen see red every so often." And then later, as he looked at the whole family sitting around the kitchen table, he cleared his throat. "I guess that oughta learn us Sullivans to stick together," he said.

There were so many, many things, so many that even Mom couldn't remember them all. But Pa was a good father to 'em. He was understanding even though his methods were a bit spartan at times—like when he found them smoking cornsilk cigarettes on

HOLLYWOOD ARMY WIVES *Step Out*

FURLOUGHS and leaves are just as big events in Hollywood as everywhere else. They come just as often—or infrequently—as the ones most of us have anything to do with. Here you see (1) at the top, Jeanette MacDonald being very happy with her husband, Captain Gene Raymond, (2) below, Roz Russell Brisson straightening husband Lt. Brisson's cap.

1

2

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the sly and made them smoke stogies so they got so sick they didn't even think of cigarettes again till they were grown men. Sometimes Mom wondered how they ever lived to see that day, but the Sullivans were tough and they grew up all right.

Mom had always thought she'd relax when they grew up. But there were different troubles then. Mom had always wanted them to be happy and find nice girls for themselves, yet she couldn't get over that feeling of apprehension every time one of them went around looking mooney-eyed. And she who'd always gone on so about mothers who were jealous of their son's girls!

But none of them had serious intentions, until Al met Katherine Rooff. It was at a dance, and at first Al didn't even see any of the girls because it was so swell to see Bill Bascom again. Gosh, it was funny thinking of Bill being a real sailor on a battleship. The Arizona, too!

When Al was dancing with Katherine he knew she was different. She was a keen dancer. After a while, though, Al knew he wanted to get her away, and he was glad when her heel came off one of her shoes so he had an excuse to take her off the floor while he fixed it.

There'd always been a moon and stars but Al never really saw them before that night, standing by a rock outside the dance hall, hammering the heel back on Katherine's shoe.

"Don't bother, Mr. Sullivan," she said archly. "You'll miss the whole dance."

"'S no trouble," Al said. "It's nice out here."

"It's beautiful," she said in a dreamy voice. "I don't care much about dances anyway and a lot of people clowning around. It's funny, but in the middle of a crowd oftentimes I feel so alone."

"Yeah?" Al was impressed by the profoundness of this brand new idea. "Me, too," he said. "Right in the middle of a crowd, it's like I was all by myself." Then embarrassed at having gone so completely overboard, he handed her the shoe. "Try this for size," he said.

Katherine's eyes were shining as she put it on, holding on to Al's arm to steady herself.

"I didn't think anybody felt like I do about so many different things," she said.

"I do," Al blurted out. "And do you know what else? I think you're swell. I knew right off, the minute I saw you." It was hard for Al, who had never been around much with girls, to say all this. But once having got started he found the courage to go on. "Say, you've sure got a small wrist," he said, looking down at her hand on his arm. "It's just about the smallest wrist I ever saw on a girl. It's real slender. Here, look at it compared to mine."

He put his own hand against hers and the contact thrilled him. It was like an electric current going from her hand to his, and he couldn't help taking her in his arms and kissing her.

It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to him, with her lips returning his kiss. But as soon as it was over Katherine looked at him with indignant, hurt eyes.

"Take me home!" she demanded. "Take me home this minute! Somebody you only just met! Only an hour . . . I guess you think I'm com-

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

mon and cheap, kissing a fellow I only just met."

"No." The word was torn from Al's tortured lips. It was awful seeing a girl cry, especially a girl like Katherine. "Nothing you could do would make me think you were anything but sweet and lovely. I couldn't even respect my own mother more than I do you."

And then with her looking at him that way, so sweetly forgiving, there wasn't anything else to do but kiss her again, to *prove* how much he respected her.

"But it's going to be pretty tough trying to sleep tonight," he said.

"Me, too," Katherine echoed fervently.

Mom thought at first it would blow over, the way things had with the other boys. But it didn't. She had an awful sinking in her heart when he asked if he could bring Katherine home for dinner one night. She hadn't thought it was going to be so hard losing Al. Then besides, the Rooff's had more money than the Sullivans. They even had a hired girl. Mom was sort of scared, though she'd be the last to admit it.

"What do you think of your youngest?" she tried to sound so matter of fact about it to Pa. "He's got a steady girl."

"Al?" Pa chuckled. "He'll have a hundred steady girls before he's ready to settle down." Then suddenly he realized Mom was crying. "Say, what's eating you?" He always sounded so helpless when Mom cried. Maybe it was because she did it so seldom. "No sense turning on the waterworks, just because he's gone daffy over some girl. He wouldn't be a legal Sullivan if he didn't have an eye for the women."

"But Tom, he's only a baby," Mom wailed. "And she's not good enough for him, a little snip like that."

"The Rooff girl?" Pa sounded patient. "I didn't know you knew her."

"I don't," Mom sniffled.

"Well," Pa sighed, "how come then you call her a little snip? She may be a prizewinner."

"Oh!" Mom's tears went in her indignation. "She's . . . she's got you on her side already. Well, she won't take me in with her lip rouge and permanent waves!"

Just the same, Mom really did herself proud for Katherine. She'd been cleaning house ever since breakfast, and no little snip could go around town making remarks about the Sullivan hospitality after the dinner Mom was making. No one could turn a nose up at turkey, could they? Or everything that went with it, right down to crisped celery stalks and salted peanuts. Mom had her back up all right. She was being so stiff and formal Al couldn't conceal his nervousness as he brought Katherine in.

"It was so nice of you to ask me," Katherine said in her soft way.

Even Mom had to admit she was pretty, soft and sort of cuddly looking and dark—and that she used less make-up than Gen even. Still, maybe it was asking too much of her, to unbend all at once.

"It was very nice of you to take pot luck," she said, just as if the turkey was in the same class with leftovers at the House of Sullivan.

But it was funny, Mom thought, how women will stick together, in spite of what people say. For when the boys teased Katherine at dinner that night, secretly resenting Al's being taken away from them almost as much as Mom did, it was Mom who flew to the girl's defense. And it was funny, too, how different things were after that. Why, when the day came Katherine and Al stood at the altar together Mom really felt that she was gaining a daughter instead of losing a son. And by the time she knew the baby was coming—well, Mom would have just liked to see anyone dare to try and say anything against *her daughter!*

It really hadn't made any difference at all, Al's being married. The boys were as close as ever. Just as close as thieves, Mom used to say proudly. That time Al lost his job, just before the baby was born, and didn't want to upset Katherine by telling her—it was George who borrowed the money to see him through, and the others would have done the same only their credit wasn't as good, them not making as much money. And the night the baby was born and the nurse came out to the waiting room to say everything was wonderful and it was a boy—goodness, she didn't know which one of the five Sullivan boys was the father! They all of them looked so scared.

They were all together that day the awful news about Pearl Harbor came over the radio, too, for Al and his family always spent Sundays at the house. And as they sat listening to

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the news about what was going on half way around the world, they all thought of the same thing. But it was Gen who put it into words.

"Bill Bascom," she whispered. "The Arizona's out there."

Mom couldn't do a thing but think about Mrs. Bascom and how terrible it was to have a son in Pearl Harbor that day. Why if it was her, she just wouldn't be able to stand it, she thought.

"I'm going to call up that poor Mrs. Bascom," she said, getting to her feet. "She must be half crazy. Her only boy."

When she came back to the living room, the boys were gone. She could hear their voices upstairs and she thought Pa looked funny, as if he'd got older in the ten minutes she'd been away. But she didn't think anything of it until the boys came back and George stood there, trying to say something.

Pa looked up. He'd known what it was all about.

"I guess you'll be enlisting first thing in the morning, eh?" he said. "Which'll it be? Army or Navy?"

"The Navy, Pa," George said.

"Yep." Pop nodded. "That'd be for me, too, if I was younger."

"Al!" Gen said suddenly, asking the question Katherine hadn't dared to ask. "Not you?"

"No," Al said. "I can't go."

Mom felt as if she were struggling through a nightmare. It had been such a beautiful morning for December. She'd felt like singing all the time she was making dinner.

"I think I'll slip over to the church and light a candle for Bill Bascom," she said. "Light a few candles."

"Wait a minute, Mom," Pa said. "I'll go along with you."

"Yeah," George said. "We'll all go."

Al hadn't been able to sleep all night. Katherine knew how he felt, and was being particularly understanding—but it made her heart ache to see his face as he stood there on the porch, holding his lunch box as if it weighed a hundred pounds.

"Here they come," he said, and Katherine felt that stab of fear as she saw the four coming up the street side by side. Al cleared his throat. He managed to grin. "Well," he called, "it took a war to get you loafers out of bed this early. Will they take you right off or will you get to come home first?"

"You got me," Joe grinned. "I never worked for Uncle Sam before."

"Will you write to a guy?" Al asked.

"Sure! You bet!" Frank said. "And you write us all the local dirt."

George came bounding up the steps, taking his small nephew from Katherine's arms. "'Bye old timer," he said. "Be a good boy."

Al's adam's apple seemed to be slipping all up and down his throat.

"Well, don't fall out of any hammocks," he said. "And give me a call after you're sworn in and lemme know what cooks, huh?"

"Sure," Matt said. "Well . . . goodbye now. If he gets out of line, Katherine, you just drop us a postcard and we'll sic the U. S. Navy on him."

"I'll do that," Katherine said in a small voice. She stood there waving until they'd turned the corner. She didn't dare look at Al.

"The fighting Sullivans," he said, and his voice sounded strange. "You know, it's funny. I was always the lightest, but my right cross is the

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best in the bunch. What a wallop!"

Katherine looked at him. Her heart felt as if it were crying.

"Go on, honey," she said in a quiet voice. And then as he stared at her, "You belong with them. It's always been the five of you."

"Listen," Al said, "I'm a married man, remember? I belong here with you and Jimmy."

"We'll make out," Katherine said. "I want you to go, Al."

"Oh, you do, huh?" Al was trying his best to kid. "Well, that's a fine thing. Tryin' to get rid of your old man!"

"I mean it," Katherine said. "Every day the war lasts you'd be eating your heart out. I couldn't have that. Hurry and catch up with them, sweetheart."

She kissed him, quickly, hard, and only clung to him a second. Then she pushed him away. Al looked like a kid just out of school for the summer.

"Hey, wait!" he shouted. "I'm coming with you."

It took special permission from the Navy Department for the five of them to get on one ship. It was against regulations but George must have shown how strongly they felt in that letter he wrote.

Katherine and the baby moved over to the Sullivan house the morning they were leaving. They were going to have Matt's and Al's old room and Mom was awfully glad they were going to be there. Afterwards she never knew how she got through that morning, but somehow she did. It helped, packing lunch for them, having things to do. And when the time came it was funny how there weren't any different things to say this time than there had been all the other times when they were just going away for the day. Not until just at the very end. And that part was hard.

"Georgie, you're the oldest," Mom said. "Promise you'll take care of them."

"Sure," George grinned. "I'll sing 'em to sleep every night."

"I mean it, now," Mom said. "You promise?"

"I promise," George said.

Al was sticking close to Katherine and the baby, but even he couldn't find anything different to say.

"Mustn't suck your thumb, old timer," he said, taking it firmly out of the baby's mouth. "Mustn't spoil the shape of your mouth. You be a good boy and look after Mama for me."

It was over at last and the boys were gone. The months of waiting had begun. There were the times when nothing happened. There were the wonderful times when letters came.

Mom was washing that morning someone telephoned and said a man from the Navy was coming to see them. It was a puny wash, hardly worth wetting the tub for, Mom thought, wishing for those full clotheslines she used to hang out.

"The Navy fellow'd better hurry on over here," Pa said. "I haven't been late in . . ."

"I know," Mom grinned. "In thirty-three years."

She thought maybe it was a friend of the boys who was coming and that if he were on leave maybe he'd like to stay with them. There was enough room now, goodness knew. But when he came she sort of hesitated. He was a chief petty officer and he looked so sort of serious. But she did ask him if he didn't want a cup of coffee.

"No, thank you," he said. He looked so uncomfortable, clearing his throat like that. "I'm afraid I'm bringing you very bad news," he said, go-

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By heck, it was.

Another time, Geraldine proved that she could "see" as easily for a stranger as for a friend. She was taken to tea at a stranger's house, where the hostess complained about the disappearance of a valuable necklace, an heirloom. People had begun to hear about Geraldine's gift of second sight, and an acquaintance remarked sarcastically, "Oh, Gerry will find it for you!"

Rather miffed, Geraldine accepted the challenge. She nodded toward a basket of artificial fruit on a side table. "It's there," she announced. Again, it was. Apparently the necklace had dropped off as the hostess was arranging the basket.

Whether or not her gift is a species of mind reading Geraldine isn't sure. But in any case, since she can find lost objects with such accuracy, Gerry ought to be invaluable to the FBI.

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If you suffer from hard of hearing and head noises caused by catarrh of the head write us NOW for proof of the good results our simple home treatment has accomplished for a great many people. Many past 70 report hearing fine and head noises gone. Nothing to wear—no one need know—Send today for proof and 30 days trial offer. No obligations.
THE ELMO CO., Dept. 345 Davenport, Iowa

ing on as if he wanted to put off the thing he'd come to say as long as possible. Mom heard the baby laugh upstairs, where Katherine was giving him his bath. It was funny the way she kept listening to Jimmy and the Navy man at the same time. "You see," he went on. "The way they do things ordinarily, why you'd get a telegram right from the Navy department. But because . . ."

Pa looked at him, straight in the eye.

"The lot of them?" he asked huskily. "All five?"

"Yes, sir," the man said. "The report says your son George was confined to the sick bay and the others went down trying to find him, when the order came to abandon ship. There wasn't time. The explosion . . ."

Gen gave a strangled scream and Mom went over to her.

"Hush, darlin'," she said. "Crying won't bring 'em back."

She knew she had something to do, but for a moment she couldn't think what it was. As she passed Pa he reached out for her hand and held it, resting his head against her heavy, strong body. Pa was crying, too.

"I know, I know," she said gently. Suddenly she remembered what it was she had to do and pulled herself away from him. "I gotta break it to Katherine, darlin'," she explained.

But before she got to the door Katherine came running down the stairs.

"Mama, what happened?" she asked. "I hear Gen crying. Is it . . . ?"

Mom opened her arms and she ran into them. They rocked together for a moment.

"Al?" Katherine whispered at last, forcing the word out.

"All of them, my dear," Mom said.

She hadn't been able to cry that day. But Mom was crying now. It was funny how comforting tears got after a while, how they seemed to wash away that tight, hard ache in the heart. Suddenly she sat up and tipped her hat straight. Mercy, her thoughts had been wandering so she'd missed a lot of what the Admiral was saying. And she'd promised Katherine to remember every single word of it, too.

He was saying something about Gen's joining the Waves, and the tears fled in the proud smile that came as Mom looked at her daughter. She looked so pretty in her uniform. The Waves' outfit was so much more becoming somehow than the Wacs, Mom thought.

Then suddenly the Admiral beckoned to her and there she was, standing right beside him. The band began playing and workmen were hurriedly knocking out the blocks holding the huge destroyer on the ways. Somebody gave her a champagne bottle and she held it firmly.

The blocks were all released now. She looked up at the ship and suddenly she discovered she could smile.

"I christen thee *U. S. S. Sullivan*," she said, and her voice rang out clearly, proudly, as she smashed the bottle against the prow.

It was almost like seeing a ship come to life, the way it quivered and then began sliding, slowly at first, then faster until it floated out into the bay. Never had a ship been so beautiful as that one.

"Tom," Mom said, holding tight to Pa's hand. "Our boys are afloat again!"

THE END

PHILIP MORRIS

Dating Marguerite Chapman makes Bill Lundigan forget about Marine boot camp.

The Alan Ladds at the Mocambo—Sue chit-chatting with friends, Alan looking bored.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

I'D LIKE TO . . .
- Know how to build a fire with two sticks, boy scout fashion;
- Shine in emergencies;
- Catch up on all the good books I've missed;
- Write a book—but I know I never will.

ONCE I THOUGHT . . .

It mattered what people say. I suffered dreadfully over what I thought was said about me. Now I know I am my own best judge, must make my own decisions, and "What-will-people-say" is no longer a bogie.

I BELIEVE . . .

In luck. I've been very lucky at times.

In a sixth sense. I frequently know things without understanding how I know them. One Sunday as I drove with friends to an engagement, I suddenly said: "Please stop at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. There will be a cable for me." I had no idea what made me say that. We stopped, found no cable, but an hour later the cable arrived.

I LIKE . . .
- To sleep soundly, because I love to get up refreshed and ready to go;
- Square plates, freesias, General Montgomery and his beret, or General Montgomery *without* his beret; little scampering mice, onions, and curious and interesting foods;
- The idea of promptness. I believe in it, but I never am.

I DISLIKE . . .
- Crowds;
- People who sniffle;
- Poke bonnets;
- Unexplained thumps in a house at night.

I'M NEVER ANNOYED WITH . . .

People who want me to try their cold remedies. I usually have several to offer myself.

I THINK IT'S FUN TO . . .
- Plan parties, work out every detail of decoration, menu and entertainment;
- Outwit the traffic cop when the signal turns red just as I reach it. . . . My system is to go halfway through the intersection, start to back up, look helplessly around as if to say: "Oh dear, I'd better go on!" and then dart through.

I'VE LEARNED . . .

Practically everything by the trial and error method. I learn from my mistakes. I'm not sorry to make them—I'm glad I can learn that way—but I'm seriously annoyed with myself when I repeat a mistake.

WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL . . .

I wanted to look like a Palm Olive advertisement I cut out of a magazine. The girl in the picture had very black hair, brown eyes and a sweet, sweet, sweet smile. When I came on the ad years later, was I glad all dreams don't come true!

I'LL NEVER FORGET . . .

A coat my mother gave me one Christmas. It was gray with a red tie and had a printed pattern in red and black and gray. When I returned to school wearing it, it struck the other children as very funny. They called it my "bathrobe," shrieked with mirth and made me acutely miserable.

A meal at the Lakeside Golf Club. I gained twenty pounds after my operation and was warned not to take it off until I was quite recovered. I played in period pictures where weight was no problem, but along came a modern picture and I had to reduce—but *fast*. I went on the Harper's Bazaar diet, where you eat steaks, chops and tomato salad, no more. Today I'm probably the only creature in America who doesn't mind the meat shortage.

I craved all the foods I couldn't have and looked forward to Fridays because that was the day I was permitted one piece of French toast.

Our director used to take us to the Golf Club for lunch, and while I toyed with a slice of tomato the rest of the company devoured delectable dishes.

One day I came to the end of my self-control, ate every single item on the buffet.

Next day they couldn't shoot the picture—I was home in bed.

The beautiful thing a little girl did for me.

Her name was Helen Burns. She and I were six.

Our school house had a huge standpipe that filled up when it rained and overflowed like a geyser, dramatically.

The great sport at school was to stand under the geyser and enjoy the shock and excitement of water splashing down three stories upon you.

One day Helen and I, greatly daring, stood under the geyser. My mother saw me, yanked me home, gave me a good spanking and sent me back to school—not in a dress like all the other little girls, but in the khaki blouse and pants I wore for play.

I suffered horribly at having to appear different from all my schoolmates. It was simply excruciating.

Helen saw me, ran home and put on her khaki outfit, came back and sat beside me.

I thought her wonderful. I still do.

I'D HATE . . .

To live any day of my life over again.

I liked some days very much indeed — some were unbelievably perfect—but I've had them.

THE FIRST THING THAT ATTRACTS ME . . .

IN a man is brains, humor, kindness, honesty and courage—yes, and vitality. Intelligence and humor are probably the first things I notice; the existence of the other qualities isn't so immediately apparent.

In a woman is charm. Often very dumb women have it, but it attracts me. I like intelligent women, of course. It's nice to have women friends, but they are more difficult to acquire than men friends—at least for me.

I ENJOY . . .

Almost any kind of music—melodies, tangos, rhumbas, songs from

(Continued on page 84)

Be Popular—Learn the Newest DANCES in 5 Days-or NO COST!

New Revised Edition of Dancing includes RHUMBA, CONGA SAMBA, JITTERBUG . . . Fox Trot, Waltz and TAP DANCING

Now you can learn to dance in the privacy of your own home with the help of these 3 books! All the newest Swing steps—the Rhumba, Conga, Samba, Jitterbug, as well as the Fox Trot, Waltz and basic tap steps—are explained with simple, graphic diagrams in "Dancing"—and the two books we include FREE with each order.

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SEND NO MONEY! Pay the postman $1.98 plus a few cents postage on delivery. Then follow instructions in ALL THREE BOOKS—practice these simple dance steps each day and in 5 days if you haven't learned to dance, we will refund your money at once!

Dancing
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Tip Top Tap
Tap dancing
TWO BOOKS Included FREE

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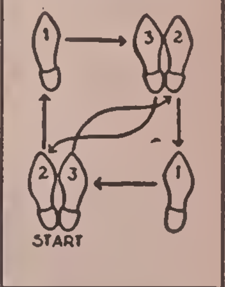

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Send me "Dancing" by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books, "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay on arrival, plus postage.

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GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 24 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn
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Run-Proof SOLVES HOSIERY PROBLEM

It's costly to have stockings ruined by runs. Treat hosiery and underthings with RUN-PROOF. Resists runs, rips, snags, breaks in Rayon, Nylon, Lisle and Cotton. Prolongs wearing quality. Hosiery fits more snug. Only ONE treatment lasts life of hose—**25c** package treats 10 pair. At Department, Drug and 10c stores—or send us 25c in coin.

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FREE SAMPLE

See how quick pain atops—bunion gets smaller. Wear regular shoes. FAIRYFOOT is easy to use. Safe, harmless. On 3,000,000 feet since 1897.

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Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

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SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER! As an introductory offer we are selling both rings at the sensationally low combination price of only $21.95.

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Continental Jewelry Co., Dept. G-102, Beloit, Wis.

(Continued from page 83)

"Oklahoma," so-called classical music.

Pictures—but I don't know a great deal about them. I spent a glorious afternoon this week looking at a collection belonging to a friend and I hope I'll never forget it. He had three Rousseaus, some Paul Klees, several Picassos; some lovely, lovely things!

Books, but I'm usually from one to fifty years late in reading what everyone else reads. I've just caught up with "South Wind," "Moby Dick," Wells' "Outline of History," F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ibsen's plays.

I ADORE . . .

Storms,

Torrential rains;

Thunder and lightning. They make me feel safe, oddly enough.

My first and only pet, my Airedale Shadrack, in spite of his arrogance, wilfulness, unreasonable ideas about discipline.

Older men.

I'M GUILTY OF . . .

Postponing decisions. But it's usually because something tells me to wait—and I wait.

Spoiling people I love. But maybe it's just that I like to make them happy.

Trying too hard for perfection. Or just trying too hard. Period.

SOME DAY I WOULD LIKE . . .

To have a baby. I'd like two or three, but I do want to be sure of one.

But—

I'M NOT FOND OF . . .

All babies and small children. I never know how to handle them.

I WANT TO . . .

Know the truth about people.

Once you know their virtues and their faults, their ideas, hopes and beliefs, you know what to do about them. It's not easy, but if you're fond of anyone it's your business to find out the whole truth.

I BELIEVE IN . . .

Destiny and free will.

It seems to me that we each have a pattern we are to follow in life. But we also have a thread of free will that we can use as we please. It is up to us to weave the thread into the pattern.

Whatever we do with our lives, some of the praise and some of the blame is certainly all our own.

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 6

P	A	W	N		M	U	S	I	C		F	R	E	D
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C	A	G	N	E	Y		V	A	N	I	S	H	E	S
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T	E	S	S		P	R	E	S	S		H	O	O	T

To be read before the 4TH War Loan Drive

ONE DAY SOON, you will be asked to lend your Government at least an extra $100. To put at least an extra $100, *over* your regular Bond buying, into War Bonds for the 4th War Loan.

Don't—*don't* say you can't afford it even though you may wonder how you're going to get that money.

If you think that getting the money is going to be hard, why, before the doorbell rings, look at the faces of these dead countrymen of yours. Read their stories.

Then think how hard it would be to have to tell Americans like these that *other* Americans can't afford to lend *at least* an extra $100!

S NAVAL TRAINING STA

Seaman first class James R. Ward was stationed in a gun turret in the Oklahoma on Dec. 7th. When the order was given to abandon ship, he stayed holding a flashlight so that rest of crew could see to escape. He was drowned.

Lieutenant Alexander Nininger fought his way into the Jap lines on Bataan. Wounded 3 times, he continued to advance until he was killed. When his body was found, a Jap officer and two Jap soldiers lay dead around him.

Keep Backing the Attack!

WE BOUGHT EXTRA WAR BONDS 4TH WAR LOAN

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

Movieland Magazine

This advertisement is prepared under the auspices of the War Advertising Council and the U.S. Treasury Department

JAMES CAGNEY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

walked to her husband. She kissed him and said, "You were very good tonight, George."

But in the days when the Cagneys viewed shows from the gallery, life was still precarious. Once when his last show had only lasted eight weeks and the waits between engagements were getting longer, Jimmy decided to call it quits and go back to being a song and dance man in vaudeville. He worked up an act with Joan Blondell, who had played opposite him in the last play.

Billie was disturbed. She felt that both Jimmy and Joan, who had also graduated from vaudeville, were taking a step backwards. But for once she was wrong. Jimmy and Joan started out on the act, and a week later they both made screen tests.

With success Billie and Jimmy found themselves with the problem of readjusting their lives. Billie had heard how frequently Hollywood success killed happy marriages, and she did not want this to happen to hers.

Whereupon she made some firm resolutions, by which she still abides. She decided to stay absolutely in the background and not interfere in Jimmy's career in any way. She would run a perfect home and be the perfect wife, in so far as it was humanly possible. To this day, if anyone comes to the house to see Jimmy on business, Billie quickly disappears to the victory garden or goes shopping. She would avoid publicity and never went to the studio unless Jimmy invited her.

Another resolution she made was never to touch Jimmy's clothes. Once in a fit of prosperity she gave away some of his old clothes. Jimmy let out a yell. He liked old clothes—they were like old friends—comfortable. He's still that way. Billie would like him all slicked up, but he still wears old clothes. He even has them patched when he wears them thin.

Another problem success brought was that now they had little time for friends, and privacy was a thing of the past. When Jimmy was not making a picture, he made personal appearances and did all sorts of interviews. There was slight time for private affairs. Billie saw this was getting under Jimmy's skin, and it worried her. Then suddenly she remembered Jimmy's early longing for a farm. The night she reminded Jimmy of this dream, they went AWOL from Hollywood. They interviewed a hundred real estate agents. They saw a thousand places. They turned down palaces and "gentleman's estates" by the score. They knew what they wanted—a simple, old fashioned place where they could be alone and at peace. They discovered the perfect farm at Martha's Vineyard, that pretty little island just off the coast of Massachusetts, green and quiet and definitely hard for fans to reach.

Here all by themselves they found happiness in a small farm house, heated by coal stoves. Billie did all the housework and cooking. Jimmy went in for gardening. Billie thought at last they again had privacy. Unfortunately, she forgot to figure on the public.

One day, dressed in a bungalow apron and her hair tied in a knot on her head (hardly a creation for company) she went to the woodshed to get some wood for the stove. When she came out, she was amazed to find a group of people on the premises to get a glimpse of her and Jimmy and take snapshots. An enterprising bus driver had brought his passengers sightseeing.

After that, they learned to be prepared for anything. On the second vacation they spent at the farm, Billie noticed Jimmy disappeared right after breakfast each morning. Investigating, she discovered he was spending his time with an old gentleman who trained horses for sulky racing. Now Jimmy has learned to race, and it has become his principal hobby.

Recently Jimmy did some sulky racing in connection with selling war

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New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames. They tell us that their hand colored enlargements have living beauty, sparkle and life.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture to be enlarged. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

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Look over your snapshots and Kodak Album for pictures of loved ones. Just send a print or negative with the coupon and a 3c stamp for return mailing today.

Mail This Coupon Today

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 686, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Name..................................

Address..................................

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Color of Hair ....

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Why be a hide-out? use. **Hide-it!**

SEE HOW BLEMISHES VANISH FROM SIGHT!

Don't let a blotchy skin wreck your good looks. Just smooth on HIDE-IT — used safely by millions — to conceal pimples, birthmarks, small scars, etc.

IDEAL FOR POWDER BASE

Get HIDE-IT in a shade to match your skin tone. (Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Suntan). Large jar, $1 at Drug and Department Stores. Purse size at 10c counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

Hide-it

SWIMPROOF "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER

SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks*. Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. CAUTION: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! $1 at department and drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER

"Dark-Eyes" 2110 W. Madison St., Dept. 45-C-4, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose $1.00 for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions. (Sorry! No trial sizes for the duration.) ☐ Black; ☐ Brown
Name.............................. *Town*..............................
Address.............................. *State*..............................

Asthma Agony Curbed First Day For Thousands of Sufferers

Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attacks poison your system, ruin your health and put a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily palliate recurring choking, gasping Bronchial Asthma symptoms with a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco** to help nature remove thick strangling excess mucus and promote freer breathing and restful sleep. **Mendaco** is not a smoke, dope or injection. Just pleasant tasteless tablets. Iron clad guarantee—money back unless satisfactory. **Mendaco** is only 60c at druggists.

10 DRESSES $2.81 Used—Cleaned and pressed. Need slight repair. Sizes 12-14-16 only (20 Uncleaned Dresses, same sizes, $2.45). $1.00 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage. Purchase price refunded if not satisfied. 240 bargains used clothing for entire family. Write for FREE catalog. BROADWAY MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. HG, 637 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Once Fat! Now Has a Model's Figure

"I lost 32 lbs. wear size 14 again"

Betty Reynolds, Brooklyn

After Using

Just think, once 156 lbs., Miss Reynolds lost weight weekly with AYDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan until now she has a model-like figure. Your experience may or may not be the same but try this easier reducing plan yourself. *First Box Must Show Results* or money back. No exercise. No laxatives. No drugs. You eat plenty. You don't cut out meals, potatoes, etc., you just cut them down. Simple when you enjoy delicious AYDS before meals. Only $2.25 for 30 days' supply. Now — enjoy the comfortable AYDS way to a lovelier figure. Sold at leading department and drug stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will see you are supplied. Carlay Co., 160 East Illinois, Chicago 11, Illinois. Dep't (B-43).

bonds. He lost a race and called Billie long distance to tell her about it. Over and over he assured her he did not mind losing the race—but he was beaten by a woman! From now on, racing with women was out!

It was not until four years ago that Jimmy and Billie built in Hollywood the house they had dreamed about when they were in the chorus of "Pitter Patter." But they still carried out their plan of a New England house to the smallest detail.

The home is small but extremely comfortable. Downstairs is a large living room with a grand piano at which Jimmy composes the tunes that amuse him. Directly off the living room is Jimmy's den. Here Billie and Jimmy love to spend an evening reading and listening to the radio. They both think Frances Langford is the best singer on the air and they never miss "Duffy's Tavern."

The dining room and kitchen complete the lower part of the house—and the upper story is completely divided into two bedrooms with dressing rooms. Jimmy's is strictly New England, even to the marble top bureau. Billie's room is furnished entirely in white, and her dressing table is crowded with all sorts of perfumes.

They have an agreement that the inside of the house is Billie's and the outside Jimmy's. Liking to work outdoors Jimmy made four victory gardens, built chicken coops and a duck pond. There is a swimming pool for the ducks, but none for the Cagneys.

Having furnished the home they always wanted, Billie and Jimmy settled down to enjoy it. They would entertain their old friends, the Pat O'Briens and the Frank McHughs—and once a week there would be a gathering of the Cagney Clan. They did just that. It was delightful, but somehow their life did not seem to be complete. They both felt that a house could never be a home without children. So they found a little boy and girl to share their good fortune with them. Jimmy Jr. and Casey.

The adoption of children presented a new problem. They had not considered children when they planned the house. At first they decided to build a new wing, but it occurred to Jimmy that the irregular hours he kept when making a picture would interfere with the children's routine. So they decided to build the children a house of their own directly in back of the main house. It is like a grown up doll house and consists of a kitchen, living room, and two bedrooms. Behind the little house is a combination playhouse and gymnasium.

Jimmy had two miniature director's chairs made with Jimmy Jr.'s name printed in black letters on one and Casey's on the other. These stand in front of the fireplace in the living room of the big house.

"It's to make the children feel they are really the heads of this outfit," Jimmy explains.

Casey's and Jimmy Jr's biggest delight is being allowed to visit the studio when their father is working in a picture. And they are given this privilege whenever action and not dialogue is being shot. Their parents take no chances of having them talk and ruin a perfect take. Next to going to the studio the children love to watch Jimmy practice dancing.

When he was learning the routine he did on the stairs of the White House in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," he practiced on the wide stairway in their home. Not till little Jimmy and Casey howled with glee did big Jim think it perfect.

All in all, twenty years ago a rainy night brought Billie and Jimmy health, wealth, and happiness. And may it continue to be that way for the rest of their lives.

THE END

Bob Hope obviously approves of Marine Corps Women Reserves, especially the two we see here, who are visiting him prior to a recent broadcast from the Marine Corps base at San Diega.

Take PEN IN HAND

STARS have been born, others have fallen—all according to the fan mail indicator. Careers in Hollywood are made and broken every day. Newcomers skyrocket to success, and distinguished veterans have been known to fade into has-beens. And all according to their box-office appeal, as registered through mail from the fans.

For your convenience, Movieland gives you this address book listing, with studio identification for every name in the book. Sorry, it's agin the rules to give out with home addresses (or telephone numbers)—but your letters will reach the stars, direct, if sent as suggested here.

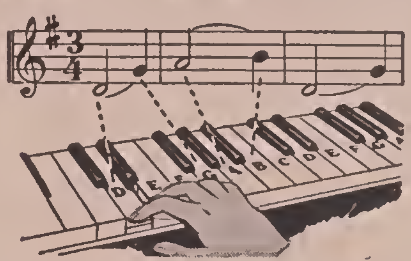
Col—Columbia Pictures Corp.
Sunset and Gower
Hollywood, Calif.
DOS—David O. Selznick Productions, Inc.
9336 W. Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.
MGM—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City, Calif.
Mono—Monogram Pictures Corp.
4376 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

(*Continued on page* 88)

December-weds Robert Hutton (you'll see him in "Hollywood Canteen") and his lovely bride Natalie Thompson—one of the prettiest new couples and very much favored in Hollywood.

To those who think
LEARNING MUSIC is hard . .

Just strike these notes and you're playing the beginning of the "Merry Widow" Waltz



Look at the diagram. The first note of the music is "D". Following the dotted line to the keyboard you'll find "D" is the white key between the two black keys near the middle of the keyboard. Now read below how you can learn to play any instrument quickly and easily.

Easy as A-B-C—COSTS LESS than 7c a day!

● Perhaps you think learning music is a tedious grind. It isn't any longer! Long hours of practicing scales and monotonous exercises are over.

You have no excuses for not getting started toward musical good times **now!** For through an easy method you can now learn to play right at home—without a teacher—for less than 7c a day.

Learn to Play by Playing

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music . . . complete instructions, clear diagrams and all the music you need. You learn to play by playing real tunes by note. First you are **told** how to do a thing. Then a picture **shows** you how. Then **you** do it yourself and hear it. Remember, don't confuse our method with any system claiming to teach music "by ear" or by trick methods. We teach you to play only from real notes!

SUCCESS!
Here's what one of our thousands of pupils writes: "I learned more from your course than many of my friends who studied under private teachers have for years. The fact that I've already taken 2 courses and am now enrolling for a third should speak for itself." **F. A. S., Indiana.**

FREE! Print and Picture Sample. Our illustrated Free Booklet and "Print and Picture" Sample fully explain this remarkable course. So decide which instrument you want to play and mail the coupon today. U. S. School of Music, 1583 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL 46TH YEAR

U. S. School of Music
1583 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play instrument checked below.

Piano
Guitar
Hawaiian Guitar
Violin
Piano Accordion
Saxophone
Trumpet, Cornet
Modern Elementary Harmony
Clarinet
Tenor Banjo
Mandolin
Practical Finger Control

Name...Have You Instrument?.........
Address...
City...State.................

Save 2c—Stick Coupon on Penny Postcard

UGLY
BLACKHEADS
OUT
in
SECONDS
with
EVEN THESE ..EASILY
VACUTEX
BLACKHEAD
EXTRACTOR
$1.00
SAFE • SURE
SANITARY
DAINTY
FAST
PLEASANT

Blackheads are ugly, offensive, embarrassing. They clog pores, mar your appearance, invite criticism. Now your blackheads can be removed in seconds, scientifically, and easily, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around the blackhead, cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden hands never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over your blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out. Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection, order today!

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Ballco Products Co., Dept. 3003
516 5th Avenue, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me Vacutex postpaid.
☐ Ship C. O. D. I will pay postman $1 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME..
ADDRESS...

Beautify
your
FORM
Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . safely, easily and positively.

Highly Endorsed by Many Doctors

Your flat bustline can be amazingly beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE. Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . . the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.

Our Offer—Send No Money

You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly $3.50, Now only $1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. Money back if not delighted. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon NOW.

HARVEST HOUSE, Dept. C-343
50 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.

Name ....
Address ....

☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Canadian orders $2.50 in advance.

BRUSH AWAY
GRAY
HAIR
... and look 10
YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

Amazing New Plan for You
DRESS FREE
FOR ORDERING 3 !

Thrilling new plan gives you FREE your choice of gorgeous new spring dress, in your favorite style, size and color. Just send orders for only 3 dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all—and your own dress is FREE!

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Write for big Style Line showing scores of latest fashions with actual fabrics in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, SPORTS WEAR, etc.

FREE SAMPLES Amazing plan shows you how to get complete wardrobe without cost, and opportunity to earn up to $22 a week. Send no money. Write for big STYLE PRESENTATIONS and details.

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. B-27F, Cincinnati, Ohio

Pimples
Fought While You Sleep

Do ugly, red, disfiguring Pimples make you embarrassed and feel socially inferior? Have you tried a lot of things with little help? Well, many cases of the most stubborn Pimples, Acne, Eczema-like Rash, Blotches, Ringworm, Itching Skin and Athlete's Foot often are due to surface, non-systemic skin troubles—in such cases **Nixoderm** (a physician's prescription) usually starts to work helping the skin look clearer, softer, smoother with the very first application. **Nixoderm** works while you sleep and in 3 nights must bring a delightful improvement in your appearance or your money back is guaranteed. Get **Nixoderm** from your druggist today, try it tonight, see how fast it helps your skin.

Nixoderm

5x7 PHOTO
ENLARGEMENT-FREE

ANY SUBJECT OR GROUP

Send any clear snapshot, photo, bust, full length, groups, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, soldier, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper **FREE**. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about hand coloring by expert artists who specialize in reproducing life-like likenesses and

FREE FRAME OFFER

Your original returned with your **FREE** enlargement. Send now and kindly enclose 10c for return mailing. (Only 2 to a customer.)

IDEAL PORTRAIT INC.
Box 748, Church St. Annex, J-3, New York 8, N. Y.

Hair
OFF
Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. W-59, Chicago.

(Continued from page 87)

Para—Paramount Pictures Corp.
5451 Marathon
Hollywood, Calif.
RKO—RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Melrose and Gower
Hollywood, Calif.
Rep—Republic Studios
4024 Radford Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.
SG—Samuel Goldwyn Studios
1041 N. Formosa Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
SL—Sol Lesser Productions
9336 W. Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.
20—Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.
Beverly Hills, Calif.
UA—United Artists Studio Corp.
1041 N. Formosa Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.
U—Universal Pictures Co.
Universal City, Calif.
W—Warners 1st National Studios
Burbank, Calif.

A: Abbott & Costello—U; Aherne, Brian—Col; Allbritton, Louise—U; Allyson, June—MGM; Ameche, Don—20; Anderson, Mary—20; Andrews, Dana—20; Andrews, Lois—20; Annabella—20; Archer, John—20; Arden, Eve—Para.; Arthur, Jean—Col; Astaire, Fred—MGM; Astor, Mary—MGM; Autry, Gene—Rep.

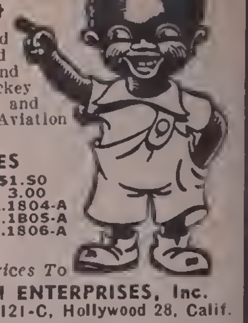
B: Bainter, Fay—MGM; Bari, Lynn—20; Ball, Lucille—MGM; Barrymore, Diana—U; Barrymore, Lionel—MGM; Baxter, Anne—20; Baxter, Warner—Para; Beery, Wallace — MGM; Bendix, William—MGM; Bennett, Joan—20; Benny, Jack—20; Bergman, Ingrid—DOS; Bishop, Julie—W; Blair, Janet—Col; Blondell, Joan—MGM; Bogart, Humphrey—W; Boyd, William—UA; Boyer, Charles—Para; Bracken, Eddie—Para; Brent, George—W; Brooks, Leslie—Col; Brown, John Mack—MGM; Burke, Billie—UA; Burnett, Smiley—Rep.

C: Cagney, James—UA; Canova, Judy—Rep; Carlson, Richard—MGM; Carroll, John—MGM; Carroll, Madeleine—Para; Carson, Jack—W; Chapman, Marguerite—Col; Coburn, Charles — Col; Colbert, Claudette—Para; Coleman, Nancy—W; Colman, Ronald—MGM; Conway, Tom—RKO; Cooper, Gary—Para; Cotten, Joseph—DOS; Craig, James—MGM; Crawford, Joan—W; Cregar, Laird—20; Crosby, Bing—Para; Crosby, Bob—MGM; Curtis, Alan—U.

D: Dantine, Helmut—W; Darnell, Linda—20; Davis, Bette—W; Day, Laraine — MGM; De Havilland, Olivia—W; Donat, Robert—MGM; Donlevy, Brian—MGM; Dorn, Philip—MGM; Dorsey, Tommy—MGM; Drake, Dona—Para; Drew, Ellen—Rep; Dunne, Irene—MGM; Durbin, Deanna—U.

F: Falkenburg, Jinx—Col; Faye, Alice—20; Fields, Gracie—20; Fitzgerald, Geraldine—W; Flynn Errol—W; Fontaine, Joan—DOS; Foster, Preston—20; Foster, Susanna—U.

Give and Show BOSKO
Cartoon Home Movies
For BETTER
Home Entertainment



BOSKO delights young and old with his pranks and fantasies. Also give and show Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Oswald Rabbit and 3 Monkey Cartoons and Aviation thrillers.

BOSKO FEATURES
50 ft. 8MM............$1.50
100 ft. 16MM............ 3.00
Bosko's Bear Escape........1804-A
Bosko's Spooks................1805-A
Hen Pecked Bosko............1806-A

At Your Dealers

Write For Catalog & Prices To

HOLLYWOOD FILM ENTERPRISES, Inc.
6060 Sunset Blvd., Dept. 121-C, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Hollywood Locket
GIVEN AWAY

Smart new, yellow gold finish, sweetheart design. Hollywood Locket GIVEN for selling just 5 boxes of our wonderful Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. We trust you. Write today giving your name and address. Nothing to buy. YOUR package comes by return mail.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 48K, Jefferson, Iowa

★ SONG POEMS WANTED
To be Set to Music
★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.
★ FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 735 Beacon Bldg. Boston, Mass.

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● No previous training or talent necessary. Unique Stuart System teaches you, by mail, in 11 simple, easy-to-follow lessons, to make excellent charcoal and oil likenesses. Detailed guidance for your every step. Send for free book *today.*

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Please send me free book and outline of lessons.

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*Street*____________________
*City*____________*State*________

Letter to a P.O.W.

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War . . . tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell *him* why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . ."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . ."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

MOVIELAND

This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the War Advertising Council and the U. S. Treasury Department.

G: Gabin, Jean—20; Garbo, Greta—MGM; Gardiner, Reginald—20; Garfield, John—W; Gargan, William—MGM; Garland, Judy—MGM; Garson, Greer—MGM; Gibson, Hoot—Mono; Gifford, Frances—MGM; Gilbert, Billy — Mono; Goddard, Paulette—Para; Goodman, Benny—20; Grable, Betty—20; Granger, Farley—SG; Grant, Cary—RKO; Granville, Bonita—RKO; Grey, Virginia—20; Gwynne, Annie—U.

H: Hall, Jon—U; Havoc, June—UA; Hayward, Susan—Para; Hayworth, Rita—Col; Henie, Sonja—20; Henreid, Paul—W; Hepburn, Katharine—MGM; Hodiak, John—MGM; Holt, Jennifer—U; Hope, Bob—Para; Horne, Lena—MGM; Hubbard, John—Col; Hughes, Mary Beth—Rep; Hunt, Marsha—MGM; Hutton, Betty—Para; Hussey, Ruth—MGM.

J: Jean, Gloria—U; Jenkins, Jack—MGM; Johnson, Van—MGM; Jones, Allan—U; Jones, Jennifer—20; Joyce, Brenda—20.

K: Kelly, Gene—MGM; Kelly, Nancy—RKO; Keyes, Evelyn—Col.

L: Ladd, Alan—Para; Lake, Veronica—Para; Lamarr, Hedy—MGM; Lamour, Dorothy—Para; Landis, Carole—20; Lane, Priscilla—W; Lane, Rosemary—Rep; Laughton, Charles—MGM; Laurel and Hardy—20; Lee, Mary—Rep; Leslie, Joan—W; Loder, John—MGM; Lundigan, William—MGM; Lupino, Ida—W.

M: MacDonald, Jeanette—MGM; MacMurray, Fred—Para; Manning, Irene—W; Marshall, Brenda—W; Marshall, Herbert—MGM; Martin, Mary—Para; Maynard, Ken—Mono; McAllister, Lon—SL; McCrea, Joel—Para; McDowell, Roddy—20; McGuire, Dorothy—DOS; McKenzie, Fay—Rep; Milland, Ray—Para; Miller, Ann—Col; Miranda, Carmen—20; Montez, Maria—U; Moran, Peggy — U; Morgan, Dennis — W; Morison, Patricia—RKO; Morris, Chester—Para; Murphy, George—MGM.

O: Oakie, Jack—20; Oberon, Merle—Col; O'Brien, Margaret—MGM; O'Brien, Pat—RKO; O'Connor, Donald—U; O'Hara, Maureen—20; O'Shea, Michael—UA.

P: Paige, Robert—U; Parker, Jean—Para; Peters, Susan—MGM; Pidgeon, Walter—MGM; Powell, Dick — Para; Powell, William—MGM.

R: Raft, George—W; Rathbone, Basil—MGM; Raye, Martha—20; Reed, Donna—MGM; Reeves, George—Para; Reynolds, Marjorie—Para; Ridgeley, John—W; Rogers, Ginger—Para; Rogers, Roy—Rep; Romero, Cesar—20; Rooney, Mickey—MGM; Russell, Rosalind—RKO; Russel, Gail—Para; Russell, Jane—W; Rutherford, Ann—20.

S: Sabu—U; Sanders, George—

(*Continued on page* 90)

Their Favorite Tunes

When Janet Blair was a youngster of thirteen, she dreamed of being a great singer. The manager of Hal Kemp's band was a friend of the family's and told her, half in jest, that if she studied hard, perhaps some day she would sing with Kemp's band. That day came, five years later. Kemp's band was playing at a dance in Altoona. They'd just finished "How Strange, My Love." Janet sought out the manager, reminded him of his promise, and said, "I'd like to try out for the job now. I like that song, 'How Strange, My Love.' May I sing it for you?" In her strange, throbbing voice, she sang. And her singing of "How Strange, My Love" had won her the job. She was started on the career that eventually led to today's star-ranking success.

AN OLD AMERICAN BEAUTY SECRET

VIRGINIA GREY
appearing in
20th Century-Fox Picture
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

that can still be yours * * *

Many a proud American beauty of yesteryear can now tell her lovely granddaughters the "beauty secret" of her own romantic youth! Today you have ALL THREE famous Glover's preparations—use separately or together! Ask at any Drug Store—or mail coupon today!

TRIAL SIZE includes: GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair... GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! GLOVER'S Imperial Hair Dress—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delightful "oil treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle and special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Apply, with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 675, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised. I enclose 25c.
NAME
ADDRESS
☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c for packing and postage.

WOMEN-Make Money

Part Time Opportunities Open with Realsilk

Introduce new, popular-priced apparel line—women's hosiery, slips—men's sox, ties. Also women's deluxe coats, suits, dresses, lingerie. Established reputation. Write orders in your own neighborhood. Earn good income. Permanent work with advancement Experience unnecessary. Write today for Free sample plan and full details.

FREE SAMPLES

REALSILK Dept. C-15, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. DON'T DELAY—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY.

RICHARD BROTHERS 39 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H 371, Drexel at 58th, Chicago, 37

BE A *Nurse*

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

Practical nurses are needed in every community . . . doctors rely on them . . . patients appreciate their cheerful, expert care. You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. 45th yr. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women 18 to 60. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 453, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
Name
City State Age

Want LONGER, STUNNING NAILS?

Ugly, ragged, brittle fingernails don't grow gracefully to the desired length.

LONGO-NAIL
(Goes a Long Way)

Nails often become dry, brittle, easily broken, due to the rigors of housework, war work, or lack of proper care. Moreover, manicures and nail polish, if improperly applied, often cause fingernails and cuticles to crack and become ugly. Use LONGO-NAIL. Helps keep the cuticle soft. Aids in the proper care and appearance of the nails, permitting them to grow gracefully to the desired length. Just apply LONGO-NAIL on your fingernails and cuticles before retiring. 6-months' supply and full simple directions, only $1.25 postpaid or C.O.D. plus postage. GUARANTEED effective or money back. **BEAUTY AIDS, Dept. 3-BB, 89 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn 17, N. Y.**

HONEYMOON LOVE DROPS

Unforgettable as a lover's first kiss! Bewitch, allure and captivate with this rare, stimulating fragrance. Just one drop of this secret aroma will endure for hours and will add a more thrilling, irresistible charm to you! The one you want can be yours if you KNOW HOW to use this. ALSO FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS. SEND NO MONEY! Full size bottle sent in plain wrapper. Pay postman on delivery 98c plus postage, or send $1 and we pay postage. One bottle FREE if 2 ordered. Money Back Guarantee VELMO CO., Dept. WH-7, 152 West 42nd St., N. Y. C.

SONGWRITERS

Place your song with us. Melodies supplied WITHOUT CHARGE by well known Hollywood composers. We record your song and make it presentable to the publishers. Lead sheets and records furnished. Send your song material for free examination. Write for details.

CINEMA SONG CO., Dept. 9-E, P. O. BOX 670
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

10 DRESSES $3.49
(USED CLOTHING)

In our opinion, these are the best dresses available at this low price. When new, some of these dresses sold as high as $12.95. Assorted colors. Sizes up to 18—10 for $3.49. Larger sizes 5 for $3.00. Send 50c deposit, balance C. O. D. plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price refunded. Rush your order now. Mention size desired. 210 other clothing bargains for everybody. Illustrated Catalog Free.

NATIONAL SALES CO., Dept. K
365 Sutter Ave., Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 20-C, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

If you suffer from Bronchial Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping wheezing—write quick for daring **Free Trial Offer.** Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited.

NACOR, 1096-F, State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST

Sell ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS for adults (vest pocket size) and other novelties. 10 different sample booklets sent for 50c or 25 assorted for $1 or 100 assorted for $2. Shipped prepaid. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No C. O. D. orders. Send Cash, Stamps or Money Order. GRAYKO, Dept 142, Box 520, G. P. O., New York.

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS?

When Diamond-Dazzling, Blue-White **genuine** Zircons from the Mines of far-away Mystic Siam are so **effective** and **inexpensive**. Thrilling beauties that stand acid; cut glass and are full of diamond FIRE! Exquisite mountings! Write for FREE Catalogue. Address:

NATIONAL ZIRCON CO.
Dept. 520 Wheeling, W. Va.

Do You Want the MAGIC FORMULA for POWER

Do you want to make Big Money? Do you want the love of another? Do you want to win in whatever you do? Do you want to be envied, admired? Thousands of people have learned to command this Power. You can do so too! I have a sealed book for you—it tells you the Secret in plain talk. Don't envy others who enjoy all the good things in life. These things can be yours. I personally GUARANTEE SATISFACTION or I will refund your money. Send me your name, address and $1.00 today—now! Power is waiting to work for you. **GUIDANCE HOUSE, Dept. GT, Box 201, Times Sq. Sta., New York 18, N. Y.**

(Continued from page 89)

20; Scott, Martha—UA; Scott, Randolph — 20; Sheridan, Ann — W; Shirley, Ann—RKO; Simon, Simone —RKO; Skelton, Red — MGM; Smith, Alexis—W; Smith, C. Aubrey MGM; Smith, Kent—RKO; Sothern, Ann—MGM; Stanwyck, Barbara—UA; Sutton, John—20.

T: Taylor, Robert—MGM; Temple, Shirley—DOS; Tierney, Gene—20; Tone, Franchot—Para; Tracy, Spencer—MGM; Travis, Richard—W; Turner, Lana—MGM.

W: Walker, Cheryl—W; Walker, Nancy—MGM; Walker, Robert—MGM; Warrick, Ruth — RKO; Wayne, John—Rep; Weismuller, John—RKO; Whitty, Dame May—MGM; Wiedler, Virginia—MGM; Wilson, Marie—Para; Withers, Jane —SG; Woolley, Monty—20; Wright, Teresa — SG; Wyatt, Jane — UA; Wyman, Jane—W.

Y: Young, Loretta—Para; Young, Robert—MGM.

Players In Service

Arnaz, Desi—MGM; Aumont, Pierre—MGM; Ayres, Lew—MGM; Cabot, Bruce—Para; Carey, MacDonald—Para; Castle, Don—Para; Crawford, Broderick — U; Cummings, Robert — U; Dailey, Dan, Jr.—MGM; Davis, Jim—MGM; Denning, Richard —Para; Douglas, Melvyn—MGM; Duane, Michael—Col; Fonda, Henry — 20; Ford, Glenn—Col; Gable, Clark—MGM; Hayden, Stirling—Para; Heflin, Van—MGM; Holden, William — Para; Holmes, George—20; Holt, Tim—RKO; Howard, John—20; Lynn, Jeffrey — W; McDonald, Ray — MGM; McPhail, Douglas — MGM; Montgomery, George—20; Montgomery, Robert — MGM; Morris, Wayne — W; Ney, Richard — MGM; North, Ted—20; O'Brien, Edmund—U; Payne, John — 20; Porter, Don—U; Power, Tyrone—20; Preston, Robert — Para; Raymond, Gene — RKO; Reagan, Ronald — W; Ryan, Robert — RKO; Sheppard, John — 20; Simmons, Dick—MGM; Stack, Robert—U; Sterling, Robert—MGM; Stewart, James — MGM; Terry, Don—U; Tucker, Forrest—Col; Webb, Richard—Para; Wright, William—Col; Young, Gig—W.

STARS ARE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

humor, and a bad humor affects her good luck.

John Garfield doesn't know if it's just a matter of his being lazy or superstitious. But one thing he does know, if he puts some of his clothes on wrong side out, he leaves them that way all day long.

Frank Sinatra has made his bed and he is perfectly willing to lie on it, but no hats, thank you, on that bed. A hat on a bed is bad luck. He's not tempting fate.

Susan Hayward has furnished quite a few homes. When she completely furnishes them, terrible things happen. Now she sleeps in a bedroom with only one piece of furniture in it—the bed, no less—and no more. And her luck has changed as if by a miracle. May be lucky for Susan, but not so good for the decorator.

Jinx Falkenburg seriously avows she isn't superstitious. However, she wears a piece of costume jewelry which spells out her name JINX on everything she dons from dawn to dusk.

Gloria Jean knew most men liked to play poker. So she sent several boxes of poker chips to some of the boys overseas. About four months ago Gloria received a letter from a Marine, enclosing a broken chip. In the letter he told Gloria that the chip had stopped a bullet and saved his life. Since then, Gloria has sent many more boxes of chips overseas because she is superstitious about their bringing good luck.

Greer Garson doesn't believe in luck, but she always keeps near her a black fitted case and a jade green dressing gown that were given to her by her associates when she left the advertising firm for which she worked in England to join the Birmingham Repertory Theater. Could it be that she's so sentimental?

Nancy Coleman, on entering a room, always completes a circle before she leaves it. This might make some girls dizzy, but it makes Nancy lucky. Or so she thinks.

Maria Montez wouldn't think of starting her daily activities without first reading what the stars have in store for her.

Alice Faye ("Gang's All Here" is her latest picture for 20th Century-Fox) isn't frankly superstitious, but she doesn't take chances.

Try new shades of

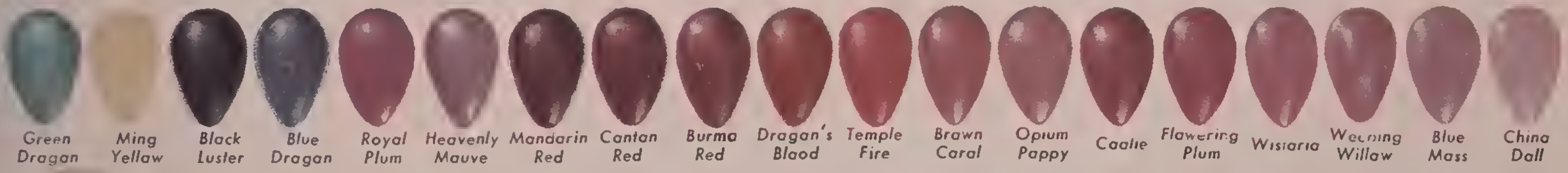
CHEN YU

long lasting nail lacquer

made in U.S.A.

Very possibly, there may be other shades of nail make-up that "do more" for your nails than the color you are wearing now. Sometimes the difference is astonishing! It's really exciting, finding which shade appeals to you most. You can get TWO shades of lustrous CHEN YU, the chip-repellent true lacquer make-up, by sending the coupon from this announcement. Each trial bottle contains many, many manicures...months of new beauty. (Regular sizes of CHEN YU are 75¢ at better stores.)

CHEN YU
CHEN YU


Green Dragon
Ming Yellow
Black Luster
Blue Dragon
Royal Plum
Heavenly Mauve
Mandarin Red
Canton Red
Burma Red
Dragon's Blood
Temple Fire
Brown Coral
Opium Poppy
Coolie
Flowering Plum
Wistaria
Weeping Willow
Blue Moss
China Doll

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SEND COUPON FOR 2 BOTTLES

Associated Distributors, 30 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 10, Ill., Dept. H

Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

☐ CHINA DOLL
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☐ WEEPING WILLOW
☐ WISTARIA
☐ FLOWERING PLUM
☐ COOLIE
☐ OPIUM POPPY
☐ BROWN CORAL
☐ TEMPLE FIRE
☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
☐ BURMA RED
☐ CANTON RED
☐ MING YELLOW
☐ GREEN DRAGON
☐ MANDARIN RED
☐ HEAVENLY MAUVE
☐ ROYAL PLUM
☐ BLUE DRAGON
☐ BLACK LUSTER

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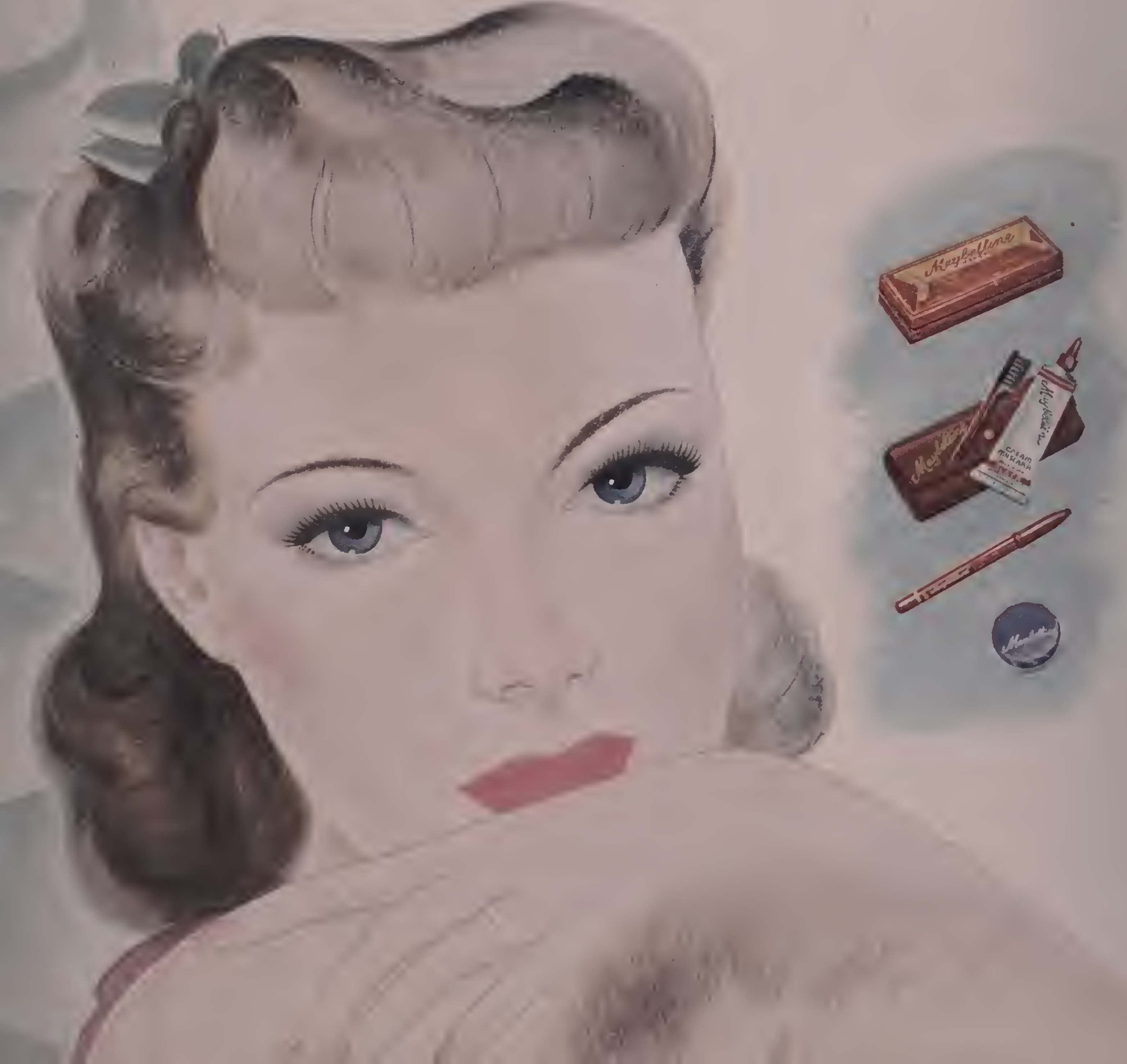
A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman's face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces . . . *memorable* faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look *naturally* long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There's luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline So
form Mascara .
Black, Brown, Bl

Maybelline Crea
form Mascara .
Black, Brown.

Maybelline smoo
marking Eyebro
Pencil . . . Black
Brown.

Maybelline Ey
Shadow . . . Blue
Brown, Blue-gray
Green, Violet, Gray

Movieland

APRIL
15¢

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FEB 3,8 1944
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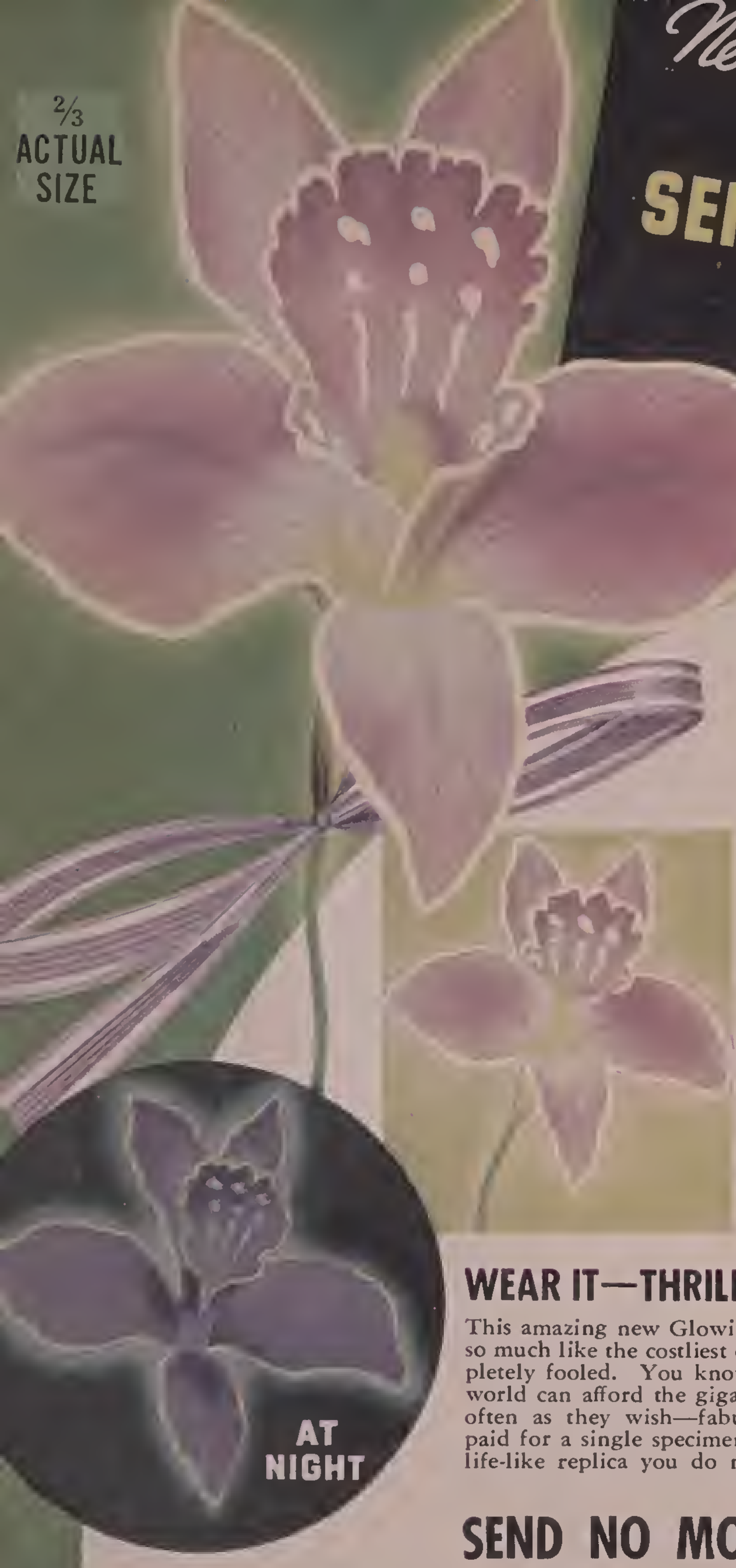
ANN SHERIDAN

Let's Give
RED CROSS
WAR FUND

IOLLYWOOD'S SERVICE WIVES SOLVE THE DATE PROBLEM



New Strange Glamour for Your Hair, Dress or Coat

SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID... GLOWS IN THE DARK

All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel,' Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You'v Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeou

Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen . . . it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even odor of the most magnificent, costliest orchid, AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—A night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven' you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you *perpetual* pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—*NOW!*

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only 94c Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—*Merely Mail Coupon*

All you need do is to pay the postman 94c plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only 94c —3 for $2.50!

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 1-D, 407 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago 5, Illinois

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

MAIL COUPON NOW

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 1-D, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only 94c plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( ).

Name..

Address..

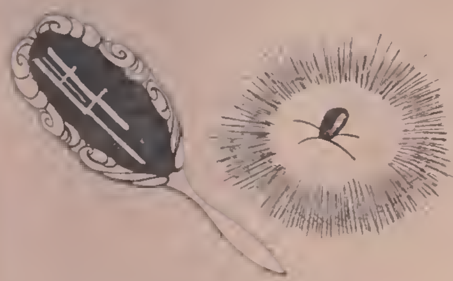
City.................................... *State*..........

"COSMETIC CLOSE-UPS"

SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

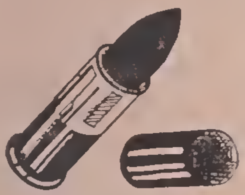
Attention Please! Attention to good grooming and the good habits that keep you looking lovely.

Each month, on Page 6 of your favorite magazine, you'll find a wealth of beauty hints . . . often from the glamorous movieland girls. Or technical tutoring from the studio makeup men.

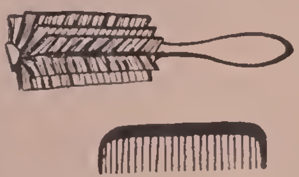


The cosmetic manufacturers (who work with such patience and ingenuity to improve your beauty aids) will furnish advance information on style and color. And further facts about new items.

It's going to be my exciting and responsible job to talk to these beauty-wise folks—to tell you what they do and why. Frequently to show you how.



In the meantime, I'll be experimenting with new products . . . testing them for prettiness and practicality. Whatever your problem, hair, hands, skin or figure flaws, I hope you'll find a simple solution in Movieland's Beauty Department. If I can help you with some personal puzzle, just write and tell me!



Now for a preview. This month, June Allyson, vivacious young starlet, finds time for some fancy finger tips. In May, Linda Darnell tells how to make the most of makeup. Look for Cosmetic Close-Ups on this page. You'll find a host of "cues for conquest".

Doing More Than Your Share?

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you be attractive as well as efficient!

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that *really* lasts...smooth, soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural—you will find just what you need . . . vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick . . . with Tangee's matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY DAY AMERICA NEEDS $140,000,000 TO FIGHT THE WAR! HELP WITH WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Movieland

VOL. 2, NO. 3 APRIL, 1944
EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR THE INTELLIGENT MOVIE-GOER
BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Cover of Ann Sheridan photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

★ ★ ★ ★

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

★ ★ ★ ★

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

★ ★ ★ ★

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Haight produced with great gusto.

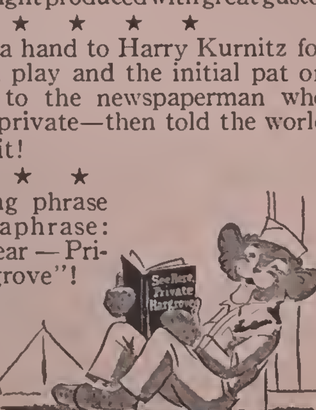
★ ★ ★ ★

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

★ ★ ★ ★

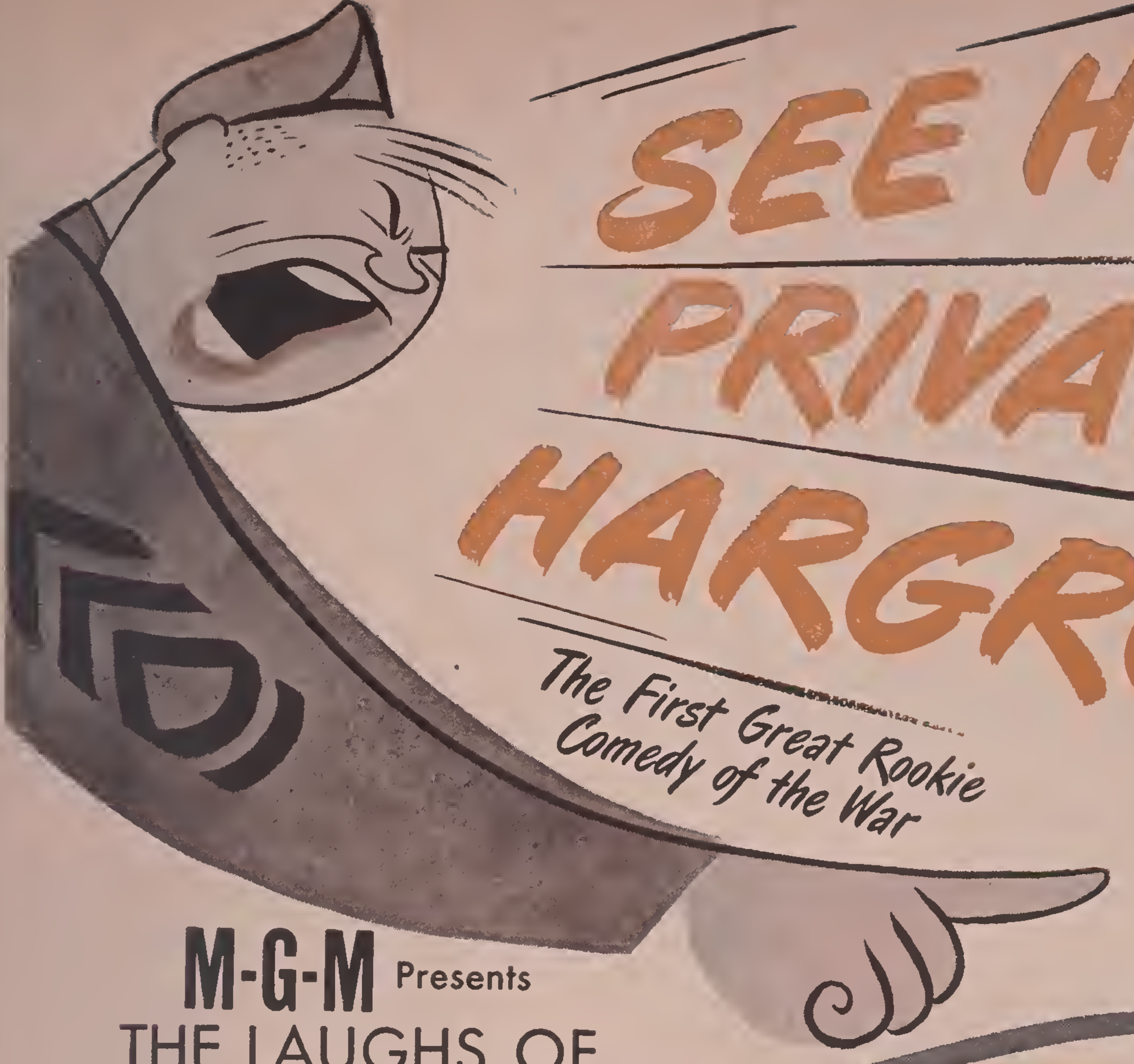
Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: "See — Hear — Private Hargrove"!

—*Leo*



SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

The First Great Rookie Comedy of the War



See Here, Private Hargrove

Yes! The riotous Best Seller is on the Screen!

M-G-M Presents
THE LAUGHS OF
A NATION!

with **ROBERT WALKER** *as Private Hargrove*

DONNA REED · KEENAN WYNN ·
ROBERT BENCHLEY

RAY COLLINS · CHILL WILLS

Directed by
WESLEY RUGGLES ·

Produced by
GEORGE HAIGHT

Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the book by Marion Hargrove

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Polishing up plays on important part in June's plan for perfection.

Cream under gloves goes to work while busy hands get a short rest.

HAND-PICKED *Talent*

BY SHIRLEY COOK
Beauty Editor

EVERY so often, a famous director looks at a young player and says "That's star material!" Luck, you think? Well, it *is* good fortune, but it's something more than luck. Talent with such promise is hand-picked and carefully cultivated.

Take June Allyson who acts, sings, dances—and looks lovely. With just four Hollywood appearances to her credit, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has already placed her in the enviable leading role of "Two Sisters and a Sailor."

I talked to June recently during a brief "time-out" in her New York dressing room and it's easy to see why. Her busy working schedule left little time for leisure. Yet there June sat, relaxing between shows—repairing her nail polish! It's this make-the-most-of-every-minute attitude that marks the difference between "pretty girl" and "potential star."

June uses her hands fluently, gracefully, to accent a word or complete a dance routine. Because they play an active part in her vivacious personality, she keeps them smooth and white, tipped with sparkling, colorful nails.

This doesn't mean a few quick trips to the studio manicurist. It means consistent daily care. Wherever June goes—her hand and nail helps go with her.

Hand lotion is standard equipment in every dressing room. But just to be sure, June tucks a smaller bottle in her purse where it's always handy for after-washing massage.

To help the softening and whitening process, she makes her face cream do double duty. All excess cleanser and emollient is rubbed into fingertips, around cuticles and across the thin-skinned backs of her hands.

According to June, cuticle care is entirely preventive. Instead of encouraging hangnails with scissor-snipping, she curbs her cuticles by pushing them back every time she dries her hands; by grooming them several times a week with an orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover; and by frequent applications of cuticle oil or nail cream.

Such attention helps to promote strong healthy nails. Because June is justly proud of hers, she paints them prettily with brilliant nail lacquer. Frequent changes of costume often suggest harmonizing polish preferences. But June knows that she *can* preserve her polish for a week at a time if she uses two coats over a foundation and under a sealing topcoat. Daily applications of the colorless sealer help to control chipping.

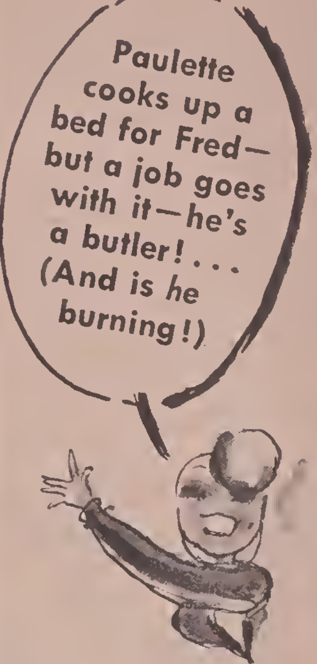
With so much good and gentle care, accidents rarely occur. When they do—June is ready for them.

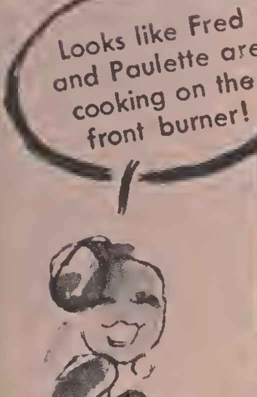
For a nail that tears at the corner or cracks at one side, there is special nail-mending cement. Mender is spread over the polish-free nail, reinforced with tissue and lacquered to look as good as new. In case of complete catastrophe—where a nail breaks right off—an artificial one can take its place. No one will ever know.

As you can see, June holds success in hands that look as if they were made for it. That's not good luck either—it's good care.

Dashing for a date? Do as June does. Protect soft hands with silky lotion.

"AT LEAST YOU MIGHT TAKE YOUR HAT OFF"


Paulette cooks up a bed for Fred—but a job goes with it—he's a butler! . . . (And is he burning!)


Looks like Fred and Paulette are cooking on the front burner!

Melisse throws a kiss to the two lovers in the comedy of the decade about the pretty secretary and her boss who pose as cook and butler and turn Washington-town topsy-turvy!

PAULETTE GODDARD · FRED MacMURRAY

in

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

LAUGHING ROOM ONLY

A Paramount Picture

with

Edward ARNOLD · Roland YOUNG

Hillary Brooke • Porter Hall

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screen Play by Darnell Ware and Karl Tunberg

Roland Young's a henpecked wolf!

Edward Arnold pours it on!
They took Washington lying down!

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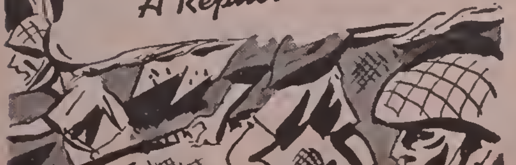
Romance of the Seven Seas

The first vivid drama of the Navy's men of might! Ready to land! Ready to love! Ready to fight! The first great screen sensation of the year!

JOHN WAYNE
SUSAN HAYWARD
The FIGHTING SEABEES
with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
William Frawley • Leonid Kinskey
J. M. Kerrigan • Grant Withers
Paul Fix
Director . . . . . Edward Ludwig
A Republic Picture



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!

Happiest couple in town right now: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. Reason is that after five years of most happy marriage, there's a baby expected. Both Ronnie and Benita are much too British and dignified to discuss this blessed event very much, but the glow on the faces tells plenty.

Ronnie never had any children in his former, long-time and wretchedly unhappy marriage. He had been separated from his former wife for some dozen years when he met Benita Hume. Since this marriage, he has not been the bookish recluse whom Hollywood had known so long.. Instead, he is a definitely happy, delightful person. Since 1939 both he and his wife have given up every free moment to various British war relief activities.

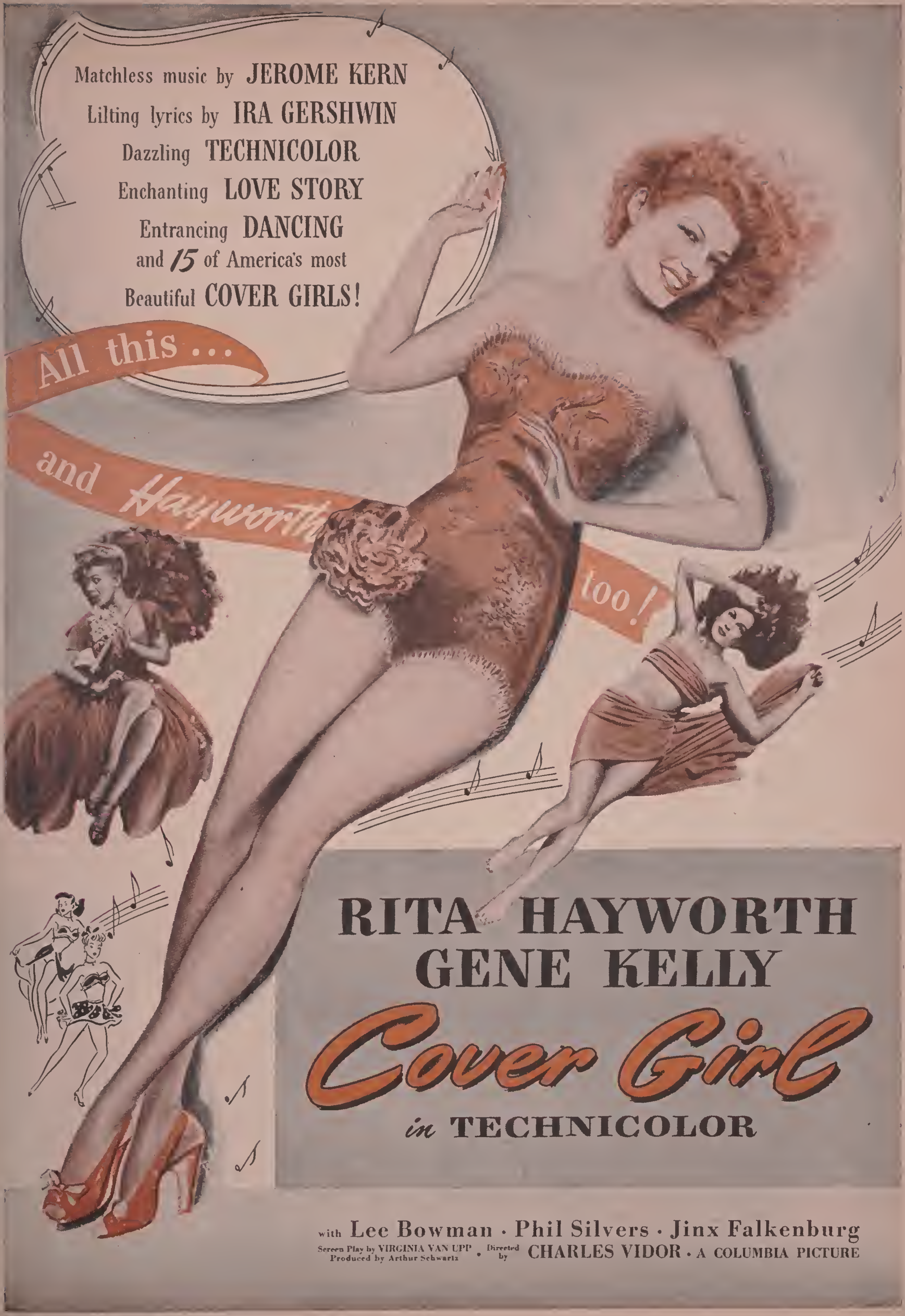
It ought to be the prettiest baby since Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger's daughter was born.

AWARD WINNERS ANNOUNCED

The Hollywood Women's Press Club is composed of all the writing women around town, from Louella Parsons down to yours truly—who also happens to be president. We meet every two weeks, at the Hollywood Brown Derby; have guest speakers and a general get-together, in which we discuss all the aspects of our trade. Only professional women writers who write exclusively of Hollywood can be members. The only other rule we have is that Hollywood stars can't be guest speakers. They are most welcome to come as guests, and often do come in on just that basis—but our guest speakers are always people of accomplishment in other fields. We've

(More Inside Hollywood on page 10)

The winners! Ruth Waterbury presenting Press Club awards to Annie Sheridan and Bob Hope—for being helpful 'n cooperative.


All this ...
and Hayworth too!

Matchless music by **JEROME KERN**
Lilting lyrics by **IRA GERSHWIN**
Dazzling **TECHNICOLOR**
Enchanting **LOVE STORY**
Entrancing **DANCING**
and *15* of America's most
Beautiful **COVER GIRLS!**

RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY
Cover Girl
in **TECHNICOLOR**

with **Lee Bowman · Phil Silvers · Jinx Falkenburg**
Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Produced by Arthur Schwartz · Directed by CHARLES VIDOR · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

"Follow Me" (SUIVEZ MOI)

PROVOCATIVE as the hint of a wink . . . bold as a beckoning finger . . . Varva's "Follow Me" has become the leading fragrance of girls who lead where others follow. You'll love its *lastingness!* *Extract, $1 to $15*

The Fragrance That Leads and Lasts

PARFUM
Follow Me
SUIVEZ MOI
VARVA

Face Powder with 6 guest puffs, $1
Talc, 55c
Sachet, $1 & $1.75
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1
(plus taxes)

VARVA

CREATORS OF
FOLLOW ME • NONCHALANT

19 West 18 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

had every important war correspondent, famous military figures, Washington big shots and the like, and it's all mighty fine.

The reason we decided against stars as speakers was because that savored too much of our daily work, and because we felt stars might feel under pressure on those conditions, too. But once a year, at Christmas time, we have a jamboree. We vote on the most cooperative actor and actress of the year, as regards their relationship to the press, and the least cooperative male and female, too.

This year Ann Sheridan and Bob Hope won the awards as the most cooperative stars, Joan Fontaine and Errol Flynn getting our booby prize. Personally I didn't agree on the award to Fontaine. I have always felt she was a girl who got herself easily misunderstood, but in my own relationships with her I've always found her intelligent, witty and most friendly. As for Errol, he is definitely uncooperative, won't pose for any publicity pictures, won't give interviews, won't do a doggone thing—but is so charming about it that it is still difficult to get annoyed with him.

But when it comes to the cooperative stars, what bliss! Without exception, we all love Annie Sheridan. And as for that Hope guy! Well, we also gave him our award in 1941, which certainly proves how we feel about him.

At our holiday party, when I gave out the awards (as you can see on the page before this), we had a wonderful time. Cary Grant, in white cotton whiskers, came along to act as Santa Claus for all of us. (Cary won the cooperative award last year and has insisted ever since on being our only male club member.) Lucille Ball, who ran only one vote behind Annie, joined us, too. And the ribbing that went on around the table was strictly rare.

FOR THE HOUSING SHORTAGE

Archie Gardner (of "Duffy's Tavern") and his wife came to Hollywood a few months ago. They couldn't find a small house. No hotel would have them for more than two weeks, so they finally rented a great mansion in Bel-Air and were so proud of it they invited half the town each week-end to see their prize.

When they finally had to move east again, this is the ad they placed in the Hollywood Reporter, motion picture trade paper. "HOUSE FOR RENT. On account

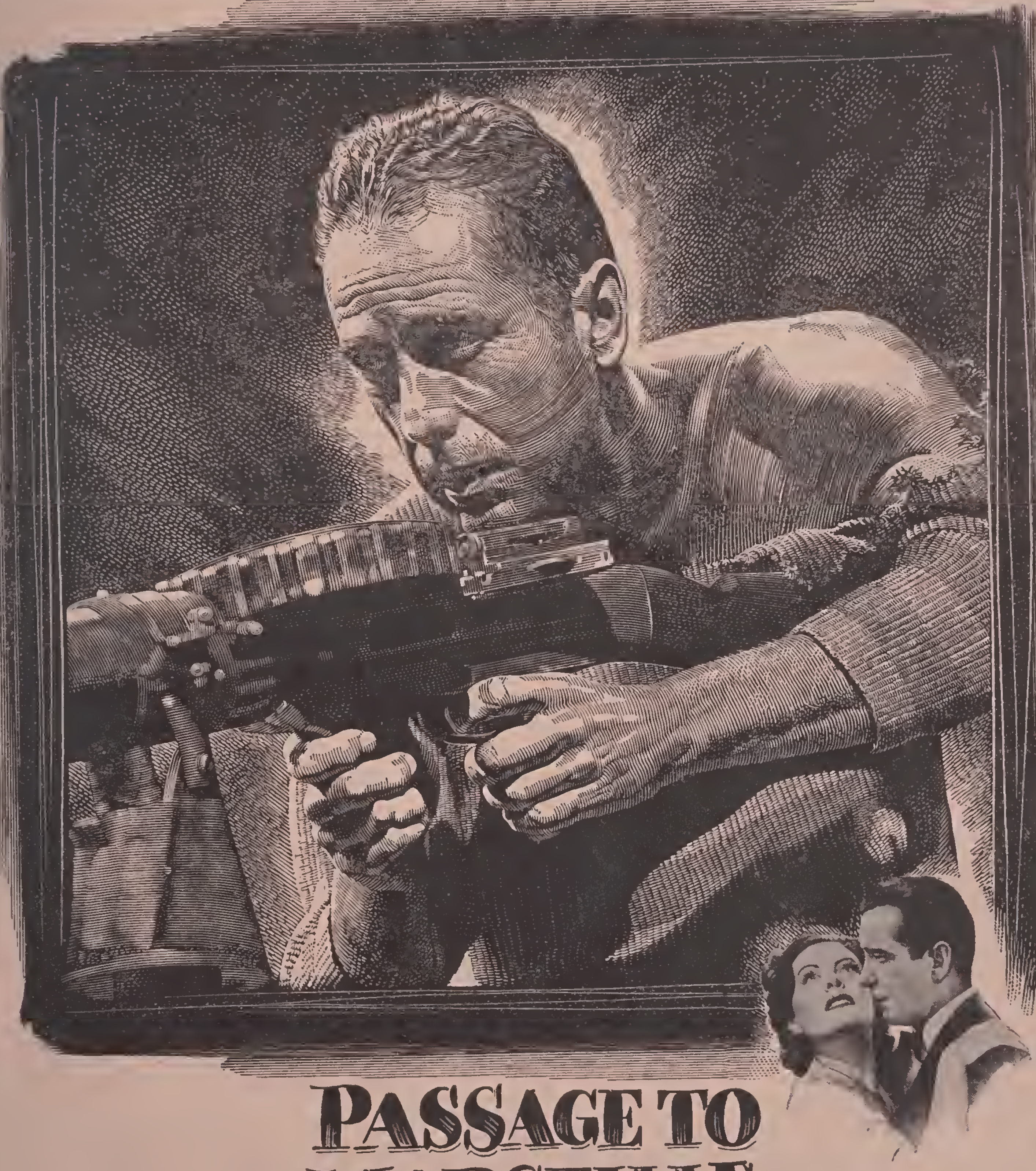
(More Inside Hollywood on page 60)

Frank Sinatra, back in Hollywood for a new air series, and seeming from this to be very much interested in Bette Davis.

Warner Bros. present once again the kind of story for which they are famed

HUMPHREY BOGART

AS *MATRAC*, THE OUTCAST



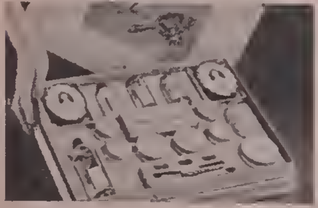
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE

By the authors of 'Mutiny on the Bounty'

WITH THIS REMARKABLE SUPPORTING CAST:

CLAUDE RAINS · MICHELE MORGAN · PHILIP DORN · SYDNEY GREENSTREET · HELMUT DANTINE · PETER LORRE · GEO. TOBIAS

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION ☆ Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffitt • From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall • Music by Max Steiner ☆ DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ



Be a Beauty while you're Young!

"—and I thought I was fat for life"

—says Mary Jane Bevan, Monessen, Pa., war plant secretary at 20.

Just before her 20th birthday, Mary Jane weighed 152—and she was only 5' 4½" tall. Through the DuBarry Success Course she lost 25 pounds, reduced her waist 4½", her abdomen 3½", her hips 4½", put to good use lessons in skin care, hair styling, and make-up.

Before

"How glad I am," says Mary Jane, "that I found this new way of living while I'm young! I know how to *keep* my slender figure always."

Fit and Fair—Top to Toe!

Mary Jane Bevan is just one of more than 120,000 women and girls of all ages from 16 to 60 who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. Today it's important to be at your best—ready for strenuous wartime living. The Course brings you an analysis of your needs—skin, hair, figure, weight—then shows you how to follow, right in your own home, the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the full story. When this plan has meant so much to so many others, why not find out what it can do for you? The coupon will bring you full information. Just paste it on a penny postal.

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and supplies.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SD-54, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If defective or not as advertised therein

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City________________ State________

MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE

SONG OF RUSSIA (MGM) marks Robert Taylor's farewell to Hollywood for the duration. In his final film, Bob plays an American symphony conductor on tour of the Soviet just a few months before the Nazi invasion began. He meets and marries a Russian peasant girl, winsomely enacted by Susan Peters. Their charming romance dominates a large share of the picture until the German threat brings about an enforced separation. He is continuing his tour when he learns that her village, to which she has returned, is directly in the path of the invading Nazi. At intimate first hand, the American gains knowledge of Stalin's scorched-earth policy. The conviction some of these latter scenes pack owes much to the direction by Russian Gregory Ratoff, and the imposing music of Tschaikowsky and other native composers attains magnificent values as conducted by Dr. Albert Coates.

Upon the high notes of "Song of Russia," Taylor suspends his screen career until victory, and his performance is a fine thing by which to remember him. Also unforgettable is the brilliant work of the appealing Susan Peters. It was originally intended to bring the story to a tragic climax by depicting her death. A happier but not quite so satisfactory an ending now sends the girl back to America with her husband charged by her village leader with informing us of the spirit with which Russia fights. John Hodiak is this village leader, and there are other important roles for Robert Benchley, Felix Bressart and little Darryl Hickman.

MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT (Universal) has the studio's Jivin' Jacks and Jills off on another jaunt to aid in the civilian war effort. The last time they got loose, they went into split-shifts in an aviation factory. Now they're off to help with the harvesting as volunteer farm workers, a worthy but far from adeptly presented notion. Even Gloria Jean can't save the heavy corn crop from those Jivin kids. Skip it.

STANDING ROOM ONLY (Paramount) describes again and most amusingly the overcrowded conditions of war-time Washington. It is very funny romantic nonsense involving Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard, with Edward Arnold, Roland Young and Anne Revere in it to help out with the farcical gaiety. Not much of the Washington scene escapes a good-natured ribbing, all accomplished without stepping on the toes of "The More the Merrier," which you doubtless remember hugely enjoying last summer. This is another must-see entry for your Laugh Parade.

A toy manufacturer and his secretary arrive in Washington on business with the government. (Never mind what business: it quickly turns into monkeyshines.) One rainy night spent in a park is enough to convince Paulette that something must be done—but immediately—about the proverbial roof overhead. She has no other recourse in the situation except to hire herself out as a maid and Fred as a butler in the household of Roland Young. And if this isn't enough of the plot to make you want to see "Standing Room Only," you don't deserve to.

GUIDE

[FIVE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 58]

JEANNIE (English Films, Inc.) proves that the English can be charmingly engaging when indulging a sense of humor for which Americans do not always give them credit. "Jeannie" is one of the most enjoyable fresh comedies of the year, a naive Cinderella story of pre-war vintage which tells how an underprivileged girl "splurged" her small inheritance of a few hundred pounds on a whirlwind trip to romantic Vienna. She just wanted to hear "The Blue Danube Waltz" played at "the source."

Barbara Mullen's completely unorthodox performance of the title role is a to-be-treasured gem. She alone is reason enough to seek out the film, only a couple of prints of which have reached the States. See one if you possibly can.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES (Universal) takes all of us on an Arabian Nights magic carpet back to the 13th Century to reacquaint ourselves with a fable we have known since childhood. The picture is spectacularly filmed in Technicolor, as well it had the right to be. Co-starred are the easy-to-look-at Maria Montez, the stalwart Jon Hall, and Turhan Bey, substituting for Sabu who is now training in the Army Air Corps where he is learning to fly mechanized magic carpets.

Nor does the Open, O Seasame fable of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" entirely escape modernization by implications. Through the duplicity of a Quisling, the evil Mongol Khan seizes Baghdad from the true Caliph, and although his minions are armed with scimitars and sabers, his oppressive tyrannies have close parallel with those practiced by present-day military tyrants. Then there is an uprising of the people sparked by Ali and his Robin Hoodish band of Forty Thieves, and the damsel is no longer in distress. For the single price of admission, the extremely photogenic Miss Montez luxuriates in her bath not once, but twice.

(*Continued on page* 89)

"But I've Never Worked Before!
—what kind of war job could I do?"

"The More Women at War—
The Sooner We'll Win!"

Experienced or not, there's a job *you* must do—*you* and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!

You can take any Civilian Job . . .
Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—*all* are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs *you!* Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—*immediately!*

You can work in a War Plant . . .
If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal—there may be dozens of different kinds of jobs you can do to help bring Victory closer! Read the want ads or ask your U. S. Employment Service office.

You can be a WAC or WAVE . . .
—Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, *and* learning an important job you may need, after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.

You can be a Cadet Nurse . . .
Healthy? 17 to 35 years old? A high school graduate? Get free training, with pay, to replace nurses who are with the armed forces. War workers—ill or injured, civilians needing operations, new mothers and babies—depend on you! Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!

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by the Distributors of Kotex
in cooperation with the drug, cosmetic and allied industries

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(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

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of all tampons
give you all 3

1. Fibs are quilted

. . . for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion . . . so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

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NOT THIS

2. Fibs have rounded ends

. . . smooth, gently tapered ends . . . for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs . . . not too large, not too tiny.

FIBS THE KOTEX TAMPON ONLY 20¢

3. Fibs — the Kotex Tampon

. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, *fast* absorbent used in Kotex* and demanded by many hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

Elsa and Eileen Nilsson, blonde twins who do a singing spot on the Bob Burns show, give out for some Chinese fliers.

Harry James giving Jill Warren a look into the famous James horn, backstage one night at the Hollywood Palladium.

WORDS *of* MUSIC

by JILL WARREN

Hi, People! Spring weather, those post-income tax blues and lots of business in the music shop. They all get me. And in addition, much mail—which I've been receiving, which you've been writing, which I like. So keep it up, but don't forget to slide in the self-addressed stamped envelope. Some of you kids have forgotten even to put your address in your letter, so I haven't known where to answer you. So let's watch it. And if you have any little questions on your musical favorites, just send them to Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California. Here come the customers, so here I go . . .

THE TUNEFILMS:

Twentieth Century-Fox is really excited over Dick Haymes. He did so well in "Four Jills and a Jeep" that they have signed him on a long term contract and are going to co-star him with Vivian Blaine in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," which will be one of their big 1944 musicals. Vivian is an ex-band vocalist, who got a terrific break when she was assigned Alice Faye's part in "Greenwich Village."

The title of Benny Goodman's next picture for Fox has been changed from "Moment For Music" to "Sweet and Low Down" and they promise that the film will be an authentic story of a band and its musicians. It's high time Hollywood got on with it and made a really true picture about our favorite people, so let's hope that this will be it. I'm so weary of movie moguls taking name bands and completely mishandling them on the screen, as they did with Woody Herman in "Wintertime" . . . The best thing about Columbia's "Cover Girl," which stars Rita Hayworth, is a great score by Jerome Kern and Ira Gershwin. Gene Kelly plays opposite Rita, plus supporters like Leslie Brooks and Phil Silvers. One of the big numbers is "The Girl On The Cover," which features all those beautiful cover girls you've read so much about.

Universal has been singularly successful with its musical shorts series featuring name bands and singers. Personally, I always enjoy these rhythmic briefies because they aren't cluttered up with a plot or a love story and the bands just play and the singers just sing. The newest release, and one of the best, is the Teddy Powell short. It spotlights, besides the Powell organization, Ray Eberle, Martha Tilton and the Pied Pipers. Watch for it.

Out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the the other day I saw a test of a girl named Marion Bell. Remember her name, because you're going to hear a lot about her. She has a sensational voice, soprano in type, plus the fact that she is beautiful to look at. She'll be a zingy addition to any screen musical. . . . Paramount has signed Les Brown and his orchestra to appear in "Bring On The Girls," in which he'll share honors with Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts. . . . Republic Studios is planning a big thing called "Jamboree" and they have nabbed the original king of corn, Freddie Fisher and his Schnickelfritz band, for part of the proceedings. Incidentally, Freddie, who made his name and fortune playing la musique de la corne, now raises the real McCoy on his ranch in the San Fernando valley.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

If Academy awards were given for records, I'm sure Decca would get a big one for their new album of the score from "The Song of Bernadette." Alfred Newman, who composed the great music for the picture, has recorded it exactly as you heard it in the film, with the same studio orchestra and female chorus of thirty voices. There are eight sides, and after you've heard them, I think you'll agree with me that the album is one you'll treasure. . . . Just listen to the records and see if I'm not right.

"No Love, No Nothin'" and "Journey To A Star," the two hit tunes from "The Gang's All Here," serve as excellent material for Judy Garland's latest Decca release. The arrangements were made by Calvin Jackson with Georgie Stoll conducting the orchestra. I particularly like the way Judy does "No Love." It's the first time I've heard the song done at the right tempo. Most singers either do it too fast or too slow. If you're a Garland fan, don't forget her "Girl Crazy" album, which I told you about last month. . . . It's really worth looking into. . . . Since

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Andrews Sisters, Laverne, Maxine and Patty, with Jill at Harry James' opening.

WARREN'S ACADEMY WINNERS FOR 1943

BEST BAND—Charlie Spivak

Because he made such great strides during 1943, and because he does jump tunes equally as well as ballads. Also because I feel that his band as a unit is the best in the country.

BEST FEMALE VOCALIST—Helen Forrest

Because she constantly gets better, and because she was the outstanding girl soloist to go from a band and out on her own during 1943.

BEST MALE VOCALIST—Bing Crosby

Because he is still the master. He just goes on and on.

BEST SONG—"People Will Say We're In Love"

Because it had the most general appeal of any song published during 1943.

What's that? All right, I'll go quietly.

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT
GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Stronger Grip

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

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SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS

Do you belong?

Stop a minute and check up on the list below. Do you belong to any of the groups shown there? If so, then you really *must* discover Tampax, which was originated and perfected by a physician to help women keep active during those "trying days" of the month.

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- ▶ **Secretaries**
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- ▶ **Sales clerks**
- **Gardeners** ◀
- **Taxi drivers** ◀
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Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) provide a choice of three different *absorbencies* for early days and waning days. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Or for 98¢ you can have the Economy Package containing an average 4 months' supply! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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SUPER JUNIOR

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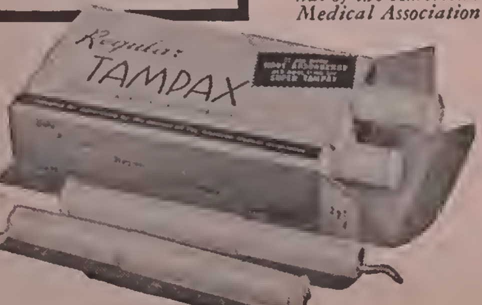
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

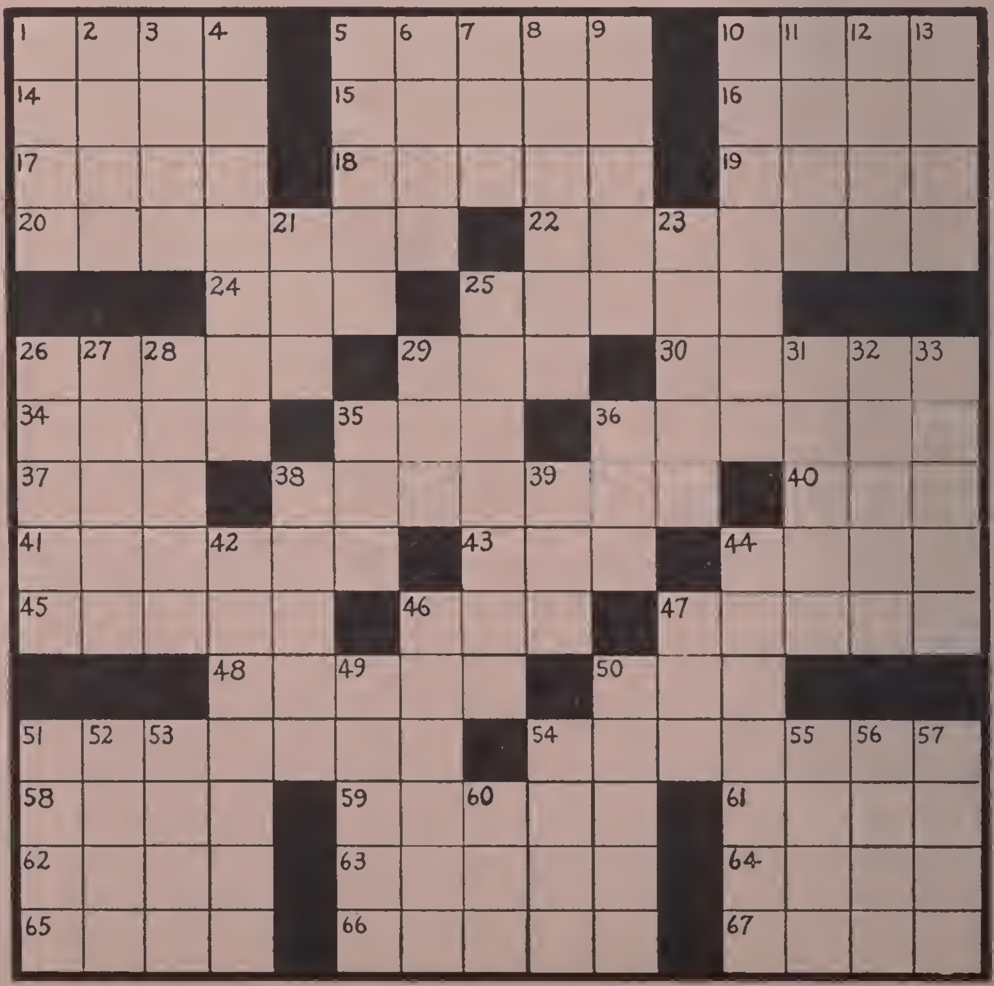
1. Chaplain in "So Proudly We Hail"
5. Edmund Lowe in "Dangerous Blondes"
10. Debutante in "Cry Havoc"
14. Did you hear G - - - - laugh in her last movie?
15. Anoint (archaic)
16. "Lord Epping" in "Mexican Spitfire's Blessed Event"
17. Kind of volcanic crater
18. "Mother - - - - -"
19. Deserve
20. "Connie" in "Top Man"
22 "Marshall Tyler" is - - - - role in "Flesh and Fantasy."
24. Hawaiian hawks
25. Rita's mate.
26. Is in "In This Our Life"
29. Land measures
30. Adolphe Menjou in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady."
34. "When the Daltons - - - -"
35. "Much - - - About Nothing"
36. One of the heroes in "Guadalcanal Diary"
37 Unit of work
38. Claude Rains in "The Phantom of the Opera"
40. Executed
41. Crown
43. "J. R. Reynolds" in "I Dood It"
44 Join closely
45. Possessing landed property
46. Piece out
47. Chosen
48. Co-stars with Spencer Tracy in "A Guy Named Joe"
50. Prevail
51. Orchestra leader in "Silver Skates"
54. "Dr. Andre Marbol" in "Paris After Dark"
58. "This - - - - Is Mine"
59. Bud and Lou are - - - - - in "Crazy House"
61. - - - - O'Brien-Moore
62. Ripener
63. "I Meet My Love - - - - -"
64. Make poetry
65. Rent
66. Sings "The Dreamer" in "Thank Your Lucky Stars"
67. Armhole in a garment

DOWN

1. Danny Kaye is in "Up in - - - -"
2. "- - - - Geste"
3. Greek letters
4. Robt. Young's mate in "Journey for Margaret"
5. "The - - - - - Came"
6. "Rowena" in "Flesh and "Fantasy"
7. Jean - - - the cast in "A Lady Takes a Chance"
8. Small pincers
9. Humphrey - - - - - the cast in "Sahara"
10. "Constance Shaw" in "I Dood It"
11. Shakespeare's king
12. "Justine" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
13. "Sophia" is - - - - role in "The North Star"
21. Judy sings "- - - for Me" in "Girl Crazy"
23. "What a - - - - -"
25. "Princess - - - - - - -"
26. Arturo de Cordova in "Hostages"
27. Dewy
28. "Bearded Gentleman" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
29. - - - Brown is in "Stormy Weather"
31. "- - - - - s of the Rio Grande"
32. Infirm
33. Feminine diminutive of Edward
35. - - - a is "Molly Byrd" in "Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case."
36. "- - - pleasures and palaces though we may roam, . . ."
38. - - - - - c is "Father Sebastian" in "The Cross of Lorraine."
39. "Agnes March" in "Happy Land"
42. Dolores Moran in "Old Acquaintance"
44. Marvels
46. Sufficient
47. "The Next of - - -"
49. Small heaters
50. Stars in "In Old Oklahoma"
51. "Tortilla - - - -"
52. Shakespeare's villain
53. Heavy blow (slang)
54. Agitation
55. - - - - Knight's "Lassie Come Home"
56. Frosty
57. Snicker - - - -
60. Philippine peasant

17 across can be found in Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary

(For Solution See Page 76)



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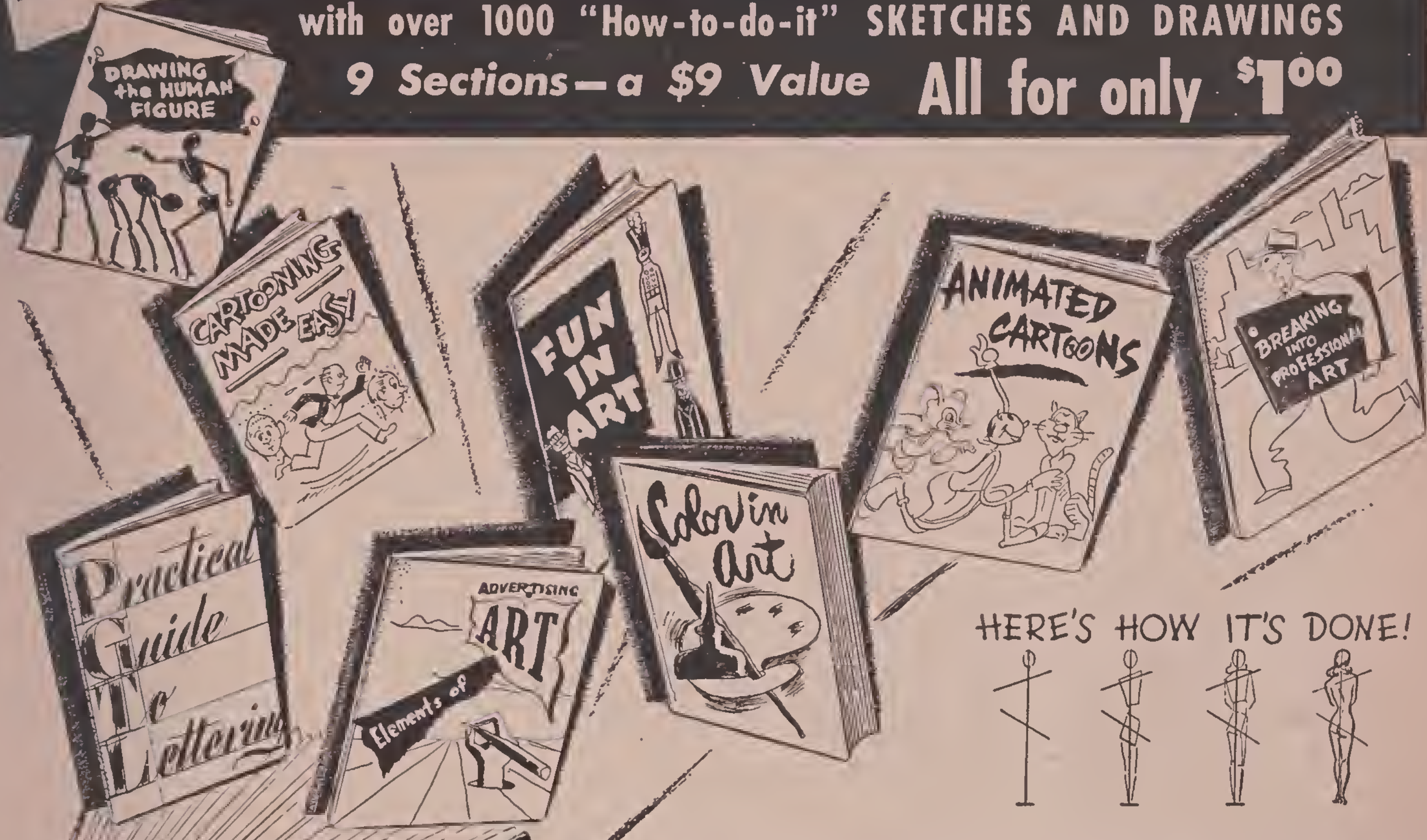
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and

EDWARD RYAN · JOHN CAMPBELL · JAMES CARDWELL
JOHN ALVIN · GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. *As "The Sullivan Boys"*

Directed by **LLOYD BACON** · Produced by **SAM JAFFE** · Associate Producer **ROBERT T. KANE** · Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. · Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Schermer

WATCH FOR—

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
first production since his return from the fighting front:

THE PURPLE HEART

Flash HIT

Lon McAllister, the very young, hitherto-unknown hit of "Stage Door Canteen," is being allowed to get one more picture finished before donning uniform. It's Twentieth Century-Fox's superduper, "Home in Indiana," in which he is virtually a star. The vital statistics on Lon are that he lives with his mother and grandparents at Malibu beach, swims daily. He has dark hair, very blue eyes, dates girls constantly but has never yet been in love.

THE OFF-SCREEN GAGS OF CROSBY AND HOPE

**Bing and Bob are a riot in pictures—
but they are even funnier on the
set when their pictures are shooting**

The Crosby humor is subtle and sly. He's funniest when the joke's on his friend and golfing partner, Bob Hope.

An on-set shot showing Bing and Bob doing an act for a honky-tonk scene.

IF YOU are like some hundred million others, you think Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are two very funny screen comedians. Brothers and Sisters, you ain't seen nothing, until you see these two in action off the screen! That's where the laughter flies.

Comedy is usually funny to everyone except comedians. As a class, comedians are an embittered and jealous lot. All save Crosby and Hope, that is. They've made three co-starring pictures and are currently embarked on their fourth. They are actually terrific friends, even if they will do anything to "top" one another.

But what really delights Hollywood is the battle of the witticisms which has developed between the pair on the sets of the "Road" sprees. They can beat anything any scenaric writer can think up. As good as their on-screen comedy is, their off-screen comedy is better. Everything goes, with no holds barred. If Bing puts one over on Bob, his day is complete. If Hope tops Bing his grin threatens his ears. Yet they never lose their tempers and seemingly are as happy to take a verbal lacing as to dish it out.

There's the story they tell on dark nights on the lot, when the wind whistles around Paramount's emptied sound stages, of events which transpired on the day that "Road To Utopia" was launched. Bob had done a radio show at some distant Army camp the night before, was consequently late in reporting. It has become traditional that neither, given the same hour to report, arrives on the set ahead of the other.

As a result, Bing sent a message to Director Hal Walker explaining that Dorothy Lamour would substitute for both. When they did reach the set, Walker asked Hope whom he had entertained the night before. "A bunch of Waves," Bob replied. "And I couldn't get a date with any of them."

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The Hope humor is fast and loud. He doesn't need a gag writer—just give him a chance to crack wise at Crosby.

BY JACKSON TIMOTHY

"Why not?" quipped Crosby. "They're only there for basic training."

It was then that Dottie tried to get in a word—and she should have known better. Bob and Bing would sooner break up Dorothy than top each other. For instance, Bob was doing a love scene with Dottie. She had been holding out bravely in the face of flip quips and caustic remarks, but Hope eventually broke her down by saying, "Why should I do a love scene with you? You always work with animals!" Then adding a seeming afterthought, "By the way, the chimpanzee which did a scene with you in 'Aloma of the South Seas' hasn't worked a day since."

The comedians are never happier than when Dottie's husband, Capt. William Ross Howard, III, visits his wife on the set. He had his first experience with the zanies the second week of shooting "Utopia." Bob and Bing went into a huddle on the sidelines. Then Bob said in a stagewhisper which sounded more like an anti-tank gun:

"Who's that man she's with today?"

"Why," replied Bing, just as audibly, "that's her husband."

"Huh!" huhhed Hope. "Must be a publicity stunt."

Dorothy swears that the only reason the two play golf together is to figure out means of pulling gags at her expense.

Incidentally, those golf games are a nightmare to the studio front office. The pair will seize upon any excuse to stop work and play golf. They knew this had earned the unit business manager on "Utopia" the name of being the most worried individual in filmdom. So they framed a letter to Buddy DeSylva, the Paramount head, before their new picture started, demanding one day a week off in order to play golf. They sent a carbon copy to the business manager, then thoughtfully destroyed the original. Of course this drove the whole studio nuts looking for the original—but the Terrible Kids were out making a neat seventy-two on the links.

Because of their reputation, sets on which Bing and Bob work are more crowded than any in Hollywood. This prompted Hope to crack one day that if any more visitors came on the set, Paramount would lose a fortune. "There won't be any people left to see our picture in the theaters," he explained.

To visit them on the sets has its dangers, however. Their flair for chorusing insults at anyone who happens along is well known to Hollywood habitues. When

Bing's ears are king-size, says Bob. "And your nose would make a good ski slide," Bing retorts.

Hope: "Your house was set on fire by a stork that carried matches." Crosby: "Your children see you so seldom that when you do finally come home they say they think you're making a personal appearance."

Bob to Dorothy Lamour: "Why should I do love scenes with you? You work with animals!"

From romance to roads, from love to a lot of laughs—that describes the Crosby career, with his switch to the popular "Road" comedy series.

they want to attract attention to some luckless bystander they huddle like a football team with a minute to go. This happened one day when Lamour appeared wearing a new hat. There was a moment of silence, the feared huddle, and a chorused "Darling! Why don't you ever pick something we don't have to get used to?"

Another time when a production man had made a mistake and was afraid that Dorothy would take him to task, they saved the day by yelling in unison, "Don't worry, Joe. Dorothy never had anything on anybody. Not even herself."

A new producer who had made sensational successes of his first two films, one day made the mistake of visiting the "Utopia" set. At the moment a rehearsal, was going on. It ended abruptly as Hope spotted the producer and yelled, "Hey! Can I have your autograph? I know you're a success now so don't bother writing it. Just dictate it."

Then there was the director who complained of feeling ill when he chanced to bump into the two stars.

Bing and Bob stood off from the poor man, looked him over carefully and both shook their heads. Finally Bob asked the director to stick out his tongue. When the worthy complied, Hope advised mournfully, "You had better see a doctor right away! I've seen better coats on Crosby!"

Another producer, a smalltimer, who had once worked at Paramount, made the mistake of opening the door to the "Utopia" set. Both the lads saw him at the same time, invited him in, gave him a chair, and told him to make himself comfortable. The producer told them he was making one of the biggest pictures of his career, was evidently impressed with the idea of impressing the stars. Realizing this, Crosby turned to Hope. "Bob," he said, with admiration, "here's the man who holds the fate of his studio in the hollow of his head."

The studio manicurist, new to the lot, was anxious to watch the Utopians in action. It had been a trying day on the set. Everyone, including the stars and Walker, was on edge. Take after take went haywire. Suddenly Hope discovered the manicurist and exclaimed, "With everyone here biting (*Continued on page* 78)

THE BRASS HATS

BY LARAINE DAY

As Told to
Lupton Wilkinson

DO you agree with Laraine Day? Whether you are a boy on a fighting front, or a guy still in camp waiting to be shipped out, or a mother or father or a girl left behind, the lads, or any other one of working Americans on the home front—MOVIELAND would like to know how you feel about Laraine Day's opinions on the treatment of G. I.'s, and their entertainment.

Do you think she has the facts correct? Do you think she's wrong? Do you think she would have done better never to have brought up the subject, or has she been patriotic and brave?

MOVIELAND wants your opinion, and will pay for it. For the best letter received, we'll pay $15; for the next five, $5 each; for the next ten best, $1 each. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, Calif. Sorry, no unused letters can be returned.

CAN'T SHUT ME UP

A BEAUTIFUL AND FEARLESS CHAMPION PLEADS THE CAUSE OF ENLISTED MEN

I HAVE been publicly spanked by the Army, or that portion of it which wears gold shoulder ornaments. Indiscretion and seeking publicity are among charges made against me, and one officer has implied, backhandedly but plainly, that I am a liar. I am not a liar. I have told the truth.

I have always been on outspoken person and when I have something on my mind I like to speak my piece about it. A number of months ago when I returned from a three-weeks tour of Army camps in the southeastern states, I had something important on my mind. My natural impulse, as always, was to speak my piece. But for a few days, I pondered. Should I blurt out what was rankling me, or should I keep my mouth shut, leaving problems that were none of my business to others whose business it was? Should I endanger my career by standing on a soap box, or shut my eyes to a condition that I knew was wrong? I decided to speak my piece.

The Hollywood Victory Committee—an organization affiliated with the USO, that sends Hollywood players out on camp tours—asked me, on my return, to send them a report on my experiences, impressions and reactions. Inasmuch as I had (*Continued on page* 86)

Love... AND JIM BROWN

by HELEN LOUISE WALKER

She was a model, when he was a tennis star. But she became his bride and Jim became one of the most important new men in movies

Jim Brown as 'Tex' in "Air Force," with Gig Young (left) and John Ridgeley—the role in which the world 'discovered' him.

SOBER people shook their heads and said it wouldn't do. No romance as intense as that could last. Such adoration would burn up all the emotions and stability of two promising young people. Besides, it's a Hollywood axiom that a young actor mustn't marry until he has been established at least a year. Even then, it may injure his standing at the box-office.

Yet, here is young Jim Brown, the subject of all these head-shakings, proclaiming solemnly, "It's all a sort of haze—what's happened to me since I came to Hollywood. Mostly I guess I'll remember it as a series of jolts. The one thing I know for certain is that if I hadn't met Verna, and married her, I wouldn't be in pictures now!"

This so neatly reverses the axiom that it proves there's a story here. It's a doggoned pleasant story, as you shall see.

Jim, you will remember, is that lad who nearly stole "Air Force" in the role of Texas. He neatly wrapped up "Corvette K-225" and called it his own, and in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" he proves his right to stardom.

The whole Jim Brown love story started in a sort of fairy tale atmosphere, with Jim in the role of the handsome young drifter, and Verna, the pretty girl on the magazine cover who magically came to life. But the follow-up has been rooted in reality, some of it grim, all of it thrilling.

"Y'see," Jim explains in his easy Texas drawl, "I was by way of becomin' what sports writers call a 'tennis bum.' If I escaped that, then I might have wound up being one of those fellows who works and starves and struggles and travels, trying to get a start with a 'name band.' I could play tennis pretty sharply. I could toot a fairly mean trumpet and I liked to sing. I was sure I'd wind up doing at least one of those things—when I came to Hollywood. I just never dreamed of what was really goin' to happen to me!"

What has happened to him has happened so swiftly and so inexorably that it's no wonder things seem hazy—except for the 'jolts.' But those were important.

Jim came to Hollywood, from Texas, in the summer of 1941 to play in the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament. He was good and he knew it. A tennis player, he says, meets a lot of people—especially nice girls—and he has a lot of fun. A sharp tennis player can follow the game and have a pretty soft time for himself at the same time. Jim says, "I was young and I liked

it. But then, I liked to sing, too. And I was looking around all the time for some band that might take me on. I was crazy about bands. I never thought of trying to act."

But Fate, in the person of actors' agent Henry Willson, visited the tennis tournament one afternoon and presently Jim was startled to find himself under contract to Paramount Studios to do what he described then as "an actin' job."

"I didn't know anything about acting," he apologizes now. "But I've always been the kind of guy who could be talked into things."

He didn't like acting, though. Not at first. He liked the actual work—learning lines, rehearsing, finally doing a scene. That was exciting make-believe and it was fun. "It was the waitin' around that got me down," he says. "I sat and sat and sat. I'm as lazy as the next Texan, goodness knows. But I've always been used to some kind of action, even if it was only goin' fishin'! Most of the time when I was first in pictures there wasn't anything to do but sit—and sit—and wait."

Somewhere there were tennis balls flying and bands playing, while Jim collected paychecks and waited inexplicably to recite one line. It was very easy, but it just wasn't enough. His restlessness grew.

Then came the real jolt. The big one. It was Verna Knopf, a model, then under contract to Howard Hughes. Jim had seen her picture on a magazine cover and he recognized her when she walked into the Paramount commissary. He looked at her in person and he knew, fantastic as it was, that It Had Happened. He knew it, he explains, because he felt queer and also because, for the first time in his healthy young life, his appetite failed him then and there. "I couldn't even eat ham and eggs!" he says, marveling even now.

A day or so later he contrived to meet Verna, and three weeks later they were married. The whole thing was such a stunning experience that to this day Jim can give no coherent account of how this miracle came about. But there was the reality of the apartment in Beverly Hills and there was Verna who was "so beautiful and so clever, who could cook and sew and make the most wonderful flowers grow in pots on the window sills . . ."

"I knew right then that tennis playin' and foolin' around with dance bands was out," Jim recounts. "But I still wasn't a bit sure about picture work. I thought we might go back and live in Waco where fifty dollars a week looks as big as five hundred does in Hollywood."

When he finished "Forest Rangers", he was still bewildered and unhappy. His pride had suffered some serious blows, so he got a leave of absence and he and Verna went to Chicago to visit her mother, while he thought it all over. Then he had a wire, offering a test for the role in "Air Force". Another jolt.

"The opportunity was so good," he says, "that it changed the color of everything. All of a sudden I saw actin' as a real job, an important job which would let me take care of Verna in style and maybe even make her proud of me. All of a sudden I couldn't stand it if I didn't get that part. We had an awful time gettin' back here for me to take that test. We nearly didn't make it on time. But we had to. It seemed to me right then that everything I wanted most was at stake."

Thus, though he wasn't aware of it then, Jim began to grow up. He began to see what his job was. He stopped being merely a handsome, talented, drifting kid. He still didn't understand *(Continued on page 72)*

A scene from "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" (Paramount), which stars Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. It's Brown's latest picture.

DISCOVERIES OF THE MONTH

Jennifer Jones

NEVER in all movie history has any month registered so many hits by so many new players as did the initial month of the brave new year, 1944. Even one potential star discovered every thirty days is an average seldom attained—but January, 1944, sang forth with seven. Count 'em! Seven personalities so incandescent that Hollywood sat back more bedazzled than it has been since sound floored the established silent stars and brought in a complete roster of new names, via stage and radio.

Movieland, always trying to give you the inside information of the newest Hollywood events, herewith presents a quick preview of these illustrious seven. Their stories prove that there is no rule for Hollywood success. Their faces prove the interesting fact: save for John Hodiak, they are not conventional star types. Of the three girls, only one—Gail Russell—has the golden glow of glamour.

* * *

Most important, possibly because of the greatness of her title role in "The Song of Bernadette," is Jennifer Jones. Like Kim Hunter (on page 56), her contract is shared by David Selznick and an outside studio—in Jennifer's case, 20th Century-Fox, producers of "Bernadette." Unlike shy Kim, the Jones story has been so often proclaimed to the world that it needs small repeating here, other than to say she was born Phyllis Isley, child of theatrical parents, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She got her acting training on the road, in stock companies and in radio—with one short disastrous Hollywood bout, under her real name, in Westerns.

It was in 1939. Jennifer had been varying her dramatic experience, first with work at the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York, then with an assignment to select, direct and cast plays for a Tulsa radio station. Her first tryout in films was with John Wayne, in a picture for Republic. The production schedule was a tough one, hurrying the whole picture through to be made in just a couple of weeks. Jennifer decided it was too much. If that was what a girl had to go through to get started in Hollywood, she was going to have none of it—and that was that!

Next time she went there though, of course, it was a different story.

She and Selznick put a quick one over on Twentieth, who were searching for an innocent lass for "Bernadette," for even as she signed for the part, Jennifer was the wife of Robert Walker (under contract to MGM) and the mother of two sturdy sons. Currently, the Walkers are separated.

John Hodiak

JOHN HODIAK got his big break—the lead opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat," directed by Alfred Hitchcock—because Hitchcock was looking for a fine Negro actor.

It happened like this. The big break came about because John had worked in a test with the distinguished Negro star, Canada Lee. The test was entirely slanted for Canada Lee and John could merely have walked through it. If he had, his story might well have ended in the crowded list of players under contract to MGM. Like numerous others at numerous other studios, John might have been one of those young unknowns who gets signed for six months, never gets within breathing distance of a camera, and then drops into oblivion.

But not Mr. Hodiak. John is made of tough stuff and he had the good sense to act for all he was worth whenever he got the chance. The Canada Lee test was a chance, even though a small one. Hitchcock, looking at the test to see Lee's work, noticed a handsome hunk of muscle in the background. He announced to MGM that he would like to borrow same. Metro did nip-ups, having completely forgotten they had anything like that around the lot since Gable went away. They found they had him tucked into the tiniest bit in Red Skelton's "I Dood It." So John was loaned to Hitchcock, and MGM sat back contemplating a most brilliant future for him.

A brilliant future doesn't irk John. He likes the idea, since his past has been more than a bit on the gloomy side.

He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., the son of Ukranian immigrants. His father was, and still is, a factory worker. But he was also a talented amateur and the love of acting was in John's blood. He was working in church plays and parish productions, by the time he was eight years old. In high school he concentrated his efforts on school plays, even while taking life very seriously and having an idea he'd like to enter the priesthood.

Instead, though, he was to try his hand at professional baseball, with one of the Cardinal club teams. Tiring of that, he tried for entrance to West Point, and failed. He tried radio acting, worked for three years at the Chevrolet Motor Co. plant, winding up finally with a job as "Lil Abner" on the air. Hollywood grabbed him in late 1942.

John is that current rarity in Hollywood, a bachelor. He lives alone in a Beverly Hills apartment and does his own cooking. His next role is the lead opposite the high temperature Lana Turner in MGM's "Marriage is a Private Affair."

Gail Russell

GAIL RUSSELL is a hometown girl who made good. She is a sloe-eyed, exquisitely curved young amateur who after two infinitesimal bits in other pictures finds herself, with the difficult leading role of "The Uninvited," on the threshold of stardom.

Yes, she has sex appeal—also a distinctive sort of glamour. But how did she get into pictures?

As the story goes, there were two lads thumbing a ride one night, and they were picked up by Paramount's talent scout, Al Micheljohn, on his way to a preview. As he talked to the boys Micheljohn revealed his profession. Immediately the boys went into raves.

"There's a girl right in our high school you ought to see," they declared. "Is she a dish! She's wonderful. We call her the Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica, only she's more beautiful than Hedy. Why don't you see her?"

So he did. And Micheljohn found that the boys hadn't exaggerated. Here was freshness, youth and beauty, all stacked in one very neat American package. The next day an excited Miss Russell was at Paramount taking a screen test. Later that same afternoon, she was signing a contract.

Born in Chicago, Ill., Gail Russell grew up in Glendale, Calif. She'd always meant to be an artist. Her life, save for schoolgirl parties, had been entirely filled with school work and art classes.

She made her debut in "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," then played a dancing bit in "Lady in the Dark." Her big break, however, came with "The Uninvited"—and that because the studio wanted Joan Fontaine for the role and couldn't get her. And also because Charles Brackett, the film's producer, had great courage.

The girl for the part had to be intelligent, sensitive and beautiful. Producer Brackett recognized that Gail was all of that. Unfortunately, the girl also had to be English. Gail is very American, but Brackett got around that difficulty by hiring an English diction coach.

There was the problem, too, with Ray Milland, the picture's name star, who was disturbed about playing opposite so untried an actress. Just until after the first day did that problem exist. Then Milland went bounding into the front office. "Congratulate me on my new leading woman," he said, with his typical exuberance. "I'm playing opposite one of the most talented young actresses in the business."

Cornelia Otis Skinner had one of the principal roles in "The Uninvited." Which makes it a coincidence that Gail plays that lady herself in her next film, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." And that title is a perfect description of Gail herself.

William Prince

Kim Hunter

WHEN you can be an outstanding hit in a picture that stars Cary Grant and John Garfield, you're good. But past masters though they are, at the game of keeping camera attention, these stars are also generous, as proved by the fact that they allowed two newcomers, Robert Hutton and William Prince, to get their much-deserved share of spotlight glory in "Destination Tokyo."

Though the life of William Prince is interesting in the past, the vital era of his life is just begun—for if the service doesn't immediately get him he is expected to be a headliner of tomorrow.

Bill is married to a wise and pretty girl named Dorothy, and they have a three-year-old son, Jeremy. No story of Bill can be told that doesn't include Dorothy. They met during college days and married in New York, while Bill worked for National Broadcasting Company.

Wonder-man William Prince got the bug to act from his high school public speaking teacher, Walter Roberts, who had been on the New York stage and was a soldier-actor with Elsie Janis in the first world war. During his courses in elocution young Bill found that he wanted to make acting his life work. So he went to college for three years, then went to New York where he took part in the W.P.A. production of "Taming of the Shrew." After "Shrew," he went to summer stock—but the job folded.

Plugging away, Bill took time out to put some money ahead and went to work in the statistical department of NBC. Then with the money saved from his figures job, he started hunting an opening to act on Broadway. Job hunting on Broadway is tough, and Bill, like other aspiring Hamlets, found it meant drug store lunches and plenty of brush-offs. It was a period of small parts and hard work, through which he was gradually acquiring the all-important experience. Included was a job with Max Reinhardt in "The Eternal Road" and two seasons with Maurice Evans and Shakespeare.

Then Mrs. Prince sold some stocks and they went to Europe. They were in Munich when the German-Russian "pact" was signed, saw Paris during the mobilization—then managed to get out of Europe, just the day before Germany marched on Poland.

It was a year after their return from abroad before Bill's big break finally came. There were roles for him in "Ah Wilderness," "Guest in the House" and the quick-closing "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning." Then came the "Eve of St. Mark" part, which won him his Warner Bros. contract.

Success! And a brilliant future indicated.

A YEAR ago Kim Hunter was an unknown in Miami, Florida. Today, with "Tender Comrade," she is one of the promising young actresses in Hollywood. Her story differs from the standard Cinderella yarn in that it didn't all "just happen." Since Kim was nine she has worked hard towards her career, taking advantage of every opportunity, building her own knowledge.

When Kim was four she wanted to be in the Navy. When she was six she decided to be a dress designer, but when she was nine she started taking parts in school pageants and plays—and from then on her chief ambition was to be an actress. Even at nine, though, she realized that to become an actress meant work. And work she did—taking private lessons in diction, stage movement and memory exercises. In her senior high school year she did several plays.

Next came summer stock in Baltimore, where she worked with fervor the summer following her high school graduation. Here she played Deirdre in "Old Acquaintance," Cecily in "The Importance of Being Earnest" and Ellen in "My Darling Daughter."

After Baltimore, back she went to Miami, where she stayed until her adventure trip to Pasadena, where she won parts at the famed Pasadena Playhouse. She was seen there by Hollywood agent Leon Lance, who helped her to the contract which was signed by that great actor discoverer, David O. Selznick.

When Mr. Selznick screen-tested Kim Hunter he found exceptional talent and RKO became so interested that they asked for a part of her contract, to which Selznick agreed. In her initial picture, "The Seventh Victim," she played the lead. It wasn't such shakes as a picture, but Kim performed with such sincerity that she was chosen to play the second feminine lead in Ginger Rogers' "Tender Comrade." And the result . . . she captured all critics, to the extent that quick stardom is now prophesied for her.

If you believe in the power of a name, or the power of heredity, you will see this girl winning on both counts. For Kim Hunter's first name was taken from the Kim in Edna Ferber's "Showboat." In the heredity department, Kim's mother had been a concert pianist and accompanied many well-known singers, before her retirement from professional life. Mrs. Hunter was attracted to public life. She lived and loved music, so there were lessons for Kim, too—but Kim always knew her course was acting.

Birth notices report her arrival in Detroit, Mich., on November 12, 1922. But though she is young and laughter-loving, she has a remarkable depth of feeling.

Danny Kaye

Bob Hutton

DANNY KAYE is a funny man. There'll be no doubt of it in your mind after seeing the big Sam Goldwyn musical, "Up in Arms," which marks Danny's screen debut. For he wraps it up riotously.

He's as crazy off-screen as on. He's fascinated by makeup and loves to don silly beards and dash around while he plays a long lost uncle, a Russian refugee, an ancient plumber or an escaped lunatic.

Broadway's Guthrie McClintic wanted him for "The Pirate," England's Gabriel Paschal would like to star him as Macbeth, the Metropolitan Opera's Edward Johnson described him as a perfect "Figaro." But Danny says, "A shoemaker should stick to his laffs."

Because Danny Kaye's name became famous all of a sudden, many people think he's an overnight sensation. What they don't know is that for twelve years he played every whistle stop in America and knocked himself out being funny all over the world. After high school he worked at everything from soda jerking to waiting tables. He was funny all the time. And after five years of catch-as-catch-can, he landed in a vaudeville act which was part of a show which was heading for the Orient—the Philippines, China, and Japan.

In 1935 he returned to New York and tried to break in on Broadway. When he didn't succeed he toured with Sally Rand (not as a fan), Abe Lyman, and stooged for Nick Long, Jr., from Texas to London.

In 1939, he met Sylvia. It was an important event, for later Sylvia Fine became Sylvia Kaye—and she has contributed importantly to Danny's success. Mrs. Kaye is a writer of lyrics and music, and she knows her Danny. She helps him plan routines, helps handle business affairs. Because Sylvia and Danny are opposities, they think that's what makes them happy. A balanced marriage. She's even-tempered, he's volatile. Sylvia is analytic, Danny lives by instinct. She walks, Danny runs. She talks, Danny listens. They like the same people and laugh at the same things.

Danny's friends range from old Brooklyn pals to Lady Mendl, and he loves to mix them. All of Danny's contracts are purely verbal, and he's never gone back on a promise. Sylvia and Max Liebman write all his material and supervise everything he does, professionally. What he does in private life no one could supervise.

He's one of the hardest working entertainers for benefits and bond rallies. When it comes to profile he'll never give Bob Taylor any serious competition, but when he gets in action, as in "Up in Arms," you'll see an endearing quality about him, behind all his laughter, that makes him seem like an old friend.

BOB HUTTON looks like a typical American boy. He isn't. His life has always fallen in too comfortable lines to be typical and his ambition has always been too crystal clear for him ever to go through that muddled period most boys experience.

Bob Winne was born in Kingston, New York, and it wasn't until he really got going at acting that he adopted his mother's maiden name of Hutton. He attended Blair Academy in New Jersey, where he attracted attention at such varied sports as tennis, track, wrestling and hockey. Athletic coaches from many colleges began swarming over him, but Bob knew what he wanted. He wanted to act.

He went up to the famous little Woodstock Theatre, which wasn't too far away from his own town of Kingston, and got himself a job there. He was only in his teens (he's a ripe twenty-three right now), and he had to share honors with such experienced Thespians as Elissa Landi, Claire Luce, and Julie Haydon.

One season in stock gave Bob the idea that he was just what Hollywood wanted. He was right, but he got the timing wrong on it. The winter after he left Woodstock, he came to movieland. Not a leaf stirred. No talent scouts pursued him. Not a studio cared whether he lived or died. But one thing did happen to him. Love.

Love came to him at Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Bob had been invited to a party, and into same party came Natalie Thompson, a Los Angeles social belle. Bob looked at Natalie and Natalie looked at him, and the room whirled. The only trouble—and it was plenty—was that Bob was broke.

He fled back to Broadway. He couldn't get a tumble. He went back to Woodstock. They gave him a job at that coffee and cake money which may keep the wolf from the door but which keeps romance away also.

So he became a commercial photographer. And it was while he was being a busy cameraman that Louis Shurr, an agent, saw him. Shurr arranged a screen test. Warner's saw to that. And next thing Bob saw was a dotted line at the bottom of a contract, with his name all neatly affixed to it.

Back to Hollywood, back to Natalie—and thereupon life for Bob became as rosy as a postcard. Warners liked him and put him in the fine debut role of the sensitive young kid in "Destination Tokyo." Natalie put him in her heart, so completely that a week before "Destination Tokyo" was previewed she and Bob were married.

Now he's been rushed into the male lead of "Janie," and all's very much well. Hutton's on his way.

THIS IS MYSELF

BY ANN SHERIDAN

Annie Sheridan—her big problem in life, getting rid of the Oomph title; her pet aversion, wise-crackers who still use that stale old tag.

I'VE LEARNED:

To be careful with my heart.

To laugh when I'm hurt, for then the hurt heals more quickly.

Not to expect things from people and to be grateful when, unexpectedly, loyalties and kindnesses, good faith, favors and good fortune come my way.

Not to wear my shoes too tight.

Never to say I won't do this or that because you never know about Tomorrow.

Not to let gossip bother me, for regardless of how hard you try, there is always someone to misunderstand and misconstrue.

Never to criticize other people lest before the words are out of my mouth, I find myself doing the very things I've deplored in them.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR:

The fact that I am not in love, and am free as a breeze.

My career; for the things I've done and the things I've seen and the people I've met, which the career has made possible.

My parents, for the fearless outlook on life they gave me.

My sense of buoyancy and the fact that I very seldom brood or mope.

My whole childhood, which was just a normal, "everybody's kid" existence.

My friends and the happiness they give me.

The fact that I have no fear of old age but only the

Holding hands at the Mocambo with Air Corps Lt. Bruce Cabot—but not to be confused with being in love. Ann's very careful with her heart. If she falls in love again she wants it to be the real thing.

Coming under the heading of what Annie terms wearing clothes that are comfortable. She likes slacks, shorts, sweaters—and very old slippers.

Sing a song of Sheridan, but put new words to the music. Make it sweet and mellow, then add a dash of romance and pepper—because she's really like that

Gorgeously glamorous, smartly sophisticated—on occasions when she really must. However Ann much prefers the simpler sort of thing. Hunting trips, horses and digging in a backyard garden. It's no gag—she does!

"Besame Mucho" is her theme song, and she has a passion for Mexico and hot tamales.

The star one studio coach declared would never make a success of her movie career. But several million fans voted otherwise, and this is what those "eyes" elected!

hope that I'll grow old gracefully and with a sense of humor.

The fact that when my career is over I'll be able to wave it godspeed with a grin.

I FEAR:

Almost nothing at all except small, enclosed places and dizzy heights.

I LIKE:

To eat; to laugh; to smoke; to drink champagne; to wear comfortable clothes, slacks, shorts; also to dress up very occasionally and break my neck trying to be a clothes horse.

Mexico and New York; hoop earrings; silly jokes; gags played on me; Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing; Pepper Red lipstick; all Mexican songs, especially "Besame Mucho"; junk bracelets, junk jewelry of all kinds.

To sleep raw; to roll up in the middle of the bed; dogs; horses; gardening; canopied beds; compliments, if they're sincere; to have a new dress noticed when I wear one; minding my own business.

I REMEMBER:

The studio coach who said that all I had God had given me, and his advice to get rid of me because I was lazy, wouldn't work, and wouldn't get anywhere even if I did.

The hunting trips I used to take with my Dad, which were the brightest spot in my bright childhood; the spankings I used to get; the barbed wire scratches with which my legs were habitually seamed and criss-crossed and which I got from riding the heifers down the field when I'd been forbidden to do so.

My first days in school when I played sick (the most convincing performances I have ever given) and got sent home; my slow and painful convalescence from "mike" fright.

My first kiss, which took (*Continued on page* 76)

Ann arrives in New York—her first trip in four years. On vacation from movie lots but not escaping clicking cameras.

Again, the Latin American touch. Rhumba music, Spanish dances, land of romance and beautiful scenery—that's for Sheridan! Her current picture even has a romantic title, "One More Tomorrow."

HELP! HELP!

LUM AND ABNER ARE UP FOR THE SECOND TIME . . .

LUM AND ABNER ARE GIVING AWAY

$2000 in WAR BONDS!

First Prize . . . . $1000 War Bond
Second Prize (5) . . $100 War Bonds
Third Prize (10) . . $50 War Bonds

All Bonds Donated by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

DID you get in on Movieland's announcement of the Lum and Abner Contest in last month's issue? If not, we're just back again to tell you that the first letters are coming in, and we want your help to answer our question "Should Lum and Abner go romantic?" Yes, that's the business at hand. So fall to, with your trusty little pen.

Lum and Abner want to know, and Movieland wants to know, should the boys give up their old series of films following their radio shows, such as the characters in their movie "So This Is Washington"—or, should they play romantic leads like Cooper, Grant and Cagney? Making such a step is serious business, and they're depending on their fans to advise them.

As prizes make a contest more interesting, $2000 in War Bonds will go to the winners. The first prize is a $1000 Bond. There will be five $100 Bond prizes and ten $50 Bond prizes.

These rewards are offered for the best letters of advice, not to be longer than 250 words each, telling Lum and Abner—Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—what you would like them to do.

Letters should be addressed to Lum and Abner Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

The contest closes April 1, 1944. No letters postmarked after midnight of that date can be judged. Every letter will be read and notations made of the readers' suggestions. Then the letters will be analyzed and graphed. It'll be like an election. The voice of the people will speak and the stars will be guided by the popular vote, rather than by individual suggestions, however brilliant.

While the boys wait for your response, they will go on as they have been. They will continue their radio shows, five per week, Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network. They may even film another Lum and Abner picture before the matter of their future is decided.

They'll wait for advice from their friends before they bow to producer pressure to step before the cameras as their useful selves.

They want your opinion. So write immediately to the Lum and Abner Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

Lum 'n' Abner as they're known to twenty million radio fans. But under that makeup are a couple of possible Romeos, and they're asking you to help them decide what to do about it.

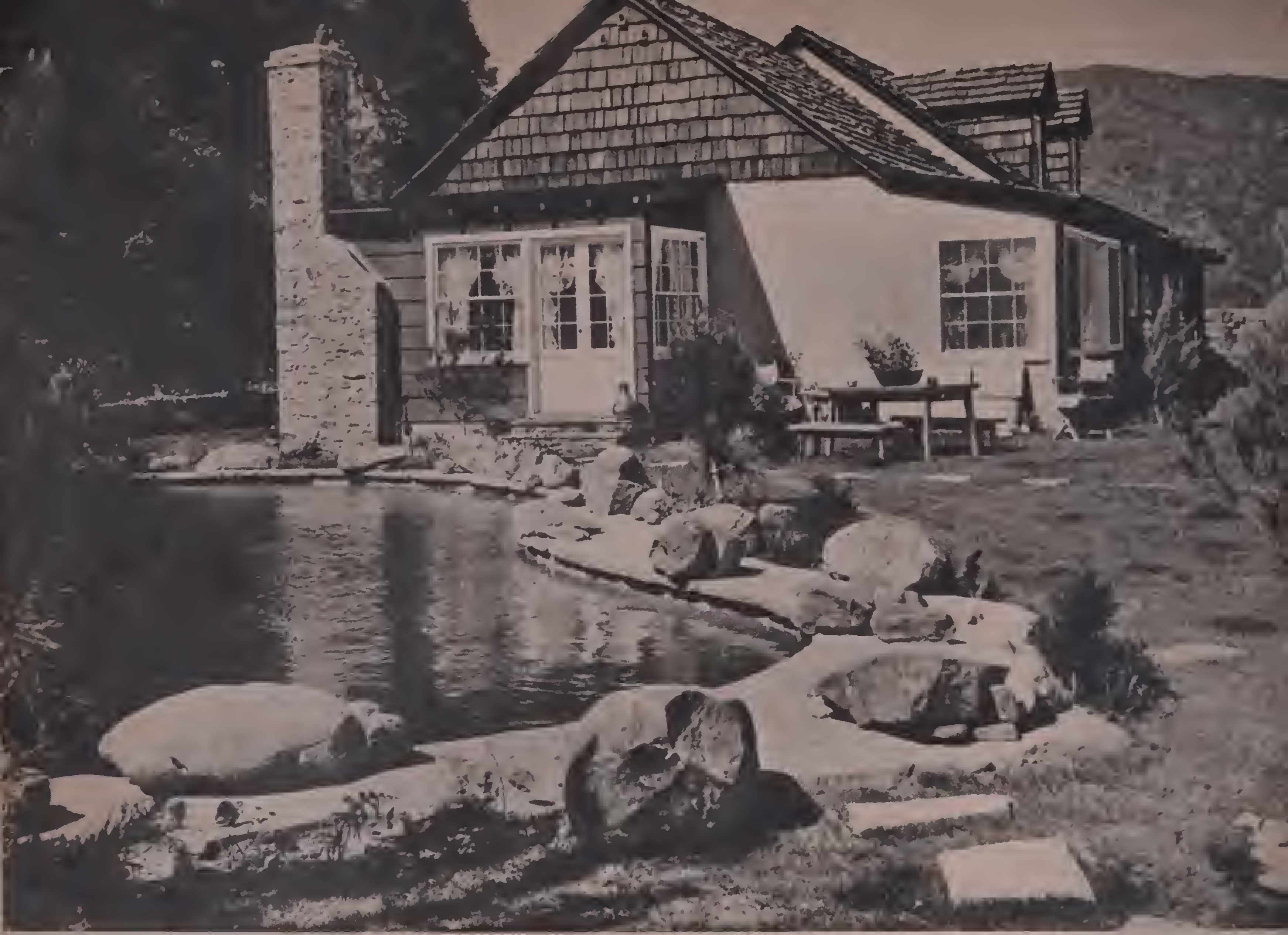
Norris Goff and Chester Lauck are man-about-town material in their tweeds. Fact is, you may not even recognize them this way, being so used to seeing them as whiskered old men.

RULES:

1. Write 250 words or less telling why you think Lum and Abner should continue with their character roles—or—why you believe they should play straight romantic leads.
2. Fill in the coupon below, attach it to your letter and mail to the Contest Editor.
3. Submit one entry only.
4. All entries become MOVIELAND property.
5. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of MOVIELAND, INC., and of RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., and members of their families.
6. The contest closes midnight, April 1, 1944.
7. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Neatness will be considered.
8. Decisions of the contest judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S
LUM and ABNER CONTEST
(Please print or type)

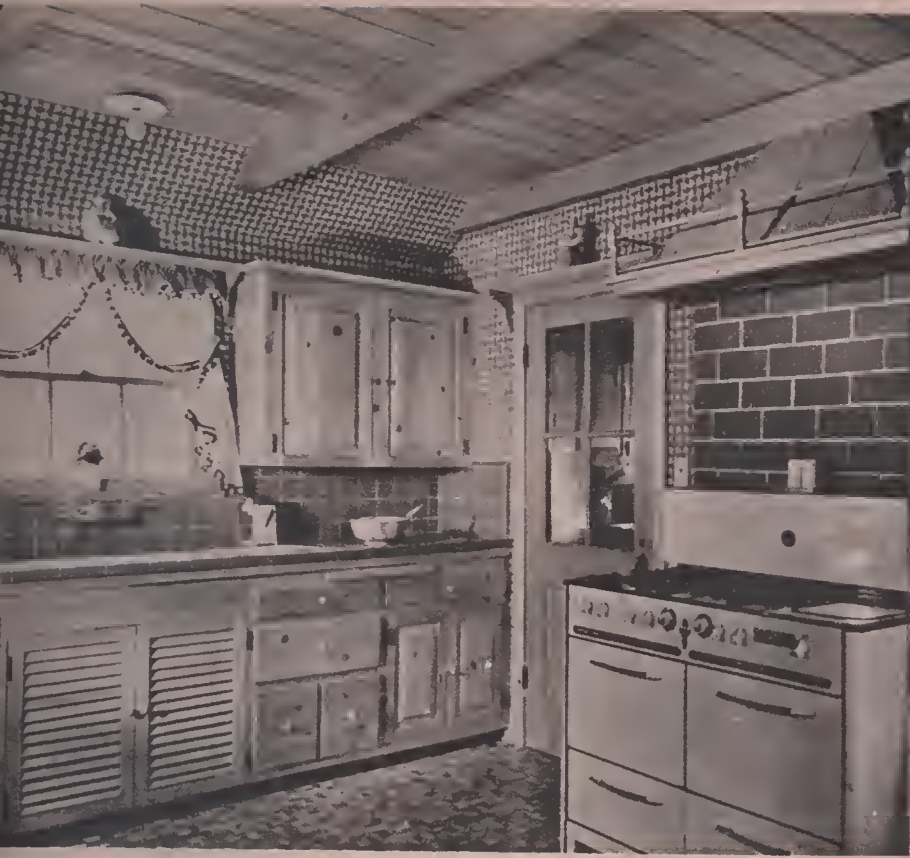
FULL NAME . . . .
STREET . . . .
CITY . . . . STATE . . . . .
Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter



High in a canyon, nestled in the hills not so far from Hollywood, a house that's not large—but comfortable, inviting. A quaint little French farm house which was designed for genuine living.

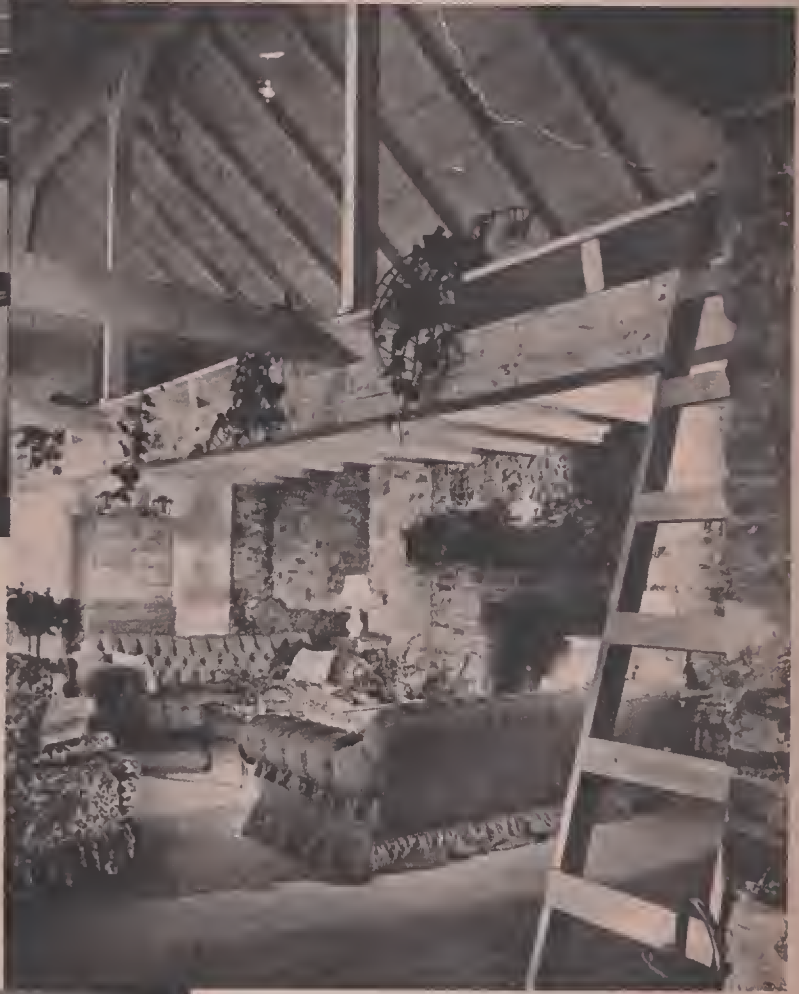
Home of a Star . . . MICHELE MORGAN'S

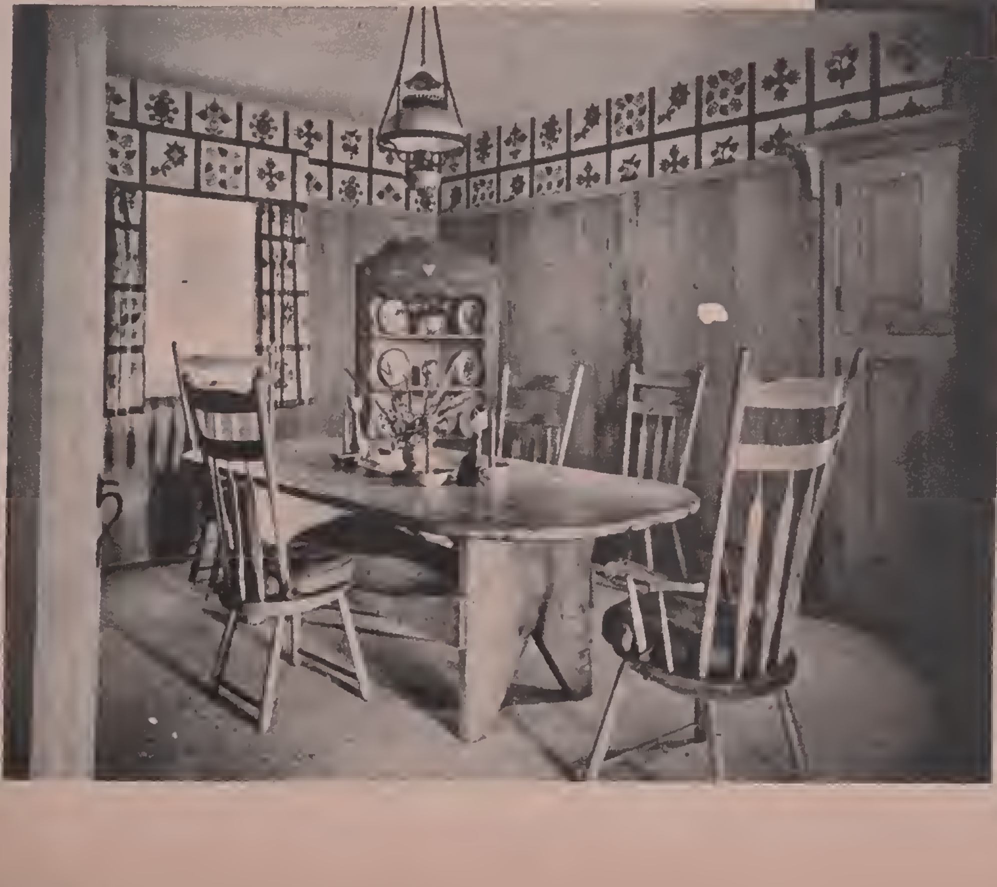
Movieland brings you the second in a series of pictorial descriptions of the homes where the movie stars live. And here's one that really does more than its share in indicating the tastes and personalities of the people who live there. Romantic—quaint—adjectives just trip off the tongue when describing the house where Michele Morgan waits for soldier husband, Bill Marshall. Like many Army wives, she keeps the hearth warm, knowing Bill likes to come here on furloughs. While he's away Michele lives here with Bill's mother—missing him, but busy planning for the day of that great homecoming, when they'll be together again. When there will be other al fresco dinners, as before— and outdoor parties, with guests served on the lawn beside this clear as crystal fish pool. There's comfort and reassurance in homes like this, tucked in between the surrounding hills and valleys, a tranquil retreat from the busy activity of the studio. The artistic detail seems reminiscent of old provincial France—a poem of simplicity.



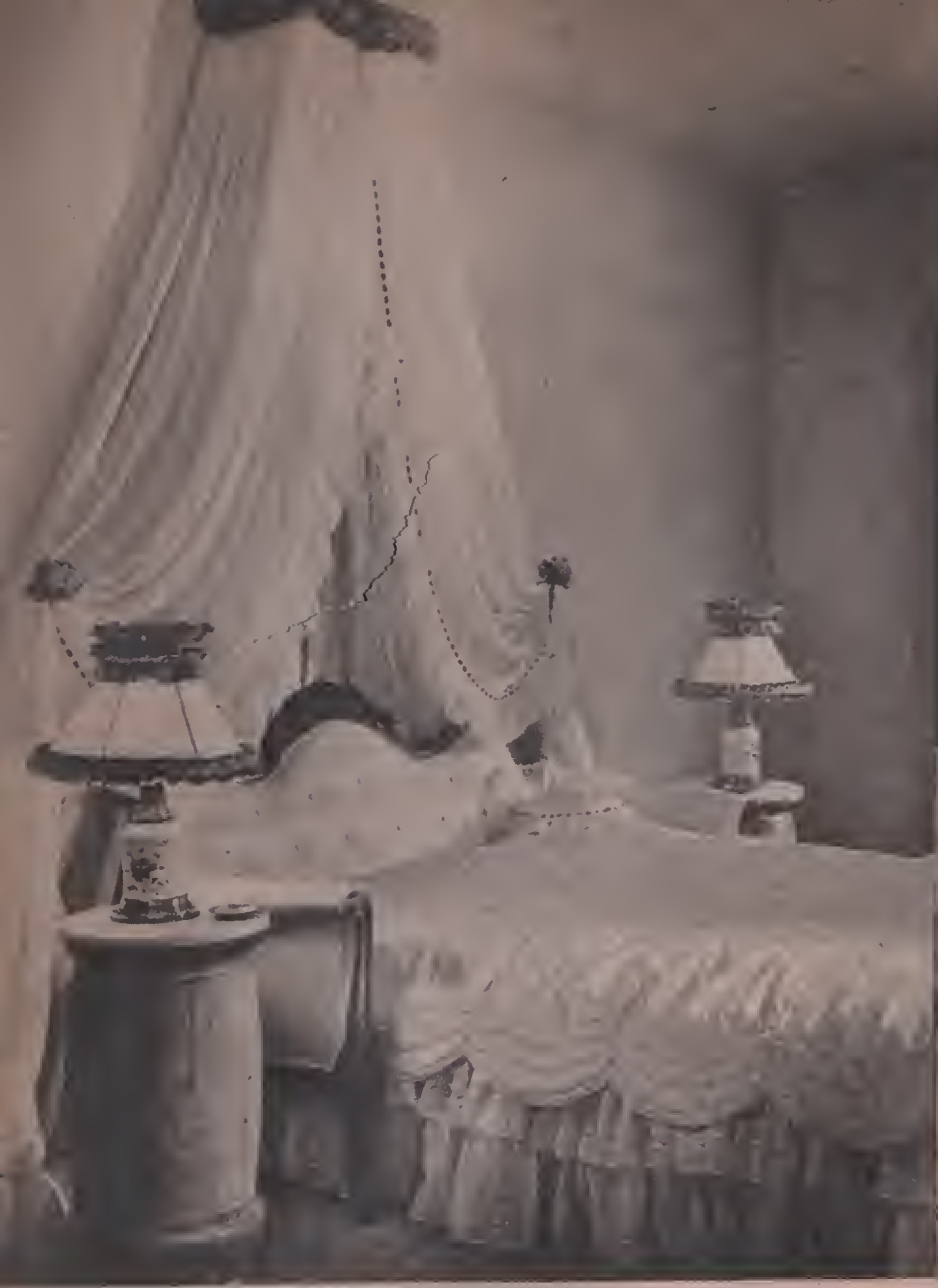
Warmth of color and detail make the kitchen a livable room, as well as functional. Red and blue checked wallpaper fills in between the knotty pine cupboards and a plank ceiling. Curtains are white dotted Swiss, with maroon and white ball fringe picking up the color accent set by the maroon tile service board and the linoleum.

At one side of the beam-ceilinged living room is a stone wall encasing a large deep fireplace, the rugged massiveness of which becomes doubly impressive with the addition of a solid block wood mantel. Other features include gay printed cushions for the cozy side-of-the-hearth seats, a wooden ladder for the ascent to the overhanging loft, and a well-placed assortment of growing plants. Potted vines trailing down over the edge of the loft, ferns in the wells of the custom-designed coffee table, and other greenery in stands about the room. Color is used with restraint. The two large couches are upholstered with green chenille; the chairs are covered with matching floral print chintz.





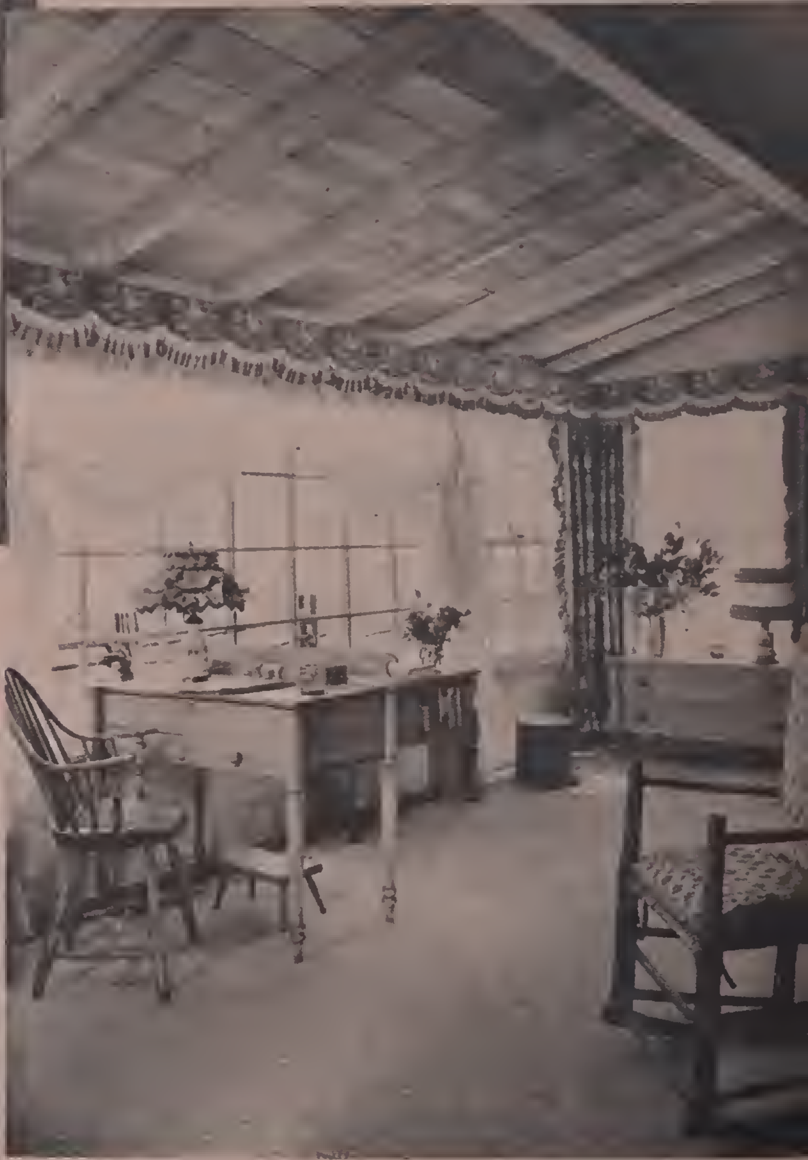
There's nothing monotonous about this house. Yet with the infinite variety of details, all are logicall,, thoughtfully combined and the effect achieved is a comfortable glow, warm and inviting hospitality. One has only to look at this dining room, for instance, and there's a feeling of being included for the candle-lit dinner parties Michele presides over there, when Bill is home on leave. It may be the simplicity of the big oval plank table, the high back chairs, or the French peasant corner cupboard. Whatever it is, the room has a definite atmosphere. A charm all its own, and a certain air of serenity.



MICHELE MORGAN

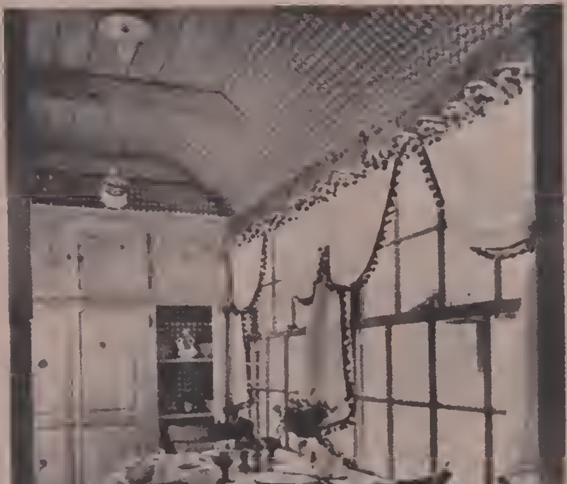
CONTINUED

← Quality things are versatile, you know. Still, who but someone as ingenious as Michele would have had the idea for making a bed out of what was originally an antique couch? The tufted blue silk covering is matched by the quilted silk coverlet—and what could be more daintily feminine, as a complement to frothy white drapes hanging full to form the canopy above? For the wall hanging behind the curtains, pink and orchid taffeta, the pink picked up again for velvet ribbons laced along the eyelet ruffle flounce. The rosettes holding the tie-backs in place are little forget-me-not bouquets. And don't overlook those barrel-like stands, with the two French porcelain lamps and white silk shades.



↑

Make believe that you are going visiting. This is the guest bedroom that would be assigned to you at Michele's home, and it's really one of the nicest rooms of all. The many paned windows afford the most breathtaking view. Birdseye maple desk and chest are Early American, and quite in harmony as being of the same period, note the two porcelain lamps, wired for electricity. The fringed rug is cream colored, window valances are brown and cream.



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Back to the kitchen, where sunny breakfasts are served at this drop-leaf walnut table—and see all the cupboard space, how well it's arranged!

An air of openness prevails, thanks to the logical use of large windows, curtained without obstructing the view. The drapery print is red and green, with solid color ruffles. Four chairs covered with green check cotton are tufted with green buttons. French porcelain plates lining the walls, also tables and benches all typically Early American, reflect both a preference for the unelaborate in decoration and a keen appreciation for the charm of fine antiques.

It's the dining room again, rephotographed to give you a more detailed view of the quaint drapes and wall frieze—gingham figures appliqued on a field of cream chintz. Shades of reminiscence, harking back to some of Grandma's fine old calico quilt patterns.

A corner of the living room features a bar, paneled in pine. The shelf and cupboard are Early American pieces of walnut wood, and those are real pewter jugs you see on the floor. The rug is cherry red, bright and gay but not gawdy. All of which goes to prove that dreams can come true, and dream homes do exist.

Photos by Maynard Parker for Movieland Magazine.

Lt. Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, as table neighbors of Lt. Col. Frank Capra one evening before Holden went overseas.

Capt. and Mrs. Louis Hayward (Ida Lupino) understand one another completely. They're separated now by the war but Ida still entertains and goes out with friends.

Michele Morgan and husband William Marshall, who's an Air Corps cadet. They don't play games with their love, and that eliminates duration dating.

HOLLYWOOD'S SERVICE WIVES Solve the Date Problem

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

THE beautiful wives of Hollywood have to solve the "date" problem facing millions of wives throughout America, and they solve it in the most individualistic ways.

"All my time belongs to my husband," asserted Michele Morgan, still in a lovely daze from telephone contact with husband William Marshall, cadet in the Air Corps. "He will soon be with me. I know the exact number of hours and minutes until he comes. He knows what I shall do with each hour.

"It is wrong for any girl married to a man in service to give him cause to worry about her. He has enough to worry about in his new hard life, under strict discipline perhaps for the first time, with difficult courses to study, with dreadful things to do, being trained to face—or actually facing—thirst and hunger, cold, fever or death, without having to be uncertain of his wife.

"He must have one person who lives only for him, who belongs to him and is steadfast and true. He has been torn from a familiar, satisfying, friendly existence and thrust into one that is strange and unnatural. He needs an anchor at home.

"I hear girls say there's no harm in going out with another man, having dancing dates, playing about here and there while waiting for the war to end. But I think that is dreadful!

"The wife of a man in service should be for her husband and for him alone. He likes to think she could

The Lt. Van Heflins are of the nursery tending set, proud parents for all of six months. Leisure time as a waiting wife is no problem for Mrs. Heflin—the baby sees to that!

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always auto-
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s in service, who
e. If an anniversary
of a picture, I usually
May Whitty had an anni-
such a dinner for her.
ent on indefinitely, and my
rated for years, I'd have to
n to keep up with whatever his
to be. But so far this hasn't
rite daily and sometimes I think
e's thoughts better through the
the discussions carried on through
during hectic, too-busy or too-gay
derstand, that I'd exchange an hour
e finest example of V-mail!"

* * *

flin was home, the young Heflins had a
hen he left for camp, the maid left for a
Frances Neal Heflin moved into a small
Vanna Gay Heflin put in her appearance
r this—she's six months old now—and
d to cope with the baby before she learned
n a home smoothly.
talk to me about what I do with my leisure!"
ned me. "I'm the gal who's forgotten what
time is. I was strictly a career woman from the
I left school until I married, and all this home stuff
ew. I like it, to my great surprise, but I still haven't
e hang of it. Bringing up Vanna isn't as simple as it
looks from outside the nursery, either. Believe me, I
have no problem of whether or not to go dancing while
Van is away! I doubt if it would occur to me in any
case, but as things are I could use two or three extra
hours and not worry about what (*Continued on page* 68)

Her lovely hair that gleams and glows *Assures her beaux... where-e'er she goes!*

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Look devastating those precious hours you spend with "him." You will, even in the simplest dress, if you do right by your hair! Here's a glamorous new hair-do he'll adore . . . if your hair itself has the shining smoothness only Drene with Hair Conditioner can give.

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

In the game of love, a girl's best trump card is lovely, shining hair. Yes, a man really falls for hair that sparkles with highlights, gleams with lustre!

So IF YOU want to be the "Queen of his heart," remember that! Never let soap or soap shampoos dull the radiant beauty of your hair.

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

drene
SHAMPOO
with Hair Conditioner added

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

BY J. M. WALDECK

RYAN
THE RIP-ROARING ADVENTURER

THIS is the story of a young man who came to Hollywood a star and would have departed, save for a handful of preview comment cards, a bit player.

It is the story of an ex-sandhog, ex-sailor, ex-salesman of cemetery lots, ex-bodyguard for a gangster, ex-photographic model who never gave a thought to acting until he was twenty-six.

It is the story of big Bob Ryan, who the day before he was inducted into the army won the lead opposite Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade."

It is a story of a guy who seems to get furthest ahead by getting set back.

Bob Ryan came to Hollywood a year and a half ago to star in Pare Lorentz' "Name, Age and Occupation." His hopes were high then. The lean years were past. Lorentz had seen him with Tallulah Bankhead in "Clash By Night" on Broadway, and Lorentz had decided he was film star material. So there was Ryan, whose only camera experience had been in front of a Brownie, with the lead in one of the biggest pictures of the year. There was a guy who had known what it was to be hungry and to work and sweat and slave. Now he had a dressing room of his own and a good fat pay check and a great future ahead of him.

"Look at this," Ryan said that day. He handed us a note from Corey Ford, the writer, to which was attached a check for $250.

"Wait until you've arrived," the note advised curtly.

"He loaned me that money two years ago," Ryan explained. "I was to pay it back when I hit pay dirt. I figured this was it and I sent him back his two-fifty. Look what happened."

"Maybe Mr. Ford is a cynic," we suggested, then.

"Or a prophet," said Ryan grinning. "Maybe I haven't arrived."

It turned out that Ford was something of a prophet. "Name, Age and Occupation" was scrapped and Lorentz departed from the RKO lot.

(*Continued on page* 58)

You saw Bob Ryan as the fighting Irishman in "Behind the Rising Sun." Another Margo picture for him was "Gangway for Tomorrow."

Lunch-hour stroll. It's the "Tender Comrade" cast, left to right: Mady Christians, Kim Hunter, Richard Martin—Ginger Rogers and her new leading man, Robert Ryan—Patricia Collinge and Ruth Hussey.

"MARINE RAIDERS" (RKO-Radio)

may have had something to do with what really happened to Bob Ryan. All set to be an army private, he made the Raider picture (to be released this month) and was inducted on January 17—as a Marine! Just one case where a star, assigned a role on the screen, will play the part in real life—in an important show for Uncle Sam.

Bob
Ryan

1

Blonde and lovely Claire Trevor has dinner with Bud McTaggert.

2

. . . a few evenings later, Claire is out with young Van Jahnsan, and both looking very pleased.

3

. . . then next night on nightclub row, Von with Judy Garland. It looked like a thing, except . . .

WHY CUPID GOES CRAZY IN HOLLYWOOD

14

. . . Livvy dines with the Major, Woodward Melane. Cupid goes crazy. It's all so confusing!

13

. . . meanwhile, Jess Barker goes places with Olivia de Havilland.

12

. . . and whom should Betty date just the following week-end but glamour puss Alan Curtis!

11

. . . next night at the Macomba, Jess was playing patty-cake with a delighted Betty Newling.

WHEN Universal first got the idea of casting that hottest of hot jitterbugs, that heppest of hep cats, Irish Peggy Ryan, as the girl who didn't get Donald O'Connor, it little knew the trouble it was creating for itself.

The studio thought it was a swell idea. The Bing Crosby-Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour triangle had netted millions for Paramount, so why couldn't Universal have a triangle all its own? Only strictly with jive kids.

Nobody had ever kicked because Bob Hope rarely got the girl. So how could Universal guess what it was starting when the chick with the blue eyes, the brown hair and the hep manner, couldn't get Donald?

Letters began to pour in protesting this state of affairs. "Why don't you shake the dust out of your eyes?" the jive fans wanted to know. "We kids are hep, and we don't like those icky heroines you've been giving Donald O'Connor. For Pete's sake, why? He's supposed to be hep, too. Why should he make love to a square, when Peggy Ryan is around?"

Peggy has now made about nine pictures in which she didn't, etc. But now Universal has started to make amends. In "Patrick the Great," the gal who gets Donald is Peggy, who's always on the beam.

I went around to find out how Peggy was taking it. It was lunchtime and she ordered "a tomato and lettuce salad and all that jive."

"Are you going to be strictly a glamour girl from now on?" I asked.

Peggy laughed. "I should say not. I'll stick strictly to laughs, but will I have my moments of glamour! Why, I have seventeen changes of costume and look so glamorous that Maria Montez is drooling, she's so jealous. When I play Madame Zam in one number, I do a mind reading act and wear the powder blue costume, with the big georgette pants and the stunning blue jacket that Maria wore in 'Ali Baba.' And to top it, a turban Marlene Dietrich wore in 'Three Cheers for the Boys.' My midriff is bare, like Maria's. Between Marlene's and Maria's (*Continued on page 80*)

PEGGY
THE BOBBY SOX QUEEN

BY DORA ALBERT

Car washing's fun, too—when your fiance helps out. Name pliz? Marine Sgt. Roy Hirsch.

Teamed for a total of eleven pictures, Don O'Connor and Peggy Ryan rate as the hottest pair of comedy song-and-dancers in films today—also the youngest.

"CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK" . . . and it happens to be a fitting title for Universal's new picture featuring this little hep cat cutie, for her parents were in vaudeville. The Dancing Ryans. Bob Ryan of the same name is not related, by the way. Peggy's a dancer, too. Fact is, that's how she qualified for her first screen-biz assignments.

Coming under the label of what you might call making a monkey out of a leopard. She may not be the glamour type, but she's sending it solid!

LIEUTENANT (j.g.)
Robert Stack
INSTRUCTOR

Hollywood cast aside until victory and six months after, handsome but a tired Lt. Stack studies the theory of aerial gunnery. And at 1:30 in the morning!

There is always a moment or two on the firing range for the Stack wit to come through. Here he shows a group of gunnery students a belt of .30 caliber ammunition. By the way, too, he's a rank higher now—an ensign promoted to lieutenant j.g.

Instructor Stack calls out orders to the men along the firing line at a U.S. Naval Air Station gunnery range. The sailor making an adjustment to his machine gun is Thomas Gudgel, an aviation ordnanceman, second class, from Springfield, Ill.

The infectious Stack grin, so typical of the officers of our Navy today who love the work they are doing in defeating the nation's enemies. After many months of training, Lt. Stack is well qualified to handle the Flying Navy's heavy artillery.

ADVICE TO YOUTH

YOUTH problems! There has never been a time when they were so important as they are today.

Are you one of the hundreds of thousands of teenagers in this country who is lonely and bewildered?

Are you one of the girls who is khaki-wacky, who goes for any guy in a uniform?

Or are you one of those lads in uniform, away from home for the first time in your life, and all mixed up as to what to do about the girl you left behind you—and the girls you see right in front of you?

Are you a service bride, with too much time on your hands, or a teen-age mother suddenly left all alone in the world with his baby to bring up, and the necessity of finding a job?

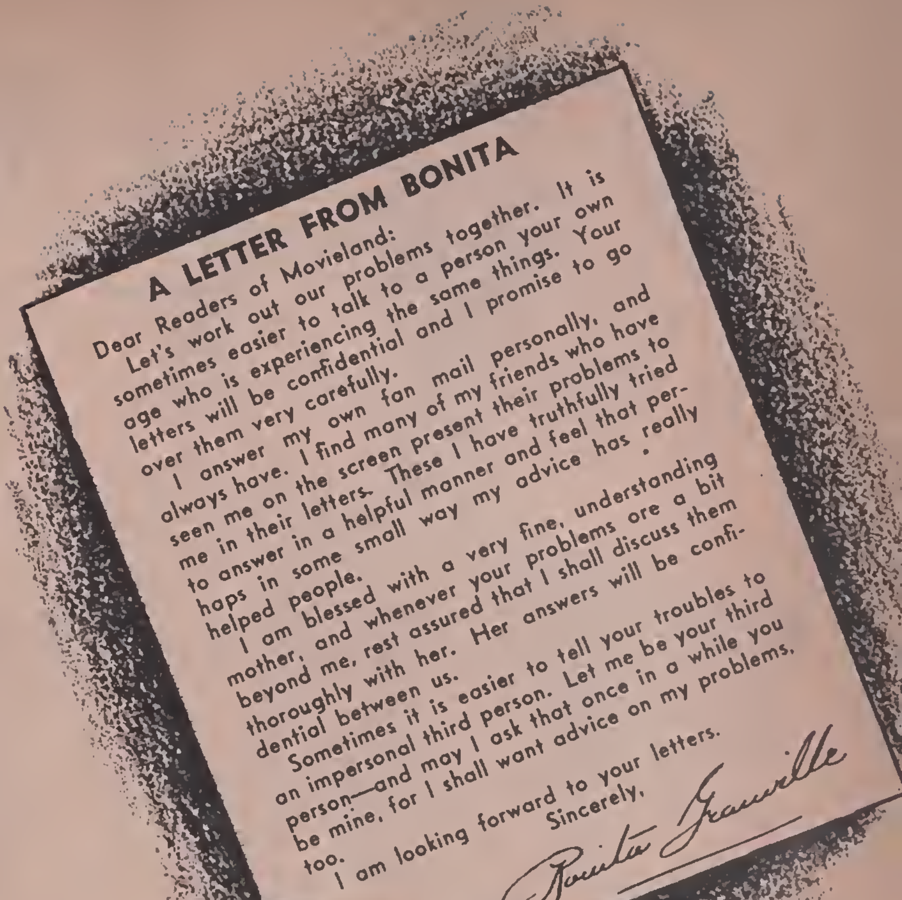
Movieland believes that as much as elders may sincerely want to help youth, actually only the generations understand one another. Youth knows youth, because it has youth's problems to face, just as age knows age for the same reason.

Thus Movieland has chosen Bonita Granville, who is just twenty, to advise its young readers on youth problems.

Bonita seems to us the ideal youth counselor because she is neither a flaming jitterbug nor a goody-goody girl. She may be a Hollywood leading lady, but she's also a typical American girl, with very typical problems.

So let Bonita advise you. Tell her what's worrying you and read her honest, forthright answers on this page, beginning next month.

Address Bonita Granville, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Please try to keep it down to two hundred words—and write today.



A LETTER FROM BONITA

Dear Readers of Movieland:

Let's work out our problems together. It is sometimes easier to talk to a person your own age who is experiencing the same things. Your letters will be confidential and I promise to go over them very carefully.

I answer my own fan mail personally, and always have. I find many of my friends who have seen me on the screen present their problems to me in their letters. These I have truthfully tried to answer in a helpful manner and feel that perhaps in some small way my advice has really helped people.

I am blessed with a very fine, understanding mother, and whenever your problems are a bit beyond me, rest assured that I shall discuss them thoroughly with her. Her answers will be confidential between us.

Sometimes it is easier to tell your troubles to an impersonal third person. Let me be your third person—and may I ask that once in a while you be mine, for I shall want advice on my problems, too.

I am looking forward to your letters.

Sincerely,

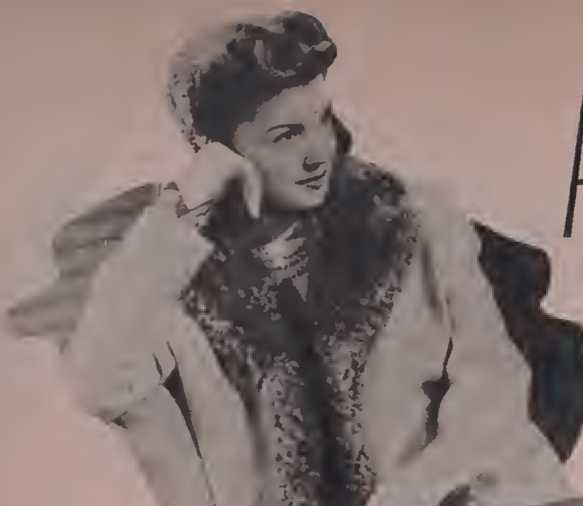
Bonita Granville

Star of RKO's "Are These Our Children," Bonita's next picture is "Song of Youth," a musical featuring the Sammy Kaye band.

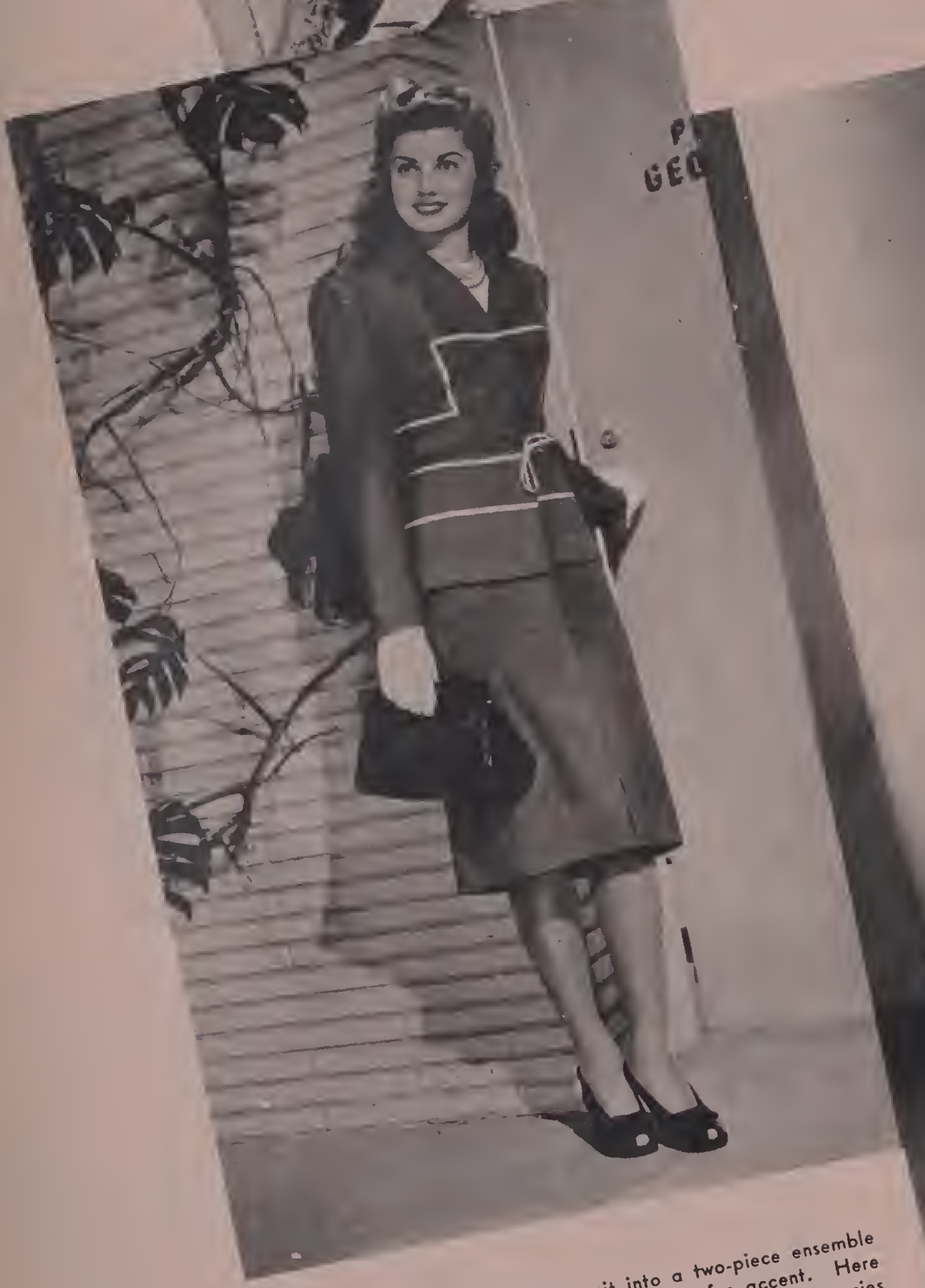
The Bonita Granville autograph, penned for service men visiting the Hollywood Canteen. And a smile, too—as "something to remember."

Mail from the fans—which Bonita answers herself. Some job it is, giving advice to all the problems in all those letters!

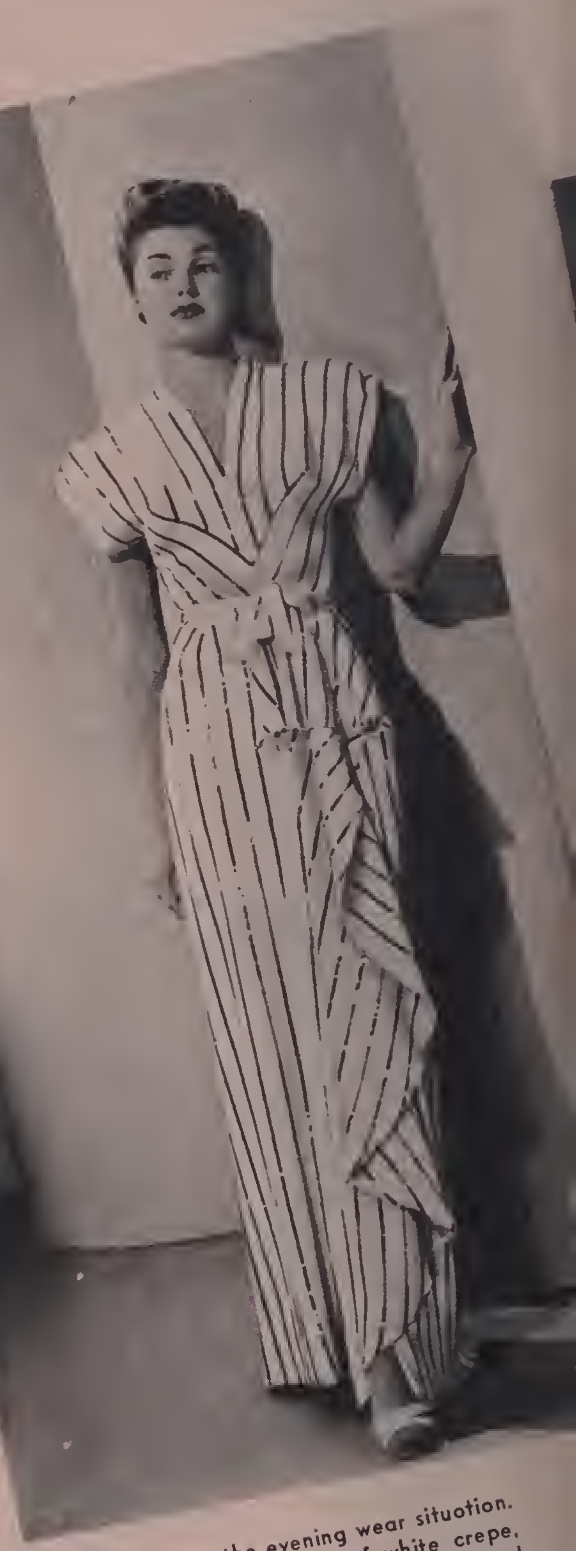
A WONDER WARDROBE



Esther Williams selects outfits that are adaptable to several occasions. To top her suit (for more formality, or warmth, or even both), she adds a finger-length white tweed jacket, with full revers and collar of gray lamb, and a wee bonnet to match.



Irene of MGM fashioned Esther's suit into a two-piece ensemble of light weight wool, with white wool stripes for accent. Here she wears a white dickey and pearls, but colors and accessories can be varied according to mood. The suit itself is adjustable, ready for any daytime wear date and always smartly appropriate.

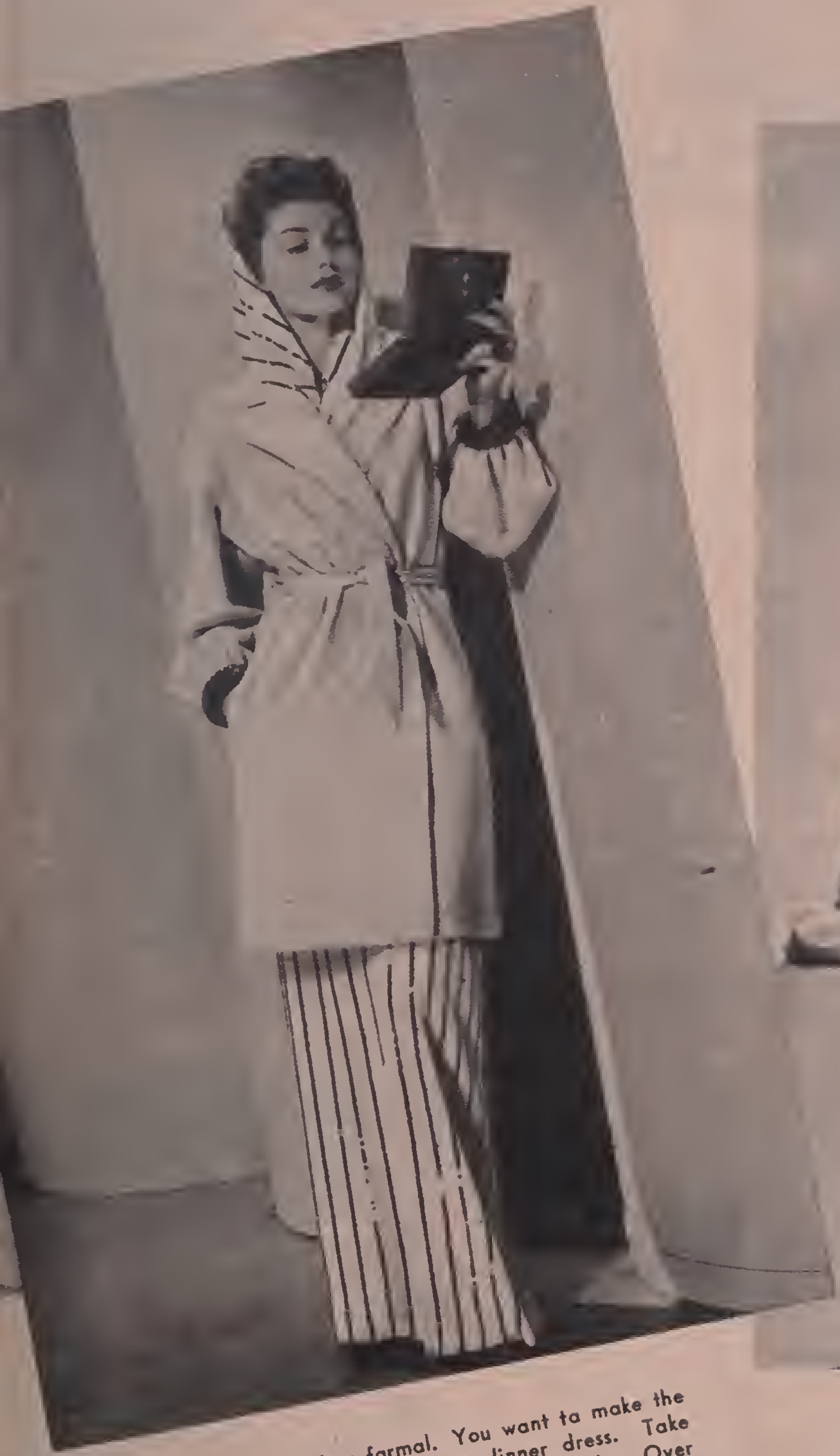


Now to look into the evening wear situation. Esther has this party frock of white crepe, vertically striped with alternate green and red sequins. The front drape falls flatteringly to emphasize the split front effect. But there's the trick! That frill is detachable. On again, off again—just as you wish.

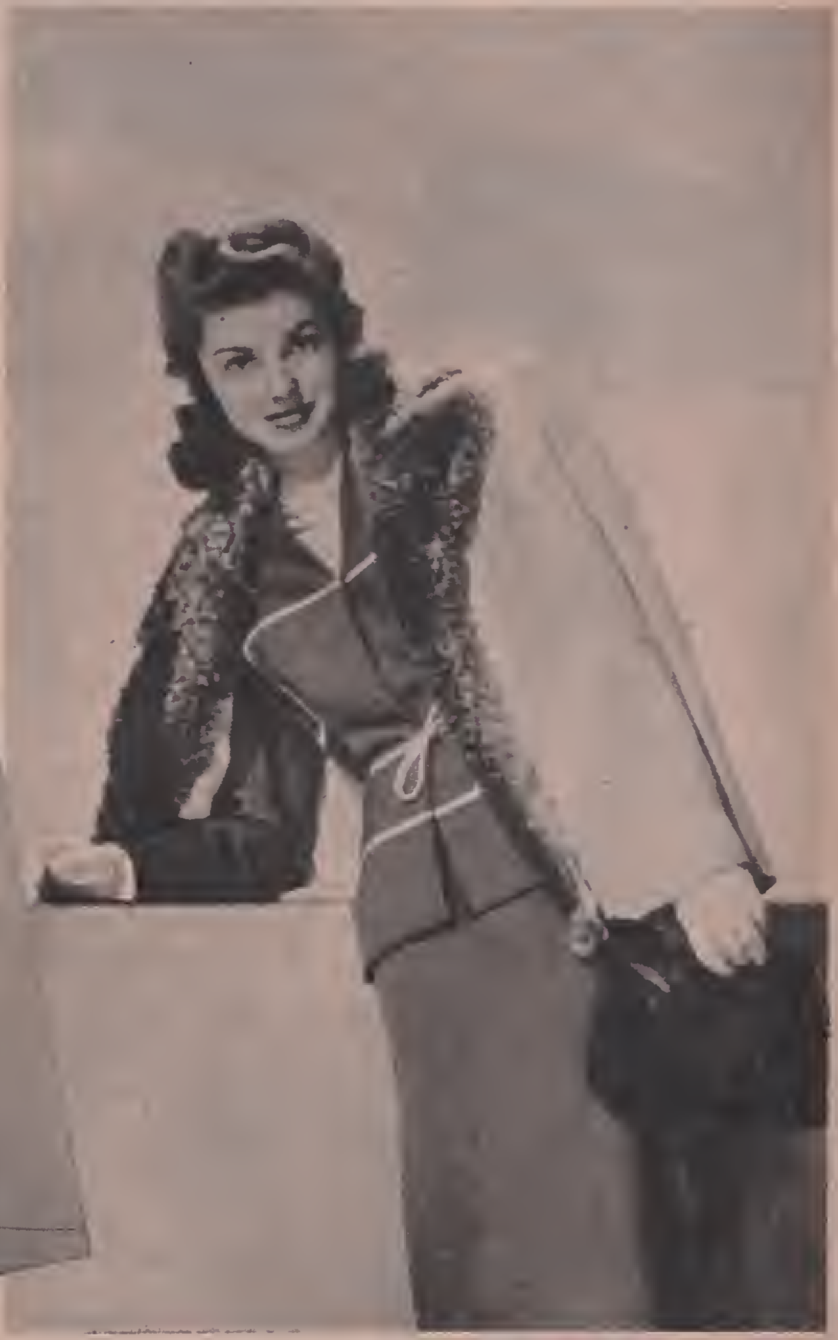
IN TWO SUPER-SMART OUTFITS

Make the most of a minimum—

Look your best but pass that test



Suppose you want to be less formal. You want to make the party dress be a simple but exquisite dinner dress. Take off said frill, use it as a scarf over your locks. Over it all, put your white polo coat (which has many daytime uses). You have green sequin cuffs which you put on the coat sleeves for evening, and presto! The change is made.



Thus a clever girl like Esther Williams always manages to appear dashingly well dressed—and you can, too—without violating any rules. Our government is asking us not to buy any more than we need. That means wise buying, wise planning, careful selection.

MOVIELAND'S 5 Best Pictures of the Month

BY JACK GRANT

UP IN ARMS

(Samuel Goldwyn-RKO)

DANNY KAYE breezes in to establish himself as a solid sender in his first Hollywood picture. The fellow is a terrific entertainer, as he has proved in numerous Broadway musicals, nightclubs and as a singer of distinctive songs on phonograph records. He has a chance to do two of his most favored numbers in "Up In Arms," that parody about the superabundance of screen credits in movies and the yammer to the strains of Rubinstein's "Melody in F" about a draftee's experiences in the Army. Each time he brings down the house, as well as physically knocking himself out. A very funny fellow is Danny Kaye.

He plays a hypochondriac in "Up In Arms," enjoying his imaginary illnesses so intensely that he gets a job as an elevator boy in a physicians' center. He is happy to be in such close contact with the doctors he patronizes. Imagine his surprise when he is found to be physically fit for Army service in the draft. Then darned if he doesn't go out to win a medal for bravery against the Japs. How he blunders into his feat of daring should remain his secret.

There are a lot of riotous laughs in the Samuel Goldwyn farce mostly contributed by Kaye. Dana Andrews plays his buddy in service and their best girls get to go along to war when Dinah Shore and Constance Dowling join the WACs. All of the beauteous Goldwyn Girls are WACs, too Dinah gets the chance to turn loose her soft, sweet and low voice on several songs, best of which is something called "Now I Know." Constance Dowling hardly means anything in her film debut

LIFEBOAT

(20th Century-Fox)

DIRECTOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK has many admirers in Hollywood, but even the most ardent among them had reason to fear that he had undertaken an impossible job in filming "Lifeboat." It was Hitch's own idea to make a picture about a small group of survivors of a ship sinking, who are adrift on the Atlantic in an open boat. John Steinbeck, the novelist, wrote a story for him dealing with the interplay of human emotions under duress, a tale of human strengths, weaknesses and even treachery. The director insisted upon staging the action within the cramped confines of a 26-foot lifeboat, no flashbacks to the previous lives of the nine characters in his cast. He wanted us to meet them as they met one another.

The result is one of the most amazing entertainments of the year, an absorbing drama that sustains interest without pause. Hitchcock, the master of suspense, takes you on a theatrical experience which leaves you limp with excitement.

Headed by Tallulah Bankhead in a dynamic return to the screen, the cast is all-star. Tallu is the elegant international journalist in the plot. "Lifeboat" will launch a new star in John Hodiak who makes a smashing hit as the shipwrecked oiler. The balance of the cast is equally superb: William Bendix is a sailor from Brooklyn; Walter Slezak, a German rescued from the U-boat; Mary Anderson, an appealing American nurse; Henry Hull, an industrialist; Heather Angel, a grieving young mother; Hume Cronyn, a radio operator; and Canada Lee, an upstanding Negro mess steward. It's a film you must see

THE UNINVITED

(Paramount)

THESE ghosts who are "The Uninvited" are taken with full seriousness in the spine-tingling suspenseful picture that has been made of Dorothy Macardle's best-selling novel. Unlike recent screen wraiths, we are not taken to mingle with them in their lives beyond the grave. You don't have to believe in the supernatural to accept their presence in a bleak house overlooking the Dover Cliffs in England. They simply are realistically there as spirits of good and evil, the good one unable to find rest until her dark secret is known by the daughter she has loved and watched over.

As this daughter, Gail Russell impresses as a brilliant new star in Hollywood. She gives a gloriously fresh performance in mighty fast company, playing a charming romance with Ray Milland whose sister is performed by Ruth Hussey. Then there are Donald Crisp and the priceless Cornelia Otis Skinner, to insure a case of unusual abilities in this Charles Brackett production.

The house on the cliffs has long been vacant when Milland and his sister purchase it from the elderly patrician who has determined to keep the secret of its haunting. He tries to prevent the friendship of his granddaughter with the new tenants, but inevitably her problem becomes theirs. One of the spirits is identified as that of her mother; the other a woman who was her father's mistress. What the living do about this frightening pair is legitimately designed to give you that edge-of-the-seat feeling. Its eeriness is dramatically valid, and you should not refuse the invitation to "The Uninvited."

IN OUR TIME

(Warner Bros.)

ACCORDING to the empty promises of the Hitler appeasers, there was to be nothing but peace "In Our Time." Many of us deluded ourselves that these promises would be fulfilled. That was in the fall of 1939 and before the fall of Poland.

Poland is the locale of "In Our Time," which tells of the romantic marriage of an English girl to a titled Polish aristocrat of proud family. Ida Lupino gives a soft, warm performance of the girl, and Paul Henreid is properly dashing as the Count. Their splendid love causes her to brave the wrath of his baronial uncle and introduce modern improvements in the operation of the estate. She is well on the way to pointing a new life for the peasants, who have clung to the medieval manner of existence, when the fury of the Nazi attack breaks in the first bombing of Warsaw. The failure of the counterattack in which motorized panzer divisions annihilated the cavalry is not depicted, merely described. But Poland did not fall without a stout-hearted defense. From that defense comes other promises that can be kept.

Several parts of this story lack the sharp focus in dealing with realities that distinguished such works as "Watch on the Rhine." Yet there is no want of sharpness in the characterizations. Supporting Ida and Henreid, who are really fine, is a superb actor, one Michael Chekhov, whose Uncle Leopold will win your heart. Among others of note are Nazimova, Victor Françen, Mary Boland and Nancy Coleman. Because of their portrayals, your time will not be wasted by "In Our Time."

THE SULLIVANS

(20th Century-Fox)

HERE is the greatest motion picture that has come from the headlines of the current world war. It is not a story of conflict—there is only one battle scene in the whole film. Rather is it a glorious, heartwarming comedy of family life that honestly typifies the spirit of America for which millions are fighting.

Actually all five of the sons of Mom and Pop Sullivan were lost at the same time in the sinking of the cruiser Juneau off Guadalcanal. They died as they had lived—together in the bonds of their proud family ties. And when you are moved to tears by their loss, there will be pride in your weeping—pride in the American heritage their sacrifice allows you to share.

All baptized at the same time, they all slid down the banisters of their modest home in Waterloo, Iowa. They scrapped among themselves, but presented a united front against anyone else who sought a fight. That's what caused them to demand that the Navy assign them all to the same ship.

Al, the youngest Sullivan, was always the one for whom the other brothers had to wait. Yet he was the first to fall in love, marry, and make uncles of the others. The role of Al has a shade the best of the story, a fact capitalized upon by Bobby Driscoll, as the child, and Edward Ryan, as the grown-up. The rest of the brothers are also cleverly performed by screen newcomers, and Anne Baxter delivers a charming portrait of Katherine Mary, the bride. Thomas Mitchell is a splendid Dad, and Selena Royle a priceless Mom. Trudy Marshall is the lovely sister.

RYAN—THE RIP ROARING ADVENTURER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

The next time we saw Ryan he was working in "Bombardier." But he wasn't the star. Pat O'Brien was. And there were a host of players with bigger parts than Ryan had.

"They tell me the part isn't big," Ryan said. "But they say it will do things for me."

"Bombardier" didn't do it. Nor did the role of the fighting Irishman in "Behind the Rising Sun," nor the role of the priest in "The Iron Major." It was the smallest bit in his short screen career that did the trick for Bob Ryan.

Producer David Hempstead needed someone to play Fred Astaire's Flying Tiger pal in "The Sky's the Limit." Ryan—by this time he was winding up his affairs preparatory to getting into the army and he didn't care what happened to him in pictures—donned a Flying Tiger uniform, memorized his eight or ten lines of dialogue and did his stint. That, he felt, was that.

It wasn't. "The Sky's the Limit" was previewed. The comment cards poured in and most of them wanted to know who was the guy with the bushy hair and the grin.

It was previewed again, and more comment cards asked the same question. So did Ginger Rogers, who saw the second preview as guest of her former dance partner, Fred Astaire. Miss Rogers had just been handed the "Tender Comrade" script and was on the lookout for a leading man. So the next thing he knew, Ryan was sitting in a hammock on set three asking Ginger to marry him, while the camera put his first screen kiss on film.

That's Ryan's Hollywood story. But it's only a moment in the story of his adventurous, rip-roaring life.

He's a big guy. Six feet three and a quarter inches tall with the sloping shoulders of a boxer and a head of unruly black hair. Six feet isn't tall for a Ryan. His father was six foot four. One of his uncles towered six feet eight above the Chicago sidewalks, where Bob was born November 11, 1909. (We don't mean he was born on the sidewalk—it was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Ryan that the event occurred.)

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Ryan immediately began figuring out what their son should do.

"I want him to be a violinist," said Mrs. Ryan.

"In Chicago?" asked the shocked father. "The only thing you can use a violin for in Chicago is to carry a machine gun around in the case. Bob will take boxing lessons, not fiddle lessons."

So Bob took boxing lessons, a thing he has never regretted. In high school, Bob played football and wrote bad poetry. In Dartmouth he played football, became heavyweight boxing champion, and tried to learn to write.

Though Bob's father was a fairly successful contractor, he didn't believe in pampering his son. Bob had to pay part of his way through Dartmouth. He worked summer vacations, first on a dude ranch in Northwest Montana, then in the summer and winter of 1929 as a salesman for cemetery lots.

"My sales argument," he remembers, "was that I was selling something permanent."

He sold plots in graveyards, until the financial world came down around the country's ears. Then nothing would sell, not even something as permanent as a plot six by six by two. So he went back to college, and in his last college vacation he became an unwitting mobster in the Chicago underworld.

"I answered an ad," he says. "An oil man wanted a chauffeur. He took one look at me and said I was it. I ferried him around for two weeks before I discovered he was a bootlegger and that he was taking me along as a bodyguard. I wanted to stay in one piece so I resigned."

Ryan remembers 1932 as the year they handed him a sheepskin and sent him out into a world that was pretty cynical about sheepskins. The market for cemetery lots was nonexistent. The bootlegger who had hired him was in the pokey. The dude ranch business was shot to pieces. But Chicago was extending its sewer system and sandhogs were needed in the tunnels. So Ryan grabbed a pick and shovel and went to work underground. The only thing exciting in that phase of his life was when he saved himself from falling down a seventy-foot shaft by grabbing the side bar of a broken elevator.

It was hard work, dangerous and dull. Ryan got fed up. Two friends came along with a tempting idea. There was still gold in Montana. They knew a man with a placer mine who would let them in on shares. How about it?

"I thought it over," Ryan says. "I thought of being out in the sun and the wind. I thought of seeing hills and open sky again. So away we went, in a car with a top speed of twenty-five miles an hour."

For four months, they toiled for gold, ten hours a day, seven days a week. They lived in a roofless shack and food was scarce. Finally the

Tallulah Bankhead (she just finished "Lifeboat" for 20th Century-Fox), back in New York and at the Stork Club with Glen Anders, chatting with a friend.

Veronica Lake at the Clover Club with Director Jean Negulesco. It's romance!

Best-looking couple. It's Jimmy Craig and Mrs. Jimmy, at the Mocambo.

partners weighed their poke of dust, found they had eight dollars to split three ways. So they crossed the border to Fernie, British Columbia, and had an eight dollar party and then worked their way home.

Things were not good in Chicago. The only job Bob was able to round up was with a loan shark agency. He was a collector. But only for two weeks. Then he split his pay with some of the people he was supposed to collect from and headed for New York to be a newspaperman.

"I couldn't even get a job as an office boy," he recalls. "The streets were lousy with good reporters out of work and there I was, not knowing a box from a byline."

That was a cold winter. Ryan lived in Greenwich Village with two other impoverished boys and they spent their time hunting work. Bob finally found it, with an advertising agency. He became a photograhper's model. He posed for cigarette ads. He posed for alcohol ads.

"I didn't like it," Ryan says. "I didn't like it at all. One of my pals got married. I went to the wedding. I met a goodnatured sea captain at the wedding and next morning I was on his freighter in the black gang, and the freighter was headed for the East coast of Africa."

There was a time in Ryan's life when he thought Eugene O'Neill's plays about life at sea were a trifle overdrawn. That trip in the freighter convinced him O'Neill knew what he was talking about. He worked eight-hour shifts in a temperature of 130 degrees. In Portuguese East Africa he saw native workmen eating raw sheep heads. In a storm in mid-Atlantic he saw a woman try to throw her little boy overboard.

At Trinidad on the long voyage home, a letter from his father caught up with him. Timothy Ryan had a broken leg. There was work for his son to do. So Bob hurried home and became supervisor on a tunnel job for the Chicago drainage canal system.

An accident underground brought Ryan back to the surface of the earth for good. Four men were killed when a pick hit an unexploded dynamite charge. He got a supervisor's job on a street paving project. He did some thinking, a whole lot of thinking. It occurred to him suddenly that he had been marking time most of his life, that what he wanted to do was act and write and direct.

How does a man who knows nothing about the theater go about getting a job? That was the question facing Bob Ryan. His first gesture was talking to the principal of a girl's school into letting him direct "Dear Brutus." The next was studying under Edward Boyle, noted Chicago teacher.

Meanwhile, he had saved $300 and along came another friend with another proposition. The friend wanted money for an oil well being drilled in Michigan.

For once, the money put into an oil well by an amateur investor paid out. "The next thing I knew," Bob says, "the well came in and I was getting $200 a month. I was rich. So I headed west to Hollywood and enrolled in the Reinhardt workshop."

He studied acting, voice, theater history, fencing, designing. He even became a fair ballet dancer. He remembers his term at the workshop fondly. There it was that he met Jessica Cadwalader. She's a blonde with blue eyes and a figure that would win any Miss America contest. She started out to be an actress, wound up by writing a play, "Dark Corner," that was produced this year. A month after she and Bob met, they agreed to love, honor and obey each other, and they have had no trouble doing exactly that ever since.

It was in March, 1939, that the Ryans were married. They had a hundred dollars and a lot of hopes. The hundred dollars gave out and Corey Ford came to the rescue with his $250 loan.

"This is a precarious business, kid," Ford wrote when he sent Ryan the money. "Keep it until you're sure."

Ryan wasn't sure for quite a while. He worked as part time assistant director to Reinhardt. He picked up a dollar a lesson from Hollywood kids who wanted to learn to box. He made his professional debut as an actor in "Too Many Husbands" at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles and next day read one review which said: "We understand Mr. Ryan used to be a boxer. Last night he talked as though he had forgotten to take his mouthpiece out."

Eventually, all aspiring actors head for New York. The Ryans did. They thumbed a ride east and landed in Dennis, Mass. There is a famous summer theater in Dennis—the Cape Playhouse—and there it was that Ryan appeared in support of Luise Rainer in "A Kiss For Cinderella."

"I thought it was just one of those jobs," says Ryan. "It wasn't. It got me my break."

For Miss Rainer was married to Clifford Odets and Odets had written a play called "Clash By Night"—and Odets, Tallulah Bankhead and Producer Billy Rose were looking for a juvenile.

"Bob is it," said Miss Rainer.

Odets, Bankhead and Rose agreed. So Ryan went into "Clash By Night." Pare Lorentz saw it and Ryan for "Name, Age and Occupation."

Which brings us right back to where we started, with Corey Ford and the two hundred and fifty bucks.

The day Ginger Rogers tagged Ryan for "Tender Comrade" Ryan again wrote out a check for $250 and mailed it to Ford with this note: "This time I'm really sure."

"Apparently Corey believes me," Ryan says. "Anyway he cashed the check. Maybe that's a good sign. Or maybe it's because my next employer is Uncle Sam—a guy who's to be trusted."

Letter FROM A BOY IN THE SERVICE

Seems funny writing to a fan magazine (I used to write for pictures), but the aftermath of a tough invasion and tough battle for an island, the fact that pomegranates within reach and grapes a few feet away are inviting, all tend to mellow my mood. So strictly as a fan, I am writing you of a show that came to us doggies of the infantry in Sicily not too far from Mt. Etna.

Bob Hope and Al Jolson both staged a hit performance for the 1st Infantry Division. You may have heard of us—the 1st is a fighting outfit and seldom do we get the chance the dogfaces do back in the States to enjoy a good show.

It was shortly after the fall of Massarina that Hope visited us, but what I wanted to write about was Adolphe Menjou and Anna Lee. Anna made two appearances for the 16th Inf. Regiment—that's my outfit. Menjou held an unusual Information Please routine—he invited doggies to fire any questions of Hollywood at him. They fired, he fired right back.

Anna caused a riot and brought forth a salvo of hurrahs when she got a coy doggie on the improvised stage and invited him to kiss her. He did—on the cheek—the same doggie that knocked out a sniper when we were entering Treina. That's what Hollywood does to a combat line infantryman.

By the way, if this letter wins any kind of prize, don't send me money because it's useless where we are. Send me a box of good Havana cigars.

Cpl. Samuel Fuller,
Reg. Hdq., 16th Infantry
A.P.O. 1, c/a Postmaster
New York City.

(Editor's Note: Ten dollars worth of cigars and our thanks are already en route to Cpl. Fuller.)

Beginner Earns $1,819

"Today I received a check for $165 for a story. Another I sold for $34. Not bad for a beginner, is it? The other day I counted up just how much I have made previously. It amounted to $1,620.00."—MRS. L. L. GRAY, 579 E. McHarg Ave., Stamford, Texas.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on school and social matters, business, household affairs, fashions, human interest stories, gardening, decorating, travels and war activities, as well.

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

of Duffy's Tavern is moving east for thirteen weeks, I would like to rent my palatious home in Bel-Air. I got a tennis court, swimming pool, a lawn so adjacent one may engage in cricket, croquet, polo (if played with Shetland ponies) and other sports. I got a victory garden, fruit trees—oranges, lemons, limes, avacarbons and them Mexican peaches. The house itself has a three-car garage, two servants rooms, three large bedrooms, with dressing rooms and separate bath, an office, a radio room, a powder room and a large living room with one of Steinway's grand pianos. Tremendous kitchen, dining room, etc., to say nothing of liberry with a vanishing bar and a game room with a pool table and pingpong table. Here is a chance for a banker or a business tycoon to live like a wealthy bartender for three months, providing he will be kind to the furniture, the carpets, the servants and the gardener. Call Ed "Archie" Gardner for appointment, Br. 04597. This ain't kiddin'."

They rented the house after showing it to three people, and had sixty calls begging to rent the house.

MOVING OUT TO THE VALLEY

Marwyck has been sold again. Originally, the large ranch in San Fernando Valley belonged jointly to Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Zeppo Marx. It was a horse ranch and one of the show places in California. They finally gave it up as a bad business venture and sold it to Venita Oakie, Jack's wife. She raised Afghan hounds.

She gave it up and now Mary Pickford and the dress designer Adrian have purchased it. There are two beautiful homes on the place, so Adrian has moved his wife, Janet Gaynor, and his little son, Robin, out there. Mary and Buddy plan to move out there this summer with their adopted children. They are going to farm the place, and we wonder if all the hands are going to wear Adrian creations.

ALSOP'S FABLES, WITH MUSIC

Those singing commercials you hear on the radio are the brain children of Carleton Alsop, husband of Martha Scott. Alsop originated them three years ago when he was a radio executive in New York. Martha thinks they are wonderful and even sings some of them.

Gary Cooper, fourteen pounds lighter since his overseas trip, chats with Joan Leslie at Warner Bros.' big Army-Navy party.

BLONDELL GOES TO BROADWAY

Alas, there's another parting in Hollywood of two very nice people, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. They have been married for eight years, and for a considerable amount of them there was a very happy home, what with the two children.

For once, it can't be blamed on that old "two careers" alibi. In fact, the separation can more nearly be blamed on the lack of their two careers.

When Joan and Dick married, they were both under contract to Warner's, both at the peak. Each had had one unhappy marriage. Both of them very much wanted to settle down to be blissful ever after. You never saw two more delighted people than when their daughter was born.

When Dick didn't re-sign with Warners and when he decided, unwisely in my very personal opinion, that he didn't want to sing on screen anymore, it was, in a way, the beginning of the end of the romance. An actor simply must act to be happy.

Not very long after, Joan's career began to get sparse. She worked more often than Dick did, but still not enough to occupy all the energies of a girl who'd known the spotlight since childhood.

While Dick staged a recent mild comeback at Paramount, Joan has been East hunting for a really good Broadway show.

The parting is not one of those "friendly" ones.

A NEW MARRIAGE FOR VIDOR

But, thank heaven, Cupid doesn't get discouraged in our town.

By the time you read this, unless something goes surprisingly awry, Evelyn Keyes will be Mrs. Charles (director) Vidor. She is a distinctive, lovely girl, this Evelyn, and has been deeply in love with Charles Vidor practically from the day of their first meeting.

The obstacle to their marriage, long before this, was the fact that Vidor was married to the silent star, Karen Morley. The divorce became final in March.

JUST BACK FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

I had the privilege of talking with Gary Cooper, Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks a few days after they returned from their tour of the South Pacific war front.

I never saw three so different people so deeply moved. None of them was either funny or dramatic about the experience, but all of them—and this goes for Gary, too—couldn't talk about our boys at all except with tears in their eyes.

Coop said, his voice ragged with sincerity, "I don't want any publicity on this, but you can do me a service. You get around and see lots of players. You tell every actor and actress you see that to go out and play for our troops is a privilege."

Una said, "Oh, Ruth, when you see those boys in those steaming jungles, and all they want you to sing is 'White Christmas' . . . oh!"

She had gone to sick bay to get a toenail treated. The toenail had been torn nearly off, when she'd been dragged hastily into a slit trench as Tojo flew over.

The doctor was a dignified man of about thirty-five, but as she removed her heavy jungle boot, her thick stocking, his hands began to shake. His face got white and he finally said, "I'm so sorry, Miss Merkel, but I'll have to call someone else to treat you."

Una looked at him wide-eyed.

He said, "You see I haven't seen a white woman for eighteen months."

WHAT'S YOUR RANK, DRIVER?

Not long ago, Maureen O'Hara was on her way to a party. She saw a lonely looking uniformed man standing on a corner and asked him if he would like to go with her. The guy snapped up the chance.

He was so funny and joined in so nicely that he practically made the party. His uniform was quite handsome, but not familiar to the guests, so finally someone asked him what branch of the service he was in.

He said, "I'm not a soldier, I'm a Greyhound Bus Driver."

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 62

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

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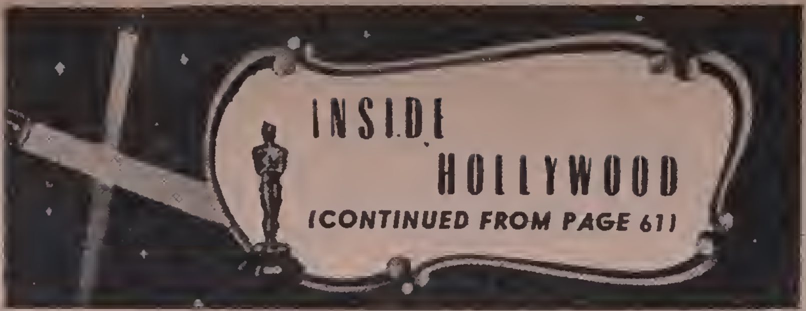

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61)

RITA'D RATHER BE WITH ORSON

The vivid romance that brought together Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles has been made to burn the brighter by their marriage. Rita, that most unusual combination of beauty and genuine sweetness, has worked ever since girlhood. Orson, as an infant prodigy, has also been before the public for a disproportionate amount of his twenty-eight years. Therefore, you know it's a very real love when two such people renounce personal ambition merely to be with one another.

Orson could have gone to London to star in a great British production of "War and Peace." He turned it down because Rita wouldn't be able to be with him. Rita could, at this moment, have anything her gentle heart desires from any studio, with her home studio, Columbia, pulling out its hair and its bankroll trying to keep her constantly in front of a camera. But Rita has run away from all the offers, to be in the East with Orson. Frantic phone calls and wires mean nothing to her. She doesn't even bother to answer them. She'll return to Hollywood when Orson returns, not before.

The Hollywood whispers have it that the stork may be hovering over Rita these days, but so far that is not officially confirmed. What a wonder child that would be! You remember the old crack when somebody discussed with the great Shaw his considering having a child with Isadora Duncan. Said Shaw, "But suppose it got her brains and my body?"

With Orson and Rita, whatever the inheritance, you'd still have an amazing personality.

DEPRESSED—BUT DETERMINED

Alan Ladd is determined to go overseas to entertain the soldiers. He feels deeply depressed over his return to civilian life and spends much time in the Hollywood Canteen. Doctors gave him six months to get back to normal health, and Paramount had better get their pictures done—because the quiet Ladd always does what he makes up his mind to do. Cute little Susie will be with him. They are working up an act together.

NEAR-FIGHT DEPARTMENT

When Mary Martin went east to appear in the Broadway hit, "One Touch of Venus," she rented her little bandbox of a home to Judy Garland.

First blows came when Mary nearly returned to the Coast and asked Judy to vacate. What with the housing shortage and a lease, Miss Garland declined. This was settled when Mary's show clicked and she didn't return.

But next, Mary started to decorate a New York apartment and decided she must have twelve Holbein prints from her Hollywood house. Judy declined to send them. Mary insisted. Judy declined, said Mary could have anything else in the house but not those prints. Mary said she wanted them.

This was all very dignified but firm on each side. Finally, M-G-M came to the rescue in the shape of Ed Willis, head decorator for the studio. He sent Judy one dozen exquisitely framed Victoria flower prints that exactly fitted the wall space.

So Judy sent Mary the Holbeins and everything is fine.

AH, NOW AIN'T THAT SWEET!

Pat O'Brien celebrated his birthday by presenting Mrs. Pat with a precious and unique gift—a pair of earrings in which were set, like cameos, the profiled images of their daughters, Mavourneen and Sean. Mrs. O'Brien wears the portrait of Mavourneen on one lobe and Sean on the other.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 64

A HUNCH HE CAN'T EXPLAIN

The big guy known as Victor McLaglen, Provost Marshal of Bagdad, India, sat in his sparsely furnished, clay-walled office. It was just shortly after the armistice of World War I. The issue at hand was the trial of a frightened native boy, accused of theft. When the Marshal had heard all the evidence, he acquitted the lad, stating there was insufficient testimony to prove his guilt. The boy fell upon his knees and reverently stroked the Provost's boot. He rushed from the office to return in a few short moments with a hand-sized hunk of elephant hide and tossed it on the Provost's desk. "This is all I have to thank you—but it will bring you great luck."

Through his many adventuring years, Victor McLaglen carried the elephant hide among his trappings, more from sentiment than superstition.

It was late in 1943. Twentieth Century-Fox's he-man star had completed his newest picture, "Tampico," and was in his dressing room packing letters and papers into a case to take to his ranch in the north. He came across the small square of hide, tucked away in the binding of a book. Grinning in memory of its presentation, Vic crammed it into his pocket.

A few minutes later, Vic was stepping into his car to take off for the three hundred mile drive to his northern ranch, when the production department notified him he'd have to wait over for one additional scene. Vic told his driver to proceed with the car, and he'd take a plane north the following morning. Three hours later, the news came—Vic's car had plunged into a ditch. The driver was killed, the car completely demolished. The native boy's "great luck" promise to Vic McLaglen had been grimly fulfilled—twenty-three years later.

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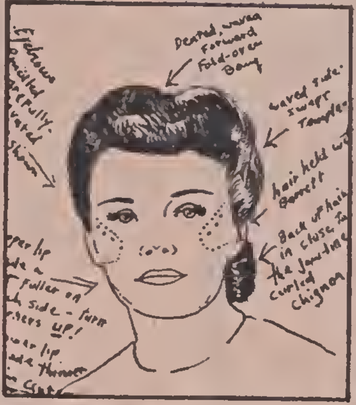
1 **Before** Mrs. George McKnight, of Wakefield, N. Y. enrolled in the Powers Home Course, she lacked pep, vitality and poise—felt discouraged about her looks.



Eyebrows pencilled carefully, elevated shown
Dented, waved Forward Fold-over Bang
Waved side-swept Temples
hair held with Barrett
Back of hair in close to the Jawline Curled Chignon
per lip de a fuller on h side - turn ners up!
wer lip ake thinner

2 **Her "Photo-Revise,"** one of the exclusive, personalized features of the Powers Home Course, showed her the best hair arrangement, make-up "tricks" just for *her*.

3 (*Above*) **The lovely, appealing person** Mrs. McKnight became after her Powers training. Shining hair, beautifully arranged, clear skin, eyes with just the right touch of make-up.

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE CAN DO FOR YOU . . .

A few of its 60 exclusive features:

YOUR FIGURE: Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. Individual figure correctives. Illustrated, personalized for *your* requirements.

YOUR MAKE-UP AND HAIR-DO: Powers "Photo-Revise," individually drawn over your own picture by an expert. Shows your beauty highlights, ideal make-up and hair-do to emphasize your best features.

YOUR GROOMING: Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short-cuts to good grooming.

YOUR STYLE: How to save up to 3 times the price of this course and still be "best-dressed." Your own Color Chart—Drama in accessories for YOU!

YOUR VOICE: Simple but effective exercises to make your voice and speech more attractive.

YOUR GRACE: How to walk and stand for beauty—as a Powers Girl. How to acquire poise.

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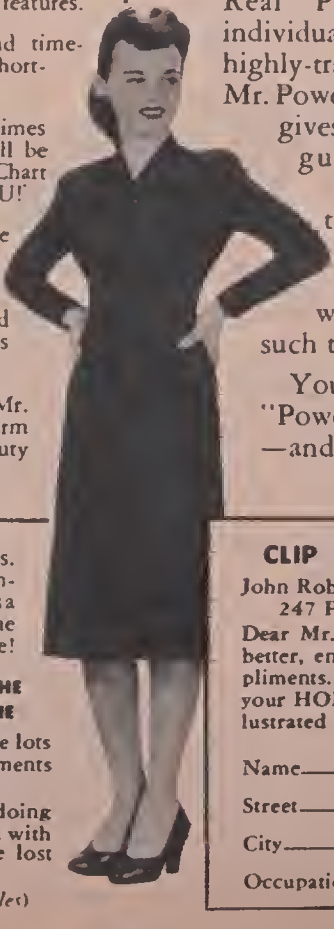
You've heard of the famous Powers School, where "just average" girls are transformed into beauties. Now *you* can have the exclusive advantages of Mr. Powers' training *right in your own home.* Real "Powers Girl" techniques, individually prescribed for *you.* A highly-trained faculty works with Mr. Powers on *your* special problems, gives you sympathetic, personal guidance and instruction throughout the 7 weeks of the Course. You learn all the personal beauty technique that has given the world's most envied women such thrilling benefits.

You'll find every step of the "Powers Way" easy, fascinating—and wonderfully *rewarding!*



(*Right*) **The poised, self-confident** Mrs. McKnight of today, beautifully groomed and trim of figure. Best of all, she feels a hundred per cent *alive*, now she's the vital, attractive girl she was meant to be!

WHAT OUR GRADUATES TELL US THE POWERS HOME COURSE HAS DONE

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". . . After only 5 fascinating weeks of doing the right things, so easily, sensibly and with such fun, my figure is just right. I've lost 10 lbs!"

(*above quotations from letters in our files*)

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62)

SOMETHING TO TELL ABOUT!

Ida Lupino was like a school girl all month, carrying that newspaper clipping of Capt. Louis Hayward's action under fire with the marines at Tarawa, around with her everywhere she went, and proudly displaying it for friends to read.

She and Eddie Albert's mother (Eddie was with one of the naval units covering the marines' landing) had never met before, but the morning that news story broke on Louis and Eddie, Ida went directly to Mrs. Albert's home and the two women got together for hours afterward to chat about "their boys" and compare letters and photographs they'd each received.

Most of us in Hollywood still can't visualize the super-sensitive, highly idealistic actor Louis Hayward slugging it out with the marines in the toughest battle of their history. Yet thus it is.

GAGS 'N GOSSIP STUFF

Walter Pidgeon appears all through "Madame Curie" wearing a very handsome beard. In all the newspaper advertisements and billboard displays, however, he is clean shaven. Metro pondered for days about this and decided the bobby-sock trade would stay away in droves if they let them know, before they got into the theaters, that their idol wore whiskers. . . . Alfred Hichcock lost one hundred pounds. Recently when he was in London a wag said, "We never knew the food shortage was so bad in America." . . . Report that Clark Gable and Virginia Bruce were engaged drew them apart in a hurry and Clark's now seeing almost daily the beauteous Kay Williams, who used to be married to the South American millionaire Macacco. . . . Irene Dunne, who has a new birth of success with "A Guy Named Joe" and "The White Cliffs of Dover," is in private life playing second fiddle to her daughter, Mary Frances, aged about ten. Mary Frances is playing Snow White in her school play and mommy has to coach her. . . . Mickey Rooney is always late for his dates. Girls have always waited, until little June Haver waited twenty minutes, called another boy and went out. Mickey was burned, but on time the next time she gave him a date.

Expectantly yours! Betty Grable dines with hubby Harry James at the Palladium.

Lt. Comdr. Bob Montgomery, in Hollywood on furlough—with his pal, George Murphy.

BECOME the kind of Person You *DREAM* of Being

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL. CHARMING AND POPULAR AT ONCE!

WIN LOVE, SOCIAL PLEASURES and HAPPINESS

Do you know how to make yourself **most** attractive? How to dramatize your good points and conceal your faults? If you are short, to dress, groom and utilize optical illusions to appear taller? If stout, to appear slimmer? Do you know the little things to do to your hair? The latest tricks in applying lipstick, rouge, powder? Do you wear the kind and colors of clothes that are **really most** becoming to you, or because they are in style? How to keep up with current events—cultivate your mind? Do you understand MEN? How to become popular and sought after? How to win and hold a man's love?

Take Those Kinks Out of Your Appearance, Personality and Mind!

Here is an amazing book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY," by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities), which is a COMPLETE GUIDE to the problems in a Woman's Life. Its scope is amazing! It covers everything—the beauty aids, the clothes, the grooming, the etiquette, the personal manner, the active mind—which all together cast that spell called "CHARM." Here you will find the ideas and methods of improving yourself and improving your relations with others.

Whether in a Friend's House, Theatre or Restaurant—at a Dance, Wedding or Tête-à-tête—in a Man's Apartment or Your Own Home—this remarkable and comprehensive book tells you what to wear, how to act, what to do, what to talk about, how to avoid embarrassments—how to be poised, assured and at your best—on EVERY OCCASION! Here you will find the ways and means of changing yourself from a possible drab, dicouraged stay-at-home person to a New Beauty of Face and Figure, a New Charm of Manner and Personality, a New Phase of Being Liked and Loved.

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49 illustrations

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YOUR GUIDE TO CHARM

Part of Contents

SECTION 1— WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF—

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a woman smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed — never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
28. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding Interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be Interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. What to do if your husband flirts; if someone's husband flirts with you.
41. Having a good time at a party.
42. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
43. How are your telephone manners?
44. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
45. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
48. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
47. Some age-old problems and their answers: To kiss or not to kiss; to drink or not; can a woman visit a man's apartment; can you invite a man to your room?
48. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
49. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
50. How to handle the question of money matters; with husband, friends, etc.
51. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
52. Those difficult forties and fifties—the change of life.
53. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
54. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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to be **well-groomed, well-dressed,** and **well-mannered!** In "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" you will find a step-by-step program for YOUR needs. First, to examine yourself critically. Then simply to apply the information in the book to your case. No rules or exercises to memorize or practice. **Just read the book** and **apply the information.**

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DR. PIERRE'S
BORO PHENO FORM

ELLA RAINES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

Ken Trout, today Captain Kenneth Trout, U. S. Army Air Corps pilot, a hero who has won the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and Presidential Citation.

At the conclusion of her junior year, Ella's parents gave her permission to spend the summer in Hollywood, to do Little Theater parts and even a scrap of extra work if it should come her way.

Ella selected a small but charming apartment in the heart of Hollywood. For company, she shared it with a chum, Virginia Brooker, whom she had known for a long time and who had had considerable success as a comedienne.

"The summer went by terribly fast," Ella says. "There were plenty of dates, and there was plenty of work to do, too. Before we knew it, the summer was over, and Labor Day was at hand. We'd soon have to break up our little home. I was going back to the University to graduate, then try for a career on the stage. So we planned a really big clambake for that final holiday."

The fateful Labor Day started out with great promise. Virginia, who did most of the cooking, went out early to shop for a ham that was to be the main dish of the big dinner they planned. Ella headed for the beach for a swim, taking with her a large quantity of sunburn lotion.

"I returned home later, and when I found that Virginia was still out, I decided to start the ham," Ella relates. "I reached into the oven with a match. There was a horrible explosion and flames enveloped me. I was thrown backward, my clothing and hair on fire."

With her bare hands, Ella beat out the flames before she fainted. Neighbors summoned the fire department and an ambulance. It was several days later in the hospital that Ella realized she was nearly blinded, that her hair had been burned an inch and a half back on her head, and that her eyebrows and eyelashes were gone. There were first and second degree burns all over her face. She struggled to see, but when she focused her eyes everything blurred.

"The shock was so great that physical pain didn't set in immediately. In those first horrible moments of realization, I had only one prayer; no matter how scarred I was, let me recover my sight.

"It seems that when I was placed in the ambulance, the first thing I had done was to put my hand to my cheek. The skin had stuck to it! Doctors told me later that the only thing which saved me from permanent tissue scars was the greasy sunburn lotion still left on my skin from the beach."

So now she lay in a hospital, her face enclosed in a mask. Her hands were "all wrapped up, until I looked as if I had on boxing gloves." She was fed through a glass straw, and the faces of her nurses, her parents and her friends were all the same frightening blur. There was nothing left for her but thought and prayer. All her thoughts became prayers and she learned humility from them. She looked back over the short span of her life and realized that she had truly been very, very lucky, and that she had not only taken this luck for granted, but that she had preened on it and credited herself with being much more clever than she really was. Now all the things which she had taken for granted had been taken away from her—her looks, her sight, her opportunity for a dramatic career, probably love itself.

"I thought about so many things," Ella says. "I thought about my childhood in Snoqualmie Falls, of fishing in the brook which ran by our home there, of swimming in the Samamish Lake, of skiing at Summit, Wash., and at Mt. Rainier. I'd always been active, and I loved outdoor life. Without my sight, nothing would ever be the same again.

"But, more than that, I thought of the years I'd spent trying to learn to sing and act, the friends I had had on the campus at the University, and of Ken, and what he would say when he found that I was scarred for life and probably partially blind."

Time dragged by, slowly, fearfully, until that wonderful day when she could drop the mask. But even then, Ella was covered with what they called "patch" bandages. Even then, she still had no assurance of recovery.

"Only after I had lost so many things, did they become valuable," she declares. "The little things I had always taken for granted became really important. I realized that I hadn't taken full advantage of all the opportunities which were afforded me, and if I ever had them again I'd make full use of them, and be grateful for them. I pledged myself to accept them as gifts from Heaven and to use them humbly."

Slowly the autumn months went by. Winter came and Christmas and New Year's. Ella's strength returned and with it her vision. By spring, when she went back to the University campus, she was quite a different girl from what she had been. Mentally, she had acquired humility and courage. Physically, she was badly marked.

"Where once I had been elected one of the six prettiest girls on the campus," she recalls, "now I was ugly. I had only part of my hair. I had no eyebrows or eyelashes. For a while I wore the bandages. Then, when they were removed finally, I had a large red mark on my right cheek where my hand had touched it that awful day.

"I began developing an inferiority complex and I had to fight it every minute. I soon found out who my real friends were—those who cared for me sincerely and liked me for what good, sound human traits I had. Yet, bitterly, I discovered that they were few and far between. The majority, the fair weather friends, took one look at me and then quickly looked away.

"Fortunately, I was far from Ken and he couldn't see me as I was then. He was stationed at Randolph Field, in Texas, learning how to be a flier, and when he came home on a visit he could see no trace of the accident."

Before another semester rolled around, Ella's hair, eyebrows and eyelashes grew out again.

"I thought I'd never get rid of that last red blotch," Ella says, "but it finally disappeared. It is apparent now only after I've taken a very hot shower. But during that lonely year at college, I came upon an amazing thing. Bit by bit I discovered I'd found a new type of happiness. I learned to be humble and tolerant. I also learned to appreciate the real things of life. I learned to overlook the handicaps of others.

"Through the many unhappy hours of uncertainty and dread, I gained an appreciation and sensitivity that I would never have discovered otherwise, not only in regard to acting, but toward people. I began to appreciate their circumstances and their handicaps. In other words, I stopped being self-centered. I even forgot my self pity. Almost without being aware of it, I found myself, through others, being happy again. When I thought of someone like Virginia Brooker being so constant in her kindness to me when I was more than a thousand miles from my home and my parents after that accident, I knew the depths of human devotion. It is what made an actress of me."

Of course, it's interesting to conjecture what would have happened had those marks not disappeared. Undoubtedly, Ella Raines today wouldn't occupy the envied position on the screen she does, had they remained to haunt her ever after. And would she be the happy wife she is today?

One wonders. A man who has won the distinction Captain Trout has earned in the field, however, wouldn't be of the caliber not to have gone through with the marrage, however marked his bride-to-be might appear—that is, if Ella herself would have agreed to the marriage.

Ella's wedding was an unexpected, hurried occurence. An emergency ceremony, you might say.

Two days before graduation from the University of Washington, with Ella primed for this long-awaited event, she received a wire from Ken, in West Palm Beach, Florida, where he now was stationed. He wanted to know if they couldn't be wed, immediately. He was about to go overseas, and asked if she wouldn't fly down at once from Seattle for the ceremony.

Forgetting everything but that the man she loved was about to leave the country, and that she might never see him again, Ella hopped a plane next day—the day before the graduation she had looked forward to all the years of her college life—and without a thought but of Ken, raced to his side, to be married in a simple ceremony at West Palm Beach.

They were together eight days before Ken flew out for active service on the far-off war front—eight days of delirious happiness for Ella, the happiest eight days of her life. Then her love flew away, and she joined the ranks of those other million wives whose husbands are away to the wars.

THE END

NEXT MONTH

The May issue of Movieland, fans, will contain photographs of every prominent star in the service. All your pre-war stars and favorites—Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Taylor, Bob Montgomery and all the rest. So don't forget! In next month's MOVIELAND. Watch for it!

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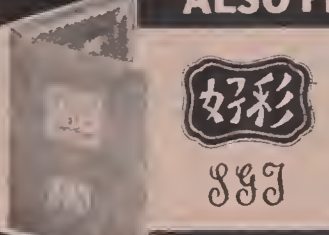

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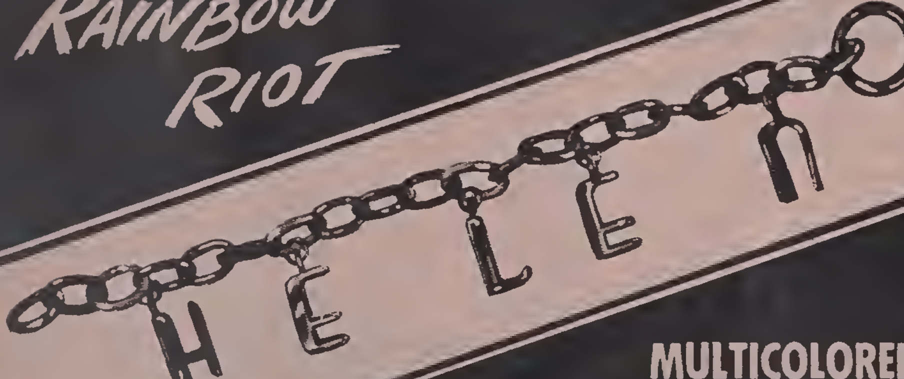

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SERVICE WIVES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

to do with them or how to spend them."

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pasternak occasionally take Frances to a play, dinner or a picture, but Vanna Gay is too new a responsibility for her mother to enjoy being away from her.

* * *

Ann Sothern had been married only three weeks when husband Robert Sterling joined his outfit. She asked her sister to live with her, but her sister's husband was unexpectedly released from the army. So now Ann lives alone, and loathes it.

Ann is fully occupied while making pictures, but when not working she is sure she would go mad if she spent every night in her lonely house. Bob likes to hear that she is out with old friends like the Ray Millands or the Jack Bennys. Ann does not go 'out on twosome dates, but if her hosts invite a serviceman as an extra guest, Ann is very willing to act as bridge or dinner partner.

"Occasionally, as I've always done, I go shopping with Ray when he wants advice on surprises for his wife," she confesses. "I am besieged by my married friends for help on this or that ever since Bob left, and I'm beginning to suspect a conspiracy to keep me busy. They know it will please Bob, and it's a little more personal than my war work."

* * *

Sergeant Lou Bush is stationed near enough to wife Janet Blair that they see each other every week-end. The problem of an escort has not therefore arisen, but Janet is certain that she will never date anyone while he is away.

Janet is fortunate in that her mother and sister are visiting her. She's working hard at pictures, army shows and bond tours, and in spare time takes dancing and singing lessons.

"If there was a long ominous silence in my V-mail, once Lou was overseas," she says, "and my mind insisted on playing tricks such as: 'Is he rocking about on a rubber boat?', 'Has he forgotten me?', 'Is he alive?', 'Is he hurt?', 'Is he ill?', 'Will I ever see him again?'—as the best regulated mind will, after a long silence from the man you love—at least I can work at my dancing until I exhaust myself physically."

She is in strong disagreement with Michele Morgan on the subject of dancing. "If I were serving at the Canteen or on a bond selling tour and was asked to dance with service men, I'd do so at once. My husband would think less of me if I refused. When we go out here, we dance with other partners—so what's the difference? He knows all my thoughts are his.

"Perhaps it's because we are both so young that we have a new slant on what's important, but we can't see why marrying should suddenly make it wrong for me to dance with the men who are fighting for our country."

* * *

In the nearly two years of Gene Raymond's war service, Jeanette MacDonald has seen him only forty-one days. Some were snatched hours when they happened to be in the same towns, she on a concert tour or doing

"Romeo and Juliet," he making military inspections, so they were not full days.

"I haven't gone out on dates with other men, though I would do so if I wished, but I do go to dinners or shows with groups of friends. I go to cocktail parties or informal affairs, too. While Gene was in England he was invited to many famous places and I know I was always eager to hear about the people he met and what he thought of them, and he's just as eager to hear about those I see here.

"He worries if I stay at home too much. He thinks I am too apt to stay in and writes my friends urging that they see I go out! Gene is growing and developing in his new world; I cannot afford to stagnate. I mustn't ask my man to come back—I must be there to meet him.

"One thing that probably bothers a lot of other service couples, we've solved—the telephone problem. When Gene is in this country and wishes to call me, he puts in a call in the morning stating the time he wishes to talk. The operator rings me and I arrange to be there to take the call, or tell the operator where to reach me. Nothing is more disheartening than to sit night after night waiting for a call that doesn't come. And to my mind, no woman has a right to sit back, beautiful and cherished, and not do her share of war work."

* * *

Barbara Stanwyck never misses dinner with her son. She doesn't go out on dates, but she never was a girl to whom a "date" meant much before she married Robert Taylor.

"Perhaps if a girl is newly married and hasn't had the opportunity of sharing joys and troubles and thus creating a background of understanding, she should take care not to add to her soldier husband's worries by engaging in a social whirl," she concedes. "But a girl who has been happily married for a few years should run no risk of being misunderstood by her husband.

"He won't expect her to stop loving him because he's away. He knows she belongs to him and will keep faith, but he realizes also that this is no time for her to sit at home idle. If she can do her bit by knitting or making bandages at home, that may be the best way for her—but if she can help her country by going on bond tours, camp shows, working at the Canteen and the Blood Bank, he expects that of her as a matter of course."

* * *

Capt. Louis Hayward, U.S.M.C., and Ida Lupino have a large group of friends of every age, married and single, and his absence didn't break up the group that drifts in and out of Ida's cottage just as they used to do at Brentwood. Her mother lives with Ida and her sister is often there.

Ida has, as always, a hundred irons in the fire. She's making pictures, she's writing plays, she's composing music, she's arranging and rehearsing skits for camp shows, she's studying scripts, reading plays she might do, writing reams to Louis about whatever it was she was doing last, demanding his opinions and advice. She gives parties—usually the same day they occurred to her—and goes to dinners, shows or parties if she remembers she was asked in time to get there.

"If Louis heard that I was sitting nun-like inside four walls while he was fighting, he'd think I'd taken leave of my senses," she observes. "Louis and I have a complete understanding. There isn't a jealous bone in his body. Louis knows I wouldn't take a second look at any other man on earth. And by the way, I think it's very bad psychology to encourage the idea of jealousy. It's a poison in the mind.

"I've always worked—I love it—and I'm frightfully fortunate that I have work to do at this time. While your husband's at war, work, wear yourself out at it rather than worry. Really, I can't think it matters whether you're amused or not!"

* * *

Brenda Marshall's young son, Peter Westfield Holden, is named for Brenda's father, who had a sugar plantation in the Philippines where he is, presumably a prisoner of the Japanese. Brenda's husband, William Holden, is overseas, and her daughter, age six, competes with young

Susan Hayward poses with a group of Seabees at Camp Rausseau, Port Hueneme, California, during the filming of "The Fighting Seabees" (Republic), with John Wayne and Dennis O'Keefe.

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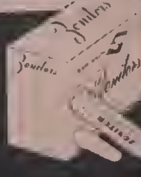

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Peter for attention. Brenda, like most young Hollywood mothers, has no maid.

"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carlson are great friends of ours," says Brenda. "I've gone out very little since Bill left, but that little was with them.

"Naturally, I don't consider 'dating' while Bill is away, any more than I'd consider it if he were at home."

* * *

On the other hand, Brenda Joyce's husband, Owen Ward, arranged with a close friend of his—a doctor—to accompany his pretty wife whenever she needs an escort. This is a sort of "brother" relationship and makes Owen feel easier about Brenda when she must make appearances at night.

"Whenever I'm asked to go out on USO camp shows or war bond tours," Brenda told me. "And when I'm home I have the baby and the apartment to care for.

"Whenever I'm marketing or shopping, I keep an eye out for gadgets or unrationed items of special food to send Owen. I cut out magazine articles that interest me, save new books that appeal to me. As often as I can, I make up small packages for him and put in whatever I've collected, with late pictures of the baby. We think it brings us closer. And of course, I simply live for the day he'll come home!"

* * *

Cobina Wright, Jr., is married to Lt. Palmer Beaudette, who is now in Australia. Cobina's baby is very young and she's an enthusiastic parent.

"Dinah Shore Montgomery is one of my best friends," Cobina explains, "and with both our soldier husbands gone, we pal around together. Dinah comes to my house and helps me with the baby and I take my son to her house.

"Recently we decided we should occupy ourselves profitably, or we'd degenerate into housewives with no brains—so we now have a coach and are learning to speak Spanish."

* * *

SO there you have it—but one thing I believe is that war, with its separations, has actually brought husbands and wives more close in spirit.

At least, I know that's true in Hollywood.

THE END

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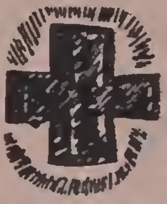

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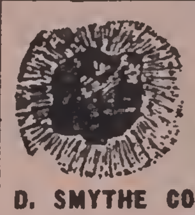

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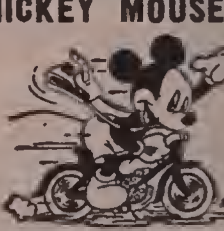

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THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD

By JANE WILKIE

A YEAR AGO THIS MONTH:

Ginger Rogers married Jack Briggs. . . . Henry Fonda's last picture before joining the Navy, "The Immortal Sergeant," was best picture of the month. . . . Lana Turner and Betty Grable were top pin-up girls, with the much-photographed Jane Russell running third. . . . Judy Garland and Dave Rose had their final split-up. . . . William Powell and Diana Lewis celebrated their third wedding anniversary. . . . Maria Montez hadn't met Pierre Aumont and was sitting at home evenings . . . John Howard was carrying a torch for Hedy Lamarr, who was doing ditto for George Montgomery. . . . Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins were glaring at each other between and during scenes of "Old Acquaintance."

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Hollywood was laying odds that Barbara Stanwyck wouldn't marry Bob Taylor, but that Merle Oberon would wed Alexander Korda. . . . David Selznick discovered Vivien Leigh, and letters poured in from all over the country protesting against her final selection for the role of Scarlett. . . . Cary Grant romancing with Phyllis Brooks. . . . "Made For Each Other," starring Carole Lombard and Jimmy Stewart, ran neck and neck with "Idiot's Delight" for honors of best picture of the month. . . . Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan were squabbling and Hollywood waited for a divorce. . . . Laurence Olivier came to America to play Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights." . . . Jane Wyman and Jerry Wald were inseparable. . . . Jeanette McDonald was voted Queen of the Movies by leading newspapers, and Ty Power won laurels as King. Ty was considered the wolf of the town, having gone with Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Annabella. . . . The hottest rumor in movieland was that Garbo had up and married Stokowski. With or without him, she was studying the script of "Madame Curie," which M-G-M was planning to produce immediately. . . . Fifty-two leading stars sent a petition to the President and Congress of the United States, protesting actions of Nazi Germany and asking that economic relations between our country and Germany be severed "until such time as Germany is willing to re-enter the family of nations in accordance with the humane principles of international law and universal freedom."

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Virginia Bruce, the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert, left handsome Jack after an unsuccessful try at wedded bliss. . . . Clark Gable appeared in "It Happened One Night," whereupon the critics remarked, "he blossoms as an actor instead of being a pawn for glittering women stars." . . . Garbo had disappeared again. . . . An English star, Madeleine Carroll came to Hollywood "to make just one picture." . . . Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe were newlyweds. . . . Charlotte Henry drew raves for her performance in "Alice in Wonderland." . . . Rudy Vallee, just divorced from Fay Webb, described the girl of his vagabond dreams. Said Rudy, "She must not be too young. A wife of twenty-five would be all right for me." . . . Dolores Del Rio was shocked at American girls "because they are so fickle and have unbreakable hearts." . . . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were expecting their first baby. . . . Love Affairs of the Month were Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor, Carole Lombard - George Raft, Kay Francis-Bill Powell.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night." They both received Academy Awards—which hasn't happened since, for stars acting in the same picture.

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Clear Your Complexion
IF YOU WISH SUCCESS IN
Love • Social • Business Life
Says LOVELY JUDITH ALLEN, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO GET IN THE MOVIES"

Girls—and boys too—competition in love, business and social life is tough enough without being handicapped by a complexion marred by externally caused pimples, blackheads and other skin blemishes.

If you are ashamed of your complexion—if it makes you embarrassed, self-conscious — try LeCharme Medicated Cream. This remarkable preparation helps your complexion 5 ways: It soothes and heals externally caused pimples and skin irritations—it is astringent, antiseptic, and protective.

Le Charme Medicated Cream contains 5 active ingredients including Lycopodium (Club Moss) not found in other preparations. Lycopodium together with other U.S.P. ingredients helps draw out impurities from your skin. LeCharme Medicated Cream is the special formula of a well-known European skin specialist. Try it without delay.

FASCINATING!
2

Used as directed it should help you get a complexion every one will envy.

HOW TO GET LeCHARME!
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All you do to get LeCharme is fill in and mail coupon below. When Postman brings it to you in plain wrapper, pay him $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges for 2-ounce jar. If you send $2 with your order, we pay all postage charges.

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You don't have to be BORN beautiful to be beautiful. Beauty is lots more than mere perfection of features. And you CAN CULTIVATE charm, glamour, personality—have men flock around you like bees around a lovely flower. That is, if you know the beauty secrets of beautiful women—the glamour recipes of Hollywood Stars. These secrets are revealed in a truly wonderful book by Judith Allen, considered one of screen and radio's most glamorous personalities. Judith Allen tells you ALL in her book—she holds nothing back. Space does not permit us to give you more than a *glimpse* of what is in Miss Allen's book. Here are a few of the things she reveals to you: What to do for your complexion, pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, freckles. Dry skin, oily skin. How to make your hair your crowning glory. What to do about dandruff, what hair style will make you more glamorous. What to do for brittle nails. How to have lovely hands. Make-up. How to improve on Nature. What you should do if your eyes are too large, too small, too close together, too far apart. If you are underweight, overweight. How to use perfume and scents to *change your personality*. How to be interesting and fascinating to men. These are but a few of the many helpful ideas picked at random from Judith Allen's book. The book is really priceless to every girl — to every woman — who wants to be charmingly beautiful. You get it FREE with your order of LeCharme Medicated Cream.

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☐ CHECK HERE if you are sending $2 (cash, check, M. O.) with order to save postage.

JIM BROWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

clearly what an acting career entailed, but he knew what he wanted out of it and he was prepared to put into it every ounce of energy and ambition that he possessed. Actually, this was the force of love working one of its miracles, expressing itself in terms of ambition, but Jim didn't know that then.

The first few weeks on location in Florida with the "Air Force" company were trying. He was still floundering, the waiting still irked him and he fretted at being separated from Verna when he didn't seem to be doing anything. People misinterpreted his restlessness and thought he was indifferent. Then one day, when the picture was about half finished, Jim learned that he was going to be a father.

"That scared me stiff," he shudders. "I knew that I had to make good immediately. I realized that this was the first real job I'd ever had and that I had to make it go. I couldn't afford any more to take time off to feel sorry for myself if things didn't go to suit me or if I had an 'off day.' I couldn't afford to have my pride injured, no matter what happened. All I could afford to do now was to try to learn my business—and learn it well."

He was still more frightened when the doctor told him, gravely, that Verna really shouldn't try to have a baby at all. "Oh, that was a bad time!" he says, talking about it now.

One of the handicaps was that nothing in his early life had prepared Jim for the tempo of the life and the career in which he found himself in Hollywood.

He had been born in the little town of Desdemona, Texas, and the family moved to Waco while he was still an infant. His father is Floyd E. Brown, an oil salesman. He attended Waco public schools, played the trumpet and the French horn in high school orchestras, and went on to Schreiner Military Institute where he began to create a sensation in local tennis circles. Thence to two years at Baylor University, where he distinguished himself at football—and ruptured the ear drum which still troubles him and keeps him out of service.

I met him soon after he came to Hollywood for the tennis tournament. A handsome, soft spoken, amiable fellow who looked a little younger than he really was, Jim was disarmingly pleased at the fuss people made over him, happily flattered at the invitations he received to extravagant parties, rather surprised on the whole at the attention he received from glamorous and discriminating young women. Life must have seemed easy and rose-hued to young Brown then.

Yet only a little over a year later he was helping Verna shop for baby things and trying to hide the shakiness inside him when he thought of what might happen if he didn't make good on the "job of actin'," which still seemed strange and was sometimes so very puzzling to him. The baby things were somehow concrete evidence of his responsibility and his necessity.

"We went clear to Santa Monica to buy a baby buggy because we'd heard of a bargain down there," he recalls.

"Later we went to Glendale be-

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY," SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can This 2-Way VITAMIN Discovery Restore Natural Color to Your GRAY or GRAYING HAIR?

NEW TEST SO EASY IT'S AMAZING!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES *double-action* VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, *natural color!* But first let me tell you what the original PANATES *double-action* vitamin method is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

A Few of The Scores of Letters From Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over now are taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received. In PANATES there is hope!

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. G. M., of Illinois, says: "My hair was auburn—a very beautiful shade with a lot of red in it. . . . It started to turn gray about seven years ago. . . . When I started to take PANATES, the most I hoped for was to have the White hair darken a little, but after three weeks of PANATES, imagine my elation when I noticed I was getting some new hair and, believe it or not, it is decidedly red. . . ."

Mrs. V. S., of Michigan, says: "I have used nearly one box of PANATES and can already see some results. . . ."

Mr. J. M. S., of Virginia, says: "I have just used up one thirty-day treatment of PANATES. I was giving them up, but to my surprise I now see a black beard is coming out on my face and it seems like the hair on my head is getting a little darker. . . ."

Panates Is NOT A HAIR DYE

NOTHING TO FEAR . . . NO MESS, NO FUSS

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of *normal* hair color once again. Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feed your system from within. If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray" hair vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

WHEN RESTORED COLOR SHOWS, IT'S NATURAL COLOR

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

THIS TRIAL OFFER IS FAIR AND IT CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates' two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty.

You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

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Pimples Disappeared
Over Night

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"Since using Kleerex, my skin is really smooth. Nothing did that for me before. Thanks for such a soothing preparation." —Ellis Jenkins, Florida.

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"I use Kleerex now exclusively, as I have found it to be the best lotion on the market." —Margo Foltz, Kent'y.

PROOF!

"I have used your product with great success and never found anything that helped half as much as Kleerex. I recommend it highly." —Aldine Davis, N. Y.

MORE PROOF!

"When folks ask what I'm doing for my face, I shout back 'KLEEREX.'—it's the only thing that has shown results." — D. Curtis, Michigan.

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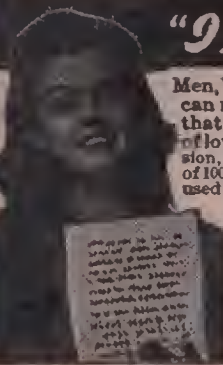
FOR PIMPLES

"Now I write letters he adores"
1001 NEW WAYS TO SAY
"I love you!"



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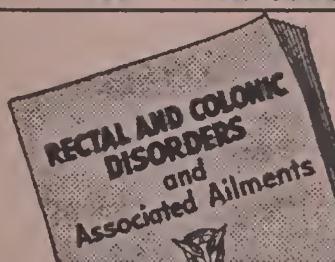
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cause we could get some other things more cheaply over there. Of course Verna can sew, and that helped. But I had a lump in my chest all the time!"

He finished "Air Force" and went into "The Good Fellows" about then. The baby, Beverly Jean, was born in December, 1942, and the Browns began the frantic business of finding a house in the Valley, since the owners of the Beverly Hills apartment house weren't very cordial about infants, no matter how adorable.

There never was such a baby, you may be sure. She's going to be as beautiful as her mother. "No one could be more beautiful!" says her dad. And she's as talented as Duse. At the moment Jim is convinced that she says, "Daddy!" with all the depth of emotion and intellect of the greatest actress who ever trod the boards. "You've no idea!" he repeats over and over.

When Beverly Jean was a few weeks old, it was Alexis Smith who said, "I haven't seen Jim's baby. But I'll wager I could walk into a hospital ward where there were a hundred of 'em and pick out Beverly Jean. Jim has described every hair on her head, every dimple and every crease in her elbows in detail. I couldn't possibly miss!"

Verna took the baby east to see her parents for a short stay when Beverly was a tidy eight months old, and Jim found again that he couldn't eat—"not even ham and eggs!"

Such didoes are incredible, he thinks. But there it is. And instead of barging around as he would have as a bachelor, and enjoying his freedom, bless pat if Jim didn't spend his dough on a bottle of really swank perfume for Verna and a check to buy a bond for the baby.

His performances in his newest pictures. "Corvette K-225" and "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" are being hailed with excitement, and he is working currently on "Going My Way" with Bing Crosby.

"I'm not so scared any more," he says, "except once in a while when sort of a wave comes over me and I realize that I could still slip. If anything should happen now—or ever—to keep Verna and the baby from being proud of me, I'd die. But I've had a lot of help from good directors and I know now what I have to do. I'm beginning to see how to do it.

"If I hadn't married when I first started, I'd have quit pictures a dozen times. Times like when I had to work for days in water in 'Corvette' and my bum ear was killing me—or when I was bawled out for not understanding something—or when any number of things happened to hurt and discourage me. I guess I wasn't disciplined for this sort of job in the first place, and I know I never would have stuck if I hadn't had to for Verna and Beverly Jean."

"Well, you're all set now," I remarked.

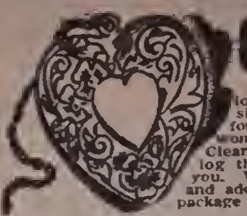
Jim looking grim. "Nobody's ever 'all set' in this business," he reproved. "I've just learned how to stick for those two girls I love."

The End

THAT GUY BOB HOPE

"Churchill crosses the Atlantic so often," comments Bob Hope, "I wonder if he isn't delivering Eleanor Roosevelt's laundry."

Hollywood Locket



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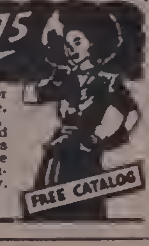

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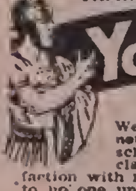

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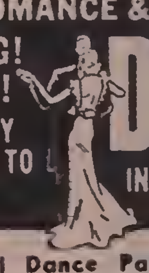
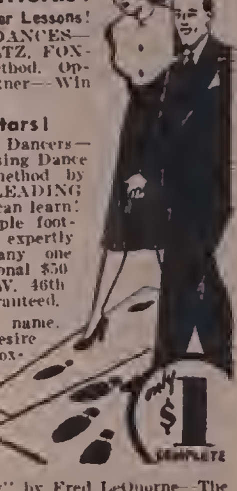

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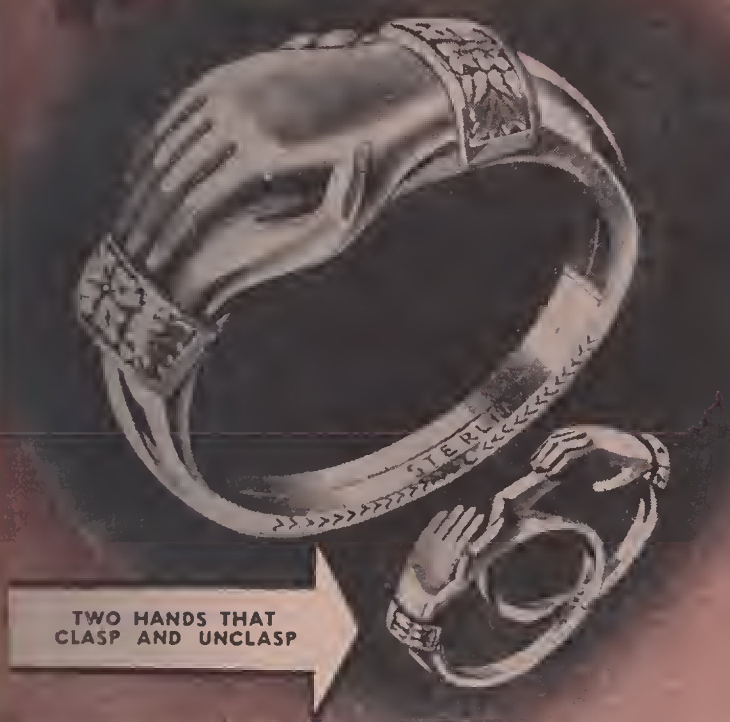
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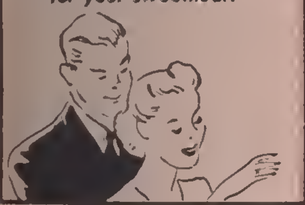

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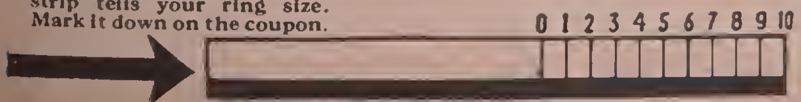

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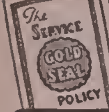
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ANN SHERIDAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

place in the first grade room at school—and on the cheek. How I was so shocked that I cried. (How I have changed! Now I'm shocked if I'm not kissed!)

My first "sophisticated" dress, a little slipper satin number, and my horror when I spilled ice-cream on it; my first picture, "Search for Beauty" at Paramount, and how I thought I'd never live through it; my first screen kiss, administered by Fred MacMurray, who then dropped me like a hot rock; Sir Guy Standing, who sort of took me under his wing; New York; Mexico; the Mariachos at Xochimilco, the town where the floating gardens are; the Mexican people.

I CAN'T BEAR:

People who get "hurt"; playing games in which you have to act things out; the sound of a dripping faucet; dog-eared books; sitting under a dryer for more than five minutes; people who paw you while they're talking to you.

Dirty ash trays; people who talk with their mouths full; people who sulk; untidiness; to talk on the telephone; men who are rude to waiters and flirtatious with waitresses; men who are tight-fisted.

I'M IMPRESSED WITH:

The untiring effort and energy the film folk give the Hollywood Canteen.

The music, singing, dancing, staging of "Oklahoma."

The balance and simplicity Jimmy Cagney has maintained through the years of his fame.

I MARVEL AT:

The boys in the Armed Forces who have been decorated for bravery, yet who have the jitters when they ask screen stars for their autographs.

Bob Hope's endurance, his tenacity and ability to make the boys laugh.

The bounce and buoyancy of people after the most grievous afflictions.

Some of the wonderful notices I've got for the corny performances I've given.

I'M MAD ABOUT:

Rhumba music; Spanish food; dancing, especially and particularly with Cesar Romero.

Steve Hannagan's gags. Such as the time when he arranged for me to be met at the station in Chicago, and what met me was a huge red limousine belonging to the Chicago Fire Department in which, perforce, I was driven to my hotel, sirens blowing.

Peter Godfrey's directing of my current picture, "One More Tomorrow"; the perfume "Sans La Nuit"; Six p.m. of every week-day because that is quitting time at the studio.

A very old, very feeble and faded pair of "bunny" bedroom slippers; the aroma of a good cigar; sweaters, but not for the reason you think.

I WISH I COULD:

Fly a plane; walk without being pigeon-toed; dance well enough to dance with Fred Astaire; go without having to have my curly hair straightened; smell fish without feeling sick; sing like Dinah Shore.

Make an impromptu speech without aging ten years in five minutes; live in Mexico and make just two pictures a year in Hollywood; stay mad at Ames, my French poodle, just long enough to discipline the little fiend; do my own hair in a pompadour the way my hairdresser, Helen Turpin, does it for me; take myself a little more seriously; laugh without knocking the plaster off the ceiling.

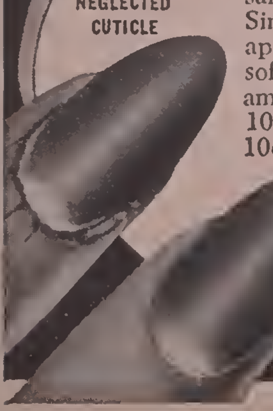
Fall in love again.

I LIKE TO READ:

The funny papers; plays, especially comedies; mysteries; the novel, "International House," which is my favorite; some poetry—beautiful, singing stuff, not the "deep" kind. In short, light literature.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Never writing "thank you" notes; speaking my mind when it isn't diplomatic to do so; soaking my bread in salad dressing; answering the phone and disguising my voice; smoking too many cigarettes; telling jokes and



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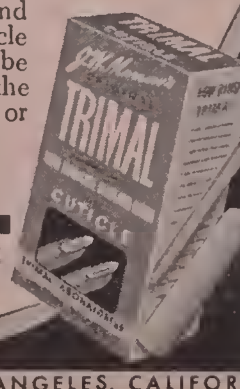

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 16

A	B	E	L		R	A	L	P	H		E	L	L	A
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inevitably forgetting the tag lines.

Liking to sleep the clock around; eating fried chicken three times a day; hating to be hostess at dinner parties (In fact, I never give them, just a few friends in for informal suppers does it); not being able to resist buying slacks and moccasins (unrationed) when I see them in shop windows; being monotonously punctual; loving comfort, freedom and independence.

I'M ANNOYED WITH:

Anyone who says "I did this for you—remember?"; Anyone who makes a stale joke about, alas, my so-called, so sick-makingly called "Oomph"; Certain girls who have a "great lady" complex, especially when they crook their little fingers as they drink tea; girls who lead men on and then get oh, so shocked when the boys get interested; gum poppers in back of me when I'm seeing a romantic movie; people who say I'm in love.

I'M THRILLED WITH:

The courage of my friend, and former hairdresser, Linda Cross, who was disabled by a horrible accident and is now, thanks to her grit and gallantry, walking again.

The memory of Alfred Drake singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" in "Oklahoma"; Katherine Dunham's native dances; the sight and smell of golden brown, crackling fried chicken; the red sky at sunset on the desert; that magnificent show "Winged Victory" and all the guys therein; those puny radishes that came up in my victory garden.

Owning my first home in the Valley; Mexico, of course; the remembered kindness of Jimmy Cagney when I got my first good break in his "Angels With Dirty Faces"; any and all rhumba music; the chance given me by Sam Wood to play Randy in "Kings Row" and the added thrill of being called a "good actress" by the critics who reviewed it.

COVER COSTUME

"China Poblana"—that's the name of the costume Ann Sheridan wears as Movieland's cover girl. And the story behind it is that years ago a pretty Chinese girl came to Pueblo, a little town near Mexico City. She loved the beauty and romance of the country and fashioned a dress which combined the artistry of the two countries. Mexican in design and Chinese in feeling, the dress was soon to become a famous costume in Mexico. And last winter when Ann vacationed there, she was feted at a gala party hosted by the Mexican Film Industry, and their gift to her was . . . the "China" costume.

I JUDGE PEOPLE BY:

What they do, not what they say they do, or will do; the look in their eyes; the tone of a voice, for while a voice can be trained to sound pleasing, cultured, softer than natural, the sincerity behind it cannot be faked and, if it is, is never convincing for long.

Their outside interests because, if a person is interested in the average, sane and simple things in life, he's apt to be a pretty regular individual.

The way they are to me, regardless of their reputations or past experiences with other persons, true or not.

I NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY:

Their clothes; their social standing (whatever that is); their financial rating; first impressions, because I know from personal experience that people are ofttimes shy or suffering from inferiority complexes which causes them to put on acts or anything they think may get them by.

I BELIEVE:

In living for Today as much as possible; that everything does happen for the best, though at a time of disappointment or failure, this may be hard to believe; in making mistakes, because a person learns more from mistakes than from all the successful ventures in the world.

The critics who have panned me in my past pictures. For they were one hundred per cent right.

That it is impossible to have many really close friends in Hollywood.

That Hollywood stars who believe their own publicity ought to be spanked—you know where!

That I'm talking too much about myself, but Movieland asked for it!

I HOPE:

That I'll never lose my sense of humor; that I'll never have to wear tight corsets again as I did, for ten whale-boned weeks, in "Shine On, Harvest Moon"; to have a happy marriage and children some day; that the war will be over very soon; that I can go overseas to entertain the boys who are doing the magnificent job; that I never become bitter because of a disappointment or a disillusioning experience; that I can always laugh.

18 Inch Chain

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Dainty, New 2-TONE DESIGN

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. This exquisite, new and original locket is not only ornamental but provides a place for two pictures on the inside. No other locket that we know of today is quite so beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design in the color of yellow gold. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. You will be delighted to own and wear this lovely locket that is dainty, yet one inch in diameter, providing ample *space for pictures of your loved ones* so that you can look at them at any time.

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No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket. The front of the locket is new, 2-Tone design with sentimental heart and red roses in life-like colors. *SEND NO MONEY*. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents for tax and mailing costs on arrival. Don't wait. Mail the coupon today.

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CROSBY-HOPE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

their nails, what do we need you for?"

Even the fanciest visitors aren't exempt from the biting tongues of the two comedians. A visibly impressed-with-her-own-importance lady, done up in minks, high-heeled her way onto the set one day, started talking in a falsetto that could be heard all over the set. She was telling her friends, probably to impress the unimpressionable Crosby-Hope combination, about her forefathers having come over on the Mayflower. Crosby flipped an aside to Bob, "That's the trouble with this business. Too many foreigners." The lady left.

Many of the biggest laughs on a "Road" set result from impromptu story and gag conferences which spot their working day.

At one of these, the comedians and Hal Walker were sitting with Frank and Panama, writers of the film. All manner of suggestions were made for speeding up the tempo of a certain scene.

Finally Hope snapped his fingers and came up with an idea. When he finished, Crosby asked, "Do you think that's good?" With a touch of condescension, Bob admitted it might do.

"That," squelched Bing, "is the kind of suggestion people send in by mail."

Hope has a secretary whose flair for restraint and understatement are a constant source of amusement to everyone who knows the star. The other day she visited the set and was asked to look at the rushes. When the film had unreeled, Hal Walker asked her how she liked the Utopian trio and their work. Her answer was a brief, "Adequate."

Right away Bob cracked, "I knew we were doing a terrific job."

With their divergent types of humor, they are always at their best when banging away at each other. Hope may start out working alone, but Bing usually turns up. On one of these occasions Bob asked Bing's opinion of a new sport coat which the tailor was trying on him between scenes.

"Robin," said Bing, gazing admiringly at the shoulders, "those pads should be used as hangars for carrier pigeons."

Another day the scene had Bob and Bing entertaining at a San Francisco honky-tonk, preparatory to taking off to Alaska. Hope had just concluded his stint and in accordance with instructions from Director Walker the extras were merely going through the motions of applause because the sound track had already been recorded. As a result there was complete silence. This impressed Crosby.

"That," he chuckled, "reminds me of the reception you received last night."

Hope's nose and Crosby's ears are subjects for endless wisecracks. When Bing told Bob that he had received a request for a picture from some Waves training in North Carolina, Hope cracked, "I know. They don't have a donkey, so they'll tack your picture on the wall and try to pin a tail on your ears."

Hope calls Crosby's ears king-size, and Bing evens that with a reminder that Frances Langford tells that when

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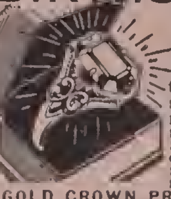

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they visited ski-troop training camp, the lads had practiced on Bob's nose.

Getting back to the friendship thing, which is very real, it was Hope's house which served as refuge for the Crosby clan when the crooner's home was destroyed by fire. Later Bing had his new home completely fireproofed. Hope couldn't resist the temptation. "What you should do," he contended, "is have that stork fireproofed. I have it on good authority your home was set on fire by a stork carrying a match."

One morning after visiting the Hope home, Crosby told Bob that the Hope children had made a pretty serious complaint the night before, concerning their father. Bob was immediately upset. "What did they say?" "They said," replied Bing, "that every time you come home—which is seldom—you're making a personal appearance."

They like to put on an act for strangers and usually succeed in convincing the uninitiate that they are among the town's top feudists. One of their favorite routines for the unsuspecting takes place just after a scene in which both have an equal amount of work to do. When the director calls for a cut, Bob will turn to Bing and snarl, "I understand you don't like me."

"That's right," comes back Bing.

"Do you want to make anything of it?" Bob will query belligerently.

"Yeah!" Crosby retorts, "I want to go on disliking you. Do you mind?"

While they don't spare anyone in the studio or the rest of the world, Bing and Bob are probably among the best liked troupers on a sound stage. They'll poke fun at anyone, but they are also first in line when a person gets in trouble. Told that someone had made this remark about them, Bob agreed, told the story about the extra with a reputation for drinking who had to spend an entire day on the "Utopia" set swilling nothing stronger than milk.

To prove their big heartedness Bob said, "Bing and I insist on his getting a stunt check."

As riotous and wacky as are the "Road" pictures when shown to the public, they are funnier off screen while they are being shot. As proof you have Director Walker's classic remark after a day's work with the Damon and Pythias of comedy.

"We ought to shelve the picture," he said sadly, "and just screen Crosby and Hope."

THE END

WE APOLOGIZE, LORETTA AND SALLY!

In the February Movieland, in our story on Loretta Young, there crept in one of those factual errors that sometimes escape the most vigilant editorial eye.

Unfortunately, our story stated that Sally Blane, one of the four beautiful Young sisters, had married Harry Joe Brown and recently divorced him to marry Norman Foster. It was Sally Eilers who was married to Harry Joe Brown and recently divorced him.

Betty Jane Young, who adopted the screen name of Sally Blane, has been married only once. Her husband is Norman Foster, and their marriage is one of ideal happiness.

Make-up created by the men who make up the **Hollywood Stars**

LINDA DARNELL starring in **René Clair's**
"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"
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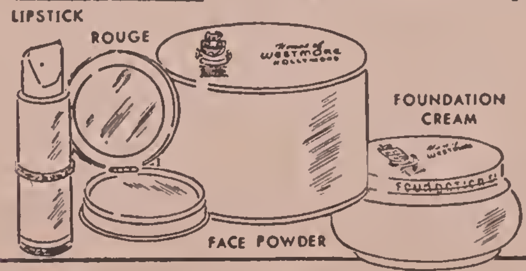

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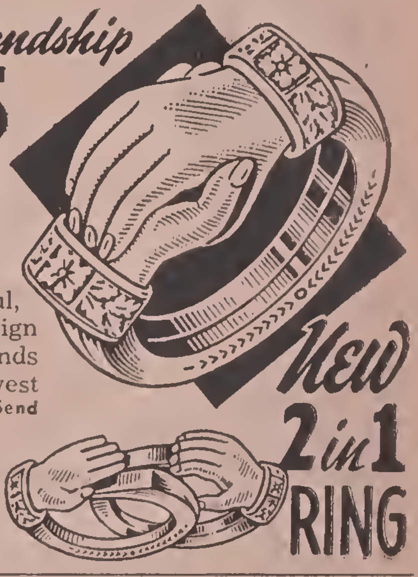

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PEG RYAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

clothes, some glamour ought to come out—even with my face!"

The kid was visibly thrilled. "I also wear a black satin dress in 'Patrick the Great.' I drape and slink in it. My fiance, Sergeant Ray Hirsch, ought to be completely captured when he sees me in it. The boys at his camp have all been teasing him, saying, 'What's wrong with Ryan? Why does she always lose her man in pictures?' Now I'll show 'em."

Actually, she's shown them already. Sgt. Hirsch has been amazed many times by the men who stroll over to him and say casually, "Have I shown you a picture of my girl?" Then they drag forth one of those autographed pictures you get by sending twenty-five cents to a studio, and say proudly, "See. That's her." It's amazing the number of men who claim Peggy is their girl, though she's never met them.

Once Peggy was Donald O'Connor's girl, but it was never serious. Peggy first met Donald casually in Hollywood. They met again when she was in the cast of "Meet the People." Donald, who wanted to go places and who had knocked himself out in vaudeville for years, hung around backstage at every theater, including the one where Peggy was playing. Then he invited her out. So she went—straight to some drive-in. At the time, Donald pretended to be nineteen. He had quite a man-of-the-world air about him. He would hand Peggy a dime and say, "Here, blow yourself to anything—just anything at all."

He was really sixteen, and he wanted to get into pictures. So did Peggy. Together they made the rounds. They couldn't get into anything. Everyone said, "We don't need kids." Even the juke boxes wouldn't have them.

"Some day," Donald would say, "we'll show them."

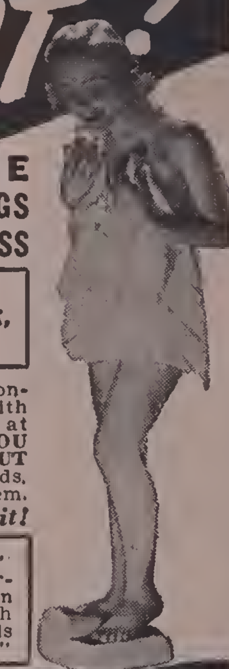
"Yes," said Peggy, "I know you'll make good."

Peggy was born in Long Beach, California. "Mother and Dad were in vaudeville," she tells you. "They were known as the Dancing Ryans. Mother did tap steps even when she was doing the housework, and Dad had black curly hair on which he used to use some terrific goo. Maybe he wanted to look like Valentino.

"When Mother knew a little Ryan was coming along, she quit vaudeville. There already was one Ryan Junior—my brother Mickey, who is six years older than I, and who is now a sergeant in the Air Force. With me arriving, Mother felt it was time to retire. She wanted to devote all her time to taking care of us kids.

"When I was nearly three, I was bow-legged. Mother thought a few dancing lessons would fix that, so she started giving them to me. I took lessons four months and wonderfully, I was cured. I was so completely cured I made my first professional appearance at an Elks benefit at San Diego, doing a butterfly dance.

"The affair was a smoker. When I came out, the men in their big white shirt fronts, all smoking, looked like penguins to me, and I ran off the stage, scared blue. Mother made me go back. She told me never to run



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away from anything. She was right. If she hadn't made me go back, maybe I would always be running away.

"Mother thought it would be a good idea for me to have some professional lessons. She'd had a hard life, and she figured mine would be easier if I became a trained dancer. She didn't have enough money to pay for lessons, so she taught singing in exchange for my dancing lessons.

"Every once in a while, I'd earn three dollars here and there for dancing."

Often Peggy won prizes at amateur shows. But one day another girl in the class said to her, "You'll never amount to anything—with a face like yours."

Peggy returned home, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I don't want even to go back to that school," she told her mother.

"But you must," her mother said. "Perhaps that girl was jealous because you dance so well. Learn to use everything you've got. It's what you have inside that counts."

Peggy remembered that when she was nine, and she and her mother came to Hollywood. She enrolled in the Hollywood Professional School. There Peg met Dave Gould, M-G-M dance director, who liked the way she danced and signed her up because of her clever imitation of Eleanor Powell. When Eleanor said, "I want Peggy to play me as a child in my next picture," the kid thought she was all set.

But nothing happened. After three months M-G-M dropped her without ever letting her work. So Dave Gould arranged for Peggy to appear at the Actors' Fund Benefit.

All the big producers in town were at the show and the kid really clicked. Eleanor Powell sent a bunch of flowers with a note saying, "You are my protege." Universal decided it could use Peggy in "Top of the Town."

The studio thought this picture would be a sensation. Peggy did two dances in it, and she was good. But the picture was bad, so the studio let Peggy languish. Every once in a while Universal would loan her out or put her in some icky part where she sobbed, "My mother has just died," or some such.

The number of weepers in pictures is quite large, and few of them ever get anywhere. After a while, Mrs. Ryan said, "Well, it looks as if you're not going to click in these parts. We'll have to try something else." Hearing of "Meet the People"—the stage show, which would play in San Francisco, Chicago, New York and other cities—Mrs. Ryan persuaded the casting director to give Peggy a chance to dance in the show.

At rehearsals, Danny Dare, the dance director, discerned Peggy's gift and said, "I'm going to give you some comedy numbers."

Peggy had hit her stride. She was so successful that by the time the show hit Boston, she was doing thirteen out of twenty-six numbers.

When Peggy returned to Hollywood, after that year of successful trouping, she got into another show, "They Can't Get You Down." The first night she took eight bows; and Universal woke up to what it had been missing and quickly cast her, as a comedienne, in "What's Cookin.'"

"They Can't Get You Down" also brought another turning point in Peggy's life. For in the cast was tall, good-looking Ray Hirsch, with curly hair and eyes as blue as Peggy's.

One night the producers of "They Can't Get You Down" decided to throw a big party at Ciro's for the members of the cast. Peggy hoped Ray (on whom she'd had her eye ever since the show opened) would reach her first with a request for her to be his partner at Ciro's. But another boy in the show got to her first, and Peggy was too polite to turn him down.

All through the evening at Ciro's, however, she kept wishing that her escort was Ray; Ray, who'd sat in the back seat of the car with another girl, his infectious laughter ringing through the car. Well, if Ray didn't feel "that way" about her, what could a girl do?

The other fellow took her home. He was, in fact, at the door with her when Ray came up to her and whispered, "May I call you?" The other boy glowered, but Peggy was beyond caring. She whispered her phone number and an ardent "Yes."

When he called the next day, she confessed that she had been hoping he would take her to Ciro's the night before, and he said, wonderfully, "Let's go there tonight and pretend it is yesterday."

So they went and pretended. They didn't have to pretend to fall in love. They fell.

"He looked so cute in his tux," Peggy sighs. "Now he's a Sergeant in the Marines, and he looks cute in his uniform. I have a suit with stripes on the sleeves just like his. Whenever he gets another stripe, I add one to my suit.

"My house looks like a Marine fort—it's so full of Marine souvenirs. When we go out together, I'm loaded down with Marine pins and bracelets Ray has given me. If I didn't wear 'em all, he'd be hurt."

They became engaged two years ago, in the month of Valentines. His birthday is February 6th and Peggy took some fried chicken and a recording machine to the camp where he is stationed. He gave her his mother's engagement ring.

"The way he proposed was so nice," Peggy sighs. "He asked my mom and dad first. Ray is twenty-two. At first, he was ashamed of being engaged to a girl of seventeen and told everyone I was eighteen; but now I'm nineteen, so we tell the truth. He says nineteen is old enough."

Peggy had been engaged on three previous occasions. "When I admit it, I sound so fickle, but I'm not any longer. This is really serious. My first engagement was a school romance when I was fourteen, and after we got disengaged, I was afraid nobody would ever ask me out again. You know how it is at fifteen. My second engagement was at sixteen; the third at sixteen and three-quarters.

"But this time it's real. Ray knows how to handle me. Yep, those Marines know.

"Ray is a champion jitterbug. He was more jitterbuggy than I, but he changed his dancing slightly to suit mine, and I changed mine to suit his, and now we get along in a nice groove.

"However, we won't marry while the war's on. I should hate to have Ray overseas when I was having my first baby. I think it's awful for a father not to see his baby when it's first born. I'd hate to have Ray miss a minute of the lives of our babies."

She laughed. "But that's a long

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way off. I plan to get married at twenty-two and have my first baby at twenty-five."

She's a curious mixture of childish naivete and real maturity. Like Claudia, there seem to be two sides of Peggy's personality, the play suit side and the slinky black satin side.

"If you can't laugh, then how are you going to have anything but an icky time?" asks Peggy. "I ride, bowl, fish—then once in a while I like to dress up and be very ladylike. I can't stand girls primping all the time. I stick a comb in Ray's pocket, but hardly ever use it. I think you should scrub your face, put on some lipstick, and then forget your appearance. When I try to be glamorous, Donald O'Connor says, 'You just be Peggy. That's the way I like you.'"

In the Universal beauty parlor, Peggy tried on the Dietrich turban for Maria Montez, explaining she was going to wear it in "Patrick the Great." "How do you think it looks?" she asked. "Well, darling," Montez said, "it's fine if you're supposed to be funny, but if you're supposed to look glamorous, it is still funny."

Peggy smiled. "That's all right. I'll stick to laughs."

Peggy is superstitious; wears hair ribbons for luck, is partial to blue. She loves redecorating rooms. She redecorated the breakfast nook in the Ryan home for a total outlay of eighty-five cents.

What sends her? Hot fudge sundaes, Andre Kostelanetz's "Tea for Two," steaks when they're available, and the music of Tommy Dorsey. And, of course, a curly headed Marine whom she calls "Hershey," because he mails her a chocolate bar every day. "He's keeping up my morale," she says smiling. She keeps up his by sending him wonderful letters seven times a week.

"What do you say in them?" I asked.

She gave me a pert glance from under those long lashes. "Oh, you!" she laughed.

"I mean outside of love."

"But there's nothing else," she said. "What else could there be?"

THE END

Ann Miller (Columbia) Mocambo dancing with her current heartthrob, Helmut Dentine.

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WORDS OF MUSIC
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

Helen Forrest has gone out on her own, everyone has wondered which recording company would sign her. So far there has been no announcement, but inasmuch as her manager, Billy Burton, also handles Jimmy Dorsey, Dick Haymes, Helen O'Connell and Kitty Kallen, and they are all Decca artists, I wouldn't be surprised to see Helen under the same banner.

Columbia Records' best platter salesman, Frank Sinatra, is with us again. This time he offers two songs from his first picture, "Higher and Higher"—"I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" and "A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening." The Columbia company is still unable to record with an orchestra because they haven't as yet settled with the American Federation of Musicians, so Frank is once more backed up by a choral group—but let's hope that before his next release the whole thing will be straightened out and he can have some of that fine Axel Stordahl music behind him. . . .

On an Okeh disc is that jivin' man, Cab Calloway with his band, doing "I'll Be Around," and "Virginia, Georgia, and Caroline." This was made a long while ago, but the release date seems timed well with the current success of the song, "I'll Be Around."

EARMARKS OF HITS:

On one of her recent air shows, Judy Canova introduced a ballad entitled "Goodnight Soldier," and the next day the publishers received orders for thirty seven hundred copies, which isn't a bad order after a first hearing of a tune. . . .

"The Honey Song," which had a mild success several years ago as a hillbilly song, has received a shot in the arm and is being revived as a rhythm number. . . . "Can't You Do A Friend A Favor?", one of the hits from the current Broadway success, "Connecticut Yankee," is the last song written by Rogers and Hart before Hart's untimely death.

Dinah Shore introduced "Tess' Torch Song" and "Now I Know," on her program recently. They are both from her new Goldwyn picture, "Up In Arms," and were written by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. You'll be hearing them much, much.

Jack Lawrence, who wrote "All Or Nothing At All," has composed a torch ballad called "My Heart Isn't In It," with a very sentimental lyric. But if you're disappointed in love, don't listen too closely.

ON THE BEAM:

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retired from the show temporarily to await the call of the stork in April. In private life she is the wife of Murdo McKenzie, civilian instructor with the Air Corps and formerly a member of N.B.C.'s engineering staff in Hollywood. . . . Tommy Dorsey was all set for a nightly fifteen minute shot over C.B.S. for the Ford Motor Company, but at the last minute something happened and the deal is off. . . .

Mary Lee, Republic star, and chirper on Columbia's Jack Carson show, was married recently to First Sgt. Harry Banan of the Army. Mary got her musical start in life at the age of twelve with the old Ted Weems band. . . .

Jack Baker, tenor star of the Blue Network's "Breakfast Club," is another singer who took the big step. He revealed that he has been secretly married to non-professional Polly Willoughby since November 22. And here's a new twist: He sang at his own wedding. Right after the ceremony he serenaded his bride with "I Love You Truly."

Les Paul, the electric-guitarist who was heavily featured by Fred Waring for four years, has organized a fine trio which has been heard on the "What's New?" show over N.B.C. and other network programs. . . . Sammy Kaye's "Sunday Serenade" over the Blue is originating from Hollywood, while Sammy and the band are making "Song Of The Open Road," for Charles Rogers. . . . In Columbia's film, "The Heat's On," Jack Owens, formerly with Ray Noble, sings "Thinkin' Of The Wabash." Which is very unusual for Jack, because it's the first time he has ever been photographed singing in a picture. Up to now he has been the camera voice for many movie heroes, including Jimmy Stewart, Jimmy Ellison, and John Hubbard. . . . Spike Jones, who is heard on the Bob Burns show over N.B.C., has added a new "instrument" to his collection of pots and pans—a musical anvil, which was presented to him by the workers of the California Shipyards after Spike and the band made a personal appearance there in a War Bond show.

If you listen to the Bob Hope show, you've probably had a chuckle over the "Poor Miriam" singing commercials. The role of "Miriam" is taken by Dolly Mitchell, Stan Kenton's pretty vocalist. All the boys in the band and everybody on the program ribbed her for months, calling her "Poor Miriam." It finally got so that no one ever called her by her right name, so she decided to change it professionally to Miriam Mitchell. "Now," she says, "if they'll just forget the 'poor.' "

JAM NOTES:

The terrific congestion on Vine Street these Saturday nights is nothing but the long, long line waiting to get into the C.B.S. Playhouse to hear Frank Sinatra's Hit Parade broadcasts. I swear it took me fully

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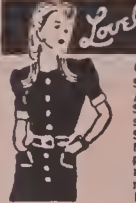

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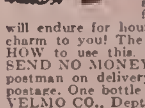

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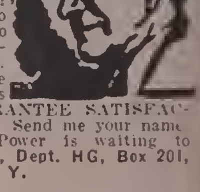

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ten minutes to beat my way backstage. Frank told me he was glad to be back in California and that he was looking forward to making his new picture for R.K.O., which is tentatively titled "Mr. Cinderella."

Harry James had a sensational opening at the Hollywood Palladium, although he didn't break the attendance record held by Charlie Spivak. Every intermission Harry was besieged by autograph friends and photographers, but he seemed to enjoy every minute of it. I am an old Helen Ward fan, so I was very happy that she finally joined the James band. Hearing her sing "It's Been So Long" brought back memories of the old Palomar Ballroom, where I first saw her with Benny Goodman. . . . Maurice Rocco, the Negro pianist, has a solo spot in Betty Hutton's new Paramount picture, "Incendiary Blonde." Which reminds me, Betty has been rehearsing an act with Johnny Johnston, with an eye to going overseas as soon as their schedules permit. . . .

Tommy Dorsey has sold all his music publishing interests, and is once again concentrating only on his band. Jimmy Cook is back with him as vocalist, after having been replaced for a short while by Teddy Walters. And sitting in the drummer's chair is Gene Krupa. . . . Gail Robbins, Twentieth Century-Fox hopeful, who was discovered singing with the old Ben Bernie band, got a two-week vacation from the studio to marry her childhood sweetheart, Lt. Bob Olson of the Army, and upon reporting back to work was told that she would have the lead in a picture called "I Married A Soldier." Call it coincidence!

Navy News: Jack Jenney, Artie Shaw's trombonist in civilian life, has donned the blue suit and joined Artie's Navy band. Dave Tough, who has been with Artie since he organized his service outfit, was given a medical discharge and is back in Hollywood. He'll probably work radio for a while. . . . Freddie Slack was a sailor for just one month, and then was given a medical discharge. So he now has the headache of reorganizing his band again. . . . The Andrews Sisters, who broke all kinds of theatre records during their Texas tour, are off on another one—this time to the Northwest. . . . Here's my favorite story of the month: Paul Carley, Jimmy Dorsey vocalist who replaced Bob Eberly when Bob went into the army, considers himself to be just about the luckiest guy in the world. Paul was an extra working on the set of Dorsey's picture, "Four Jills and a Jeep." One day during the lunch hour, he and some other extras were fooling around, singing and playing the piano. Dorsey sauntered onto the set and heard Paul sing a tune, and decided right then and there that he was the boy to sing with the band. Jimmy rehearsed him every day during the noon hour, and between camera set-ups, because they were leaving in a week for their eastern engagements. Paul was a hit on his first appearance before the public and when the band played the New York Roxy Theatre, he took seven encores after his first song. A movie extra one week and next week, soloist with one of America's top musical outfits! Nice goin', yes?

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Lena Horne's Victor Album, "Moanin' Low," including such fine tunes as "Stormy Weather," "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues" and "Ill Wind." Some of these sides can be purchased individually, but you'd better check with your local music store.

SOFT AND SWEET:

"Old Acquaintance" and "How Sweet You Are" sung by Jo Stafford in the smooth Stafford style with good orchestra stuff by Paul Weston . . . on the Capitol label.

Judy Garland's latest Decca release—"No Love, No Nothin'" and "Journey To A Star," with Georgie Stoll conducting the orchestra. Decca.

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LARAINE DAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

decided to reveal my true feelings on the situation, I felt that my report should also be made public. My report, in effect, stated that the tendency of army officers to monopolize film personalities and other entertainers who visit the camps is unfair to the enlisted men. I said that I had gone out to visit the privates and the non-coms—and instead, I had spent at least half my time making small talk with officers and their wives. I enumerated specific incidents that had occurred, and concluded by saying that I hoped the report would help clear up this unpleasant and most unfair situation.

One of the criticisms leveled at me is that I should have made a discreet, unpublicized report, and let the Hollywood Victory Committee, or the Army, straighten things out. Let's get that situation correct, right now!

I have made five types of tours: for bond-selling, the Red Cross, the War Chest, the Infantile Paralysis Fund, and camp shows. That's quite a program to tackle. And when you do it, you wish to feel you have been of maximum service. Even on the "civilian" tours, I protested, quietly, about the fact that I seemed to meet only "big shots" and had virtually no contact with people who are "just folks." Before I went out on this last camp tour, I had already visited several west coast camps, and knew what to expect.

I did go to the Hollywood Victory Committee, *quietly,* and tell them I wouldn't go on the tour unless I could receive assurance that Joe Private would get my attention. This, I understand, was discussed with the War Department. I received assurances, and I further understood that the War Department, acting in perfectly good faith, as you would expect them to, wrote ahead to the camps I was to visit, explaining in so many words that I was to spend no time with officers.

The instructions were observed in only three camps during my fast-moving three weeks!

I was sorry that a number of army officers felt my statement was a personal affront to them. I was terribly upset about this reaction, for in my report I stated, "Every officer I met was a perfect gentleman and treated me with the utmost respect and consideration. But that was the trouble. They were all so attentive that I was given little opportunity to do the job I was sent out to do—see the boys, chat with them, and bring a little cheer and fun into their lives."

There is involved a matter of common justice—to parents as well as to men in the armed services—in this question of giving the G. I. soldier the real benefit of visits to camps. Nickels, dimes and quarters are contributed in movie theaters to the USO by the general run of patrons, and are used to pay the entertainers' and visitors' traveling expenses to camps. It is obvious that the bulk of this money is donated by relatives of enlisted men, and that ought to have some effect on who is entertained—or my arithmetic is poor.

Let's examine some incidents that

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occurred. In one camp the C. O. said, "Miss Day, I know how you feel about meeting privates instead of officers. However, we have here five hundred junior officers. It's no military secret that many of them will soon head overseas. Won't you at least have one meal with them?" That sounded reasonable. Heaven knows, officers are people, too—and any man heading overseas has a natural place in any woman's heart.

So, escorted into the mess hall by more rank than I knew existed, I was walked right *past* the five hundred junior officers, into another dining room where I had dinner. I counted up. At my table sat three generals and twelve full colonels.

The thousands of men at that camp all were under the impression that I had had dinner with those five hundred junior officers. Those five hundred boys, however, must have taken the attitude that I felt myself too good to have dinner with them—that I preferred the company of the generals and the colonels. I felt in almost every instance that the boys did not resent their officers. They always felt that that high-toned, snooty, Hollywood actress would rather spend her time with the "Gold Braid" than with them. How wrong they were!

Similar things happened when I declared pointedly that I'd rather eat in the G. I. mess than at the officers' club. The high-rankers would agree. Then a batch—anywhere from two to ten—would go into the G. I. mess with me. *They* would be my dinner companions, and naturally no privates would or could get close enough to speak with me.

The same applies to being shown around camp. What private is going to barge up and speak to a girl who is being escorted by a colonel?

The above specific examples have importance, because the newspapers quoted "one Army spokesman" as saying the Army had checked back over the entire course of my tour and, "We are able to find nothing to substantiate her statement."

That must have been some check! Within two weeks after the Army rebuked me I received more than four thousand letters from service men. Exactly four letters disagreed with what I had reported. Two of those were anonymous and two were from officers—and one of the two officers afterward wrote me a handsome and generous letter of apology.

The letters have passed the ten thousand mark now, still holding about the same ratio—a thousand to one supporting what I reported. Many of the letters are signed by from ten to thirty men, who took the trouble to hold a meeting and draw up a formal statement of confidence and appreciation. Let me add, too, that a number of officers, whose careers wouldn't be helped by letters on the subject, phoned me "off the record" and informed me that they recognized the situation and that it should have been exposed long ago.

Players who have gone on camp tours for two years have discussed this situation many times. But who wants to fight the Army or Navy? For my part, however, the enlisted men are in the armed services, too, and I had rather have my ten thousand letters than the appreciation I *won't* get from any anonymous "spokesmen."

I have been criticized to the effect that my statement was ill-timed because it brought disunity to the armed forces. I wish to take issue on that criticism. I feel that the situation as it existed, not only in my case but in the cases of practically every other person to go out of Hollywood on camp tours in the past two years, was responsible for more seething resentment on the part of the enlisted men. The response that came from these boys on reading my statement showed how much they appreciated someone's going to bat in their behalf. A soldier is likely to have much more respect for, and much more affection for, a superior officer who graciously bows out of the picture when a film personality visits his camp, and turns her over to him and his pals, rather than if the officer monopolizes her time during her entire stay. The enlisted man has to say that his officer is a swell guy!

I want you to read some paragraphs from enlisted men's letters. But I'll have to warn you—some of the praise goes far overboard. It is embarrassing to me to allow even the milder examples to be printed, but the extent to which thousands of boys have gone in expressing gratefulness *for what was merely a plain duty* indicates the importance to *them* of the problem itself, and the bitterness that neglect of it by the authorities may nourish. Here are a few quotes:

"There are many cases similar to those you have brought to light. It happened here recently. A famous name band visited us. The enlisted men at that show were greatly outnumbered by officers, their wives and civilian friends. Many of us—we are patients—stood in line for hours, only to have the door shut in our faces. We hope that can be remedied."

* * *

"Not one private out of fifty gets to see the USO shows here. But the officers get in!"

* * *

"We feel that we express the sentiments of enlisted men in all branches of the service when we say you are tops. You risked scandal and bad publicity, and we appreciate it very much."

* * *

"Hats off to you for your blunt and honest opinion of how the USO camp tours should be conducted. Up to now I, and also my shipmates, had never suspected the truth—that you and your fellow artists wanted to be more friendly to the enlisted men."

* * *

"We would gladly fall in line for the opportunity to speak in your behalf."

* * *

I could quote enough such excerpts to fill MOVIELAND all year. Letters, too, are now coming in from far places. Many letters are from men who have been invalided home, after eleven months in the Aleutians—or scores of the envelopes bear APO return addresses indicating writers abroad. But I think the men who have seen overseas service, and are in home camps convalescing from wounds, feel the most deeply. They are convinced they are entitled to maximum good treatment. I agree with my correspondents—all ten thousand of them—and with the other thousands who undoubtedly react the same way.

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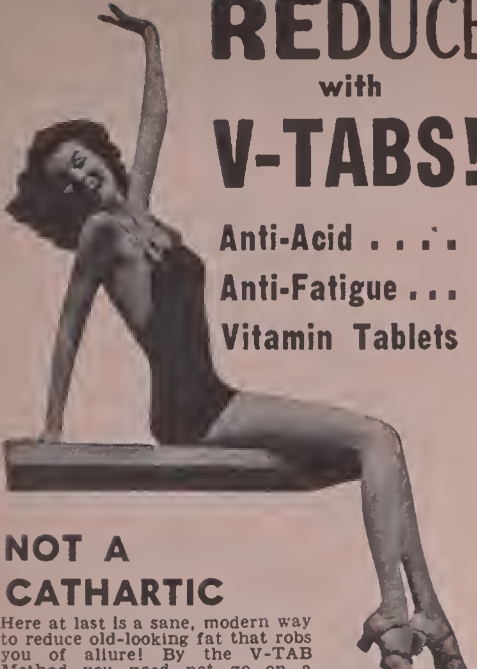

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who do get in to see these shows go away with some sense of acquaintance with the people on the stage.

There are people like myself, however, who are sent out particularly to visit and simply express the comradeship that all women on and off the screen feel for our armed forces. We do not have the particular talent to get up on a stage and entertain thousands of boys at one time. We must go through the camps chatting with a few boys at a time, signing autographs, talking to them about their girls back home, answering their questions about Hollywood. For a few moments, at least, we hope to give the boys the impression that other people know what a wonderful job they are doing, and how much their work is appreciated.

There must be morale value in such camp visits, or the War Department wouldn't ask for them and the Hollywood Victory Committee wouldn't assign players to make the trips.

The issue I raise is greater than that involving any personal feelings. It concerns the fundamental morale, both of the men in training and those who are serving or have served overseas.

I know all too well that it is no fun to be under fire from an agency of your government. Yet, it is gratifying to feel that the thing you have been criticized for is helping to rectify a situation that you know is wrong. A few weeks after my report was published, newspapers carried a dispatch from Salt Lake City stating that "Una Merkel and Chester Morris appeared here today to entertain the soldiers and not an officer of high rank in evidence." The article went on to say that Miss Merkel and Mr. Morris had spent all their time with the enlisted men and that the boys had explained that officers were not paying any attention to them for fear of criticism similar to that recently directed at them by a Hollywood actress.

On reading that, I felt that any barbs thrown at me had been well worthwhile. That was ample salve for my wounds. My report brought about the results that I had hoped it would. Numerous friends of mine who have recently returned from camp tours have told me that the condition has been greatly improved.

In three camps on my tour I was accorded the treatment I wanted and expected. In one instance I was turned over to a cadet, a private, and a WAC. I really met the men at that camp. In another camp I was turned over to a sergeant in a jeep. I shook hands and gave autographs to hundreds of the men. That was the job I had set out to do. That was my own small contribution to the war effort. I felt that I was really accomplishing something.

I hope that when I am privileged to go out on a camp tour again I will find the situation everywhere as it existed in these three camps I've just mentioned. If I do, I shall be glad to proclaim it from the housetops. If I don't—if I find the same "rank" condition—then I'll start crusading again. The right of free speech is one of the liberties for which democracy is fighting. Personally, I feel if I were to let "pressure" keep me from one word of truth, I would be failing in my duty—to our country, and to the courage for which it stands.

The End.

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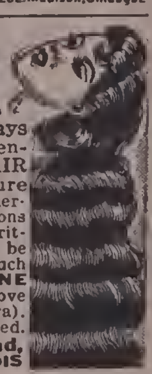

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PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount) finds Ginger Rogers in the role of Liza Elliott, the lady who had difficulty in making up her mind. Gertrude Lawrence created Liza on the New York stage to much acclaim, but the part is much paler on the screen for all of its dazzling Technicolor. Ginger intelligently plays the neurotic editor of an ultra-smart fashion magazine, without ever having a chance of making the character mean much. There is no novelty to looking in on dreams in pictures, for they are old camera stuff. Gone is the charm for the slick staging of the play. Gone, too, is the greater part of its delightful comedy.

Ginger sings "Jenny," she indifferently dances in the clouds, and her Liza hears that haunting strain of a forgotten song of childhood. Otherwise the fanciful music is replaced by sterner drama, and you may quickly become impatient with Liza for not knowing that Charley Johnson is her true love. The older publisher and the visiting star from Hollywood are easily recognizable as also-rans. There is a lavish display of gorgeous feminine styles in "Lady in the Dark"—in case you care.

Ray Milland has quite a bit the best of things because his Charley Johnson is flesh and blood. Warner Baxter appears pleasingly as the publisher, and Jon Hall is the "beautiful hunk of man" from Hollywood, the assignment in which Victor Mature made such a hit on Broadway. Mischa Auer is fairly lost as the too-too photographer. It is obvious that the picture was made at great expense—but it still doesn't quite come off.

THE HEAVENLY BODY (MGM) has nothing to do with bathing. It is a marital farce about an astronomer's wife who has to compete for his affections with a comet he has discovered. Innocently she takes up astrology, which she confuses with the exact science her husband follows. The horoscope she has cast predicts that she will meet her real love at a specified time. And at that moment, the air-raid warden walks in!

This leads to light, fluffy complications which are expertly played by William Powell and Hedy Lamarr as the astronomer and his wife. Bill continues to get his laughs with polished smoothness, and Hedy displays a brand of beauty that should put a mere comet to shame. James Craig is the air-raid warden, Fay Bainter the horoscope caster, and Spring Byington a fluttery neighbor.

THE LODGER (20th Century-Fox) misses the powerful suspense that lifted the novel by Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes to the ranks of mystery classics. As you doubtless recall, the book dealt with the psychological horror of a family who believed they had rented rooms to Jack, the Ripper, London's most notorious murderer who terrorized the Whitechapel district in 1888 and 1889.

This picture is very faithful to its period, but it takes the liberty of showing the capture of Jack, the Ripper, and introduces a pattern for the murders by imagining a personal vendetta against theatrical figures. Laird Cregar over-acts his role of the Ripper in the final moments, and Merle Oberon and George Sanders haven't much to do in carrying a slim love thread.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Century-Fox) a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones, in her debut, gives a glorious performance.

TENDER COMRADE (RKO) in glowing tribute to the service widows whose men have left them to carry on for America, Ginger Rogers attains the finest portrayal of her career.

MADAME CURIE (MGM) Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon as Marie and Pierre Curie play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium.

A GUY NAMED JOE (MGM) dedicated to the heartening notion that "pilots never die," but return to earth as guides to tyro aviators. Distinguished fantasy with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson.

DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners) one of the most exciting adventures in courage that this war has so far brought to films. Cary Grant commands the submarine crew

GUNG HO (Universal) the story of Carlson's Marine Raiders in the stunning page of history they wrote in the attack on Makin Island.

HAPPY LAND (20th Century-Fox) an inspiring reavowal of treasured American memories which you dare not miss seeing and remembering.

LOST ANGEL (MGM) little Margaret O'Brien in a little heartwarming entertainment that is a joy to behold and a minor gem of the season.

JANE EYRE (20th Century-Fox) Charlotte Brontë's classic novel is filmed unforgettably and superbly performed by Joan Fontaine.

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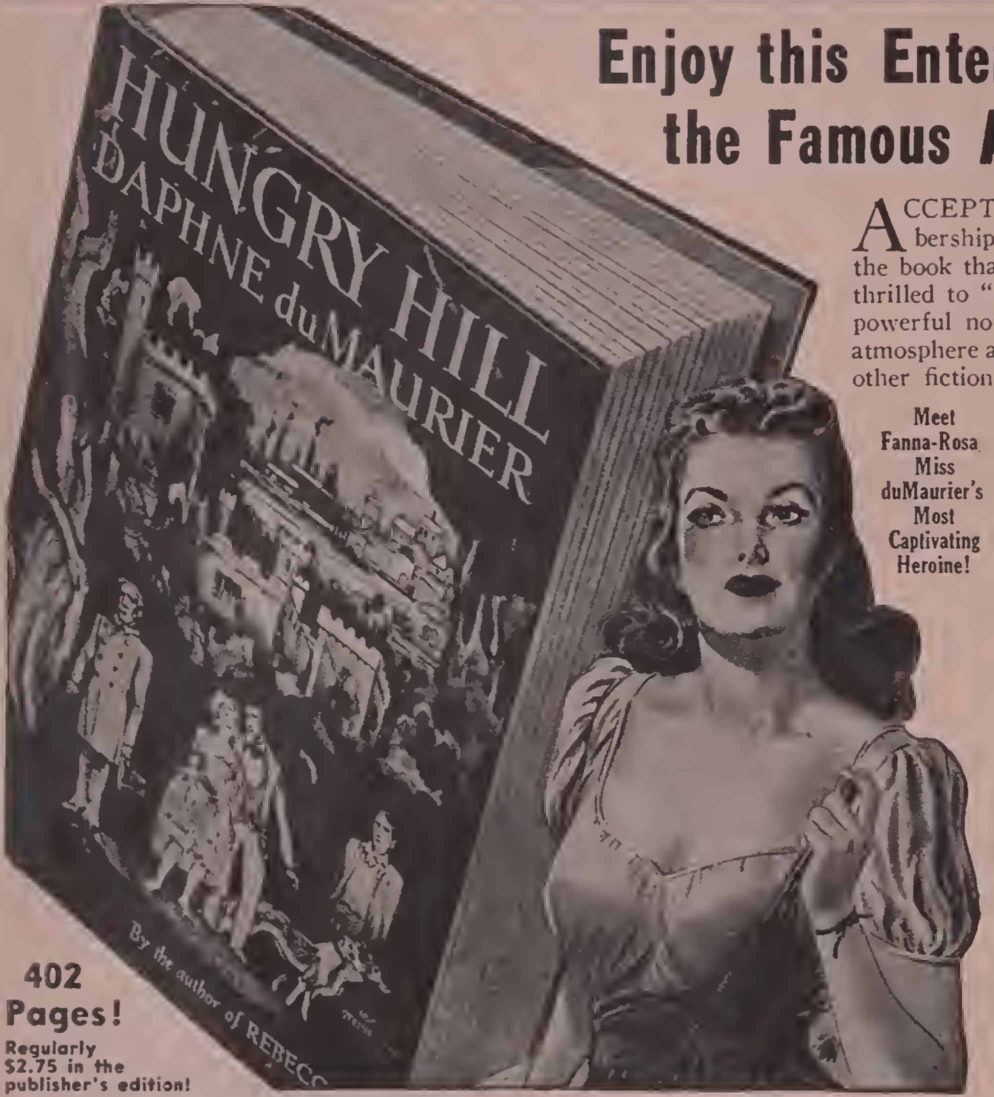

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- UNEXCELLED FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN
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SIMPLE, EASY TO USE YOU CAN GIVE YOURSELF A MACHINELESS *cold* WAVE AT HOME. AS SIMPLE AS PUTTING YOUR HAIR UP IN CURLERS.

only **25¢** *for a Complete wave!!*

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☐ Rush me one Rōlwav home permanent wave kit. When it arrives, I will pay my postman 25c plus postage. If for any reason I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund my money to me.

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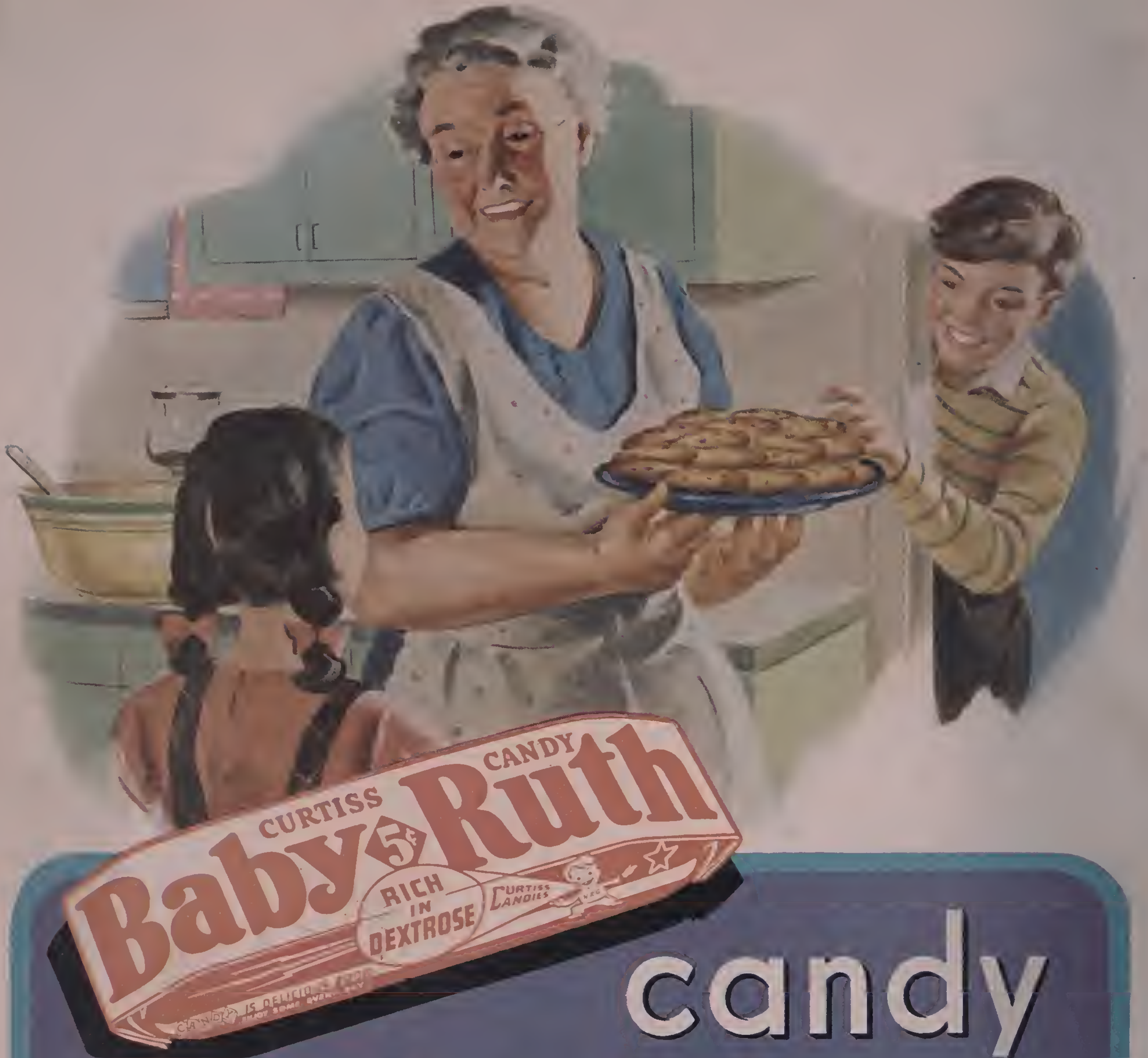
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Movieland

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LANA TURNER

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DONALD O'CONNOR'S BOBBY SOX BRIDE

•

PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR FAVORITE 38 STARS IN SERVICE

Natural Looking CURLS Now Yours

EASILY, COOL-LY, QUICKLY

AT HOME WITH

Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE KIT

Here's exciting news! The sensational, new *Charm-Kurl* Permanent Wave Kit gives hair a luxuriant permanent wave COOL-LY, comfortably, at home. It quickly adds exciting new beauty to your hair and helps you to gain breath-taking loveliness, glamour and allure.

Today, give YOUR hair a Charm-Kurl permanent, you'll be thrilled with natural-looking curls and waves, which glisten with life at daytime and glow with enchanting highlights at night. It's truly an invitation to romance.

And, best of all, Charm-Kurl is easy to use—"just as simple as putting your hair up in curlers," because it requires no heat, no electricity or mechanical aids.

No wonder more than 6,000,000 women have tried it and cheered. It's the smart, modern way to new beauty—it's the rage from Hollywood to Miami.

Charm-Kurl is safe for every type of hair. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. See for yourself how lovely YOUR hair will look—curled and waved in the latest adorable fashion. Charm-Kurl is guaranteed to satisfy or money back on request.

Send No Money! If your dealer is at present out of Charm-Kurl, or—if you prefer to order by mail, send name and address. On arrival, pay postman 59c plus C. O. D. charges. Or, if you send cash, and we pay postage—you save. But, whatever you do, *try* CHARM-KURL today.

Charm-Kurl Company
Dept. 186

2459 University Ave.
St. Paul 4, Minn.

COMPLETE HOME

Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE KIT

The Charm-Kurl home way is sheer magic. Each kit contains permanent wave solution, a generous supply of curlers, shampoo, wave set and complete, easy-to-follow instructions.

59¢

NOTHING MORE TO BUY

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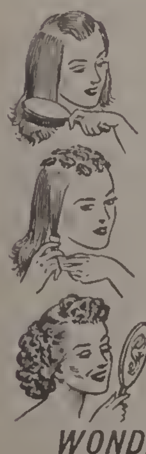
PERMANENT WAVE
Charm-Kurl
PERMANENT WAVE

3 Quick Steps



Charm-Kurl is the simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of natural-looking curls and waves into your hair. Straight, stringy, hard-to-manage hair quickly takes on new beauty. Bleached, dyed and gray hair responds marvelously.

WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers are enthusiastic about Charm-Kurl because it is safe, easy to use—so economical and long-lasting. If you're a thrifty mother, buy an extra kit for your daughter, she'll be thrilled.

You can now get Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kits at Drug Stores, Department Stores and 5-10c Stores. Be sure to ask for Charm-Kurl by name—it's your guarantee of thrilling results.

If Not at Your Dealer's
MAIL COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL COMPANY, Dept. 186
2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Please send one complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit O arrival I will pay postman 59c plus postage, on a guarantee satisfaction or money back on request.

If you want more than one Kit, check below:

☐ 2 Charm-Kurl Kits $1.18 plus postage
☐ 3 Charm-Kurl Kits $1.77 plus postage
(C.O.D. charges the same as for only one kit)

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City. . . . . State . . . .

☐ *I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.*
(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order)

"COSMETIC CLOSE-UPS"

SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

Whoever said "you're only young once" forgot to specify how long that best-of-all time lasts. Once is not enough if once means here today and gone tomorrow. That's why youth should have a Handle With Care sign. And why you should *never* say "I'm too young to worry about wrinkles."

True enough, worry never prevented lines and crows feet. But care and foresight can. Take sun-squint—(and summer's not far off!). Always, if you're in a direct glare, wear an efficient pair of sun glasses. Professionally ground lenses tone down those blinding rays so you can face them without flinching—and screwing up your eyelids.

Remember, too, that warm winds and healthy heat are drying. Supplement stolen natural oils with dry skin cream—around your eyes and between them, on thin-skinned cheeks and flexible mouth muscles. Twenty minutes of lubrication each day, seven days a week, helps to smooth away a network of frowns.

Speaking of frowns . . . deadpans *are* dull: on the other hand, a "crinkled" face covering is far from glamorous. Somewhere in between there's a happy medium, a combination of expression and control. Watch your favorite star. She has learned to use her facial muscles, well, but wisely, to react to emotion spontaneously, without obvious stress or strain.

Dancing 'til dawn—there's nothing like it! *If* you can sleep long and soundly next day. If not, that smooth young skin will suffer. Late nights can add up to early jitters—and their accompanying tell-tale signs.

Good looks stay lovelier longer if you "rest, relax and restore." *Rest* your body and mind eight or nine hours every night. *Relax* taut nerves with frequent changes of activity, refreshing exercise and soothing baths. *Restore* oil and moisture to weather-beaten skin with creams and lotions.

Doing your Bit... and a Little Bit More?

Trust a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick to give *life* to your lips!

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

How difficult it is to keep that brilliant smile and that well-groomed look these days... especially if you have added wartime duties to your daily activities! Yet, millions of you are doing just that with the help of our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

Don't misunderstand! Neither our cosmetics, or anyone else's, will make you a better WAC, or a better war-worker, or a better wife. But a Tangee Lipstick WILL save you precious time—by bringing your lips an entirely new SATIN-FINISH...a soft, exquisite smoothness *that lasts longer despite weather or work!*

There's no need to ration yourself ...on LOVELINESS. Choose the glorious Tangee shade that suits you best... Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural ...And be sure to wear it together with its matching rouge...and your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

★ ★ ★ ★

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome.

★ ★ ★ ★

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.

For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power.

★ ★ ★ ★

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but *not* angelic).

★ ★ ★ ★

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

★ ★ ★ ★

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—*Leo*

Movieland

VOL. 2, No. 4 MAY, 1944

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR THE INTELLIGENT MOVIE-GOER
BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Cover of Lana Turner photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

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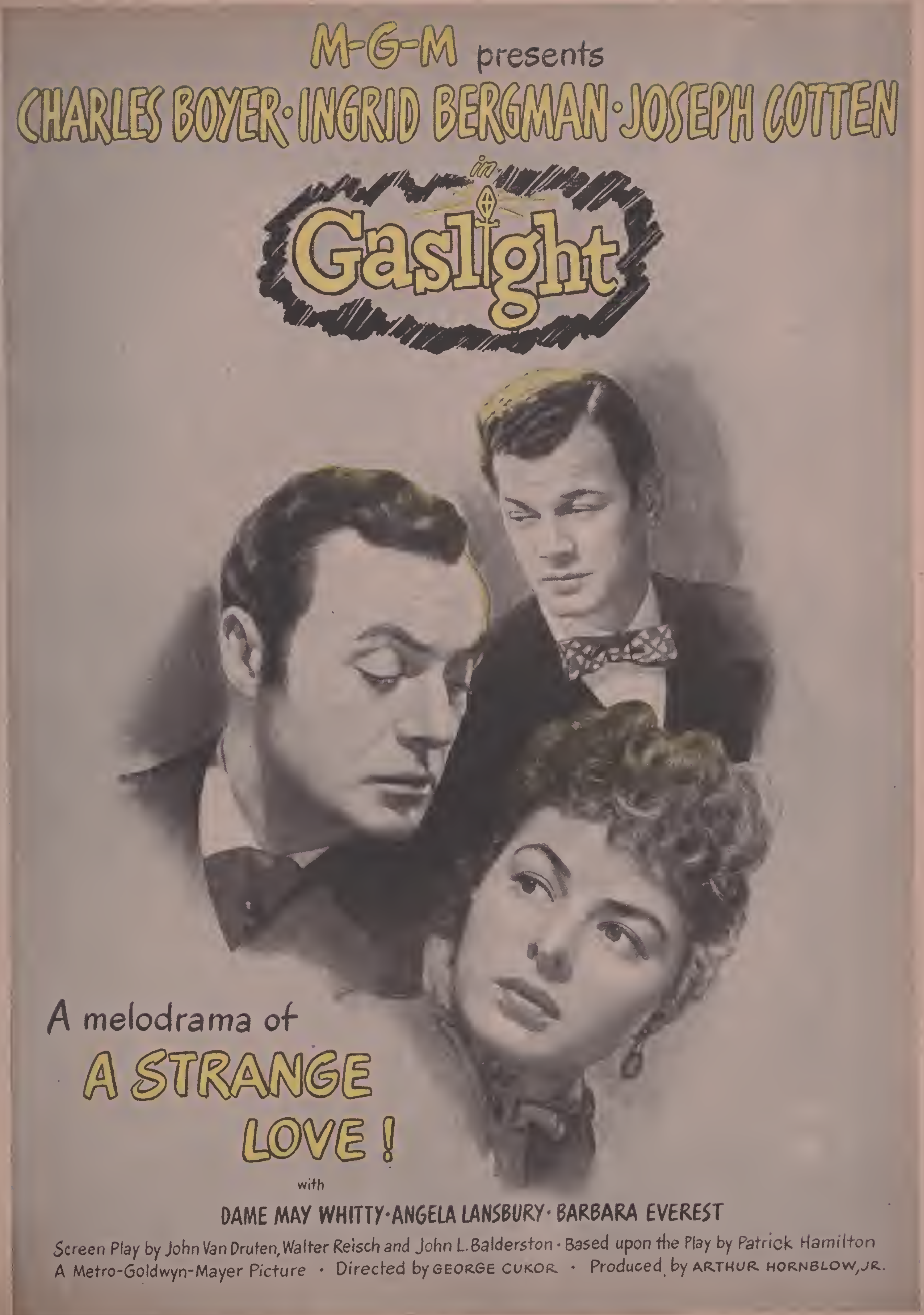


M-G-M presents

CHARLES BOYER · INGRID BERGMAN · JOSEPH COTTEN

in

Gaslight

A melodrama of

A STRANGE LOVE!

with

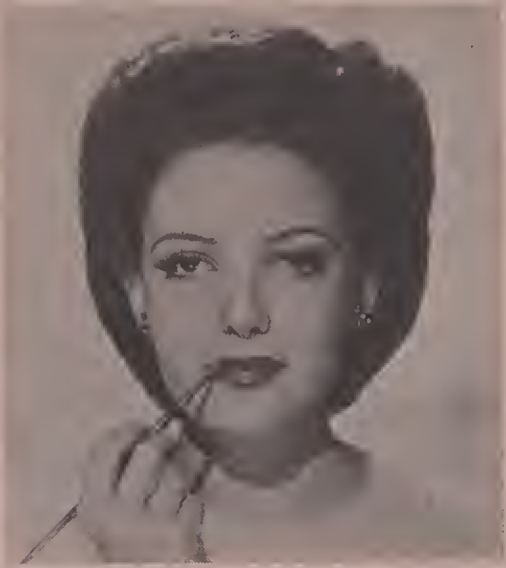
DAME MAY WHITTY · ANGELA LANSBURY · BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston · Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

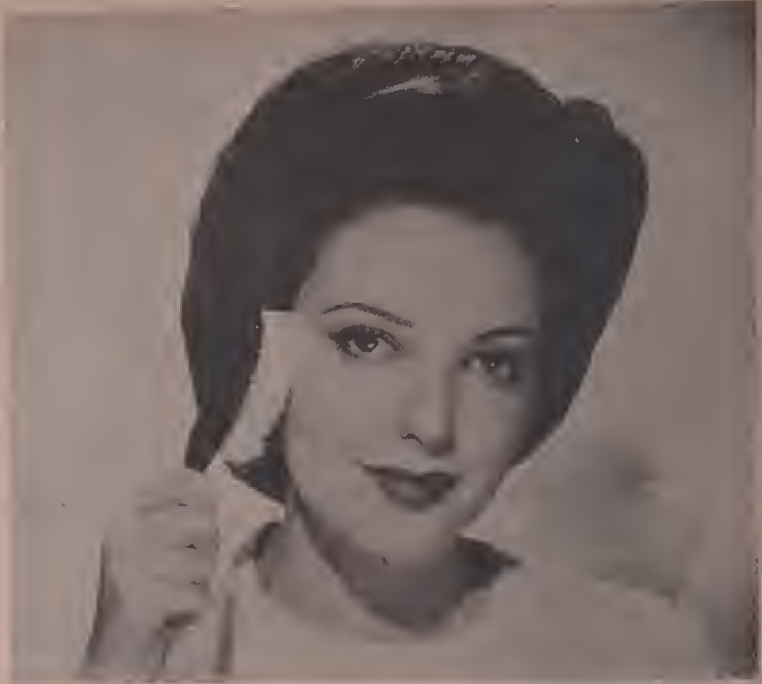
IT'S A *Young* IDEA

BY SHIRLEY COOK

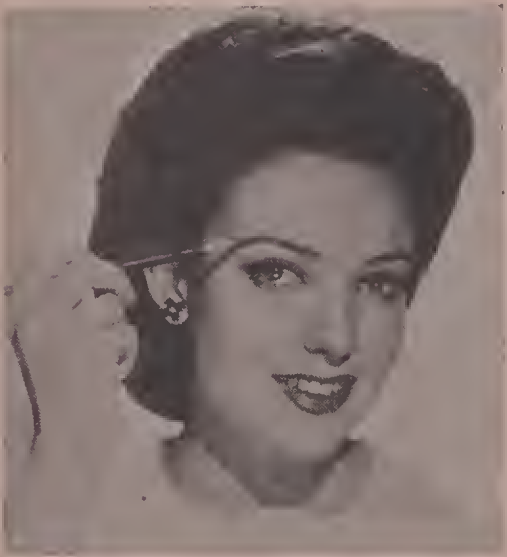
BEAUTY EDITOR



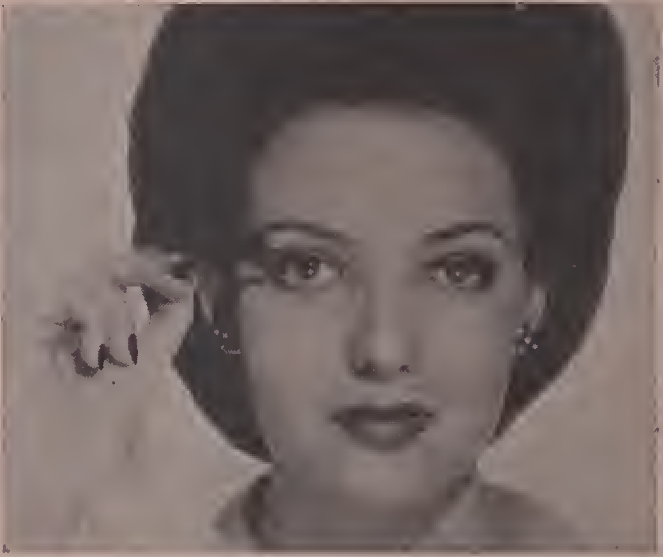
To keep a natural, clean-cut lip line. If you use the brush technique, start at the corners and carry lipstick upward to center of mouth.



To apply dry rouge so that it's just a glow of healthy, vibrant color. Linda prevents any obvious line of demarcation by patting her rouge over cheekbones and blending it up and out with a soft-bristled brush.



To accentuate your eyebrows. Keep the normal arch and featherstroke it lightly, using a soft pencil for the short hair-length strokes.



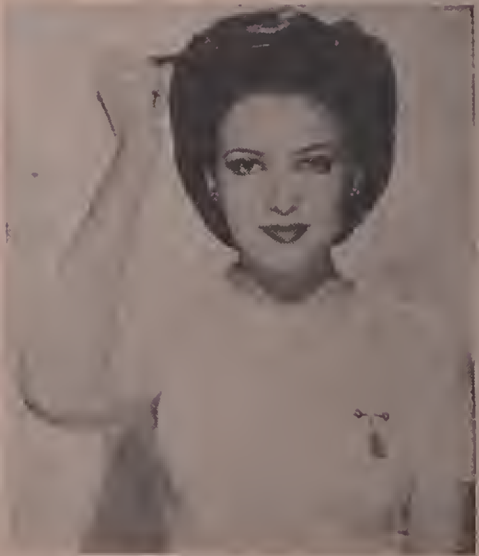
To dramatize your eyes. Mascara, applied with a damp brush, and stroked from base to tips, does it.

THE older they get, the younger the look! That's not double talk. It's a short short story of the development of cosmetics.

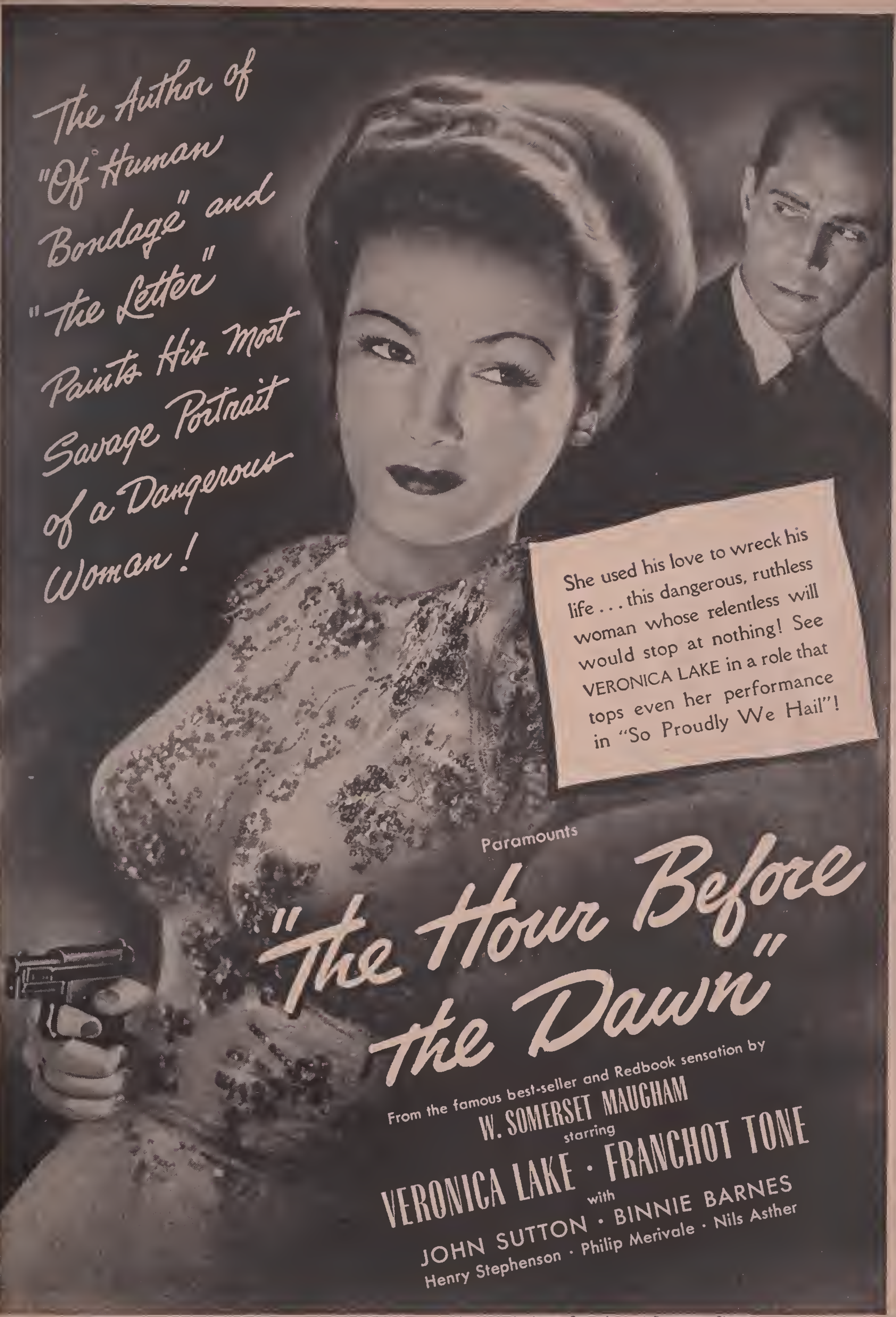
For many years, our beauty aids have been undergoing a process of refinement and perfection. The best faces no longer wear painted pouts, beaded lashes or china doll cheeks. Instead, they take to the modern practical approach.

Glamour has to be combined with grooming if it is to spell "*natural* combustion, 1944 style." And Linda Darnell, who stars in the Arnold Pressburger production "It Happened Tomorrow," is pictured here to prove it!

Linda, lovely as she is, young as she is, takes advantage of every trick in a well-chosen beauty bag. Make-up base protects her skin while priming it for prettying. Powder performs effectively: to point up flesh tints, tone down shine, and set the color of her cheek and lip rouge. Her eyes and mouth remain her own, with only a discreet accent to make them even more so. Protesting parents, self-satisfied sophomores—please note. Artificiality *is* aging. But beauty is a young idea, the very idea today's face-flattering cosmetics can best express.



To bare a lovely brow. Linda chooses a smooth-swept coiffure and uses her rat tail comb to deepen its softening front waves.



The Author of "Of Human Bondage" and "The Letter" Paints His Most Savage Portrait of a Dangerous Woman!

She used his love to wreck his life . . . this dangerous, ruthless woman whose relentless will would stop at nothing! See VERONICA LAKE in a role that tops even her performance in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramount's

"The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
starring
VERONICA LAKE · FRANCHOT TONE
with
JOHN SUTTON · BINNIE BARNES
Henry Stephenson · Philip Merivale · Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture

Romance OF THE SEVEN SEAS!

The drama of the Navy's supermen is thrilling the nation! They're ready to fight—ready to love! Have you seen it yet? Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when it's playing!

John Wayne
Susan Hayward
The FIGHTING SEABEES

with DENNIS O'KEEFE
WILLIAM FRAWLEY · LEONID KINSKEY
J. M. KERRIGAN · GRANT WITHERS · PAUL FIX
Director, EDWARD LUDWIG

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

STAR PRAISES PRODUCER!

When a star raves about her producer, that's news.

Claudette Colbert can't sing the praises of David O. Selznick high enough to equal her enthusiasm. CC has just finished work on "Since You Went Away" and regards it not only as the best pictures she herself has ever done but one of the best ever made.

"That man," she sighs, meaning David O. "He hired great actors like Lionel Barrymore, Charles Coburn, Albert Basserman just for one day's work. He brought out the most wondeful acting from me, from Shirley Temple, from Jennifer Jones. Monty Woolley has never been better. Whenever I thought a scene was awkward, I'd tell David and he'd quietly sit down in a corner, rewrite it and come up with something wonderful."

The amusing part of Miss Colbert's raves is that, while working, she and Selznick always quarrel violently, yet fundamentally they understand and respect one another deeply.

As an example of their friendship for one another, on the night before Lt. Commander Pressman, Claudette's doctor-husband, was due to depart on military duty for many months, Selznick ran off "Since You Went Away" just for this devoted couple. The film was unscored. All the "additional" sounds, like the slamming of doors, train whistles and such, were lacking as well as many of the scenes and all the credit titles.

"But Jack and I sat there," Claudette says, "holding hands, like any pair of kids at the movies, crying our eyes out."

GENEROUS GUY

You could expect, however, if you knew him at all, that Cary Grant would behave exactly as he did toward pretty Janet Blair.

Janet is Cary's leading woman in "Curley." Cary's leading women, such like as Roz Russell and Irene Dunne, always cry to work with him. Now Janet joins that society.

More Inside Hollywood on page 10

Monty Woolley and Shirley Temple, pals on and off the screen (they are together in "Since You Went Away"), are partners in a victory garden where all kinds of California vegetables grow.

HERE'S WARNERS' DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!

ANN
SHERIDAN

DENNIS
MORGAN

JACK
CARSON

IRENE
MANNING

SHERIDANDY!! singing, dancing as wonderful as NORA BAYES!

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!

ALL THESE ALL-TIME FAVORITES!

'LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TONIGHT'
'APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN NORMANDY'
'TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME'
'BREEZIN' ALONG WITH THE BREEZE'
'OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL'

with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler
Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

They're all playing now— don't dare miss a single wonderful one!

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'

IMPROVEMENTS WILL HAPPEN
(AS EVERY DAUGHTER KNOWS)
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put" . . . New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless *improvements will happen!*

TAKE THE CASE OF TAMPAX (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection) . . . Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then *they* in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

PERFECTED BY A DOCTOR, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into dainty, ingenious individual applicators. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. *Note the 3 sizes* to suit early days and waning days—also different *individual* needs. Introductory box for 20¢. Economy package for 98¢ lasts about 4 months . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
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SUPER JUNIOR

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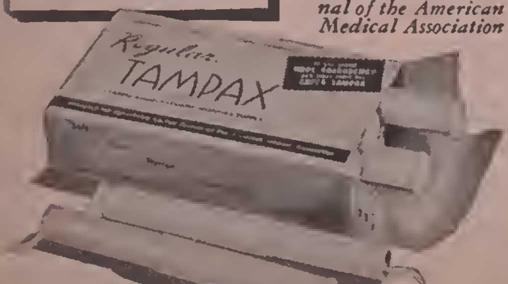


NEWS ABOUT
CARY GRANT
PAULETTE GODDARD
CAPT. CLARK GABLE
BETTY HUTTON

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

This is why. Janet's role in "Curly," while it was the feminine lead, was still so small as to be practically invisible. Cary said nothing until the shooting of the film was nearly over. Then came a scene in which he was supposed to rant and rave.

He went to Director Al Hall. "Janet should be the angry one here," he said. "Let her do the raving. Let me just sit back and take it. Scene will be much better that way."

Al Hall is an agreeable guy, anyhow, but even if he weren't Cary is so red hot at the box-office he could get away with ordering the studio burned to the ground.

So, of course, Janet got her scene. It changed her part from being merely namby-pamby into the sort that critics go for.

It takes a mighty generous guy, who not only withstands competition, but creates it.

TIP FOR THE GIRLS

Paulette Goddard always slays them. At a recent golf tournament (entrance fee, war bonds) Paulette was asked, along with some other glamour items, to help referee the game between Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Other girls turned up wearing smart sports dresses. La Goddard came in a checked sport coat and matching shorts. And I do mean short.

Of course, all the photographers neglected to shoot the other glamour items and centered on Goddard. That girl always grabs the space with some unusual costume, which isn't a bad tip for other girls in other towns.

DATING OF THE MONTH

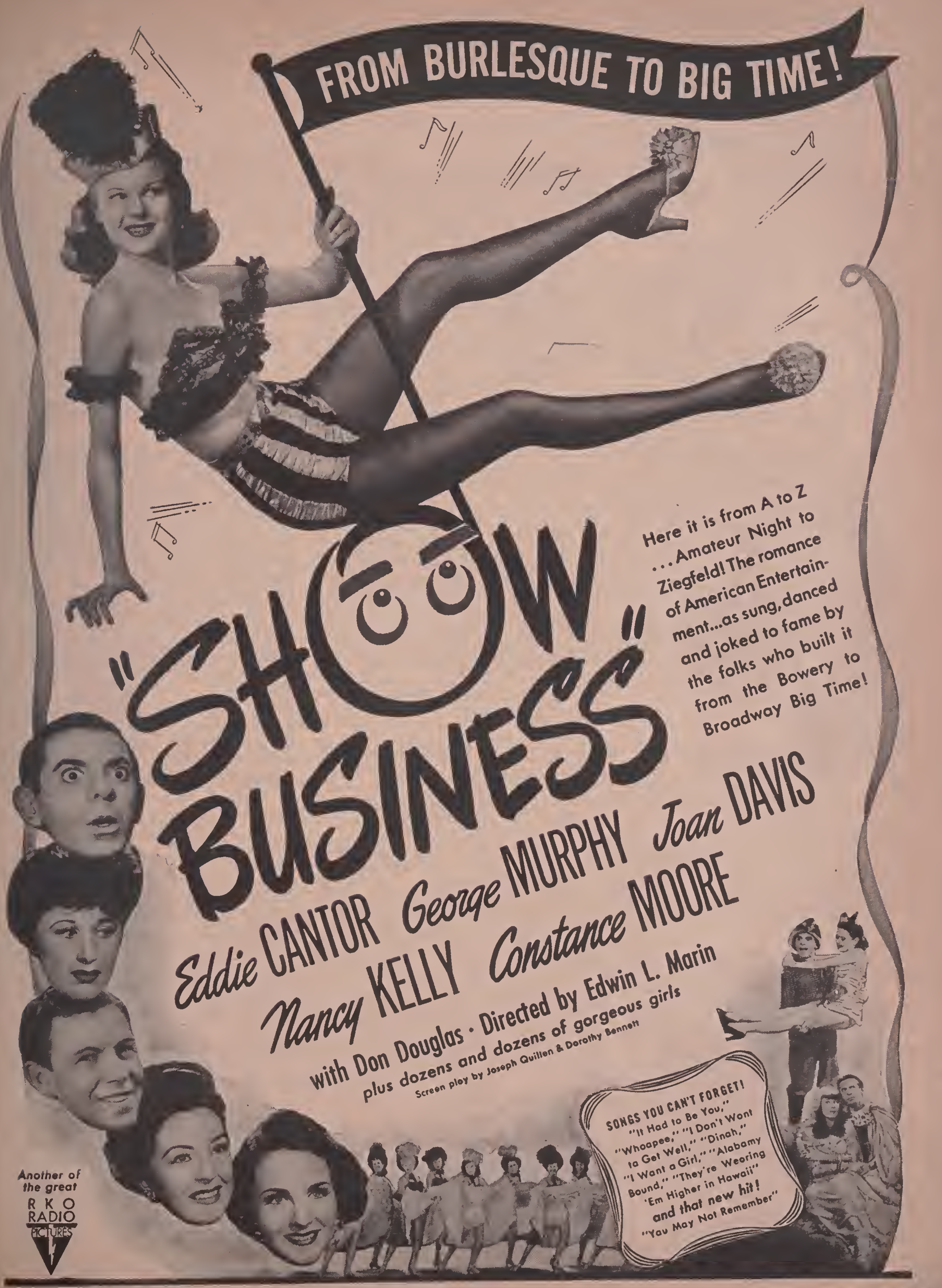
The dating of the month that shook Hollywood's back teeth was that of Captain Clark Gable and Betty Hutton. The debonaire Irishman who is vice-president of M-G-M, Eddie Mannix, introduced the dynamic pair and dinner for two has been very much in order on several occasions since.

As a matter of fact, Glamour Corners has been knocking itself out trying to get Gable romanced ever since he returned from England. At first the chat-

More Inside Hollywood on page 66

This looks dreamy-eyed as all get out, but it's only Helmut Dantine with his fifth date of the week, Ann Miller of the dancing feet.

Another gentleman of the Man-About-Town contingent, Jess Barker, being gallant and oh, so attentive to Susan Hayward.



FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!

"SHOW BUSINESS"

Here it is from A to Z . . . Amateur Night to Ziegfeld! The romance of American Entertainment...as sung, danced and joked to fame by the folks who built it from the Bowery to Broadway Big Time!

Eddie CANTOR George MURPHY Joan DAVIS
Nancy KELLY Constance MOORE

with Don Douglas · Directed by Edwin L. Marin
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls
Screen play by Joseph Quillan & Dorothy Bennett

SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"It Had to Be You," "Whoopee," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "Dinah," "I Want a Girl," "Alabamy Bound," "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii"
and that new hit!
"You May Not Remember"

Another of the great
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

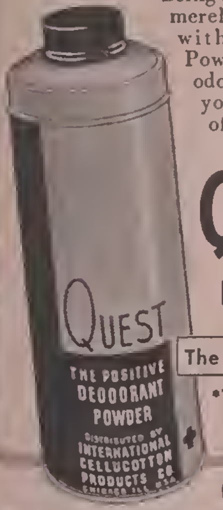
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.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THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
DISTRIBUTED BY INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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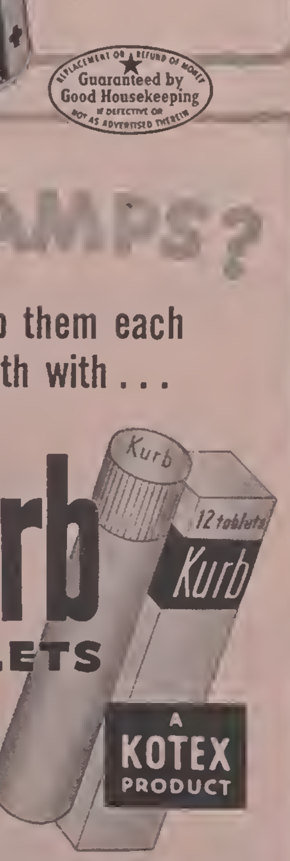
CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb TABLETS



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Movieland's NEW

BROADWAY RHYTHM (MGM) has all the earmarks of an extravagant musical superduper. If your enjoyment of a picture depends upon the merits of the story it tells, "Broadway Rhythm" is decidedly not your dish. But if you are satisfied to accept a lightweight plot simply for what it is—an excuse to bring together and parade a wealth of clever talent—then here is a presentation that will give you your full money's worth, and in Technicolor, too.

Young Gloria DeHaven emerges to make a bid for stardom with an engaging performance of a stage-struck girl who has plenty to offer. Her ambitions are being held down by George Murphy as her producer brother and slyly encouraged by Charles Winninger as her show-wise father, a veteran of vaudeville. Ginny Simms characterizes a Hollywood star with Broadway aspirations, and between them they carry what is left of the New York musical comedy about the summer stock theatres which was once called "Very Warm for May."

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra take care of the featured band spot, and there are scorching sepia song specialists by Lena Horne and Hazel Scott. Eddie "Rochester" Anderson adds to the merriment, as do Ben Blue and Nancy Walker, and that show-stopping impersonator is Dean Murphy, long a favorite of F. D. R., whom he takes off remarkably. "Broadway Rhythm" is both tuneful and eye-filling, which is all it set out to be.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN (Paramount) labors over the problem of awakening an English gentleman who fancies himself a conscientious objector to killing of any sort, even though his country is at war. His aversion stems from an incident in childhood when in target shooting he was accidentally responsible for the death of a favorite Collie dog. He grows up to become a teacher and suffers grievous embarrassments rather than be untrue to his convictions. Not until he traps his German-born wife in a flagrant act of sabotage does he come around to a way of thinking that in a flash sends him to join his brother in the R.A.F.

The story is from a novel by W. Somerset Maugham, yet its screen transcription is excessively slow moving and unconvincing despite the fine efforts of Franchot Tone to make valid his objections to war. Purposely, real issues are treated sketchily for fear of offense, a sin of omissions which causes the drama to defeat itself. Veronica Lake is not very good as the German girl spy and frequently forgets her slight accent. John Sutton, Binnie Barnes and Henry Stephenson are among others concerned, but where did they get that stilted boy who plays the nephew of Tone? All in all, you need not stay up for "The Hour Before the Dawn."

VOICE IN THE WIND (United Artists) is filled with studied effects in dim gray photography and is ponderous with long silences that are supposed to speak louder than words. The scene is the West Indies island of Guadeloupe, a haven of refugees from Hitler's conquests; the central characters are a Czech concert pianist and the girl who was his fiancee. He has lost his mind following his escape from the captors who arrested him for deliberately playing a verboten patriotic selection. She is dying of heart-break, and there they both are on Guadeloupe, each unaware of the other's presence.

PICTURE GUIDE

FIVE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 56

Francis Lederer is the man, Sigrid Gurie the girl. They are surrounded by some accomplished character actors such as J. Carroll Naish, Alexander Granach and J. Edward Bromberg. For the arty minded picturegoers, "Voice in the Wind" will be a delight into which can be read meanings that will breeze right by the average entertainment seekers.

THE IMPOSTOR (Universal) is an ace war melodrama about a criminal's regeneration through joining the fighting forces of the Free French. He is a murderer awaiting execution on the guillotine who makes good his escape when the prison is bombed by the Nazis. He assumes the identity of a dead French sergeant and finds himself among a group of demobilized soldiers headed for Dakar. At the call to arms by General De Gaulle, the destination is changed to Equatorial Africa where the Impostor learns the meaning of patriotism and distinguishes himself in jungle warfare, only to face the exposure of his masquerade.

Through one of those stranger-than-fiction incidents, the star of the picture, Jean Gabin, is now actually on active duty in service of the Free French. He gives an especially strong performance in the film, sharply supported by the excellent portrayals of John Qualen, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Peter Van Eyck and Eddie Quillan who are his companions in the adventure. You will find the drama Gabin enacts very much worth your while.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY (United Artists) follows pretty closely the comic operetta from which it was adapted. It was a success of pleasant memory when presented five years ago on the New York stage, but by virtue of its style, something of an oddity for the screen. This is partly because the characters assume the privilege of bursting into song at the least provocation. They sing of love or of political corruption, for this is a satire upon the pioneer settlement of New Amsterdam during the Colonial period when Peg-leg Peter Stuyvesant arrived to take over the governorship. Unfortunately the satire is not particularly pointed and may escape many who will not see its likeness to the Gilbert and Sullivan comicalities.

Charles Coburn has a grand time vocalizing and stumping around as Peg-leg Peter. Nelson Eddy is the resourceful Brom Broeck who will not knuckle down to oppression. Constance Dowling appears pertly as the girl both of these men want to marry. "Knickerbocker Holiday" is one about which you will have to decide for yourself. We didn't care for it.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON (Warners) is that familiar story of the small-time vaudeville team, struggling to get into the big-time. The picture sees fit to call the girl "Nora Bayes" and the man "Jack Norworth," although neither Ann Sheridan nor Dennis Morgan lends much credence to recollections of these famed real-life entertainers. But with Irene Manning, Jack Carson and Marie Wilson to help, some two-dozen old-time songs get indifferently sung for another of those nostalgic cavalcades of once popular tunes—vintage 1906.

ACTION IN ARABIA (RKO) sends George Sanders out to foil a plot of the Nazis to turn the Arab tribes against the Allies. He is an American newspaperman on vacation in Damascus. After his pal is knifed, he is plunged into a tense and complicated situation because he is never sure whom he can trust. Two lovely ladies, Virginia Bruce and Lenore Aubert, lend him aid, but he can't bank on the loyalty of the information-selling Gene Lockhart. You can take "Action in Arabia" with a tongue in your cheek, for it doesn't take itself too seriously.

(*Continued on page* 89)

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 16.

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

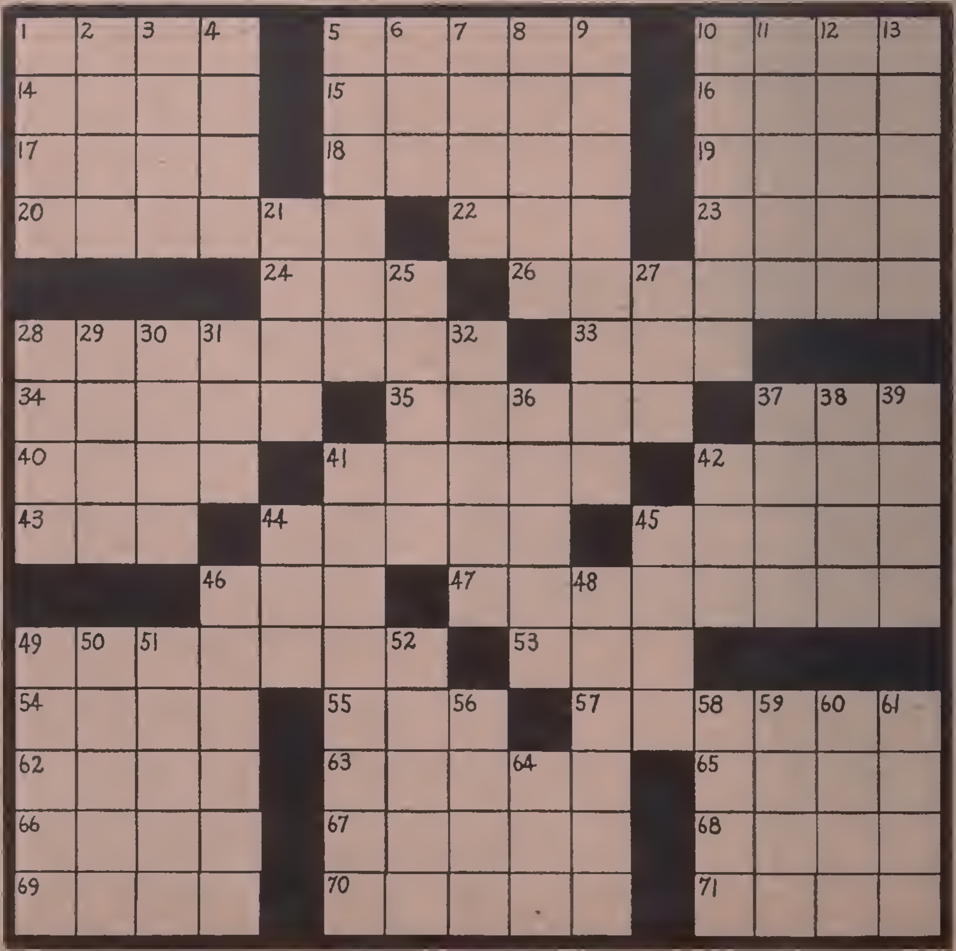
ACROSS

1. Mitchell is a - - - - in "Flesh and Fantasy"
5. Wild
10. Cass sings "Willie, the - - - - of the West" in "Riding High"
14. Mrs. Chaplin
15. Pola burlesques - - - - - in "Hi Diddle Diddle"
16. Seed coating
17. "No Place for a - - - -"
18. Tendon
19. Fissure
20. Place among
22. An extra in "In Which We Serve"
23. Kings (French)
24. "- - -, My Darling Daughter"
26. "The - - - - - - Victim"
28. "Alpha" in "Lost Angel"
33. "Kitty" in "Is Everybody Happy?"
34. With force
35. Construct
37. Tip, Tap and - - - in "All By Myself"
40. "Mark Turner" in "All By Myself"
41. Tapering roof of a tower
42. Rose - - - -
43. Movie fade-out
44. "Brad Barton" in "Wintertime"
45. - - - - - role is "His" in "His Butler's Sister"
46. "Gangway - - - Tomorrow"
47. "The Cross of - - - - - - - -"
49. "The - - - - - - Death of Adolf Hitler"
53. "Tubby" in "Hit the Ice"
54. Small fresh-water duck
55. Attention
57. "Jerry Jones" in "This Is the Army"
62. Indigo
63. Sun-dried brick
65. Extol
66. He loves Kathryn in "Thousands Cheer"
67. Saltpeter
68. Judy is "- - - - er Gray" in "Girl Crazy"
69. Chief's wife in "The Chetniks"
70. "Young Ideas" is about adolescents in their - - - - -
71. She loves Farley in "The North Star"

DOWN

1. Nelson sings them
2. Pertaining to the dawn
3. "Government Girl" - - - - in a satire on Congress
4. She is in "Pin Up Girl"
5. "Connie" in "Top Man"
6. "Flesh and Fantasy" has three - - - sodes
7. Split
8. Superficial extents
9. Mae West in "The Heat's On"
10. Patric Knowles in "Always a Bridesmaid"
11. Constellation
12. "The Sky's the - - - - -"
13. Bud in "Hit the Ice"
21. MacMurray in "No Time for Love"
25. Percolates
27. Large tub
28. Horse's neck hair
29. So be it
30. "Tonight We - - - - Calais"
31. A dumb sheriff in "Riding High"
32. "The - - - - - of Mary Dugan"
36. "Steve Wagner" in "Northern Pursuit"
37. Brenda Marshall in "The Constant Nymph"
38. He is in "Madame Curie"
39. Otherwise
41. Ellison is one in "The Gang's All Here"
42. Fur tippet
44. Tom - - - way, alias "The Falcon"
45. " - - - - to Life"
46. "The - - - - - - Sparrow"
48. "King of the Cowboys"
49. Cast of "Cry Havoc" has none
50. Doctrine
51. Ella - - - - - s is "Joyce" in "Corvette K-225"
52. Alice Faye in "The Gang's All Here"
56. Memorizing by repetition
58. "Mme. Daruschka" in "Claudia"
59. - - - - s is the "Phantom of the Opera"
60. Bogart in "Sahara"
61. "- - - - of Darkness"
64. "Chuck Polansky" in "Thousands Cheer"

(For Solution See Page 67)



Loses 25 pounds—
reveals her hidden beauty

"I wondered if such a thing could happen to me,"
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WHEN Audrey Helmer was 16, she weighed 116 and was slim as a reed. But the last two years in high school she began putting on the pounds. She went to college weighing 129, and graduated at 145 in a size 18 dress. The college nurse told her she ought to reduce—and she tried it again and again, without much success.

Then she got her first school, and that's when the weight wears you down. On your feet all day, at the blackboard, before the class—and 30 pairs of appraising eyes. At social affairs, where everyone in the neighborhood sizes up teacher. Audrey decided to do something about it—and those DuBarry Success Course pictures haunted, tempted, convinced her. What she liked about it was the plan worked out for *her*. "Eating as a beauty eats," enjoyable exercises she could do after school, beauty rituals that highlighted her mornings and evenings. Following the Course faithfully, she lost 25 pounds, won back the perfect figure that was hers at sixteen, and now she slips easily into a size 12 dress.

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Before **After**

Audrey Helmer weighed 25 pounds too much for her height (5' 3") but in her face and figure there was hidden beauty that only needed a chance.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 14

Jill Warren proving that Frank Sinatra's head size hasn't changed with all of his success.

WORDS *of* MUSIC

BY JILL WARREN

Corp. Cliff Howell sews stripes on Frances Langford, making her an honorary sergeant in ceremony at Gardner Field, California.

Hi, Characters! Music Class is in session, and there is much business at hand. So if everyone has his pitch pipe, we shall be off!

THE TUNEFILMS:

Twentieth Century-Fox had a fast change of mind in their casting office. They took Lynn Bari out of the lineup for "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," and gave her the singing lead in the Benny Goodman picture, "Sweet and Lowdown." Then they switched Perry Como from "The Bowery" to "Something For The Boys," with Vivian Blaine as his leading lady. Incidentally, Perry really had a time in getting to the coast from N. Y. He was put off the plane at practically every stop and finally made the last lap by train, the whole trip taking him a week and a half. Then the day he arrived in "sunny California" it was pouring . . .

Universal is still pitching us those good musical shorts of theirs, and the newest one is called "Stars and Violins." Answering the roll call are Jack Teagarden and his band, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers, Lillian Cornell, and Jimmy Cash, the Burns and Allen troubadour. The Teagarden man and his trombone are featured on "Basin Street Blues," and a new instrumental number, "Swing On a Teagarden Gate."

Bob Crosby and Connie Haines are the newest additions to the Universal payroll. Bob and his band will have a big spot in Gloria Jean's starring picture, "Pardon My Rhythm," and Connie will appear in "Moon Over Las Vegas."

Les Brown and his orchestra were to have been part of Paramount's "Bring On The Girls," but the starting date of the picture conflicted with playing dates Les had already signed for his band, so Paramount extended his contract and will use him in another film later in the year. In the meantime Les is doing theatres.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The recording companies have an exceptionally large number of releases for us this month, for which hooray! We'll start with *DECCA*: Bing Crosby's latest is the David Rose composition, "Poinciana," and "San Fernando Valley," with music by John Scott Trotter. The "Valley" tune is the hit novelty written by radio conductor Gordon Jenkins . . . Hildegarde, with the assistance of Harry Sosnick's orchestra, has done "Suddenly It's Spring," from "Lady in The Dark," and "Leave Us Face It" (We're In Love). This is the song which jumped to popularity in such a hurry after its first appearance on "Duffy's Tavern." To quote Ed "Archie" Gardner, "It's the greatest love song in captivity." . . . Decca's newest album release is "One Touch Of Venus," recorded by Mary Martin, Kenny Baker, and the original chorus and orchestra from the show. There are five records in all . . . The Merry Macs are back with us again, this time on "Mairzy Doats" and "I've Got Ten Bucks and Twenty Four Hours Leave." They are backed up by their usual small combination . . . Jerry Wald, whose band is rising in popularity, has waxed "Poinciana" as an instrumental, and "Mississippi Dreamboat." Dick Merrick sings the vocal chorus on "Dreamboat," with both sides spotlighting the Wald clarinet . . . The Ink Spots and Ella Fitzgerald get together for the first time on records to give us "Cow Cow Boogie" and the reverse side has Ella, with her own band, singing "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street."

Helen Forrest signed a three-year contract with Decca so before long we should be hearing her first disc. And I wouldn't be surprised if she did a couple of double things with Dick Haymes, which wouldn't be a bad combination at all, at all . . . COLUMBIA confronts us with a fine album called "Frankie Carle and His Gal Friends." Needless to say, they are all piano solos done in the famous Carle style, accompanied by bass and guitar. Frankie's

(*Continued on page* 78)

Jill Warren and Donald O'Connor sharing the same Pepsi-Cola at the Palladium just prior to Donnie's introduction into army.

Are You in the Know?

Could be they're doing—

☐ A Square Dance
☐ The Conga
☐ A Rhumba

Maybe you're remembering *your* first Conga Line. Drums and maracca! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls *still* haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how *confidence* follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!

What is it?

☐ A Sniper's Suit
☐ A Paratrooper's Uniform
☐ A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on *concealment*. So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.

You hear it on which radio program?

☐ Beat the Band
☐ Red Skelton
☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

"I DOOD IT!"

You ought to "det a whippin' " if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at *your* house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you *needn't*, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.*

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☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." Discusses do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting — how to stay on the job, even on "problem days.

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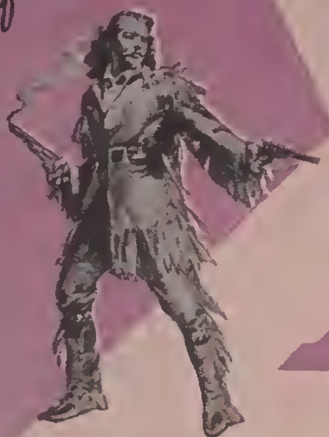

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in

BUFFALO BILL

IN TECHNICOLOR

with **Thomas Mitchell** · **Edgar Buchanan** · **Anthony Quinn**

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN · Produced by HARRY A. SHERMAN · Screen Play by AEneas MacKenzie, Clements Ripley and Cecile Kramer

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Yanks Bomb Tokyo!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION OF

THE PURPLE HEART

Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

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DANA ANDREWS · RICHARD CONTE · FARLEY GRANGER · KEVIN O'SHEA · DONALD BARRY · TRUDY MARSHALL · SAM LEVENE

Written for the Screen by Jerome Cady · Technical Adviser Otto Tolischus

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Hollywood goes "Over There"!

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Mitzi Mayfair with Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra
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and the Guest Stars ALICE FAYE · BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA · GEORGE JESSEL

WATCH FOR THESE AND OTHER BIG HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

The Great GRANT

Other actors dream about selecting their own roles. Cary does it. Some stars think how wonderful it would be never to have a bad picture. All Cary's pictures, most personally selected, are terrific hits. Then there's that ideal of shifting from comedy to drama and back again. Few players ever manage it. But Mr. Grant manages. Finally there's that perfect stage of being blissfully married to a beautiful girl. That's a description of Cary's union with Barbara Hutton. It should add up to making him conceited and difficult. Instead, this naturalized American who was born Archie Leach of England, becomes steadily more handsome, more skillful, more unselfish and more generous. He's a very great guy, this Grant.

They're Mr. and Mrs. now—
Private Donald O'Connor,
U. S. Army, and Gwen Carter,
movieland's happiest twosome.

Donald O'Connor's BOBBY SOX BRIDE

BY DONALD O'CONNOR

Mr. Big didn't believe in love at first sight—

Then came an evening back stage and a girl named Gwen

I'M GOING into service, a married man! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

That wonderful Gwen Carter, whom I met in January, 1943, and fell in love with at sight, is now, after a Sunday trip to Tijuana, Mexico, Mrs. Donald O'Connor.

And to top that—yes, it even tops my marriage—I'm entering the greatest show on earth, our battle for democracy.

I hope I'll be put somewhere I can best serve. For besides fighting for peace, for freedom, for a better world for me, I want to help make this world a better place for Gwen. She is my future. I'm sure Fate decided the minute I met her.

Backstage at the "Blackouts", a Hollywood stage show, I was watching a rehearsal. Gwen was there waiting for her Dad, who is the orchestra leader. She was watching too. I got myself introduced but not encouraged. I spent the following two days tracking down her telephone number. She was very popular. And the other guys she went with weren't anxious to help me out.

But finally I got a call through. We went to dinner and then to see a movie at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. That was more than a year ago. Since then neither of us ever even dated anyone else. I'd always laughed about "love at first sight", but I knew at once that this was it. From that evening on, we crowded the thirteen months with lots of fun. Our romance advanced to the engagement stage and Gwen began wearing that emerald cut diamond with baguettes on the side. Our parents thought marriage should wait. But we were earnest and kept trying to win our point. After all, my Mom married at fourteen and there's never been a divorce in the O'Connor family. They finally gave their blessings. Now Gwen wears two rings on her finger.

In the shadow of Don's picture Gwen makes notes on tomorrow's lessons.

On her way home from school Gwen got the groceries. Married on Sunday, Gwen was right back in classes Monday. Donald had been inducted into the army on same day.

Gwen (right) with her closest friend, Beverly Woodcock, is a typical modern high school kid. Movieland snapped her as school day ended at Los Angeles High. She wears sloppy Joe sweater.

Gwen swears she's a fine cook, but being meatless Tuesday when Movieland's cameraman caught her, new bride was whipping up a patriotic omelet for dinner.

All pictures by Movieland photographer Franklin Worth

DONALD O'CONNOR

CONTINUED

Donald, the ardent puddle jumper, cutting quite a cute figure in his bathing suit.

This is the talented young movie star, now Private Donald O'Connor, U. S. Army, and mighty proud, too.

The most recent addition is a band of diamonds that proves she's my wife. By summertime, when Gwen's school is out, we hope we'll be together, wherever I'm stationed.

Now that my future is set I am thinking of my past, saying goodbye to it really.

What a past it's been! Things like this:

When I was knee-high to a pygmy I worked with a Trampoline act in vaudeville. In case you are not familiar with vaudeville jive, trampolinists use a big table, jump on it and do somersaults. First time I tried it I came down on my head. I've been this way ever since.

Yet I've lived and learned for eighteen years, acrobatic years. My learning may have been a bit irregular—but solid.

For example: A roller-skating act taught me to roller-skate. Then I worked with an ice-skating troupe and they put me on the road to being a male Sonja Henie. When we worked circus acts, I learned how to ride, bare-back and Western saddle and on my head, balanced on my big and several other which-ways. Sleight-of-hand acts gave me speed and tempo. My brothers taught me hand-balancing. Mom put me through dance routines. From the age of nine months on, I rode in parades at fairs and carnivals, tall silk hat and all. Gives a man presence, riding in parades.

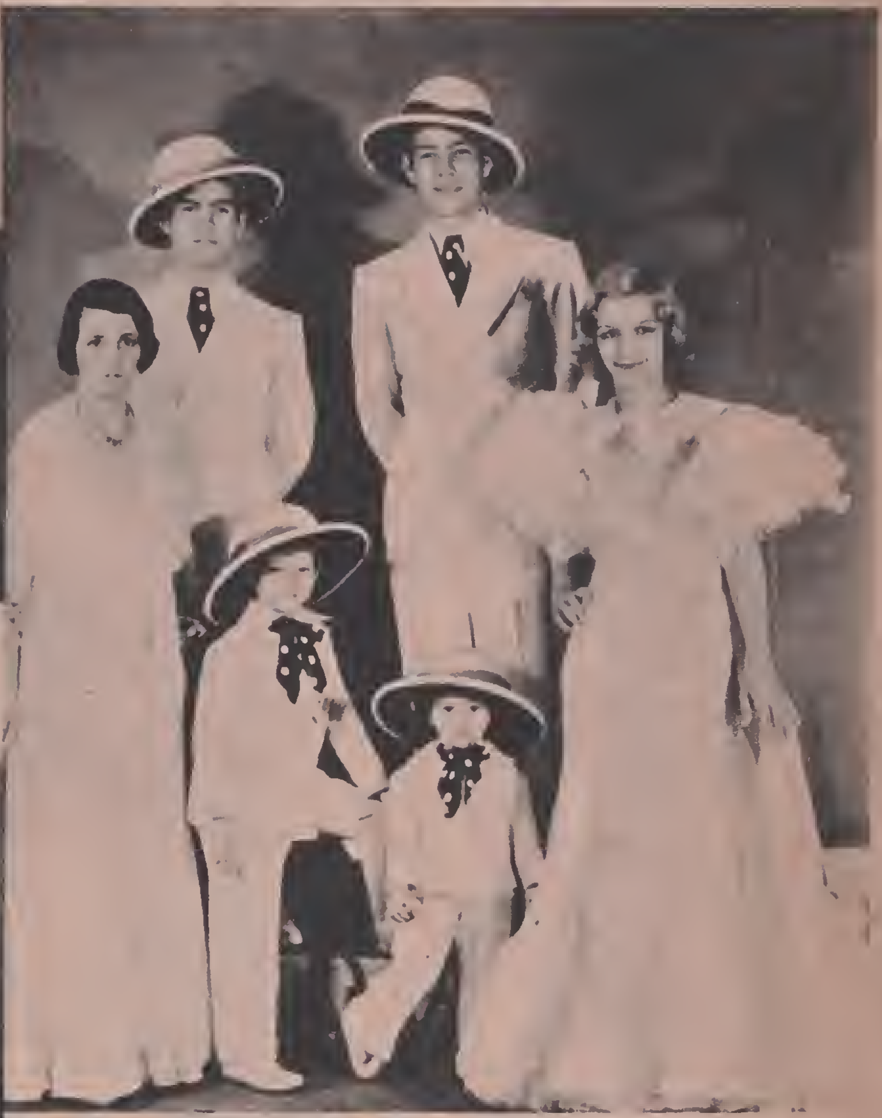
By the time I was four, I was running around with a midget in New York. He was a middle-aged midget, and a nifty dresser. I dressed like him. I strutted my stuff in spats, a full-dress suit, a cane and a flower in my button-hole. When I first got the cane, it was taller than I was. I wore my hair, blonde as Betty Grable's, Buster Brown style, with bangs. And I always sported a diamond ring—except when it was in hock.

One time a crowd of boys in Omaha, Nebraska, tried to take my ring from me after I'd got them into the theater free. I whaled the daylights out of three of the gang. Then I went backstage and cried my eyes out. I felt sick. I didn't know till years later that I was "disillusioned."

I was ten years old before I got into a real kindergarten. But when I was eleven, I was in the third grade. The gag was I had gone to school by correspondence that year. Lessons were sent to me by a Chicago Professional School and my classrooms were dressing rooms in theaters and the dingy bedrooms in the hotels where my folks stayed. I'd sit beside my mother, doing my Three R's, and when her back was turned, I'd mix lip rouge and cold cream and eyebrow pencil into a gooey mass and paint pictures on the walls. There are a lot of "Early O'Connors" splattered around the country.

Actually, of course, I was born in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in Chicago, on August 30, 1925. One of my mother's best friends at the time was Martha Raye's mother. Martha's mother named me Donald. The family tagged me with two other Ds besides; David and Dixon. I wanted to be called Dixon because, when I was six, a numerologist told me it would bring me luck. By then it was too late, though, and the "Donald" stuck.

Age seven, all set for success, Donald was already dancing, singing, doing acrobatics and playing comedy.



The O'Connors as they appeared in "Bombay Unit." Donald and his niece, Patsy, are the kids in center, his mother stands at their right, then brothers Billy and Jack and sister Arlene.

At twelve, making his first big time hit in "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray

Greasepaint is in my veins, to coin a phrase. My Dad, John E. "Chuck" Connors, came over from County Cork, Ireland, with his brother Bill, when they were mere broths of lads. Soon as they got here, they went into the circus and carnival business. Then Uncle Bill got married, quit show business, worked as a miner, settled in Danville, Illinois, and had thirteen children. Uncle Bill's place in Danville is the only real home I ever had, until I hit Hollywood.

Not that I wanted a home. Even after I came to Hollywood and was able to buy one, I didn't especially want one. A house felt too much like settling down. I hate routine. I hate having to be here at six, dinner at seven, there at eight. So I bought a house, sure, that's right, and live in it with my mother. But I bought it for Mom.

After Uncle Bill married, my Dad went on alone. As "Chuck" Connors, he starred as a professional strong man and boxer, working a circus with the great English pugilist, Peter Maher. He married my mother, Effie Irene Crane, when she was fourteen years old. After he married, he changed his (*Continued on page* 72)

TWO BEAUTIFUL ROMANTIC PEOPLE

THE GIRL (ON MOVIELAND'S COVER) . . . LANA TURNER

This is

Lana

MY EARLIEST AMBITION:

Was to design clothes.

When I was nine, I sketched a dress and explained it to my mother, who got the idea. I used to love to watch my mother dress; she had pretty things and knew how to put them on. My favorite occupation throughout my school days was dreaming up lovely clothes. I still design some of my own wardrobe.

I USED TO WISH I COULD:

Wiggle my ears. My grandfather could wiggle his, and so could his son, my mother's half-brother.

Whistle through my teeth; my mother can.

Win a tennis tournament. I finally won a tournament—perhaps because I had a grand partner, but I still can't whistle or wiggle my ears!

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION:

Is an Easter egg hunt.

The memory is blurred but we were hunting colored eggs all over a green lawn, falling over each other, putting our finds into rainbow-hued baskets. Then we had to hunt for the bunny that had hidden the eggs. I remember I didn't find it, and was much—and vocally—annoyed.

I LIKE:

Sweaters, but I seldom wear one; if I do, people are apt to look at me and say, "Oh ho, Sweater Girl!" So I'm self-conscious about putting one on. But I loathe those Sloppy Joe sweaters. What they do to the kids who wear them isn't funny!

Milk with ice cubes in it (especially on a hot day); white-walled tires; Irish stew; murder mysteries; luscious-looking clothes, and Gossip—sometimes, when it's just among close friends and isn't malicious and lots of other people know it. I don't like the feeling that I have a terrific secret and mustn't spill it. Oh—just nice, silly, gay gossip.

I DON'T LIKE:

Polka dots; grease paint; sea gulls; cold plunges; cider; going fishing. I went fishing once for barracuda. My fishing partner hauled in one after another, and all I could catch was mackerel. I wound up by falling into the ocean and vowing I'd never fish again.

I HATE:

Parsnips; mustard greens; being hurried; oatmeal, if I have to eat it. (My mother still says sternly, "You eat that oatmeal!"—and my baby eats hers like a hungry angel.)

I'M CRAZY ABOUT:

Home-made bread.

If I can't get any, I'll settle for a drive past a good bakery, just for a whiff of hot bread as it comes from the oven.

(*Continued on page 26*)

REVEAL THEIR SECRET PERSONALITIES

Myself

THE MAN (TODAY'S GREAT STAR) . . .

ALAN LADD

Alan

I REMEMBER:

A meat stew my mother made when I was seven. We were traveling by car from our home town in Arkansas out to California. We had no money and the trip was a sort of "Grapes of Wrath" affair. For several days we had been hungry, and on this particular day my stepfather had sold his painter's ladder and some brushes and bought the meat. I could smell the fragrance of it as I waited outside our tent while my mother cooked the meal.

Across from us in the shabby little camp was another family with a couple of babies. Perhaps they also had somone old or ill. I remember they called my mother over, and she seemed troubled when she came back. We were gathered around the stove, being served with the delicious-smelling stew, when my mother suddenly decided that the people over the way needed food more than we did. She took the pieces of meat off our plates, left us with bread covered with thick gravy, and gave the meat to them.

That old song, "The Long Long Trail." I was very small. My father, a public accountant in Cleveland, Oklahoma, was away and my mother wanted to surprise him by having me sing his favorite song when he came home. I learned every word of it, could keep the tune, and my mother was quite proud of me. But when my father arrived, I was suddenly smitten with stage fright and crawled under the bed.

Later, I remember something my stepfather said to me. I was big enough to want to earn some money and I asked him to teach me how to paint and let me go out with him on one of his jobs. He wouldn't.

"I don't want you to learn a poorly paying trade like this," he said.

"I want you to know how to make good in a fine position. If you can earn just enough to get by on, at this sort of thing, the time will come when you'll be hard up. You'll decide to do it for a couple of weeks, and at the end of twenty years you'll still be doing it, as I am. No, you must learn to do something better."

I LIKE:

Sunshine; hot weather; singing in the shower; dark brown eyes; my boxer puppy; swimming; a garden full of fresh green things; dancing; white shirts and the color red.

I DISLIKE:

Phoney people; black shoes; new suits; making still pictures; disorder; jelly doughnuts.

I HATE:

Schemers; hats; diamonds; anything smothered in thick gravy; lamb in any disguise.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Being sensitive—maybe too (*Continued on page* 27)

LANA TURNER

CONTINUED

"I'm mad about my baby," says Lana. "She's beautiful, adorable, perfect. She has entirely changed my life. I adore that fact."

Lana says, "I've learned the give-and-take of marriage." Here shown with Steve Crane, she's kissed by Mervyn LeRoy, her discoverer.

I HAVE FUN:

Creating things.

I couldn't buy lights or ornaments for my baby's first tree, so I made them for her. I got a silver tree and a bolt of red satin ribbon and tied bows to every branch. It took me three and a half hours to tie them all. Then I scattered silver icicles over the tree, topped it with a white angel above a great green bow, and set a spotlight below to light it. It was but sensational.

I USED TO:

Dream of being able to fly a plane in a coast-to-coast race. I saw myself tearing into a field and calling, "Fill her up, boys!" while I snatched a milkshake or a sandwich and watched them with an eagle eye, then I'd take off like the wind, just a hair's breadth ahead of the next contestant.

Act on impulse. I'd say to myself, "I wish I could go to Palm Springs—Why don't I?" and I was off. Having my baby cured me. Where yesterday I'd be packed and away at a moment's notice, today there's the baby. Will it be good for her? If she goes, I must take her nurse; if I take her nurse, I must take the cook; if I take the cook, I'd better get a house or an apartment. By that time, it's simpler to stay home.

Take things to heart terribly. I'd let things bother me. Now I know what's important, and lesser worries can't get close to me. I won't let myself get upset for the baby's sake.

I LOVE:

Macaroni and cheese. We have it always Tuesdays and Fridays, and we're mad about it.

Fortune tellers. But my husband doesn't like them so I don't go any more. I used to get a kick out of them, not actually believing anything, but I've given it up.

I DON'T LIKE:

A man to walk around with his hands in his pockets.

To hear a woman swear. I'm not prudish. I can forgive it in a great emergency. I used to use bad words myself in the modern fashion. One day I happened to listen to a girl with a sweet, gentle face swearing like a fish-wife. I thought: "Is that how I sound to other people?" and I stopped.

My husband never swears; he said nothing when I did, but when I'd cured myself, he was delighted.

And do you know, I discover I'm learning a whole new vocabulary! Instead of a lazyman's curses, I hunt for words to express exactly what I mean. Steve and I play games with words—I'm a pushover for games! We open a dictionary, put a finger on a word with our eyes shut; then we use the word, properly pronounced in a sentence. We time each other and keep score.

I'VE LEARNED:

From my husband—how to consider others; the give and take of marriage.

From my baby—patience. When you're expecting a child, there's nothing you can do to hurry matters. You must wait. I'd never had any patience before, I wanted everything in a hurry. And when I had to wait I had time to think. I realized that my life must be changed—a mother needs endless patience and I vowed I'd learn to have it.

From making pictures—how to meet important people. I've met the President, governors, great writers, artists, musicians, people who do great things, whom I'd never have met on my own.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Being late.

I'm never late on the set; I'm there at nine o'clock always. But I'm late for appointments and engagements. I try to be on time but I never *(Continued on page 64)*

ALAN LADD

CONTINUED

"If I could live over one day of my life," says Alan, "I'd choose my wedding day. I adore my nine-months-old daughter, Alana."

"The turning point in my life," says Laddie, "was the day I met Susie. She was just starting in the agency business. Until that moment we were just two bewildered people."

sensitive; eating garlic (if my wife Susie eats garlic); worrying; grabbing the dinner or luncheon check when I'm out with a party—perhaps because I get such a kick out of being able to afford to pay the check after so long a time of skimping on food.

I LOVE:

People. I don't subscribe to that saying: "The more I see of people, the better I love dogs." Susie and I are so close that we haven't any frightfully intimate pals, but we have lots of friends and we love people. I wish I always understood them. I try to. I never judge them when they don't behave exactly as I'd like, because I'm convinced there's always a reason behind what people do.

If this sounds stuffy, I don't mean it so.

I USED TO:

Hate fog and dark days. They depressed me terribly. I don't mind them now.

Be cynical, during the years I was so often broke, but I'm never cynical now. Oh yes, I still occasionally have the feeling that I may last in pictures only for another two or three weeks, but I'm not bitter about it any more. That's due to Susie.

I BELIEVE:

That any story about myself must be a story about my wife, because we think the same things. Sooo—

SUSIE AND I—

Are both impulsive. Before gas rationing, we used to get up at 2 A.M. and start off for a drive because one of us happened to say how nice it would be to take a look at the spring wildflowers near Bakersfield, or what about a swim up at Lake Arrowhead, or why not run down to San Diego to watch Bing Crosby's horses?

Seldom hear any gossip and practically never know what's going on. Yet we always seem to have so much to tell each other that we never run out of things to say.

Never make detailed plans. We take life as it comes and love to be surprised.

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE:

Was the day I met Susie. She was just starting out in the agency business, and I was just beginning my film career. She heard my voice on the radio—I was doing a scene in which I played two people, an old man and his son. She was impressed and asked me to come in to see her.

Before I walked into her office, we were just two bewildered people, fretting about the bad breaks we'd been having, uncertain of the future. After we met, we seemed to know where we were going. We fit into each other's lives, and know we were meant for one another.

IF I COULD LIVE OVER ONE DAY IN MY LIFE:

I'd choose my wedding day.

Susie and I slipped off to Tia Juana, Mexico, for the ceremony. It was a hot day, and I mean hot. We waited for an hour in a dusty, smothering little office for the man who married us. Then we waited again for things that had to be signed. There wasn't a good place to eat and the food was awful. Our hands were sticky and there was sand in our hair. But for the first time in my life I was ecstatically happy and it seemed too wonderful to be true.

I ENJOY:

Writing letters; music—any kind, including loud music; digging in my garden; cutting back hedges and shrubbery; changing things around. Susie says I enjoy change for its own sake.

We live in a house Susie bought when she was with Fox Studios. Ever since we've *(Continued on page 65)*

WEDDING OF THE MONTH

IT WAS all so romantic.

Young Kim Hunter, just twenty-one, was making stills with her friend, Ruth Hussey, for "Tender Comrade." A couple of Marine fliers wandered into the portrait gallery and watched the proceedings. They were both handsome boys, wearing battle ribbons and one of them, Captain Bill Baldwin, also wore the presidential citation for valor in action in the South Pacific.

The boys had been permitted into the studio because they already knew Ruth Hussey, and presently, Ruth was introducing Kim Hunter to Captain Baldwin, and right then and there, Cupid began fluttering his wings like crazy.

You see the result on this page: Kim, aged twenty-one, getting the wedding license with Bill, aged twenty-three. They were wed in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Beverly Hills just a week later and now they have a little house in the seaside town of Laguna Beach, some twenty odd miles from Hollywood. There Bill is trying to recover from the recurrent attacks of malaria that are keeping him out of action and there Kim is learning all the housewifely arts and loving them—and Bill.

Here is the amazing, heart warming story of what happens to returning stars when they deliver the messages our fighting men send back home

BY CONSTANCE PALMER

Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks were with Gary Cooper on his tour of the South Pacific. The gals tried to dish out glamour as far as the rugged background would permit. And at least Brooksie could give out with bare legs.

Tell Mom You Saw Me

THE roar of the motors is louder, the gray bulk of the Army plane deadly and efficient as the ship touches the good American earth with the delicacy of a ballerina. The doors open.

A girl in flier's pants and too-big wind-breaker jumps down with a clatter of infantryman's shoes. The clothes are all borrowed and obviously weren't meant for a woman in the first place. Her face is dirty, her hair hangs in wisps, she is tired. Dog-tired.

But you don't notice the clothes or the dank hair because of the smile shining through the dirt on her lovely face.

Then another girl jumps out—a man with a concertina—another man whose civilian clothes hang loose from shoulders that sag with a great physical weariness.

And they're all smiling too, with a kind of proud happiness that sets them apart from you and me.

Though this plane came from the North, yesterday one landed here from across the Pacific. Last week another flew up to Miami from Brazil, shuttling across from North Africa.

And so they come back—the players who have been overseas bringing a little of home and America to our fighting men everywhere and who are bringing back messages, messages to loved ones waiting in surroundings empty and unseen.

"Tell Mom you saw me—"

Those are the words that cover everything. Just call Mom up or write her a letter and tell her that and she'll feel better about everything. She'll listen with all her heart to that voice coming across the miles of wire and be comforted to know that that same voice talked to her boy. She'll take the letter and smooth and caress and treasure it, because that same hand shook her boy's hand and now writes news of him to her.

The stars back from overseas have all delivered—and are still delivering—this simple message. But sometimes there are messages more particular and personal

Gary Cooper, in the South Pacific, had to recall, by request of Marines, the Gehrig farewell speech from "Pride of the Yankees"—but that was nothing to what he had to hand out when he got home.

Neil Hamilton takes time out for his Christmas dinner—the very same sort many of the boys had!

Tell Mom CONTINUED

A little girl in pig-tails and a red gingham dress cried when Frances Langford handed her a champagne-cork with a note tied to it. Frances cried, too, standing there on the steps of a tiny honeymoon cottage in Van Nuys, a little town just out of Hollywood.

The little girl was so young she should have been going to high school, swooning over Sinatra, but she wasn't. She was a wife, waiting and hoping and lonely for her husband who was flying in Italy. He'd given Frances the cork one raw and rainy night in a dismal little inn in Palermo on the island of Sicily, when he and his squadron were celebrating their return from a successful mission over Naples.

And a mother and father in South Pasadena were happy with a pair of pants. It doesn't sound like much of a present, but they belonged to their son who was flying in Italy, too. He had given them to Frances one day in Messina when the wind was so strong it just wasn't possible to appear decently in skirts on the high wooden platform they'd built for her.

These are some of the little things that make the great effort easier to bear.

"The boys up there in Alaska have been gone such a long time—some of them 40 months," Martha O'Driscoll told me, "that they've become so shy they hardly know what to say."

The desolation of snow and ice, the monotony and the loneliness have blotted out for awhile their easy American friendliness.

"But one of the boys in Sitka did manage to ask me to send flowers—with his New Year's love—to his fiancee in Gainsville, Florida," Martha said. "Another in Attu wanted me to take a bouquet of flowers to Long Beach, to his baby he'd never seen.

"Still another just wanted me to call his girl in Riverside, California. He explained apologetically—as if

With four girls, one of whom was Ingrid Bergman, Neil Hamilton toured Alaska. Ingrid was a big hit, but what slayed the lads was the curvy number who did hula!

Anna Lee, Larry Adler, Wini Shaw and Jack Benny somewhere in Sicily. The girls all travel in G. I. clothes such as Anna wears.

The adventures of Errol Flynn (with Martha O'Driscoll, left) in Alaska were plenty. But what happened to Errol by way of a home telephone was plenty, too!

such a little thing might be too much trouble for me—that it wouldn't be hard to reach her because she was the long-distance operator there!"

One rainy afternoon the phone rang in a little house in Pomona and a crisp Australian voice asked to speak to Don's mother.

"This is Errol Flynn. I've just seen your son in Alaska—"

Don's mother, when she could get her breath, at the sound of such a famous voice, poured a torrent of entreaty into Flynn's ear. Would Mr. Flynn, please, please come and have dinner with her—and talk about Don?

Mr. Flynn did, and stayed all evening, looking at baby pictures and school trophies and doing a great deal of listening.

But what touched him more than anything was the dinner: it was cooked—not for *(Continued on page 71)*

Bob Hope turning up at any base or hospital means fun for men. Bob's favorite hospital crack, "Did you see the show or were you already sick?" brought plenty of laughter from the men. (Right) Bob shakes hands with General Jimmy Doolittle while Frances Langford stands by.

GREER GARSON,

That is her proud title. It is also the secret of her present greatness—as this story proves

They resumed their war-interrupted honeymoon in Boston, Ensign Richard Ney and Greer Garson. They had a brief few days together in California, before Richard set sail.

NAVY WIFE

BY TERRY RUSSELL

Down these stairs walks one of Hollywood's most intelligent actresses. Her ideals are truly as great as those of the "great women" she's played.

Greer loves luxury and has earned it for herself. This is part of her exquisite drawing room. She did all the decorating herself, and with truly professional results.

THE very beautiful, very weary actress glanced, with tired anger, at the ringing telephone. The place was Montreal, Canada. The setting was one of those pleasant but excessively impersonal rooms characteristic of the best hotels. Even if the calendar had not recorded the November 7th date, the cold rain that beat ferociously against the window panes would have been sufficient winter warning.

The actress had finished her last day touring for a Canadian War Loan Drive. She was tired as you can only be when you have talked too much, and smiled too much, and shaken too many hands. Her natural friendliness made it impossible for her not to shout heartily in answer to any shouted greetings from the crowds that had lined the streets of her whole tour. Given a smile, no matter how goofy, she always had to attempt a reply. So now she was practically ill with fatigue, heartbreakingly homesick and lonely, and she had given specific orders that the phone was not to be rung.

But there the phone was, ringing madly, practically bounding off the bedside table in its shrill demand. She let it ring, thinking perhaps by ignoring it, she could silence it. She couldn't. It kept right on. Finally, she tore the receiver off the hook.

"I thought I gave orders . . ."

"Oh, Miss Garson," the phone girl interrupted. "It's your husband. It's Ensign Ney calling."

It was the first time Greer had heard her husband's eager voice since two days (*Continued on page* 69)

One of Hollywood's happiest couples, Greer Garson and Ensign Richard Ney, look to the future with confidence and give thanks for brief hours spent together today.

Carole Lombard, Hollywood's heroine of the war, died in a plane crash, January 15th, 1942, returning from a bond selling tour.

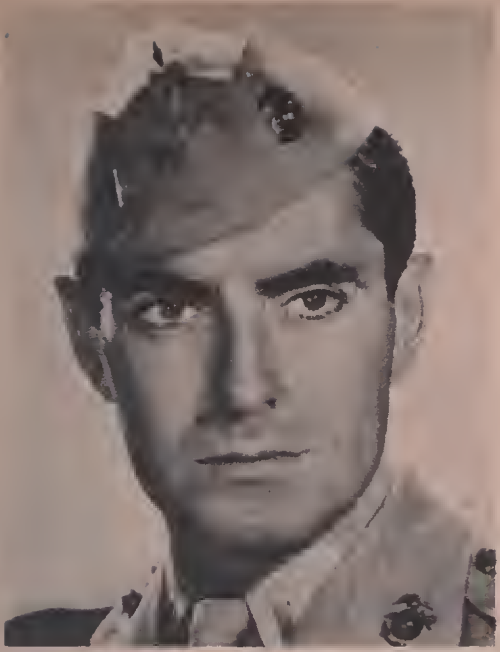
Captain Clark Gable . . . A.A.F.

Salute to Movieland's HEROES

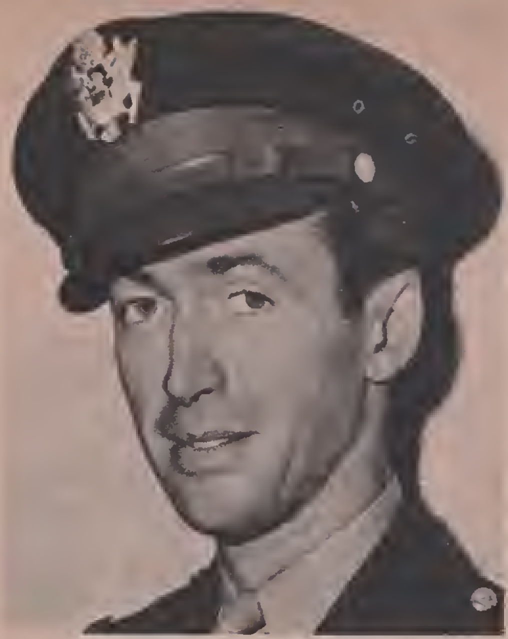
Lt. Comdr. Robert Montgomery . . . U. S. Navy

Sergeant Gene Autry . . . A.A.F.

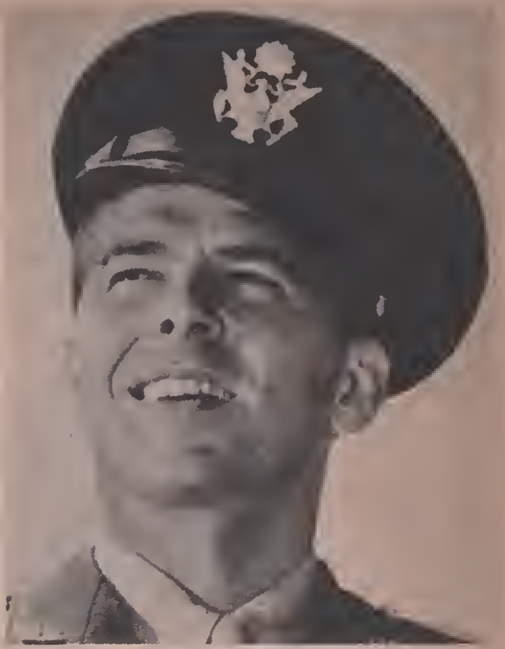
Lieutenant (j.g.) Henry Fonda . . . U. S. Navy



Lieutenant Tyrone Power . . . U.S.M.C.



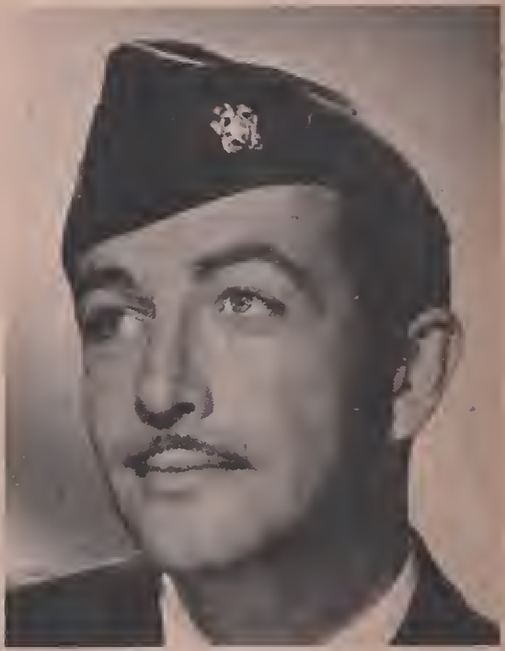
Major Jimmy Stewart . . . A.A.F.



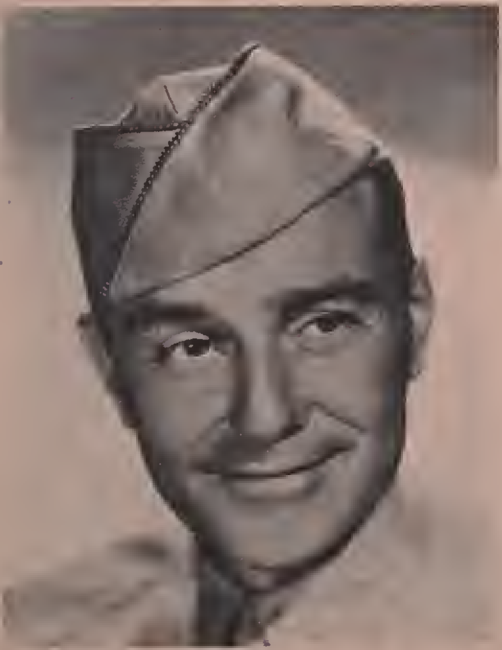
Captoin Ronold Reagan . . . U. S. Army

AS YOU read this, our country will have been at war approximately two years and five months. To no community in our great land, has the war wrought more changes than to Hollywood. To the fight for freedom, Hollywood has given not only its manpower and its money but its time, its talents, its dreams. The men are in uniform, but the girls have gone to battle in their own way, on bond tours in this country, over the air on Command Performance, out in the mud of the South Pacific, the fiery deserts of North Africa, the snows of Alaska on entertainment tours.

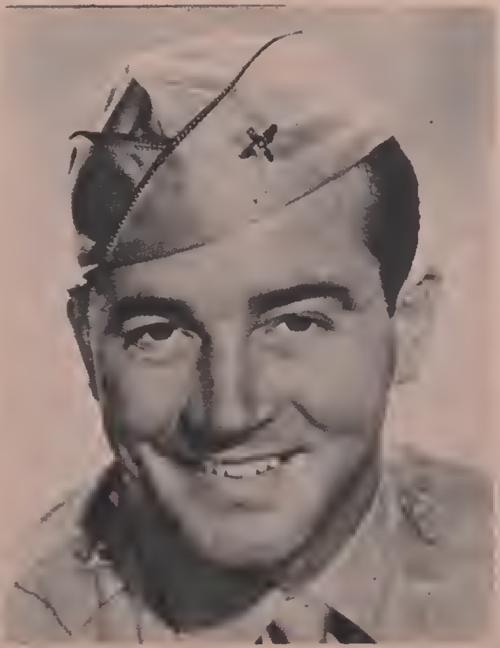
Movieland herewith honors the male stars in uniforms, not because they are braver than all the millions of lesser known men in uniform, nor because they have given up more glittering lives. Movieland honors them because we do not want you to forget them. It's because there's this about an actor: great as his talent may be, it cannot exist without a public to appreciate it. So here's to them, heroes all, and certainly the handsomest bunch of fighting men the world has ever seen.



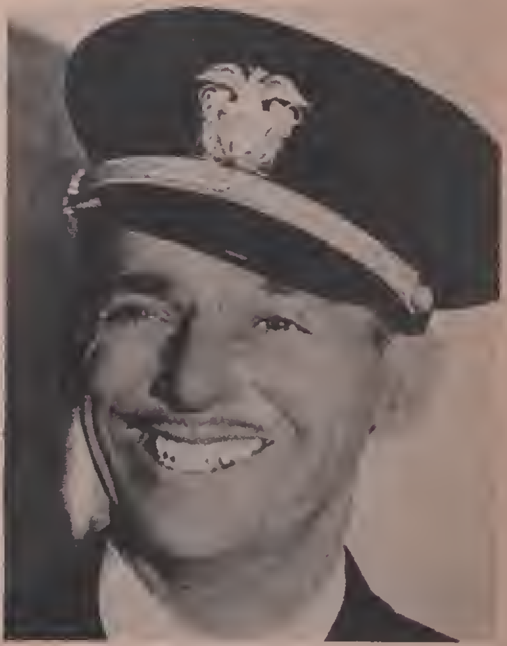
Lieutenant Robert Taylor . . . U. S. Navy



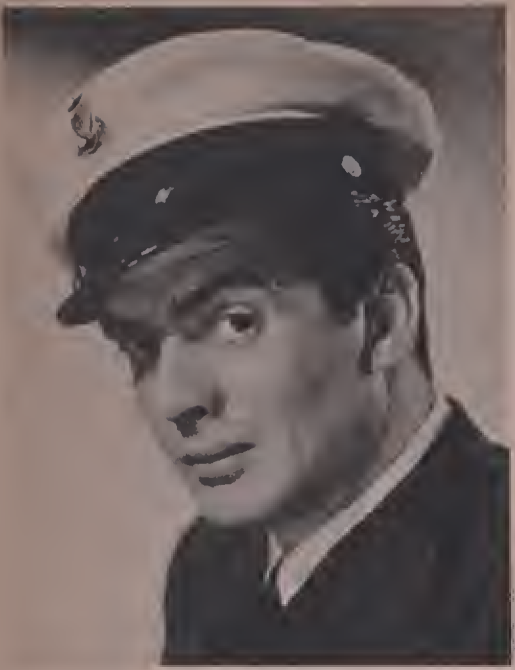
Sergeant Lew Ayres . . . U. S. Army

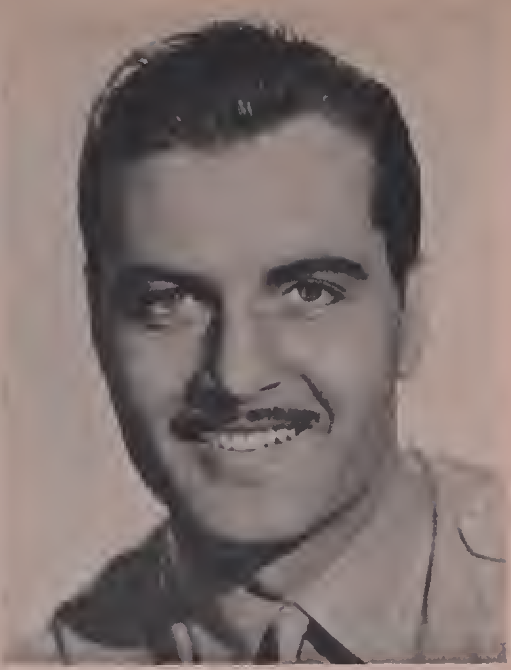


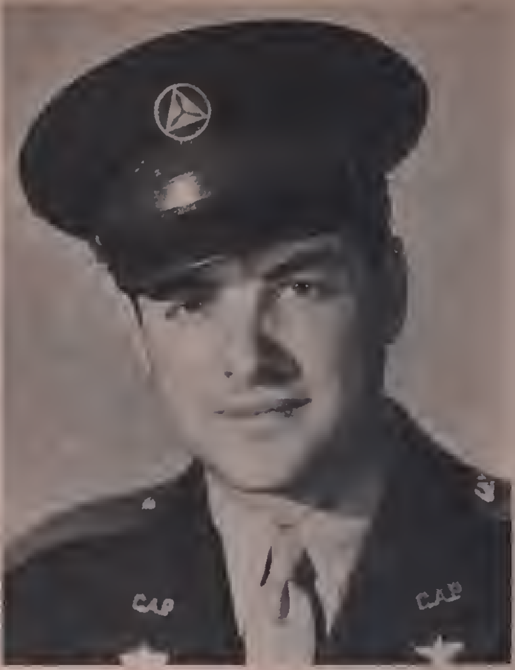
John Poyne . . . A.A.F.

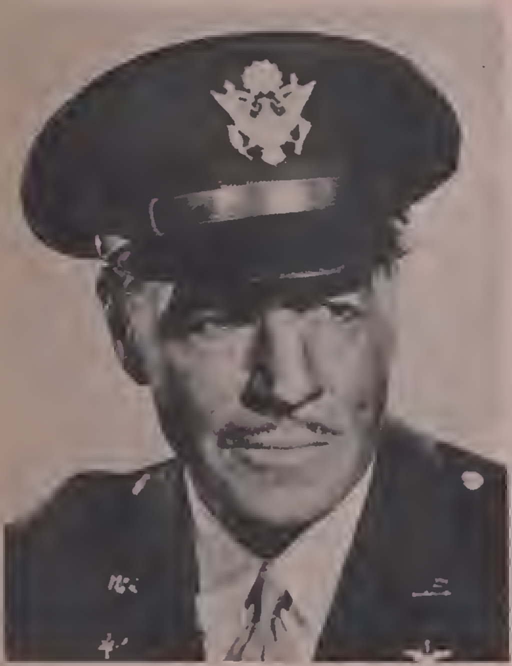


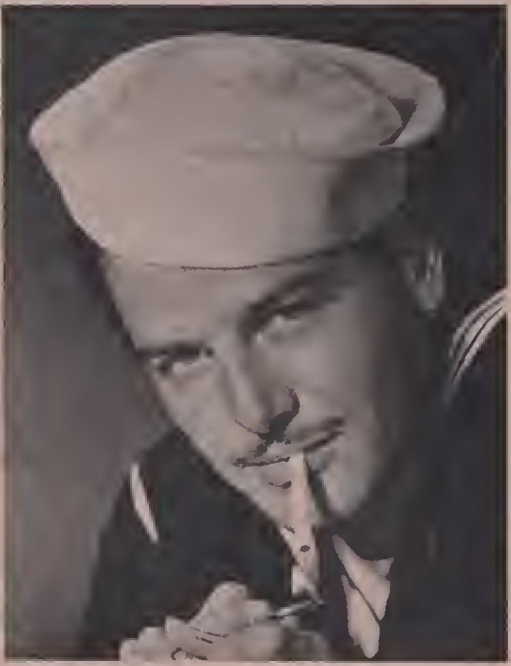
Lt. Comdr. Doug. Fairbanks, Jr. . . . U. S. Navy

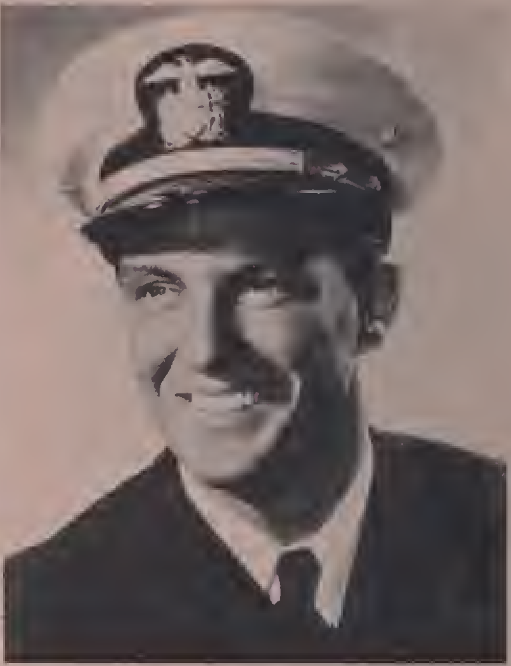

Victor Mature, Chief Bo'sn Mate, Coast Guard

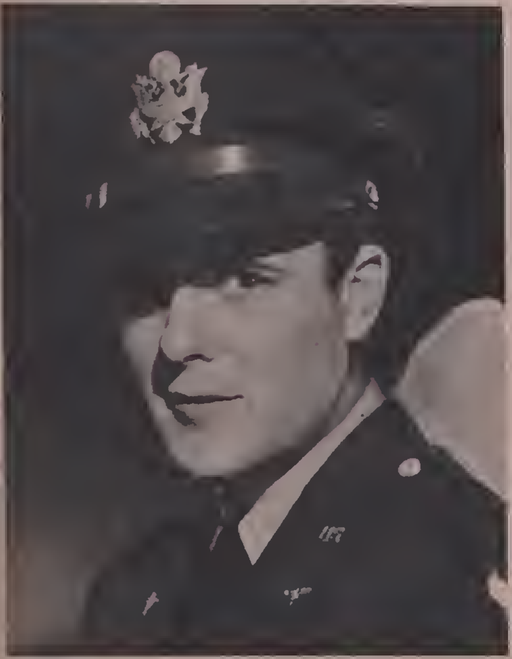

Corporal George Montgomery . . . U. S. Army

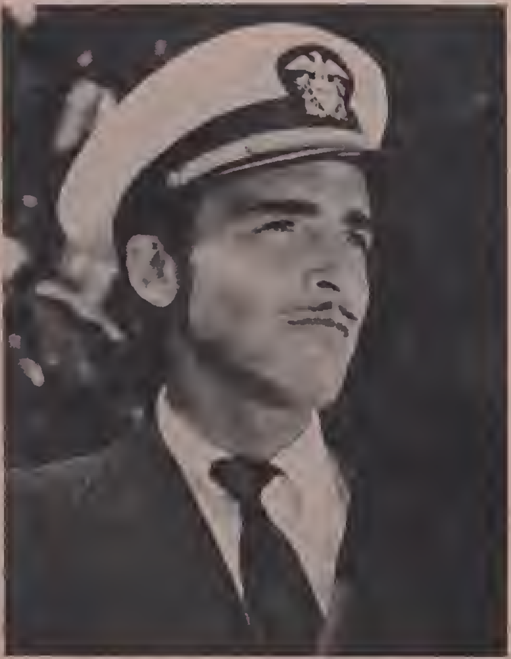

Lieutenant Robert Cummings . . . A.A.F.

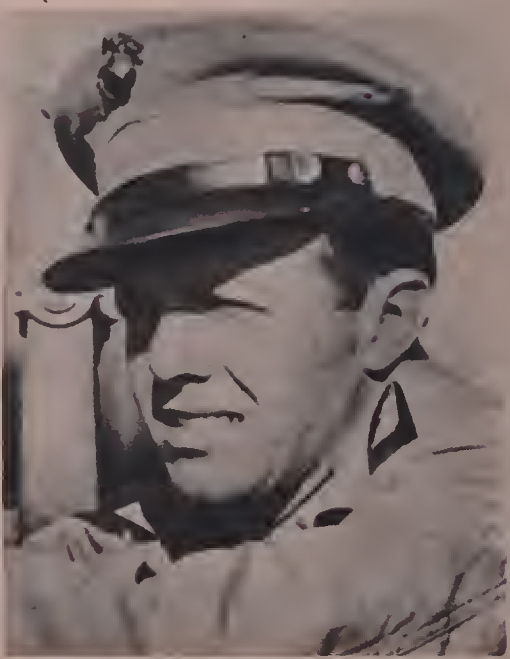

Captain Jack Holt . . . U. S. Army


Gig Young, Seaman First Class, U. S. Navy


Lieutenant (j. g.) Robert Stack . . . U. S. Navy


Lieutenant Robert Sterling . . . A.A.F.


Ensign Richard Ney . . . U. S. Navy


Captain Louis Hayward . . . U.S.M.C.

Ensign John Howard . . . U. S. Navy

Captain Gene Raymond . . . A.A.F.

Lieutenant Wayne Morris . . . U. S. Navy

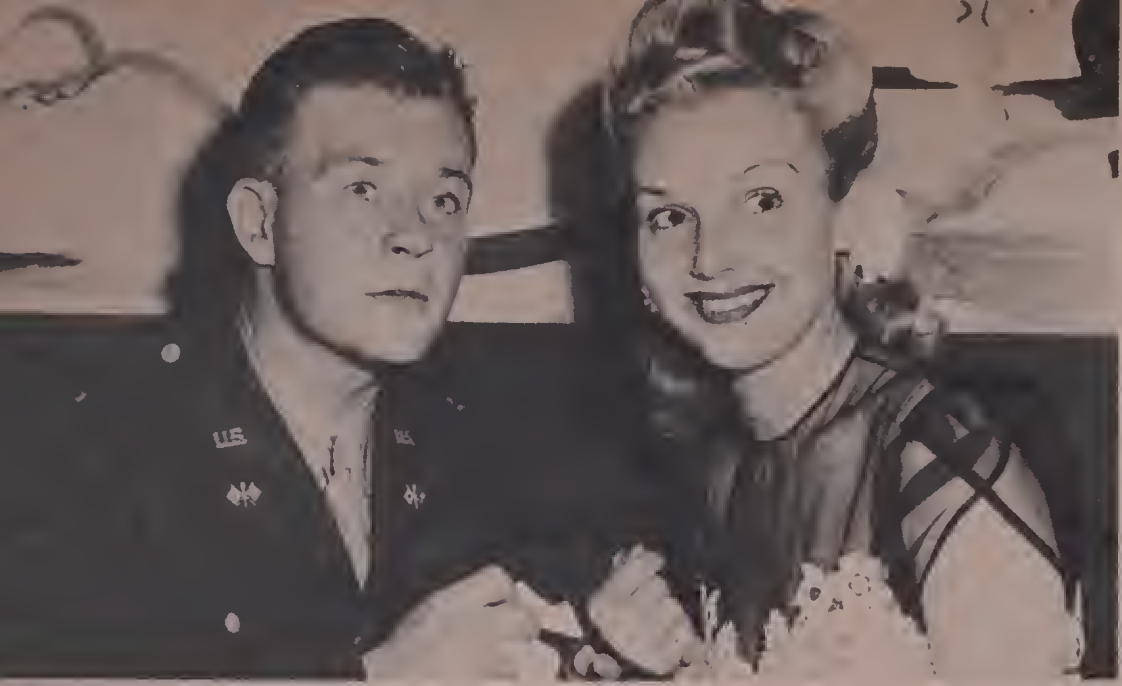
Cesar Romero . . . Seaman U. S. Coast Guard

Lieutenant William Holden . . . A.A.F.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn . . . U. S. Army

Lieutenant Dan Dailey . . . U. S. Army

Sergeant George Reeves . . . A.A.F.



Lieutenant Tom Brown, U. S. Army, shown with Lynn Merrick

Lt. Bruce Cabot, A.A.F., at the Mocambo

Sergeant Glenn Ford, U.S.M.C., and wife Eleanor Powell

Lt. John Carroll, U.S.A., and Susan Hayward

There are also 38 Hollywood producers and executives who have gone into service. There are 132 directors, assistant directors and unit managers who have left the picture industry for military service. There are also hundreds of machinists, prop men, electricians and photographers. Members of the Screen Writers Guild, that is, scenario writers, publicists and the like, number 215.

Space forbids our running pictures of all the players lost to the screen since the outbreak of the war, but none of us will want to forget them. Here are their names: William Bakewell, U.S.A.; Wesley Barry, U.S.A.; Lt. Richard Barthelmess, U.S.N.; John Beal, U.S.A.; Leon Belasco, U.S.A.; Jack Briggs, U.S.M.C.; McDonald Carey, U.S.M.C.; Jackie Coogan, U.S.A.; Robert Coote, R.C.A.F.; Broderick Crawford, U.S.A.; Donald Crisp, M.I.; Frankie Darro, U.S.N.; Gabriel Dell, U.S.A.; Keith Douglas, U.S.A.; Melvyn Douglas, U.S.A.; Leif Erickson, U.S.N.; Capt. Dick Grace, U.S.A.; Lt. Richard Greene, British Army; Eddie Gribbon, U.S.A.; Billy Halop, U.S.A.; Lt. Sterling Hayden, U.S.A.; Peter Lind Hayes, U.S.A.; Sterling Holloway, U.S.A.; Lt. Tim Holt, U.S.A.; Ian Hunter, R.N.V.R.; Nick Lucas, U.S.N.;

Lt. Rudy Vallee, Coast Guard, and Mrs. Vallee

Lt. Buddy Rogers, U.S.N., and Mary Pickford

Lt. Robert Preston, A.A.F., and wife

Richard Denning, U.S.N., and Mrs. Alan Ladd

Lt. Van Heflin, U. S. Army, and Mrs. Heflin

Bill Lundigan, U.S.M.C., and M. Chapman

Maj. Raymond Massey, R.C.A.; Billy Mauck, A.A.F.; Bobby Mauck, A.A.F.; Ray Middleton, U.S.A.; Burgess Meredith, U.S.A.; Ray Montgomery, U.S.A.; Maj. David Niven, British Army; Lt. George O'Brien, U.S.N.; Laurence Olivier, British Army; Leonard Penn, U.S.A.; Buddy Pepper, U.S.A.; Arthur Rankin, U.S.A.; Lt. Gilbert Roland, U.S.A.; Jackie Searle, U.S.A.; Robert Shaw, U.S.A.; Lyle Talbot, U.S.A.; Frankie Thomas, M.M.; Don Terry, U.S.N.; Lt. Lee Tracy, A.A.F.; Douglas Walton, U.S.A.; Bryant Washburn, Jr., U.S.A.; Henry Wilcoxon, U.S.A.; Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, U.S.A.; Jeff York, U.S.A.; Richard Webb, U.S.A.; and Grant Withers, U.S.A.

Some players have served in the armed services but are now released. These men are Freddie Bartholomew, George Brent, Lt. Hugh Enfield (Craig Reynolds), William Haines, and Alan Ladd.

Lt. Enfield, U.S.M.C. (Craig Reynolds) is the first Hollywood hero wounded in action, he having been in that heroic band who were in the first landing barge on Tulagi Island, a landing that was made on the same day and under the same fearful conditions as our landing on Guadalcanal.

BOWEN CHARLETON TUFTS III

HE'S SONNY TO HIS FRIENDS, KANSAS TO HIS FANS AND SOMETHING SWELL AT THE BOX-OFFICE

"I WILL not write a column on any grown-up man who goes around letting himself be called 'Sonny'!"

The newspaperman was positive, and to the point. Nevertheless, the Paramount publicist tried again.

"He's got another name—but it's, uh—a little heavy to lug around. Bowen Charleton Tufts III—son of Bowen Charleton Tufts II, the banker, you know."

"How ducky!" said the columnist.

"Aw'fly good background," persisted the publicist, "Boston Back Bay Society—and, and stuff——"

"That does it. I never learned to typewrite with my little finger lifted. Nope, no column."

Two weeks later the same newspaperman was back, to see the same publicist. He was wearing an everything-happens-to-me expression.

"Okay—I'm licked. My wife went to a preview of 'So Proudly We Hail' last night. She came home and woke me up out of a sound sleep—'I've just seen the most terrific guy!' she said. Well, you're married—you know a man can't fight forever. Lead me to your Sonny Tufts."

They walked across the lot to a sound stage where a picture called "I Love a Soldier" was shooting. Paulette Goddard was taking instructions for a scene from Director Mark Sandrich. With her was a big fellow wearing rumpled khaki, sandy hair, and a gentle, sort of per-

If there seems to be a lot of empty space around the Tufts' parlor it's on account of this is a very new home they've just acquired.

BY DOROTHY DEERE

petually puzzle faced. He was filling in his time with a kind of three-way operation—listening to the director, shifting his large feet, and using one of his big hands to give himself a half-hearted scalp-rub, all at the same time.

"Stand still," said Paulette, "you fidget around more than Shirley Temple!"

Sonny gave her one of his big, slow grins.

"If you had hands and feet the size of mine, what would you do with them?"

The newspaperman stared. "Why, he's a mug!" he said happily. The publicist nodded, also happily. A little later, the newsman spoke again. "He's even better than that—he's an intelligent mug!"

There may be a better anecdote with which to summarize the case of Sonny Tufts, social scion and screen sensation, but if there is we don't know it. Unless, maybe, we left out the "social" stuff altogether—the way Sonny does in real life. If there was ever a fellow born to be liked just for his own great, good-looking, good-humored self, this Tufts is the boy. Good birth and background are things that happen to people; simplicity and naturalness, humor and honesty, the immediately likeable qualities that made Sonny an instant hit on the screen, are things he achieved strictly on his own.

Closeup of the guy who went to Yale because all his family had always gone to Tufts or Harvard college. Sonny's like that, does things individually.

Sonny's no chip off the old block for he comes from a long line of banking forefathers. But here he is chipping the blocks for his outdoor fireplace.

The Tufts study blueprints for their after-the-war house which they plan to build. Barbara Tufts was a concert dancer until six years ago when she gave up that art for the more important art of being a wife.

Paramount's new pride and joy has been credited with the world's easiest crash into the cinemas. It has been told how he was led into the studio offices one morning by one Jack Donnelly, hotel man, who walked up to Joe Egli, casting executive, and pointed: "Meet my friend, Sonny Tufts," said Donnelly. "He wants to be in pictures." Mr. Egli, indicating that the feeling was mutual, pulled out a contract and they took turns writing their names on it.

It has also been told how Sonny's Hollywood trip and living expenses were financed by millionaire sportsman Alexis Thompson, in return for a percentage of the salary Mr. Thompson knew his six-foot-four friend was bound to get. And also, how Thompson, now in the Army, has sometimes gotten caught in a crap game without any of his millions handy in his pockets, and faded his opponents with Sonny's contract instead. (There's a rumor that the Tufts guy is putting in a little secret practice with the dice and when he gets good enough with the sevens and elevens, will challenge Alex and win himself back).

What with one story and another, it's got so the first thing a stranger says on being introduced to him is, "Gosh—are you lucky!" Sonny is practically noncombustible, or this remark would burn him. He doesn't believe in so-called "luck" as far as success is concerned.

"I hate to sound like a stuffed shirt," he says apologetically, "but there never was a career based on pure luck alone. The yarn about my quick contract is true—but with reservations. On behalf of the thousands of ambitious kids who are apt to sit around waiting for the same kind of miracle to happen to them, I'd like to explain it.

"The truth is, I made up my mind to be an actor when I was six years old, and spent some twenty years working up to it. When Mr. Egli asked me what qualifications I had for the entertainment business, I could tell him that I'd sung all my life—maybe not so good, but loud—and all the way from church choirs, to glee clubs, to night clubs and the Broadway stage. I had studied voice and dramatics, here and abroad—owned five college bands of my own—and had learned the difference between good and not-good movies by reviewing pictures on the Yale *Record* for a couple of years. I hadn't ever worked in front of a camera—but at least I wasn't going to be gun-shy when they yelled 'Shoot'!

"You see, there's always been a lot of fellows who looked at Taylor or Gable and thought, 'I'm as good looking as he is—I'm a cinch for the movies.' Now, they're going to look at me and (*Continued on page* 81)

The memory of your shining hair

Goes with your sweetheart everywhere!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

A bright spot on the horizon to a man far away is the memory of his girl's lovely hair . . . gleaming in the sun or in the pale moonlight.

So DON'T dull the shining beauty of your hair by using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it.

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

FORECAST FOR SUMMER . . . Gay cottons for every occasion! And for playtime hours this new, off-the-shoulder neckline inspired by Mexico! Those pearl-studded combs are Mexican, too—and the lovely new "upswept" hair-do reflects the same influence. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or not as advertised therein
drene
SHAMPOO
drene
SHAMPOO
with Hair Conditioner added

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Gloria Jean

Born April 14

GLORIA JEAN is a gifted child of Aries and should find 1944 a most amazing year. It is destined to bring someone into her life who will help her follow her most idealistic impulses and teach her to listen to her inner self.

Her natal Sun in Aries and her natal Moon in Virgo promise exceptionally good judgment and the desire to perfect herself in her profession. The Aries Sun trines her natal Neptune in Leo, providing will and inspiration to work hard and wait with a modicum of patience until her talents are developed to their fullest.

Hers is a naturally generous disposition with keen appreciation of music and drama, sharpened by a desire for absolute perfection in herself and others which should mellow into a tolerance for others. She has a humorous view of her own limitations as critic.

Saturn in Sagittarius and Uranus in Aries give mental vigor which can be somewhat outspoken, independent and disputative, combined with ambitions which must be wisely used to avoid future loneliness. Jupiter in Pisces brings help from others, and she is fast learning to control her restless Mars in Gemini. Her mind is quick and clever and she is at the same time ably guided by those who clearly see her potentialities.

An affectionate nature is the open road to her confidence, and she is capable of keen judgment and discrimination, shown by her cooperation with those who are her tutors and in whom she has a well founded faith. She must trust these, for they have had glimpses of the fire and beauty with which they are working. They are earnestly working for her future.

Her progressed Sun and Moon conjunct this year. This is sometimes a position where the Native is so close to herself that it is hard to see events or persons clearly and impartially. Patience is her keynote for 1944, and if educational matters in some ways seem too restricting, she must realize that she is preparing for a place being made ready for her. With poise and completed talents she may fully enjoy the responsibilities of great stardom.

She should grow up slowly, keeping her feet on the ground and showing generosity toward those who do not possess her talents or good fortune. Her career is assured by wholehearted cooperation during 1944, so she should forget and forgive whatever has seemed to hold her back in the past.

Gloria Jean

APRIL

1944 — 1944

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ARE THESE YOUR FAVORITE LOVE SCENES?

Fourteen Stars Chose These Seven Tender Moments—and Give The Most Revealing Reasons Why

THE Five Star Final: the champagne scene between (right) Bergman and Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca" (Movieland's Own Favorite Love Scene, too, we assure you). Such highly different performers as Alan Ladd, Judy Garland, Helmut Dantine, Maureen O'Hara and Ginger Rogers all proclaim this the romantic masterpiece. Said Helmut Dantine: "The scene is outstanding for two reasons. Here is reality, rather than the usual sweetness and light. Then it's a mature love scene played by two mature people expressing mature emotions, with Bogart's manly Americanism and Bergman's Continentalism making a superb combination."

Said Ginger: "I prefer it for Ingrid Bergman. She is my favorite actress." Said Maureen O'Hara: "Because the words were logical and real, I regard it as the most beautifully written love scene ever screened, and Bogart and Bergman played it with such consummate art it seemed as real as it was written."

Little Judy Garland said almost what Maureen O'Hara said. Judy declared, "All the love scenes in 'Casablanca' were so authentic that I felt as though I were part of them myself. That is because of their wonderful simplicity."

But it remained for that romantic-threat man, Alan Ladd, who recently played "Casablanca" on the air, to give the best reasons of all. Murmured Laddie: "The emotions of strong people are the only ones that really thrill the world. The reason the love story of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara intrigued us all was because they were equally mated when it came to toughness. But in 'Casablanca' you had a man of physical toughness against a woman with the greatest spiritual strength.

"That made the love story both subtle and powerful, a wonderful combination. And exquisite as Bergman was, I say that Bogart's was the greater performance. As another screen tough guy, I know how difficult it is to sustain such a characterization as Bogie gave. In fact, until I saw him do 'Casablanca' I would have said it was impossible. But Bogie did it magnificently and flawlessly."

Well put, Alan—and so intelligently discriminating.

←

The three-star winner: Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne in the boat scene in "Love Affair". Such diverse personalities as Mario Montez, Paulette Goddard and Ida Lupino chose this one. Says Montez, "Ah, such haunting tenderness." Says Goddard, "There is no screen lover to compare with Boyer". Says Lupino, "I want to be the woman Boyer loves."

The two-star winner: Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille". → Olivia de Havilland and Deanna Durbin go for this. Soys Deanna, very simply, "It's the most beautiful, most romantic and most effective love scene I ever saw." Remarks Olivia, more poeticolly, "It wasn't like seeing a movie at all. I felt as though it was actuolly happening and as though, in watching it, I was really trespassing."

←

Miss Colbert sides in with half the feminine population of the world in remembering Gable. This love scene in his final picture before enlistment, "Somewhere I'll Find You" with Lana Turner, makes Cloudette say: "Any love scene with Clork is my idea of the best love scene."

→

Miss Turner, however, who befare the war was Captain Gable's film tootsie pie, remembers Bob Taylor, particularly in this lave scene between him and Vivien Leigh in "Waterloo Bridge". "They were shown dancing together by candlelight—remember?" asks Lana. "I think that was the most romantic, charming and different love scene I ever saw."

←

By way of getting a really he-man opinion on love scenes, we sought aur cowboy hero Roy Rogers. By cracky, he did have a fovorite. "The scene between Henry Fonda and Ginger Rogers in 'Tales of Manhattan'," said Roy. "I go for it because it's the romance of a shy boy. I used to be shy and Henry Fonda reminded me so much of myself."

→

Lastly, a note of tragedy—tragedy inspired by the bright memory of the lost, lovely girl who played this scene. The choice is Barbora Stanwyck's. "My favorite love scene is this one from 'Honds Across the Table'," says Stanny. "We always thought of Carole Lombard as a great comedienne, and she certainly was. Yet, with all thot gift of comedy knaw-how, she cauld put across a love scene superlatively."

1944

MAY

1944

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THE LITTLE WOMAN *starring* HEDY LAMARR

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

MRS. JOHN LODER, also known widely as Hedy Lamarr, was reading the evening paper. "Here it is," she said to her husband, indicating a bit of fine print with her fingertip. "*The Gorilla Man* is playing at our neighborhood theatre."

John unclenched his perennial pipe. "For goodness sake," he begged. "You wouldn't enjoy it, and I'd be embarrassed by having you see such a thing."

"I've heard several people say that for a B picture, it's excellent and that you are well photographed. Come on, John," said the little woman.

So the Loders, despite continued protests from the taller half of the family, went to see *The Gorilla Man*. Afterward Hedy observed with great decision, "I knew it! You're good even in a bad picture. Now you must insist on better pictures. If your studio hasn't a picture ready for you, you should ask them to let you go."

John, the easy-going type, demurred. He was inclined to view the delay in casting with philosophical calm.

"They'll have something for me soon," he prophesied. "After all, *Old Acquaintance* hasn't been released yet and I feel certain that it will do me some good."

Hedy, combining reason with her strong conviction of John's talent, agreed to be patient a bit. When *Old Acquaintance* was released, John went to the Brothers Warner and asked what they had lined up for him next. He said he was tired of loafing (*Continued on page* 87)

Hedy and John met at the Hollywood Canteen on Christmas Eve, 1942. It was love at first sight and a date that began that evening has lasted up to and including the minute you are reading these lines. Being so indebted to the Canteen, they appear there each Friday in celebration. Washing dishes is quite in order, but the other activities, here recorded, are extra-curricular—but soooo pleasant.

HERS IS THE FACE . . . that launched a million sighs of envy from other less fortunate women. She looks mysterious and sirenic. Actually, Hedy Lamarr really likes the simplest existence: a little house, her handsome husband and her adopted son.

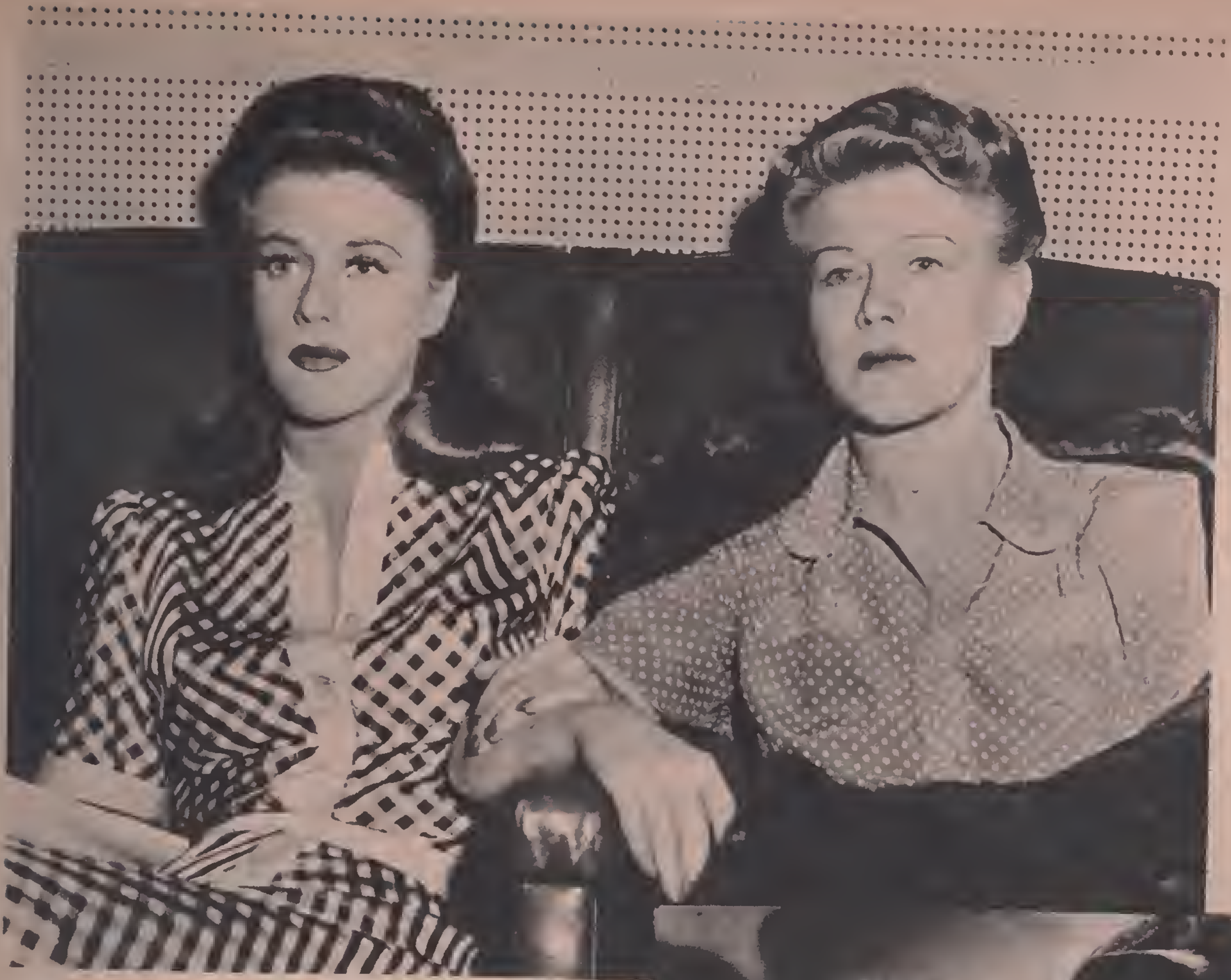
Mrs. James Durbin, who started things rolling when she sent Deanna to sing in a choir loft.

MOTHERS OF HOLLYWOOD

With Mother's Day approaching, Movieland herewith gives a bow to the group of lovely ladies who gave some of our most charming stars to the screen

The Mutual Admiration Society—Mrs. Nina Garson and her devoted daughter, Greer.

George Montgomery's Russian-born mother. George calls her Mamachka, says she's world's best cook.



Lela and Ginger Rogers, the praverbial two peas in a pad, enaugh alike to be sisters.

Mrs. Fred Chapman, with her anly daughter, Marguerite. Her faur sons are in the service.

Lucille's Dad died when she was two. Mrs. Ball was eighteen. Sa they've grown up together.

Judy Garland and Mom, her guiding light through the years. See where Judy got those eyes?

The presiding hunk of man in Hollywood, Jon Hall, is the perfect son to his mother, Mrs. Locher.

MOTHERS OF HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED

Mrs. Davis arrived with her daughter, Bette, and has stayed to see her conquer Hollywood.

Mrs. Eduardo Cansino, who watched her small dancing daughter grow up to be Rita Hayworth.

The most devoted mother-daughter combination in all movieland, Claudette Colbert and her beautiful, chic mother.

Look-alike Department: Two Cobina Wrights, senior and junior, very proud of each other.

Mrs. Adna Brantingham and her cute little datter, who took the screen name of Barbara Britton.

MOVIELAND'S Best 5 Pictures of the Month

BY JACK GRANT

THE PURPLE HEART

(20th Century-Fox)

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has stolen a march on the rest of Hollywood with a smashing war drama called "The Purple Heart." It was produced behind locked doors, and the cast sworn to secrecy about the plot, which was generally assumed to concern the proud history of a military award for "valor beyond the call of duty." To the surprise of most of the other studios came the revelation that Twentieth had made a story telling of the shocking trial of eight flyers who were captured and beheaded by the Japanese following the bombing of Tokyo.

"The Purple Heart" was completed in January, just a few days after the release of authenticated accounts of cruel, inhuman and uncivilized treatment of prisoners in Japan, atrocities which shook the whole world with anger. Coincident with the news came official orders to rush "The Purple Heart" into the nation's motion picture theatres. The United States government wanted to use every medium to acquaint the public with the real nature of its enemies in Japan.

The feeling you will take home with you after seeing it, and see it you must, is one of respect and honor for eight average Americans who withstood horrible tortures, and faced death, rather than betray their country. Their strength is so much greater than the enemy's that you won't let them down either, and that's the way these stout-hearted heroes are enacted by Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, John Craven, Sam Levene, Richard Conte, Kelvin O'Shea, Donald Barry and Charles Russell.

PASSPORT to MARSEIL

(Warner Bros.)

"PASSPORT to Marseille" is played by the majority of the adventurous cast that you met in "Casablanca," but don't mistake this trip for a sequel to the earlier yarn. It opens with the visit of a reporter to the camouflaged flying field of the Free French in England. Inquiry about the men who are even then off on a bombing mission causes a talkative captain to reveal his experiences with five of them. So the story flashes back to the time these five men were picked up in an open boat at sea, then again flashes back to the scene from which they came. All were convicts on Devil's Island who escaped to try to join the Free French in fighting for their country. They have to deal with some traitors on the freighter that rescues them, and there's action every minute.

With Humphrey Bogart, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, Helmut Dantine and George Tobias playing the five convicts, you should be able to draw a fair idea of the kind of hard-bitten portrayals that abound in the drama. No less expert is the playing of Claude Rains as the teller of this story to John Loder. Then there are Sidney Greenstreet and Victor Francen, as officials on the freighter, and Vladimir Sokoloff, unforgettable as the old convict who engineers the escape. A quite unnecessary note of a love story is added by Michele Morgan, as the wife who waits in vain for Bogart's return.

Nordhoff and Hall of "Mutiny on the Bounty" fame are the authors of the original novel which has been given a big-scale production by Warners. You will want to see it if you can take your adventure undiluted.

PHANTOM LADY

(Universal)

YOU, yourself, doubtless have used the expression, "I can't tell to save my life." Well, neither can a young architect charged with the murder of his wife. He has an alibi that no one will believe because substantiation of it cannot be found.

He tells of having spent the evening with a strange woman he met at a bar, and of having taken her to a theatre where she caused a disturbance because her hat was an exact duplicate of one worn by an actress on the stage. He never learned this "phantom lady's" name, nor can the police find witnesses who will admit seeing the architect, the lady or the strange hat. And the victim of circumstantial evidence literally can't tell more to save his life. It remains for the pretty secretary who is in love with him to untangle matters by interviewing a bartender, a taxi driver, actress, drummer and the phantom lady. The murderer has to be tricked into making a confession.

Joan Harrison, a woman producer new to Hollywood, brought this absorbing surprise mystery hit to the screen. She is a former associate of Alfred Hitchcock, a recognized master of suspense, and she has given much to this thrill-packed story. The three central roles are excellently performed by Franchot Tone, Ella Raines and Alan Curtis, and every minor characterization is an outstanding work. Take the drummer played by Elisha Cook, Jr. He is the swing-mad kid who escorts us to a basement jive session unequalled by any such scene in memory. Don't miss "Phantom Lady."

"SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE"

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

FIRST highly enjoyable comedy of rookie life in the training camps of World War II, "See Here, Private Hargrove" will be relished both by the service men and the families they left behind. At least such was the reception of the best-selling book about his misadventures as a draftee, by Marion Hargrove. And the very funny picture based upon it aptly catches the same spirit.

As the blundering Private Hargrove, the performance of Robert Walker is a joy. You will remember him as the unattached sailor who stole the show in "Bataan." Yet he has to divide honors in this with Keenan Wynn, the fellow who did that grand gangster in "Lost Angel." Here, the accomplished son of comedian Ed Wynn, plays a G.I. promoter whose money-making schemes complicate things for Hargrove. The boy, however, has a genius for trouble that needs no help—and regardless of his best intentions, he almost always ends up by polishing garbage pails on K. P.

The fun in "See Here, Private Hargrove" stems from the natural circumstances which plague all draftees in training. Perhaps the only movie "touch" is the casting of such a looker as Donna Reed in the role of the canteen worker with whom Hargrove falls in love. Robert Benchley has a delightful bit as the girl's talkative father who monopolizes the conversation with recollections of World War I. As sergeants, Chill Wills and Donald Curtis enforce military regulations to the discomfort of the rookies. It is an army of regular guys who can laugh about their discomforts and invite you to do likewise.

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW

(United Artists)

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW" is a gorgeously imaginative farce having to do with hilarious impossibilities. For three days in succession, a young newspaperman finds himself in possession of copies of tomorrow's papers. At first, he can hardly credit his good luck in reading of a robbery hours before it happens. But on the second day, he capitalizes upon his preknowledge of the news to double his salary as the paper's ace reporter with a by-line.

Despite the jams he gets into with the police, he plans his marriage to a girl who has been working as a medium with her uncle in a theatrical clairvoyant act. On the third day he decides to clean up at the race track with sure bets on the winners. In looking up the results, he reads his own obituary on page one. How he avoids his fate brings fantastic events to a riotous close.

Had the makers of "It Happened Tomorrow" been given the power of reading reviews of their picture in advance, it would not have been quite so antic. It is set in the 1890s, and the cops are right out of the Keystone Comedy School. The period is not excuse enough for the attention given to the unfunny scene of the girl sneaking home in male attire. While the film could have been improved with more imagination, it is more amusing than most.

Dick Powell is at his easy best as the newspaperman, and Linda Darnell is a very lovely heroine. Jack Oakie plays the mind-reading faker for a solid laugh-getter, particularly at the races. And the character of little old Pop Benson is delightfully performed by John Philliber, under Rene Clair's direction.

HOW TO SNARE YOURSELF

Seven girls to one man, after the war! So warns Reader's Digest. Here's how four of Hollywood's youngest stars plan to get a man of their own

"I SUPPOSE I should be worrying about that," commented Susanna Foster, lilting along a Universal City street, "but I'm a fatalist. I'm convinced Fate will see that I get my man, when the time comes.

"As long as I can remember, I've had the dream that someday I'd meet and fall in love with the One Man, that everything in my life would lead up to that day, that we'd marry and live happily ever after. Now that I'm eighteen, I know life isn't like that, but still I can't give up the illusion. No matter how much I say to myself, 'I know it isn't so!', somehow I can't help believing it can happen that way."

Susanna has grown slim and tall—too tall, she thinks. "It's a handicap. Men are getting shorter as girls get taller, and there's nothing I hate worse than a tall girl with a little man," she says.

She believes that every girl should be honest with herself, first of all. People used to fool themselves,

Gail Russell (Paramount) worries not at all, for a very personal reason. She has quite definite ideas where marriage is concerned.

Susanna Foster (Universal) admits that she has a bad temper, also that she's temperamental—and if she falls in love he'll have to be very special.

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

A HUSBAND

and where did that get them? Pretty silly, wasn't it?

"Now take me—" and who wouldn't?—"I could never fall in love with a poor man. That is. I couldn't go for one who couldn't make his way in the world, because to me, much of the charm of a man is his ability to succeed in his own line. He needn't make as much money as I do, for I realize that this business is fantastic—but the man for me must be a success. Of course if, after we were married, he ran into bad luck—or a world-wide depression, as my father did when Insull crashed—I'd stick by him, because I know that a man who had it in him to succeed once could do it again."

After Susanna's father came upon hard times, his daughter knew at first-hand what poverty was, and being poor holds no glamour for her.

"It's one thing to have lived through years when all you could look forward to was buying a new pair of shoes once in six months, and *(Continued on page 75)*

Gloria de Haven (MGM) is the most idealistic and thinks she'd make a good wife for a poor man, if she loved him—for love would be most important.

Diana Lynn (Paramount) has her own opinion on the male subject. Being very romantic, she's sure her man will come along someday.

A HUSSEY IN LOVE

Critics are raving about the "new Ruth Hussey" in "Tender Comrade," "The Uninvited," and "Marine Raiders." If you, too, have wondered about the change in her—well, it's the nicest reason in the world

BY KATHERINE LAKE

"I'M GOING to have a baby!" And by that simple little announcement Ruth Hussey has played havoc with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production schedule. She is cast for a new role, and makes a leave of absence request which can't very well be refused.

That Ruth is very delighted about the whole thing—that goes without saying. But it's plain, too, that having had her loaned out to other studios for the last year—making "The Uninvited" for Paramount and "Tender Comrade" for RKO—Metro had plans for Ruth's returning to her home lot. Fact is, they had called her about an assignment to appear in "Mrs. Parkington."

It was then came the news, "Sorry, I can't." And you know the reason!

Oh, she'd love to be back on the home lot again. She's sorry to hand MGM this new headache, after their having had to go through the same thing with Lana Turner, and just now getting Lana back from motherhood and safe in front of the cameras. "But really," Ruth murmurs sweetly, "how can I worry about anything—when I'm so very, very happy?"

She's happy—and, too, she's very much in love. You may not know it, but Ruth Hussey's is perhaps one of the most romantic love stories yet to come out of Hollywood. It happened like this:

He was a tall, deeply interested young man, and he exclaimed quietly about the beauty of Santa Paula mission—one of the most historic—established on the inland road that lies between Oceanside and Los Angeles, on Fra Junipero Serra's El Camino Real. This smallest of missions is situated within the confines of an Indian reservation, and is in its miniature way very beautiful.

This particular tourist was newly arrived from the east, on that particular day several years ago, and he was enchanted by the lace-like pepper trees, the pineapple-like palm trees and the adobe walls like nothing on earth except adobe. He told the lay brother who was explaining the history and current life of the mission, "I should like to be married here."

The lay brother said there was only one requirement for such a ceremony: a bride. (*Continued on page* 84)

Ruth frequently goes on army camp entertaining trips. Also, she lends a helping hand at the various officers' clubs. Joking with her here are Major Jack Hussey (he's no relation) and Major Zwick.

The Lt. Robert Longeneckers attend a symphonic concert. That's how it is—they like the same books, the same music, even the same people. And now they have "Junior" coming.

Beautiful, and instinctively dramatic, Ruth Hussey's the girl from New England—considered very much the type.

Movieland is proud of having Bonita as its guide to young people's problems because she is honest and fearless as you'll note when you read her answers.

YOUR PROBLEM

BY Bonita Granville

BREAD WINNER

Dear Bonita:

I am working and earning twenty-five dollars a week. My father makes me give him my check each week and then gives me enough for carfare and lunches.

I live with my mother and father and two sisters. They have the same problem. We want our money. We are willing to pay our share of the family expenses, but we hate to have to go to Dad everytime we want to buy a hat or go to a movie. This is the twentieth century and he treats us like the gay nineties.

We all want to leave home and take an apartment. Between us we earn enough to do this, but we hate to leave our mother. Besides even if he is strict, we love our father. What do you think we should do?

HELEN

- Dear Helen:

I think you should stay at home. No matter what the conditions are, girls are better off at home if they can stay there. You didn't mention your ages. Even if you are legally of age, you should discuss your problem with your father. You should show him that you are capable of taking care of your money and you should have the experience of doing so.

You three girls should sit down and figure out what is proper out of your salaries to be given back into the household as board. You should discuss this thoroughly with your father and mother and try to get them to see that it is right.

Your father is probably trying to help you save your money, but I agree with you that he has taken the wrong way of doing it. Try to make him understand that you all want to assume responsibility for your share in the house, but you also want the experience of handling your own money. Ask him if you couldn't try it for six months under his guidance and supervision. I hope this helps you with your problem.

Sincerely,
BG

OBSERVANT LADY

Dear Bonita:

I notice that your fingernails are very short in pictures and wonder if you have the same trouble I do about them breaking. I saw you in "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" and they seemed to be a bit longer. How did you do it? My nails split and crack around the edges. It's no wonder. I cook and clean house, and take care of my two-year-old baby. It occurred to me that you might have some new trick in caring for your nails, that would help me.

I drink lots of milk and eat leafy vegetables. Do you have some new Hollywood trick or do you wear false fingernails in pictures?

ELAINE

- Dear Elaine:

You are a very observant young lady. My nails were short. I kept them that way deliberately. They kept breaking off on the corners and it was very distressing. Following diet advice from my physician and common sense on my own part I finally licked my trouble.

I kept the nails short, did them myself and kept all the rough edges filed off. I soaked my nails in warm oil every night and massaged the cuticles. They are beginning right now to look like something, but it took a full year.

Why don't you consult your physician, perhaps you have some deficiency? If not, perhaps more care of your nails and hands, personally, might do the trick.

Sincerely,
BG

MARRIAGE NOW?

Dear Miss Granville:

I am nineteen and very much in love with a soldier who is about to go overseas. I have known him six months and we love each other very deeply. My parents are very fond of him and I met his parents when they came to visit him a few months ago. In fact, my mother had them for lunch one day. We were both raised in the same type of home and have had equal schooling and advantages. I work in a dental office and can support myself after he goes. My parents want me to wait but we both want to get married immediately. Why can't we grab at a little happiness while we can? What would you do in my case?

JANE

- Dear Jane:

You may not like my advice, but you asked for it. I think you should wait until after the war to marry. Hasty war marriages are many and it is rare when they turn out happily.

If you are sincere in your love for each other you should be strong enough to wait. Strong enough to send him off knowing that you love him and will wait for him. Strong enough to go on with your job with a happy heart, planning your future life together. A few short weeks together is not a basis for a happy marriage.

Separation does strange things to people. Neither of you know how you will feel about each other after this is over. Right now you think your love is deathless but so much can happen to change both of you. You owe it to yourself and to him and perhaps to your future children to wait until times call for all that makes for happy marriages.

Go on with your plans. Write to him daily, if you possibly can. In your letters plan your future. Let him know that you are true to him, that you love him and that you will be there when he comes back. Get to know his parents better, invest your money in war bonds for the future. Both of you working together in this way can guarantee the future that you have dreamed of.

My every good wish for your happiness,

BG

AND MINE

Herewith are the first letters answered by Bonita Granville which we promised you last month.. Do you have personal problems that you feel only youth can solve?. If you do, let Bonita Granville be your counsellor. Address Bonita Granville, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset, Los Angeles 46, California, and try to keep letters down to two hundred words. Watch for her replies such as the ones we print in this issue. You can see that Bonita is serious and wise for her years, and because she considers herself just another of the "younger generation" she may be able to help you with your problems.

FRECKLES ARE FUN

Dear Bonita:

I saw you in your picture "Hitler's Children" and could see that you have very nice skin. I am nineteen and am red-headed. My skin is freckled and it bothers me. I have tried everything I could to help the freckles and I envy girls with clear skins. Did you ever have freckles and what did you do about them? What do your friends on the screen do to not show them.

SYBIL

● Dear Sybil:

I am afraid you are stuck with your freckles. But now is the time you should realize that they can be made an asset to your personality rather than a hindrance. Many movie stars have freckles and love them. Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy and Jeanette Macdonald are all Freckle faces. When they are not in front of the cameras they don't wear makeup. They proudly display their freckles and look very cute. Girls I know with freckles wear makeup in the evening. They use a light powder base and matching powder. Why don't you try this evenings? However, it would be silly to try to hide the fact that you have freckles. Why don't you try to wear colors that might tone them down a bit? In other words, avoid any reds, brown, orange, and try green, blue, and black. It is worth a try. By the way, I am slightly freckled and love it.

Sincerely,
BG

TO DATE OR NOT TO DATE

Dear Miss Granville:

My fiance has been overseas for the past year. I love him very much and we plan to marry when he returns. I am in great trouble with my family and friends. I went out with a boy, an old friend of my sweetheart's and myself, and now everyone thinks I am being untrue to my fiance. This is not the case. I love him more now than ever before, but I don't see any harm in going out with friends.

What is a girl supposed to do, go into hiding? I told my mother that she was almost forcing me into sneaking out once in a while, which I don't want to do. I think girls need the companionship of boys once in a while and can do it without being untrue to their sweethearts, don't you?

ELEANOR

● Dear Eleanor:

I agree with you thoroughly. I think you should have the companionship of young men even if your fiance is overseas. However, I think I agree with your family and friends that you shouldn't be seen out too much with any one man. Why not compromise? Why don't you plan little parties in your own home and invite your friends in? Why don't you, whenever you do go out, make sure that you are in the company of other people?

It is true that your fiance doesn't have the opportunity to go out with girls where he is, but if you have his permission (which you neglected to mention in your letter), then I see no harm in your having men friends.

One thing you should make sure, even if you have the permission of your fiance, is that he wouldn't misunderstand your motive. Make sure that he hears about your activities from yourself, rather than from scandal-mongering friends. Then confine all of your activities to groups and refuse the lone dates that people might misunderstand and might lead you into unhappy situations.

Sincerely,
BG

On page 52 you'll see a bevy of Hollywood daughters and mothers, but no pair are more understanding friends than our girl-adviser Bonita and her pretty mama shown here.

TODAY THE DAY?

AMAZING NEW SANITARY PROTECTION FOR EVERY WOMAN!

"I'M A TEACHER!"

"I can't leave the classroom to make frequent changes. So how I appreciate SAN-NAP-PAK! It's so soft and absorbent, and *stays fresh longer.*"

"I'M A TYPIST!"

"I used to be so uncomfortable when I wore a napkin! But SAN-NAP-PAKS are wonderfully soft and comfortable—and they *stay soft* as you wear them!"

"I'M A DANCER!"

"When I'm out on the stage, it's wonderful to know I'm *safe!* SAN-NAP-PAK's 'Layer of Protection' guards against embarrassing accidents."

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Switch to SAN-NAP-PAK—and laugh at the calendar! SAN-NAP-PAK gives you extra comfort and convenience—extra protection and peace of mind—*at no extra cost!* Sleek, tapered design—no tell-tale bulges. Get a package today.

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Unhappiness Threatens The Young Wife Who Ignores This Intimate Problem!

New, More Convenient Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many, who think they know, have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

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Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

LANA TURNER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

am. I may leave the house at five for a dinner date, but it's quarter to nine when I arrive. I can't figure out what happens.

I'LL NEVER FORGET:

A dress my mother had that I adored. It was royal blue with a white top and a sash of cherry red, beautifully soft and bright. She had royal blue kid pumps to go with it, and when she was at work I used to put on the dress and stump around in the slippers, clop, clop, clop along the hall.

I CAN'T COOK:

My coffee is so bad even I won't drink it. I can scramble eggs, and I'm the best toast-maker in the family; but my kitchen accomplishments end there.

TURNING POINTS IN MY LIFE:

That day I went to the soda fountain opposite Hollywood High School, when the talent scout saw me and I was chosen to play the victim in "They Won't Forget." Suppose I hadn't gone there that day. Where would I be now? What would I be doing? Would I ever have met Steve?

Having my baby. She has entirely changed my life. And I adore that fact.

I AM MAD ABOUT:

My baby. She wakes up smiling, she never cries, she does the things babies should do, cheerfully. She's beautiful, adorable, perfect. And I don't think I'm just being maternal when I say so!

THE FIRST THING THAT ATTRACTS ME:

Is a person's mouth. I find it fascinating to watch a lovely mouth, see how it shapes words, how it curves into a smile.

MY FAVORITE SONG:

Is "Embraceable You."

MY FAVORITE PICTURE:

Of all my pictures is "Ziegfeld Girl." I worked hardest in that picture; I had the best time making it; I liked it best. Director Robert C. Leonard directed "Ziegfeld Girl." He's directing my new picture, "Marriage is a Private Affair," so I'm happy about that, too.

SOME DAY:

I'd like to travel in Europe. But not until the world has recovered from war and scars have had a chance to heal.

I HOPE:

I'll be a good mother, first of all. I'll be a good actress. I admire Bette Davis. I'd love to do her type of character work, but I'd prefer my parts not quite so brittle and hard.

I NEVER:

Turn back to look at the past. What is over is over and I forget it. I'll admit I like to peep into the future, and hope and plan for good things to come, but—

I LIVE

Now!

What happens when your hat comes down?

SOMEDAY the War will be over.

Hats will be tossed into the air all over America on *that* day.

But what about the day after?

No man knows just what's going to happen then. But we know one thing that must *not* happen:

We must *not* have a postwar America fumbling to restore an out-of-gear economy, staggering under a burden of idle factories and idle men, wracked with internal dissension and stricken with poverty and want.

That is why we must buy War Bonds —now.

For every time you buy a Bond, you not only help finance the War. You help to build up a vast reserve of postwar buying power. Buying power that can mean millions of postwar jobs making billions of dollars' worth of postwar goods and a healthy, prosperous, strong America in which there'll be a richer, happier living for every one of us.

To protect your Country, your family, and your job *after* the War—*buy War Bonds now!*

Let's all
KEEP BACKING THE ATTACK!

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this message by

Movieland

ALAN LADD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

been married we've wanted to buy a new home, but first we couldn't find what we liked and now we realize that this isn't the time to buy. I tinkered around, trying to remodel the place, but Susie thought it was too bad to sink more money into a house we didn't intend to keep. She suggested that we sell every stick of furniture we had and with the money refurnish the entire place. We got a good price for our period furniture and had the time of our lives finding exactly the right pieces, drapes and whatnot. There was enough money from our sale to do some remodeling, too.

IN THE FUTURE:

Say, twenty years ahead, I'd like to direct pictures. But not until I know my present job of acting inside out.

I ADORE:

My nine months' old daughter, Alana.

MY BIGGEST THRILLS WERE:

When Bette Davis selected me over all other candidates to play opposite her in a Silver Theater radio show. Working for the first time on a Lux radio program under the direction of C. B. DeMille in "Return of Peter Grimm."

Getting the small role in "Captain Cautious" at the Hal Roach Studios.

Being chosen for big parts in "Joan of Paris" at RKO and "This Gun for Hire" at Paramount on the very same day, each studio offering me a contract. Susie and I were in seventh heaven that day, after the years of plugging away trying to sell me for parts that went to other actors.

And the day, after I joined the Army, when I finally got my uniform. It didn't fit, and I stood in the rain in line with all the others who had just received their uniforms, all of us looking alike, all of us bursting with pride. I'll never forget it.

I LEARNED IN THE ARMY:

That none of us ever quite grow up. It was like going back to school, with all of us rooting for our own outfits; all of us looking forward to the end of the war as we'd look forward to the end of school; that being thrown together in camp brings about a companionship between men different from anything in civilian life.

How lucky, how very lucky, I was to have had Susie.

I BELIEVE:

In Fate.

I'm sure there's a definite reason for everything that happens, and that things will work out as they are meant to do.

At least, I'm very sure when Susie is around. She has such firm faith in the rightness of the universe that if I get off the track and go back to worrying, one look at Susie can jerk me back in line.

I KNOW:

Nothing is certain but change.

But I can wish, can't I?

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NOW UNLOOSE THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF YOUR MIND THAT HOLD STRANGE POWER AND PROMISE

NOT A BOOK! No matter what you think now, no matter how discouraged, or how little you value your own ability to win others to you, make friends, be popular, and literally glow with charm, there are powers within you that you may never have dreamed of. There are talents, abilities, conquering, compelling forces lying latent and unused which you need only to discover and develop if you are not getting all from your life that you yearn for. Why are there people all about you who are not beautiful, not glamorous, yet whose husbands or boy friends adore them, and others just flock to be with them? Why do you see one man successful, a money-maker, a leader, and another just as intelligent fail? It isn't luck! No! Consciously or unconsciously the popular, successful folks have put to use the forces within them! Do you want to know what these strange secrets are? Do you want to learn how you, too, may quickly develop your own latent powers? An outstanding psychologist from one of America's great and nationally known universities, will help you. Just as thousands of grateful men and women have done, you now can turn to him for personal, sympathetic guidance and counsel. As head of PERSONALITY RESEARCH FOUNDATION, he and his staff of experts now offer you their vast experience and trained, skillful knowledge. You risk nothing. Send no money, merely mail coupon and learn just what to do to get rid of all your fears, your handicaps, your baffling barriers, forever, under a positive guarantee that you will be helped so much, you will gain such amazing improvement, that you may transform your whole life, or pay not one cent! This is not a book, not just something to read, but a PERSONAL, confidential, guidance service.

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To People who want to write

but can't get started

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> **"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."**

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ELYSE KNOX

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

terers turned the heat on Virginia Bruce. Clark did see Virginia on a few occasions. Next they had the Captain practically married to the blonde Kay Williams, who is on the M-G-M payroll. Clark dated her, too, but not seriously. Now it's Betty.

Myself, I think with Clark it's just a memory, the memory of beautiful Carole. But Betty is more like Carole than any other movie girl about town. She isn't as beautiful, but Betty has Carole's brand of intense vitality, her wonderful quality of frankness and honesty, her vivid sense of fun. Those are all qualities that Clark likes.

TALK OF THE TOWN

People around town are still hoping that the Bob Walkers may get together again. Their close friends insist that Bob is one of those grown-up babies, not quite knowing what he wants from life and that exquisite Jennifer Jones got tired of having to be the person to shoulder all responsibilities always.

But of all the separated people who will not come together again, the John Waynes lead the list. It's a sad shame.

They were boy and girl sweethearts, those two. They went together for years before their marriage. They have four fine children.

When they came to parting, their friends were most unhappy for charming Josephine Wayne. Now, however, they feel sorry for John, also. For John wants to return home again, but Jo will have no part of it. "I'm sorry," she says, "but it is just over."

John is steadily dating Esperanza Bauer, a pretty thing he met south of the border, meanwhile.

SHE GOES FOR WRITERS

Also you want to watch those John Gunther-Miriam Hopkins meetings. Mr. Gunther is the author of all the "Inside" books, "Inside Europe," "Inside Asia" and such. Miriam always has gone for writers. Austin Parker, her ex-husband, belonged to that gentry.

On the other hand, don't take those Veronica Lake-Jean Negulesco rumors too seriously. There are a couple of other gentlemen in the Lake picture, besides Director Jean who has romanced as many girls as that other director, Anatole Litvak, now a Colonel.

Mitch Leisen, director of "Lady In the Dark" with that charmer Claudette Colbert, effervescent Judy Garland and Billy Daniels

SPEAKING OF ANNIE

What does a fella give his girl? We can tell you that press agent beau Steve Hannagan gave his girl Annie Sheridan twelve hats.

It seems that Mr. Hannagan had ideas about ladies' hats, which didn't coincide with Miss Sheridan's ideas. Finally she told him that if he was so smart to go and get her some hats, but she wouldn't guarantee to wear them. However, she is wearing the twelve and adores each and every one.

Can this be love?

Speaking of Annie, her enthusiasm for all things Mexican has grown to include even jam sessions. The Sheridan is a swing fan of no mean proportions and jam sessions are a regular event at her home for Annie and her small crowd of chums. But now she makes it all south-of-the border. She particularly likes to have Carmen Miranda come and bring her own band, and the music starts at nine and keeps on long past the dawn's early light.

GUARANTEED CHIC

You don't realize what kids a lot of stars are until you hear stories like this.

When Ann Miller and Linda Darnell had been in Hollywood only a short time, they got their first invitation to the Mocambo. It was to be a double date, and as the Mocambo is the smoothest of Hollywood night clubs, both girls went into a twitch as to what they would wear. They got the dresses, coats and accessories settled, but the question of hats stumped them.

Their hairdresser told them it would be silly to pay a lot of money for new hats. She suggested that they buy artificial flowers and offered to pin them in their hair, guaranteeing an effect of chic.

The next day, the kids arrived at the beauty parlor armed with great gobs of flowers and feathers, and after the job was done, decided in great glee that they looked devastating.

But they had all day before their dates, with the result that they not only spent the remaining hours moving exclusively from the shoulders down, but had to peel off their clothes, take their baths and dress again without disturbing one forget-me-not on their respective noggins.

NO MEN ALLOWED

Elyse Knox has a club that is an echo of many suburban communities. Laundry is a wartime problem in movieland as in every large city. Elyse discovered that Mrs. Noah Beery Jr. had no convenient way to wash her babies' clothes. Then rooting around she found that Ann Gwynn and new bride Martha O'Driscoll also had the washing problem. And there Elyse was with a perfectly good washing machine in her house.

So now the girls all congregate at Elyse's home one day a week and do their washing. It's an all day affair with each girl bringing her lunch and sewing. While they wash and iron they help each other with manicures, hairdressing and sewing. Each girl puts in a dollar, which is donated to Red Cross. The day of maids is over and these little women are applying themselves strenuously to meet the current problems. Men are not allowed and the girls have a great gab fest.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14

S	E	E	R	■	F	E	R	A	L	■	W	O	L	F
O	O	N	A	■	O	P	E	R	A	■	A	R	I	L
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S	T	E	N	■	T	E	E	N	S	■	A	N	N	E

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NEWS ABOUT
MARIA MONTEZ
CHARLES BOYER
INGRID BERGMAN
BOB HOPE
GAIL PATRICK
K. T. STEVENS

WAITING FOR THE MAIL

Oddly enough, the last girl you would expect to be the most love-sick war bride in town is the very one who is. None other than Maria Montez haunts the letter box waiting for news from her Pierre Aumont.

EVERYBODY LAUGHED

And speaking of the unexpected, never did I expect to hear that the vast dignity of Mr. Charles Boyer had been upset by that Swedish goddess, Ingrid Bergman.

But thus it is.

To say that Mr. Boyer took himself seriously on the set of "Gaslight" is treating it most politely. He threw more temperament than Pola Negri ever did in her hey-day, and she set an all-time Hollywood high for didoes.

Came the day, however, when M. Charles had to do a scene where he had to bend and expose that spot where Mother used to apply the hairbrush. Things went wrong, so that the scene had to be made four different times.

Three times Ingrid resisted that impulse. The fourth time she did not. She kicked her co-star and hard.

Everybody laughed, very loudly.

Life was much easier on the "Gaslight" set after that.

A CAREER TO REMEMBER

Years ago, a gentleman named Ralph Staub took some pictures of the late Carole Lombard. Through these pictures Carole always said she got her opportunity to work in the Mack Sennett comedies that started her on her career. Ever after that Miss Lombard took pictures with Mr. Staub at least once a year. Now Staub is producer of Screen Snapshots and is getting together all of the pictures for a memorial reel on Carole. Even at the height of her fame Carole always took one day a year to do these pictures and thus there is a full length short subject of her career. You will be seeing it soon in your theaters.

UNANSWERED QUESTION

Gail Patrick is wearing a diamond ring on the third finger, left hand, which brings speculations as to whether it's an engagement ring from Freeman Gosden (Amos of "Amos and Andy"), but she won't say "yes" and she won't say "no."

NICE NOISES FROM NICE PEOPLE

K. T. Stevens and her director father Sam Wood just beam when they look at each other. I was stumbling over the electric wiring on the Columbia set of "Address Unknown," where K. T. is the feminine lead. Papa, daughter and I were having conversation. "Dad's the wizard in our family," piped Miss Stevens. And Mr. Wood, with that mellow twinkle in his eye, quipped, "I'm not *ashamed* of my dotter." Well, you expect nice noises like that between nice people, but there was something so homey and companionable about them that I just patted them both on the head and went smilingly on my way.

NEW ONE VIA HOPE

The whole world is aware of how truly brave and generous that greatest of guys, Bob Hope, is. But you can't make Bob make a hero of himself. For instance, when asked about his trip to Sicily, Bob said, "We crossed by plane. All the way across the Atlantic to England, we followed a path left by Churchill's cigar ashes. He crosses so often I wonder if he isn't delivering Eleanor Roosevelt's laundry."

GREER GARSON—NAVY WIFE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

after their marriage on July 24, 1943. A star, a beauty, an intellectual, love had made her just one of the hundreds of thousands of Navy wives, living for letters, knowing weeks when not a message got through, followed by some ecstatic morning when the mail would be stacked high on her breakfast tray. Like other Navy wives, she only knew from his Fleet Post Office address on which ocean he was sailing. But whether he was in battle, whether he was well or ill, she could only guess.

Now she said, "Oh, Richard! Oh, darling, where are you?"

He was, it seemed, in Boston, his ship undergoing some sort of check-up.

"But how did you find me here?"

He had called California first, discovered she was on tour, and then called the Canadian Victory Drive headquarters, who had given him the name of her hotel.

"We're in port in Boston for a few days," he said. "Then we go to New York, where I get a short leave. Oh, darling, can you join me?"

Of course, Greer was in Boston the next morning. She and Richard went on to New York together. They had ten enchanted days there, touring the city, peering into shops, seeing the plays, eating in the fabulous restaurants. They ignored the diminishing days on the calendar, until the best news of all came to them. Ensign Ney had been transferred to another ship, one that would sail from San Pedro, California. This meant that they could journey to the Coast together, and that Richard could have a day or so at home on the beautiful estate that Greer had purchased only a few months before she had finally decided to marry.

Greer told me this story as we sat together in the drawing room of that house. Having known her since the early days of her career in Hollywood, I saw that this story, this love, was responsible for the change now so marked in her. It is responsible, too, I do believe, for her becoming first lady of the screen in so short a time. It will be responsible, also, I think, for keeping Greer in that coveted spot for a long time. But one cannot merely make a statement like that. It has to be proven. So listen.

"Richard and I got home," Greer explained, "to find my mother in the hospital, the servants gone, the ration points hopelessly scrambled. The latter two were easily straightened out. I was lucky enough to find a nice couple to run the house. I was reassured about my mother, who now blessedly is completely recovered. But what really hit me low was the news that my uncle, who has been my guardian ever since my father died, years ago, had died in active service. He was a doctor on duty in the Navy. And my youngest cousin, the baby of our whole family, who is just twenty, had gone to take his place.

"Here I was, with Richard so miraculously home, but due to sail so soon again. I thought of last summer, our three day honeymoon, and then his leaving. I went out on a bond tour in September. Richard knew that his ship was due in port in San Francisco some time that month, and we planned to meet there, if only for an hour. Well, his ship did come into San Francisco, but it came sooner than we expected. I was still touring the United States, helping to sell bonds—so we missed one another by three days. Once upon a time, I would have wept. Now I didn't. I knew I was merely experiencing what so many women were going through these days.

"I was gone on that tour for the entire month of September. I had, of course, finished 'Curie' after fourteen months of steady work, in August. I came home for two weeks and then went out on the Canadian Victory Drive. But now, with Richard beside me, to get the news concerning my uncle and the last of my cousins to leave home! I thought of all my men folk, so peace-loving, so essentially gentle in spirit, and all of them in uniform."

Greer stopped, and the tears shone

Beautiful Carale Landis attended premiere of "Lady In the Dark" with Capt. James Dempsey. Carole's husband was due in town later.

At Macambo Jane Withers is squired by a new beau, Eric Sinclair. Jane is still playing youthful parts but you see she's grawing up.

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in her eyes. The California twilight stole into the room.

Greer started speaking again. "Those bond tours were a revelation to me of the power of movies and the power of any performer. I've worked so steadily in the past two years—from 'Mrs. Miniver' and 'Random Harvest' to 'Madame Curie'—that I have seen almost no one here in Hollywood at all. My circle of friends is very small, and since Richard has been gone I've had only a most occasional small dinner party—my mother, my producer, Sidney Franklin and his wife, the Mervyn LeRoys. But on the bond tour, I saw not only America, in all its glory, but my fellow workers in this industry. I got to know that wonderful person, Jimmy Cagney. I met the girls in my own studio, little Kathryn Grayson, Judy Garland, Lucille Ball. Did they make me feel abashed! There they were, wearing those exquisite costumes designed for them for their musical comedies, which are certainly the most ravishing costumes ever created. There they were, able to sing and dance and bring any house down. And there I was, with no costume to guide me, having played drab 'period' ladies for so long, and merely making a speech. But that speech did help. It wrote itself when I was on board the train, starting out, and it did sell some bonds, at least.

"When I came home and knew I had missed Richard, I went visiting hospitals. There are wards that are very hard to go into, wards of which we are not permitted to tell too much. But there are suffering, lonely boys in them, boys wounded in action.

"I was happy when I was asked to go on a second Canadian bond tour because of my being British by birth, and because they are great people up there and had been so responsive and cordial when I was there before. Somehow I feel that this activity, the bond tours, the camp and hospital visits, the Canadian tour, is about the most useful kind of fighting in this war that an actress can do.

"One kind of fighting, I mean. The other is helping to make pictures that will radiate cheerfulness, knowledge, good will and courage. Up until now, it has been a beloved profession with me. I have always been happy in the work I have chosen, but now—well, it is almost like a mission. Motion pictures are such a wonderful medium with an unlimited capacity for being a useful force in the world.

"I am humbly thankful that I so accidentally got pushed into playing the kind of roles I have; the loving women, the Mrs. Chips and Mrs. Gladney and Mrs. Miniver and Marie Curie. I wish there were time to show you some of the thousands of letters that come every week from the men far away at war and from the folks they left behind them. There is an ideal that we have got to keep alive, the dream that must have no ending: the power of love and the home, and of loving women in the home. In motion pictures we can portray the miracle, the tenderness, the healing of love, to help people to have faith in its power to conquer the hatred and death now loose upon our world."

Only a brave woman with a fighting heart could have said those words. But you agree, don't you, that they prove why Greer Garson is now the screen's first lady, and why she will remain that just so long as she chooses.

THE END

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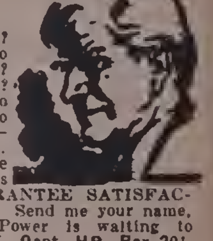

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TELL MOM YOU SAW ME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

him, but for Don. Everything the boy liked best—barbecued spareribs with apple-sauce and candied yams, touched off by a huge chocolate cake—was put before him: Flynn was honored to realize he was only sitting in for a soldier in a parka.

Like everyone else, Jack Benny came back from his trip to North Africa, Iran, England, Ireland—loaded with messages for wives, sisters, sweethearts. And, of course, Mom.

But Jack, himself, has a message for you and you and you.

"While Anna Lee, Wini Shaw, Larry Adler and I were in London visiting the hospitals," Benny said, "I noticed we were never allowed in Ward 8. We were quite free to go into any other ward, so finally I asked why that particular one was closed to us.

"The reason I got was such a sad one—and so useless," he went on, "that I know you can help. Ward 8 was filled with boys who couldn't take it. The mental cases. And psychiatrists had found that some of these cases were aggravated by the letters from home.

"So be careful what you write. Don't tell of domestic troubles, of family quarrels or illnesses or infidelities." He was intensely earnest about it. "There's no law against writing to ask for a divorce but—have a heart—don't do it. Mothers, don't write that your son's wife is stepping out, that his girl's untrue.

"Your boy's doing a tremendous job—with every ounce of his strength and courage. If he cracks, don't let it be your fault."

And, speaking of writing to ask for a divorce, Joel McCrae, to his own astonishment, played Mr. Fix-it for a sailor he met in North Africa. The boy, almost in tears, showed him a letter that had just come from his young wife in Atlanta. Flatly, without giving reasons or explanation, she demanded a divorce. The lad was so bewildered, so unhappy and helpless that McCrae, with misgivings, could only promise to help him.

As soon as he got back to the States, he started out on a bond-tour which eventually took him to Atlanta. He looked up the address given him and was met at the door by a very young girl, very, very expectant.

To see Joel McCrae, the movie star, standing there was almost too much to believe and to find out he was trying to help her was beyond imagination. But, with great patience and skilful cross-examination, he finally found out what was the matter.

Oh, yes, she loved Ralphie; no, there wasn't anybody else. Then why did she want a divorce? Now hold onto your hats when you learn the reason: she'd heard that sailors have a girl in every port, so she wanted to get herself and the impending child out of the way so Ralphie could have his fun where he found it!

After mending this slightly-cracked romance, Joel stopped off in Chicago between trains to visit the mother of a non-commissioned officer he had met in Italy. The boy's father had just died and he was worried about the mother's state of mind and her finances.

Joel spent more than an hour in the humble flat, listening to stories of the boy's childhood told in an accent so heavy it was hard to understand—and he was able to write the lad that the mother was well, meeting her grief bravely and had found a job which supplemented the income lost when the father died.

Bob Hope long-distanced Dallas and startled the wife of a soldier he'd met in Algiers by calling her a pet nickname that only she and the soldier knew.

Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks were with Gary Cooper on that trip to the Southwest Pacific and Una dissolves in tears when she talks of the bravery and staunchness and fine spirit of the boys.

"There just weren't any eggs in Bizerte," said Adolphe Menjou, "but a mess sergeant made me an offer of an omelette in exchange for a telephone-call to his grandmother when I got back."

Menjou, well-known for the fact that there's more than hair under those natty hats, accepted the offer with alacrity, as well as another in Casablanca by which he was richer one red-felt fez in exchange for a letter to the seven-year-old daughter of an infantryman.

Lovely Anna Lee, just back from more than five months overseas, could well take the prize at this point for the Little-but-oh-my Club. She outlasted two troups of entertainers—eight weeks with Jack Benny and another stretch with Menjou—and then went off on her own for six weeks, hitchhiking by plane through Sicily, Italy, North Africa, Iran, Egypt and down the Gold Coast.

Her address-book is full of numbers she is calling and names of people she's writing letters to. In her travels, she met one flier five times in as many different hospitals.

"He'd had a piece of shrapnel through the jugular vein," she said, "and was a pretty sick boy. But each time I met him, as we both progressed toward the States, he was a little better."

The last time they met was in a hospital in Dakar where he was waiting transfer home.

"We'd become very good friends by this time," she went on, "and he told me how worried he was about his mother in Miami. She had heard nothing since the official War Department notification and of course had no idea where or how badly he was wounded.

"I was so glad I got to Miami a little before he did so I could tell her just what his condition was and how well he was getting on."

These are a few of the stories the big planes bring back. Other ships are going out every few days with other troups. When these people come home, they will say just about what the others have said:

"It's a privilege to go. We can hardly keep back the tears as we stand on those makeshift stages and look into the faces of those boys.

"That surge of eager, simple friendliness, that undercurrent of desperate homesickness, that grim spirit of getting a bad job over with as well and as quickly as possible, has transformed us into a group of the elect, the very, very fortunate few civilians who have been permitted to go to them.

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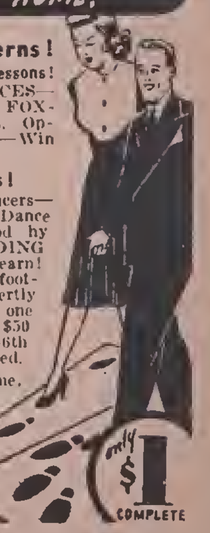

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DONALD O'CONNOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

name to O'Connor. Mom went into show business with him. As soon as one of us kids was born, Mom carried us out on the stage at the earliest possible moment and took bows. This was always good for several curtain calls. The moment we could walk we were in the act.

First time I took a bow, in my mother's arms, I was four months old. When I was eight months, my Dad carried me out on the stage of the Blackstone Theater in Chicago. He held me up by the back of my triangles and I did the Black Bottom in mid-air.

There were seven of us kids, born in as many towns scattered over the eastern part of the United States. Five are dead now. Three died at birth. My brother Billy, who would be thirty now, died three years ago last Christmas. My sister Arlene, who would be twenty-three, was killed when I was sixteen months old. She was pushing me along the street in my baby buggy and, right in front of the theater where our act was playing, an automobile struck her. She died instantly. I don't know how I escaped.

After Arlene was killed, the family pulled itself together, changed the act and went on. Nine weeks later, in Brockton, Massachusetts, my Dad dropped dead of a heart attack. That left Mom, my brothers Jack and Billy, and me. Again the act was changed. Mom took in an acrobat, name of Lou Fletcher, to replace Dad. It didn't work. Only an O'Connor can replace an O'Connor. Soon Fletcher was out and the remaining O'Connors carried on.

Mom was so lonely for Arlene she tried to make me look like a girl. She let my hair grow and kept me in dresses as long as she could, and I would. That's how I came by the Buster Brown haircut which I wore until I was eight years old. Then I got rid of it by charging into a barber shop, on my own, and demanding a "man's haircut." Mom wept like that character, Niobe, when she saw it.

Thus, you can see, I really grew up back stage. When I was thirteen months old, I was doing hand stands. When I was four I was doing comedy routines with my brothers. When I was five, I was hoofing. I started singing when I was six. The first song I sang on "any stage" was "Keep Your Sunny Side Up" and after that, "I'm Looking At The World Through Rose-Colored Glasses" was my best number for some time. And like I said, when we worked circuses, I did a spot of trouping with Trampoline acts, animal acts, jugglers, wire acts, the works.

This made me no Little Lord Fauntleroy. Instead, I was the theater pest. First thing I can remember (I must have been three) was an impulse I had to run across the stage while the act was on, just to see what would happen. What happened was a licking. Later, I broke windows, hid props and make-up kits, heckled the stage-hands and performers generally.

For example, at one theater in Detroit, we were working with an

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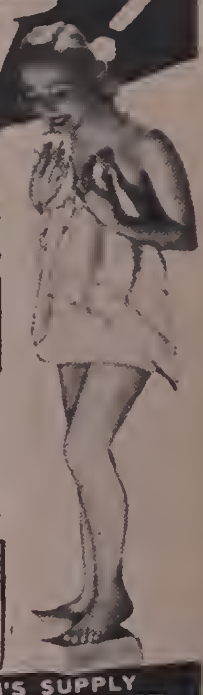

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

orchestra that came up out of the pit on one of those platforms operated by the hydraulic system. On our previous engagement, a Bearded Lady had given me a BB gun. I got a bright idea. I turned off the lights backstage, climbed into the flies and, as the orchestra began to rise, I took aim and potted the musicians one by one. By the time the platform came fully into view of the audience, only three of the sixteen musicians had stuck it out.

Quite often, too, when I was a kid, I'd worry my mother by staying away from the theater and busking. Busking, in case you don't know, means doing songs and dances and patter and stuff in cafes, or on street corners, scooping up the loose change which is flung at you. Usually, I busked for the heck of it and used the easy pickings to buy my mother a hunk of jewelry at the dime store or to buy a new hat and cane for myself.

Sometimes, when the act had had a long layoff and no bookings in sight and dimes were thin, my brothers and I'd go out and get some by this same busking. Mom didn't approve. It wasn't "genteel" and she thought it very unprofessional.

Matter of fact, though, and in spite of the ups and downs the act went through, we usually had quite a bit of money. When we did, my brother Jack invariably bought a swanky car. Once in Buffalo, New York, just as we were to pull out of there, Jack got a beautiful Stutz touring job. It had been swell weather but, just as we left town, a storm came up. The thermometer dropped to 65 degrees, then to 45, then 25 in the space of an hour. Then the snow began falling. I never saw so much snow in my life. Thirty or forty miles out of town, on a country road, we had engine trouble. In spite of the white fur rugs (we always had white fur rugs in our cars when we were in the dough) and the newspapers we stuffed in cracks, we were about to die of exposure when a snow plough came along. We yelled at the men driving it. They ignored us. Just as they were about to pass on and leave us there to die, one of them shouted, "My name's Murphy—what's yours?" It didn't really seem the time for formal introductions but we yelled back, our voices almost lost in the screams of the wind, "Ours is O'Connor!"

"Well, my Saints," Murphy came back at us, as he began to edge the snow plough toward us, "why the divil didn't ye say so? Thought you were Swedes and we were going to leave ye be!"

In 1933, working in the State Theater in Long Beach, California, we were eating in a cafeteria one night when the building began to shiver and sway. People yelled "Earthquake!" and went crazy. I was crushed flatter than a piece of tissue paper. Jack got pushed through a plate glass door and almost cut his thumb off. But somehow, and in less than five minutes, we got together, my mother, brothers and I, and were in the Buick.

It's out of this world, the way the O'Connors survive.

Around this time, Jack's daughter, Patsy O'Connor, got a contract at 20th Century-Fox. Shirley Temple was just becoming a big star then and little girls were in demand. Patsy made about five pictures all told. I never thought of the movies for me. Back into vaudeville I went.

But in 1937, going into '38, we came to Hollywood again. We were doing a benefit for the Motion Picture Relief Fund at the Biltmore Bowl. Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray were just about to start production on "Sing, You Sinner," and they were looking for a kid about my age. Wesley Ruggles, the director, saw me at that benefit and so I did the "Small Fry" number in "Sing, You Sinner." In the year that followed, I worked in eleven pictures. I was in "Men With Wings"; and in "Beau Geste" I played Gary Cooper as a boy. But the best parts for me were in "Son of the Legion" and "Tom Sawyer." Then I went to Warner Brothers and played Eddie Albert as a boy in "On Your Toes."

At this point, the family was preparing to take the act to Australia. I decided to do personal appearances with them for the four weeks remaining before they were to sail. Then I'd return to Hollywood. Three weeks after we started out, my brother Billy died at my uncle's house in Danville.

Party for Vice President Henry A. Wallace which was held in rambling Beverly Hills Hotel brought out Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten among large array of movieland notables.

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His going changed the family's plans—and the act. It needed me now, so out I went for another two years. I began to grow up in earnest. I had responsibilities now that Billy was gone. I began to watch other performers. By taking off the assembly line everything I saw others do and everything I had done myself in the past, I began to develop my own individual style of working.

I know I was at my best then, yet our fortunes were at their lowest. Patsy joined the act, making it a threesome with Jack and me, but work was very scarce. For the first time in the history of the O'Connor family, we thought we were stuck. Just as we reached the all-time low, my agent wired me that Universal wanted me for a part in "What's Cooking?"

I didn't really want to go back to pictures. I hate routine, prefer the chancy life of one-night stands on the road to fixed salaries and the thing that practical folks call "security." But I didn't have any choice. I did the picture. It didn't do anything except feed me. Then I made two others and they fizzled like firecrackers, too.

Someone said to me, "You can't get back in pictures. You've been away too long." That roused the challenger in me. I told him in no uncertain words, "I'll get back!"

I started going when I got a good part in "Get Hep to Love." I started going, too, because one man had faith in me. Ken Goldsmith. Ken died six months ago, but if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be anywhere now.

After "Get Hep to Love," anyway, I really started going. "Mr. Big" was a solid one. Ever since, I've been in there pitching. "It Comes Up Love," "Top Man," "This Is The Life," "Three Cheers for the Boys," "Patrick the Great," "Chip Off the Old Block," "The Merry Monahans" are tumbling and will continue to tumble out of Universal's hat long after I've earned my wings I hope.

And as for that theater of war, we'll wow 'em!

But please try to remember me a bit, will yuh?

ALICE FAYE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

new roles that are to come to her.

Proper investments, which will increase in value after the war, are offered after the first of May. Speculation, as such, should be avoided.

Home will always provide her greatest inner security, but July and August may hold promises to fulfill which should take her away from home toward public appearances. They will be two busy months, in any event. And if she has planned carefully, or wishes to escape routine for a short time, she could plan a short vacation. An ideal place for this would be in her own home.

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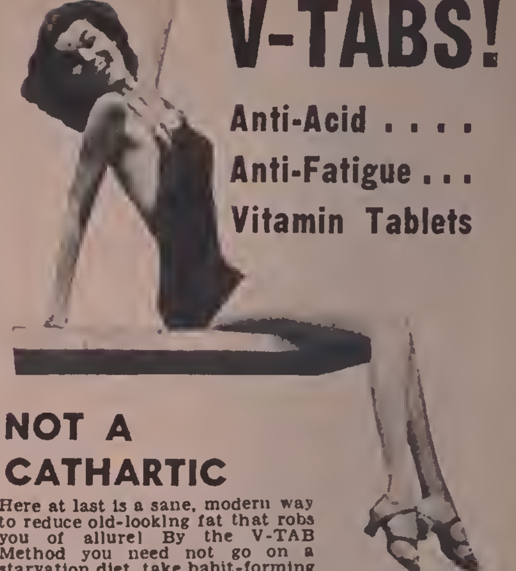

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SNARE A HUSBAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59)

even at that looking at price tags three times before you dared spend the money," she recalls. "It's a thrilling thing to have your own salary—a big one—to spend on whatever appeals to you.

"I'm ambitious or something. I hate to think of going back to counting pennies, to taking something I don't like because it costs $2.98 less than the thing I want."

Susanna threw back her head and took swift dancing steps, so that her long fair hair streamed after her like a banner.

"I'm happy!" she cried. "I'm on top of the world! I've been happy so long I'm afraid. I'm either right up on top or so far down I'm buried. I'm temperamental. That's not the same thing as temper, because I have a bad temper, too—but I know I can control that. But temperament is mood. If you are low, you are low, no foolin'! If you are happy, there you sit, on top of the world!"

Susanna hopes to meet that One Man and marry before she's twenty-two.

"If he had to go to war, I'd marry him right away, not wait for him to come back. Then at least we'd have a little time together. If he came back wounded, I'd still love him—maybe more than ever, because I'd be so sorry, and I'd feel my love could help cure him. And perhaps it could. If he came back a different man from the one who left me, a man grown so far beyond me that we had no meeting ground, we'd separate.

"I hate the thought of divorce—that's all that would hold me back from marriage. And I'd never go around with a married man or try to take one from his wife. If I'm unlucky enough to fall in love with one, I'll make myself forget him."

Susanna drew a deep breath and checked up on herself sharply. "That's what I think now. You never know. But I can't imagine myself breaking up a home. In the first place, I wouldn't let myself get involved with a man who was married. I shan't handicap myself by going with married men, with men who are failures, or who couldn't make me happy. I know what I want, and I think I'll recognize My Man when he comes along.

"I couldn't live if I didn't sing. It's not my career I care for, it's my singing. And you can't do my kind of singing unless you have a career. The man I marry must understand that. Oh, I want a normal life—I want a husband and children—but I just can't live unless I sing!"

The temperamental young star of "Phantom of the Opera" and "Angela" lives alone in a small apartment, because her music is all-important.

"When I can afford a large house, my family will live with me," she says, "but on his present job my father must get up before dawn and go to bed very early, so we can't work it out. Sometimes I have to go early to bed too, because of a studio call—but generally I can stay up late playing my records. If my family lived with me. I'd keep Dad awake. He'd say, 'Go ahead, it doesn't bother

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me,' because he's a darling. But I'd know it wasn't fair. When I get my big house, I'll have one room soundproofed.

"Right now, though, I'm too happy and busy to worry about anything, even the One Man coming along."

* * *

The girl's eye view of Youth's 1944 problems differs. Over on the Paramount lot, the co-stars of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" considered them. Dressed alike in pale blue satin dresses, model 1923, with low waistlines and long front panels, they were still as different as mignonette and hibiscus.

Diana Lynn, seventeen and too sunny to have moods, is a little girl still, in spite of stardom. Her parents have a charming home, are in comfortable circumstances, and Diana is a daughter in that home and pays no board. Her father takes care of her money, investing half of it in a trust fund for her future, and the rest, except for an allowance which Diana spends on clothes and studio expenses, goes into war bonds.

"I love clothes," she sighs, "but I don't think I'm extravagant. Every season I plan my wardrobe carefully, trying to spend as wisely as possible, so that my hats and accessories will go with different outfits. I'm too young to wear things that are too expensive. It wouldn't be good taste."

Even if tremendous success suddenly catapulted Diana into a high income bracket, she wouldn't leave home until she married.

"I'd hate to live alone. We're so happy at home that I'll never want to leave. But I can understand how a girl in an unhappy home might feel she must get away and be independent. It's probably right for her, for living where people aren't sweet and kind must be dreadful."

Diana has no special fellow in sight. She isn't much concerned with the prediction of a male shortage for she's romantic enough to believe there will be someone for her when she's ready.

"I wouldn't marry a boy who is going into the service now, because I'm not old enough to consider marriage yet," she declared. "A good many of the boys who are going to war are also very young and they'll have to finish growing up in frightful conditions. They'll live through experiences we can't even imagine. When they come home they'll be beyond any little girl who stayed here. They'll need a woman to straighten them out. I'm sure I'd not be capable of understanding a returned soldier as a wife should.

"As to the seven girls to one man—if I can't have the man I want, I'll never take second best. Not that my man is a definite person, he's merely an idea. He needn't be handsome. Looks aren't important to me. But he must be kind. Consideration, thoughtfulness, a sense of humor—these are important. Above all, I must respect him and he must respect me. Then our marriage will succeed.

"He needn't have money, but I wouldn't care to support my husband. The chances are he couldn't earn picture money, but as a rule a star has a short career when she reaches the fabulous-money stage. If a man had a useful career and could support himself, I wouldn't complain. If he had nothing, I'd hesitate to marry him until he got started on his career, because a single man will often take a chance and get ahead—he can afford to fail, if necessary—while a married man is afraid to take it and so loses.

"I wouldn't like to hamper any man. The trouble with young marriages often is that the boy hasn't had a chance to get a start on his career and to work out what he wants to do. First thing you know he's stuck in a round hole, though he's a square peg. He and his wife go into debt, and presently they are overwhelmed before they can build a life together.

"I'm sensible enough to know you can't plan your life completely. You can't say, 'I'll do this and not that'—and never change. Life decides for you. But I can dream, can't I?"

* * *

Gail Russell admits that her plans don't include marriage before she's at least twenty-five. She owes too much to those who have helped her get her start in pictures.

"Not money debts," she says with a flash of her startlingly blue eyes, "but encouragement, advice, trust and confidence in me when I had none in myself. I must succeed to justify their faith in me. Marriage means divided effort, and that's not for me—yet."

Ultimately, Gail hopes to marry a dark-haired, blue-eyed man (her own coloring), not too goodlooking, who can kid her out of her moods, who is reliable, self-confident, and able to cope with the world. If she can't have him, she'll take nobody, but go on like Kipling's cat-who-walks-by-herself-all-on-her-wild-lone.

"I have black moods. They come down on me without warning. Then I have a good cry and run off to walk around the block," she confessed. "My great ambition is to buy acres and acres of land and have horses to ride when I get into those lows. I want lots of space and a fast horse.

"First, though, I want to buy a home for my family—a nice, big, comfortable home with things the way my family would like them. After that, comes the ranch for myself."

Gail wouldn't dream of marrying a soldier before he went off to war. "Girls take too great a chance if they marry now, and no girl in her teens is old enough to marry," says this nineteen-year-old. "I know I feel too unsettled myself."

For example, a girl friend a year younger than Gail fell madly in love with a soldier a year older. They wanted to marry at once and the girl made life miserable for her family until they consented. The marriage was arranged, the girl had her wedding gown and they'd planned the honeymoon, when the boy was ordered to the South Pacific. He called to say he had decided not to marry the girl.

"He said he loved her too much to do it," related Gail. "She might have a baby and have to bring it up alone. He might come back crippled and she'd be stuck with him. He wanted to protect her. Now her family is crazy about him because they know from that that he really loves her. But it's awfully hard on that girl, just sitting, waiting."

Gail's special pal is her father, just as happens in the picture, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

"I wouldn't want an apartment

away from home if I had all the money there is. In a career, you need advice and help that nobody can pay for, and your family will give you that. They don't mind telling you for your own good when you're wrong. Other people hesitate, either because they like to flatter you, or because what's it to them?

"I'm too ambitious, maybe. I like clothes, but they don't matter. Nothing matters except my career. There's so much work ahead, so far to go, so much to learn, that I want to give my career my undivided attention—and that wouldn't be fair, if I married.

"Yes, I hope to marry someday. But if I'm one of the seven who finds no man she really wants, I'll take nobody!"

* * *

After the sneak preview of "Broadway Rhythm," M-G-M officials smiled at each other and said, "We're afraid we have a new star on our hands!"

That new star is Gloria de Haven, sweet and eighteen, with a long, fair bob and great gray-blue eyes.

She's not in love yet, even though she's very steadily dating Mickey Rooney, but she believes that love is the only reason for marriage, and nothing else counts.

"It would be wonderful if I happened to fall in love with a man who had plenty of money," she said, "but if not, I expect love will be marvelous anyway.

"I might marry money and my husband would lose it. Then I'd give him whatever I had, or go to work until he got on his feet. But if he developed into the kind of a man who would expect me to support him, I couldn't go on. When respect died, my love would probably die.

"Even if I fall terribly in love with a boy, I hope I won't marry him before he goes off to war, because I'm so young. Girls who are very young haven't had time to have much fun, and it's silly to tie yourself down to a dreary time of waiting all alone. The war drags on, your husband is away, you can't go out with anyone else once you're married—at least I couldn't.

"I have two girl friends who have married soldiers. One was married for six months before her husband left, and she takes their separation in her stride. She has a job, works hard in a war plant, keeps up her home at night and writes him every day. She's adjusted to waiting for him.

"The other girl had just three days with her husband before he left. Now he's overseas and she seldom hears from him. She hadn't known him long before they married, and now she's beginning to forget what he looks like. She's blue about staying home every night, never doing anything exciting. She's beginning to wonder if she loves him or not.

"I'd hate to be like that. I'm old-fashioned. I believe in love—maybe not at first sight, but I think you know. No one would ever persuade me that it isn't necessary to fall in love, your husband will teach you to love him afterward! I'll fall in love or I won't marry!"

As to money, Gloria belongs to a theatrical family that has had its share of ups and downs. She's tried doing without money, and she didn't find it a pleasant experience.

"But money in itself isn't important to me," she asserts. "I can get along. I don't care to have people give me big things. I like a man to remember to call me up when I'm ill, to recall that I like a certain kind of rose and to send a single one rather than a truckload of orchids or gardenias, to know my favorite song or color, to find the book I've been looking for, or even just to say some lovely thing to me at the right time."

Gloria can't imagine living alone. Her mother and sister are always there to hear her lines, help her select clothes, tell her what to do.

"If I marry and have children," says Gloria, "I'll give up my career while they are small. No one can take the place of your mother when you're little. But I hope not to have babies right away. My husband and I should have time to get acquainted so we can work out our problems without complications. In that case, I'd continue my career. My husband would be away daytimes, so why not work?"

"I don't know about love yet," she said thoughtfully. "Maybe it's stronger than you are and I'd be helpless against it. If the man and his wife were unhappy together, and there was no point in giving him up, I'd be tempted to go on with it. But if there were children, if the wife still loved him and he was just sort of straying, I'd surely step out of the picture. It would be up to any girl to sacrifice herself if she measured her own happiness against the wife's and family's. I hope I'd be big enough to do that.

"Somehow, I don't think that problem's going to come along!"

THE END

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WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

girl friends turn out to be "Ida," "Margie," "Louise," "Josephine," "Rose Marie," "Diane," "Charmaine," and "Liza." . . . The band of Les Brown and the voice of Butch Stone are doubled up on "A Good Man Is Hard To Find" and "Bizet Has His Day." "Bizet" is a novelty and "Good Man" is the oldie which has had a shot in the arm lately . . . You people who like blues will want Columbia's Okeh release of "I'm Going To Move To The Outskirts of Town" and "Hard Hearted Woman" by Big Bill and His Chicago Five . . .

The VICTOR company hasn't as yet settled differences with the Musicians' Union, so they are still unable to use bands. But their number one gal, Dinah Shore, has done a good record with a background of mixed voices. The tunes are "Now I Know" from her picture, "Up In Arms," and "I Didn't Sleep A Wink Last Night."

CAPITOL Records offer us "Mairzy Doats" once more, but with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston's orchestra. They also do "A Journey To a Star." The best part of this pressing is the fine tenor saxophone work by one Eddie Miller . . . Andy Russell's first commercial effort comes off very nicely. He does "Besame Mucho" and "You're The Dream" with Albert Sack conducting the music. Andy is the boy who is getting such a big buildup on the Blue Network . . . That Mercer lad is front and center with "San Fernando Valley" and "Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah." Both sides are right up Johnny's alley. Paul Weston is the leader man and The Barries, a female threesome, assist on the lyrics. Johnny discovered the girls on a Cleveland Radio station last year and was instrumental in bringing them to Hollywood.

ON THE BEAM:

One of the best musical programs on the air is the "Connie Boswell Presents" show over the Blue Network on Wednesdays. It's nice to be able to hear her regularly again . . . Guy Lombardo and The Royal Canadians are doing a Sunday series over the Blue with a different guest each week. You'll have to check your local papers for time and station.

Spike Jones, Bob Burns' "maestro," was elected King of Corn again this year by Downbeat Magazine, which accounts for that big smile he has been wearing. Spike's latest novelty sensation is a little ditty entitled "There's A Fly On My Music." . . . Frances Langford has been signed by RKO to a two-picture a year deal and she will also be seen in Republic's "Jamboree." . . . Kay Kyser started his seventh year

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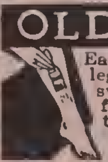

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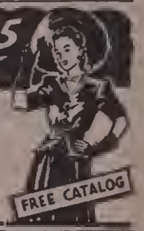

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on NBC with a wonderful record to look back on. During his radio career he has never missed a single broadcast . . . If you listen to "One Man's Family," you've heard their pretty theme song, "Patricia." The producers of the show have had so many inquiries as to where the song could be purchased that they have published it and you may now buy same in sheet music form . . . There is a rumor about Hollywood town that Alice Faye may soon have her own half-hour radio program on which she would sing and do a dramatic spot, with musical help of hubby Phil Harris . . . Ray Anthony, the twenty-one-year-old trumpet veteran from the Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller bands, has donned a sailor suit. He is heard each Friday over the Blue Network on the "Meet Your Navy" broadcast . . . The Sportsmen Quartet is just about the busiest musical foursome in Hollywood. They are heard on the Sealtest Show, and with Burns and Allen, Ginny Simms, Groucho Marx, and Eddie Cantor . . . Horace Heidt is featuring a new vocal group on his "Heidt For Hires" airings. They are The High-Lights, seven voices composed of a girls' quartet and a men's trio . . . If "Pistol Packin' Mamma" is a hit with the boys overseas, Herbert Marshall should get some of the credit. When he was a guest on the Eddie Cantor program a few months back, he sang the tune and brought down the house. When his pals, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy, were looking around for musical material to do on their overseas trips to entertain our fighting men, Marshall suggested the song to them and ended up teaching it to them. Both did the tune in their acts and when they returned recently they told Marshall that they had been "wows" with it. George Raft is also using "P. P. M." on his present tour in England and Martha O'Driscoll and Errol Flynn sang it together for the boys in Alaska.

Kitty Kallen cut out from the Jimmy Dorsey band and joined Bing Crosby on the Kraft show. Her parting with Dorsey was entirely friendly and Jimmy is pulling for her to make a success on her own. Billy Burton, who is managing Kitty, also guides the destinies of Helen Forrest, Dick Haymes and the King Sisters, so he should have an easy time of making the Kallen lass a big solo attraction.

JAM NOTES:

Artie Shaw is no longer leading Navy Band No. 501, the outfit with which he made his South Pacific tour. The band is still together, however, under the leadership of Sam Donahue, the tenor star who had a pretty good band of his own in peacetime. At this writing, Artie is in a Naval hospital in San Francisco recuperating from dengue fever which he contracted on one of the islands where his band played. Buddy Moreno has a new suit, done

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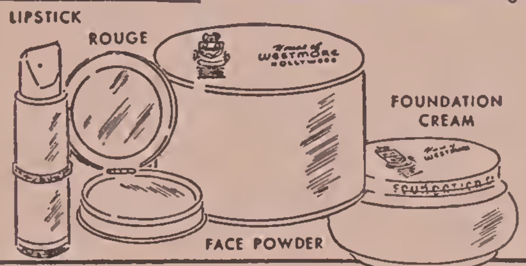

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Jill Warren digs Buddy Moreno's identification bracelet at one of Buddy's last appearances with the Harry James band before he left to become a soldier boy.

The Sportsmen, one of the busiest male quartets in Hollywood these days. Reading from left to right, the boys are Bill Days, Max Smith, Marty Sperzel and Gurney Bell.

in a nice shade of olive drab, and he is singing his songs to a march tempo, being that he is now Private Moreno of the United States Army. His place with Harry James was taken by another Buddy, Buddy De Vito, former vocalist with Eddie Oliver's band in Chicago.

When Harry knew that Moreno was going into the service, he started casting about for a new singer and one night he heard De Vito with Oliver's band on a Cocoa Cola show. He decided right then and there he was the boy. So he placed a long distance call to Buddy D. V. and asked him if he would be interested in joining the James band. De Vito was so thrilled and excited that he accepted the job without even asking about salary. All Buddy De Vito wanted to know was when Harry James wanted him to start.

Ray Eberle is on a short leave from the movie cameras and is playing theatre and night club engagements in the east. While he is away from California he is subleasing his house to Hal McIntyre. Hal and Ray are old friends from early Glenn Miller days . . .

* * *

Well, Kiddies, that does it for this time. Thanks once more for all your swell letters, which I'm trying to get answered as fast as possible. But please don't ask too many questions in each one and don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. You know where to write me, but if you've forgotten, it's Jill Warren, MOVIELAND Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 46, California.

WARREN'S WAX WORKS

SOFT AND SWEET:

Dinah Shore doing "Now I Know" and "I Didn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" with a background chorus of mixed voices. Victor Label.

"Besame Mucho" and "You're The Dream" as sung by Andy Russell for Capitol.

Jerry Wald's instrumental, "Poinciana" for Decca.

THE JAZZ PLATE:

The Ink Spots and Ella Fitzgerald on "Cow Cow Boogie" back up with Ella and her own band doing "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street." Decca.

Johnny Mercer, with Paul Weston's orchestra and The Barries, singing "San Fernando Valley" and "Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah." Capitol.

Okeh's pressing of "I'm Going To Move To The Outskirts of Town" and "Hard Hearted Woman" by Big Bill and His Chicago Five.

LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:

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A single record with Leopold Stokowski conducting the All-American orchestra playing Mendelssohn's "Midsummer's Night Dream" overture and "Preludio" by Bach.

BOWEN CHARLETON TUFTS III

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

say, 'I'm better looking than he is—gosh, there's nothing to it!' Meantime, those kids don't think about getting any training or experience, and they're going to wind up pretty disappointed. That's why I wanted to explain it."

The Tufts explaining something, we'd like to add, is a much more delightful process than it appears on paper. It comes out, not all in one piece, but in pleasantly lazy phrases, mixed up with grins, shrugs, an occasional head-scratching or ear-pulling, and a frequent "Hi'yah, Bing," "Hi'yah, Laddie," and so on, as acquaintances stroll by.

That "Hi'yah" gesture, performed with a vague sort of waft of the hand past the forehead, is destined to become as distinctive a trademark as Gable's dimpled smile, Paul Henreid's two cigarettes, Bogart's stiff-lipped dialogue, and Skelton's dood-ing it. Making a bond selling appearance last week, Sonny walked out on the stage, lifted hand to forehead, and with one voice the audience screamed, "Hi'yah Kansas!" Roles may come and roles may go, but it looks like "Kansas" (in "So Proudly We Hail") is going to stick.

That screaming, led by the well-known Bobby Socks Brigade, is quite an experience, says this latest victim: "I don't know what other fellows do, but I jumped! I never realized before what Sinatra goes through. That guy must have nerves of iron!"

With "I Love a Soldier" completed and awaiting release, the Boston Biggie is currently working in "Bring on the Girls" (plural) with Veronica Lake being the girl (singular). Lunching in the studio commissary between scenes, he came in wearing a well-filled pair of over-sized Navy dungarees, and confidentially, we expected to watch him gnaw—but gently, of course—on a raw beef bone. He ordered instead a crisp and dainty salad bowl, and poked at it like he was afraid to hurt it.

"Been working so steady since I got out here, I don't get much chance for exercise. No exercise, no eat," he explained briefly.

Sonny tips the scales at 208 pounds, all of which is at present conveniently distributed for handling with the graceful awkwardness which makes his audience love every hunk of it. Since Veronica, eye-bang and all, weighs a well-stacked 103, their screen appearance together is going to have all the novelty of a tug-boat trailing after its dinghy—which is exactly the producer's idea, of course.

In this picture, too, will come the culmination of Sonny's twenty years of vocal effort and training. He sings, but not the seriously-studied operatic arias which at one time won him encouragement from the Met, nor even the sophisticated ballads which once earned him a living in night clubs and on the stage. His song will be "Egyptian Ella," a little number with which he used to sometimes delight, and always surprise, family friends at the age of six. "Ella" is a parlor song, depending on whose parlor you are in, and with her "wiggle and shake, like a nervous snake," she is sure to become a favorite with film fans.

Bowen Charleton the Third has always been a tradition breaker. His parents hoped to have him go into finance, a line the family had followed ever since Peter Tufts trailed the Mayflower into Boston in 1638. At the age of eight, however, he accompanied Tufts pere to an Eddie Cantor show and when after the performance he said, "Dad—would you mind if I do something like that when I'm big," Dad said, "Not at all—if you're good at it."

That was when Sonny really started warming up with the parlor concerts. His first public appearance was as a boy soprano in a church choir. Being practical as well as artistic, he had picked the church with "the best football team of any choir in New England." His first earned money was not from his entertainment ventures, but from digging dandelions on the Tufts estate. The grounds were well-tended by gardeners, of course, but he wanted a bicycle and Dad insisted he make a stab at earning it.

Looking back, Sonny knows he had

This scene took place at the Frank Sinatra air show which pulled in a million dollars for War Bonds; radio announcer Truman Bradley, funnyman Bert Wheeler, glamorous Annie Sheridan (behind the glasses), and at the extreme right, The Voice himself.

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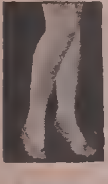

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just about the wisest father in the world. He never asked for anything in his life that he didn't get, but always he had to earn at least part of it by his own efforts. He prepped at Phillips-Exeter, and earned his own spending money by organizing his first band. He played piano well, but drums were his weakness, especially since he could sing best from the drum corner.

When he enrolled for his college education at Yale, he broke another tradition. The Tufts tribe had two scholastic "musts." One was that a Tufts must always attend Tufts College, founded by a forbear. Usually, the family females went there. The men invariably went to Harvard—Sonny's father, eight uncles, and later his younger brother, were all Harvard men. So Sonny went to Yale—and straightway became a legend.

He started out by spending two years as a Freshman. This was mostly because he had tackled so many activities; studying was extra-curricular. He went out for football and crew. He landed two columns to write for the Yale *Daily News* and made the staff of *The Record*. And by this time he had five bands, all of them money makers. When all five bands were busy at various events, he did a sort of perambulating performance, showing up at various times of the evening to sing a few numbers with each.

He kids his college athletic prowess with complete frankness. "In football, I was what you call a 'waiting' tackle—waiting to get off the bench." As a matter of fact, he was a whiz at kicking off, usually starting the game by booting the ball and then retiring while the regular tackle entered the lineup. He rowed fifth oar, usually referred to as the "power house" position, and once beat Harvard—but it was on the third crew. He has a good record on a racing bicycle, and was a good skier until he went over a sixty foot cliff and sustained a broken pelvis.

Among the business ventures spasmodically attacked, was a summer of selling refrigerators, door to door. When he won a sales contest for unloading the most ice-boxes, he put the silver cup on the shelf—and the refrigerator business along with it. Usually he spent his summers shipping with his orchestra on Mediterranean cruises, making twenty-five Atlantic crossings in all. Once, he missed the boat and worked his way back on a freighter, chipping iron rust off pipes to earn his bunk and board.

The summer of his senior year, he listened to a ship-board concert by Tito Schipa, and a great change came over his ambitions. When he got off the boat he checked his drums at New York's Grand Central Station, and enroute home to Boston, reached a decision. He decided never to go back to the traps, and to bolster his determination to achieve the finer things of music, tore up his claim checks.

After graduation, he locked himself up in an apartment and spent two years learning operatic scores. Lohengrin was his favorite: "I sort of fancied myself riding in on that Swan Boat with feathers in my hat," he admits. Occasionally during this hermit existence, friends used to run into him and ask him where on earth he'd been. He'd confess and they'd say, "Aw, opera is okay, but you used to do swell with that Sweet Sue stuff."

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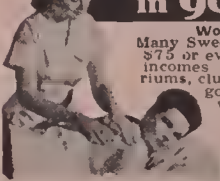

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"It was sure tough on my morale," he remembers.

In 1937, Sonny met and married Barbara Dare, a recital dancer from California. He still doesn't remember how he ever got up courage enough to propose, except that Barbara's announced intention of going to Mexico to study scared him into it. The proposal scene was staged in the doorway of her apartment, with one foot inserted in the door (ice-box salesman style) and he used his now-familiar "Kansas" technique, saying something like "How about it, kid?"

After six years of married life, he answers all questions as to his preference in women with, "I like 'em just like Barbara." And Barbara, a lovely girl with milky skin and ebony hair, says, "Living with Sonny is just like an adventure story — things happen that couldn't possibly happen with anyone else."

As an example, she quotes their recent experience when, looking for Hollywood living quarters, they answered an apartment ad. It turned out that Sonny didn't like the apartment but sat down to talk with the owners, and by the time dinner was served the maid put two extra places on as a matter of course. They stayed for dinner, and left without the people ever knowing they had entertained a movie star.

The nicest thing about being in pictures, he thinks, is being in pictures. Unlike those lofty creatures who claim they never see their films and abhor the sight of themselves on the screen, he admits to a certain pleasure in sitting in this spectator's row after a screen job is done.

"Sure I like myself on the screen. I keep thinking how much I look like my brother, Dave. I like him, and everything he does—so how could I help it? Did I tell you he's a hero now?" he adds proudly. "The folks just got word he was decorated in North Africa."

"Who's Who" and "Sing For Your Supper" were Sonny's Broadway shows, and before that there were night club engagements at such swank spots as The Glass Hat, the Famous Door and the Beachcombers. All of this came after his audition at the Met, when he learned he had an operatic future, all right, but it wouldn't pay much. He prefers a movie career because it allows him to get up with the sunrise instead of going to bed with it.

And about that name, "Sonny." He likes it better than "Junior" or "Brother," which might have been his fate.

"When I was a kid, I used to think it was my real name. Summertimes I used to have my head shaved, and when someone would run their hand across it—like people always want to do with shaved hair—they usually say something like 'Hello, Sonny' or 'How are you, Sonny?' I'd run home and tell my mother, 'Gosh, it's sure funny how everybody in this whole town knows me—they call me Sonny even before I tell them!'

"I never thought of using any other name. I'll never forget, when I graduated from Yale, the president read off 'Bowen Charleton Tufts III'—and then he looked up at me, astounded, and said, 'Why, Sonny!' Of course, he may just have been amazed to find out I'd actually earned a diploma—but anyhow, I've always thought if 'Sonny' was good enough for him, it's good enough for me!"

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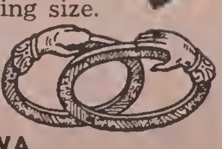

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A HUSSEY IN LOVE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61)

"And *that*," observed Mr. Bob Longenecker, "I still have to find."

Any relationship between this incident and the fact that, on the morning of December 20, 1941, Mr. Longenecker was in the Brown Derby preparing to have breakfast, is purely coincidental. Not one reliable witness, to date, has been able to swear that Cupid—in costume violating all Hays Office codes—was present that cold, brisk morning, or had been present in the mission when Mr. Longenecker first referred to marriage.

Definitely present in the Brown Derby was Miss Ruth Hussey of the sugar candy voice and the impertinently-tilted nose. She had met two girls friends for brunch, and one of the girls knew Bob Longenecker.

In the Derby, everyone goes visiting. To fail to table-hop at Vine and Hollywood is to be a social outcast with all those advertised ailments.

Quickly, Mr. Longenecker joined the three girls. Two of them were dated for the pro football game that afternoon, so they had to scamper. Ruth, however, was planning a mere radio rehearsal, so she was in no hurry at all. She had been in no hurry since she first clapped eyes on Mr. Longenecker.

"I'll sit with you until you've finished your breakfast," she announced in samaritan tones.

"Even unto the fifth cup of coffee?" asked Bob.

She said yes, so they turned to other topics. They discussed Miss Hussey's radio program; they discussed Mr. Longenecker's radio program. They definitely did not discuss the cognominal fact that it was *something* for a Hussey to have met a Longenecker.

They talked, at length, about good books they had read recently, and from that they comfortably attacked the question of first editions. "If you really want to see something handsome," Ruth suggested, "come with me to the book store next door." The move was seconded and passed unanimously.

What she wanted to point out was a twenty-volume set of Dickens, all first editions, all in perfect condition. The bindings were rich and rare, the illustrations some of the most imaginative of their era. The price for this array was a nonchalant $750.

They agreed that this was evidence of the great convenience of being rich folks. They sighed and turned resolute backs. They said, "The Dickens with it!"

Ruth said, "I have my car parked in the Derby lot. I'd be glad to drop you wherever you're going."

Bob was going down to the broadcasting station which was next door to the studio awaiting Ruth's appearance for rehearsal, so he hopped into the Hussey coupe. Not until many months later did Ruth learn that Bob's car had also been parked in the Derby lot. He simply rode with her because . . . well, gas wasn't rationed in those days, and six good tires were to be had by walking into the nearest dealer's and slapping cash on the counter, so there must have been moonlight reasons shining at high noon that day.

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But this year, when the need is greater than ever before . . . when it's *your own sons* we serve . . . this year dig deep and be glad.
For wherever he is, the RED CROSS is at his side and the Red Cross is YOU!

Miss Hussey from Mr. Longenecker. It contained Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" in a two-volume first edition. An accompanying card explained that the $750 set was a trifle beyond his scope—but that, knowing how much she treasured fine books, he hoped she would enjoy adding these volumes to her library.

Immediately after Christmas Ruth came down with a heavy cold and had to cancel her social engagements. Glowering from her bed, she addressed the telephone, "Well, why don't you ring *now?*" She and Bob had missed telephonic connections repeatedly; she was in the habit of returning after a brief rush to the post office, the market, or the beauty shop, only to find a note to the effect that Mr. Longenecker had called and would call again.

However, in keeping with its usual exasperating deportment, the telephone refused to ring. The doorbell was much better behaved, however—it rang! When the housekeeper answered, a pleasant voice wanted to know if Miss Hussey were at home. The housekeeper said she was, but that unfortunately she was ill in bed.

"But I'm not asleep," protested a husky contralto. "Ask Mr. Longenecker to wait a moment and I'll see him . . . if he isn't afraid of common cold bugs."

She slipped into the warmest (and most dazzling) robe she owned, tied a ribbon around her head, and asked the surprised housekeeper to usher in the guest.

They talked and they talked. Bob was born in a small town in Pennsylvania, so he regaled her with tales of the Pennsylvania Dutch. He cited the instance of the sign posted on a front door: "Bell don't make—Bump." Meaning, of course, that the bell was out of order, so the caller must knock. And he told about the child explaining to a younger brother, "When the little red car comes, the train is all ain't"—which, when translated, sums up to the startling information that a caboose is found at the end of a train.

In exchange, Ruth told Bob about her girlhood in Providence, Rhode Island, and about her grooming days on Broadway. All things considered it was a wonderful visit, ending with Bob's saying he'd see her as soon as the cold was better. He was going to be pretty busy, but he'd telephone.

Bird voiced Ginny Simms has several men on the string. But shown dancing with Ensign Scollard Maas it looks like the fleet's in.

Before he had a chance to exercise a dial, Ruth was rehearsing at the radio station one afternoon—and in came Senor Longenecker. He waved. She waved. He approached a friend, talked in muted tones for a few moments, then left the studio. Very dull rehearsal. In a few moments he returned and found a seat. Very interesting rehearsal.

Someone entered, tapped him on the shoulder. So, grinning at Ruth, he again left the studio. Horrible rehearsal. Cues off, timing off. He returned and assumed his observer's post. Wonderful rehearsal.

The program director, pleased and astonished at the abrupt vitality of his pending broadcast, allowed everyone to leave early for dinner. Mr. Longenecker begged the pleasure of Miss Hussey's company. "But, instead of going to the Derby," he said, "I have another idea."

His other idea turned out to be the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. There, gracious living is indented by the shadows of pepper trees, and glazed by the sheen of a full moon. Ruth is positive that the hotel must have some sort of contract with Diana, Olympian vice-president in charge of moons, because every time she has been there a full moon has been a feature of the night. (She has been there only twice.)

So, what with the delicious dinner, the candlelight, the music, the moonlight, and the pepper tree shadows, a solemn pact was made. Bob and Ruth were married seven weeks later (August, 1942)—in Santa Paula Mission, thus fulfilling a long-remembered dream.

They went to Arrowhead Springs for their honeymoon, but they had been there only a few days when the studio, oblivious to romance, ordered Ruth back for retakes. The retakes finished, Bob and Ruth hastened again to Arrowhead and were just unpacking their bags when Bob was called back for final physical tests before being inducted.

Since that time, married life for the Longeneckers has been quite similar to that of any other wartime wedded pair. Bob went through basic, qualified for O.C.S. and was shipped to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, where he earned his gold bars. A few months ago he attained his promotion, so his title is now 1st Lieutenant Robert Longenecker of the Signal Corps.

While he was taking his basic, he spent as many week-ends as possible in the house he and Ruth were perfecting for a post-war matrimonial career. Ruth made it a practice to set aside all manner of mild household tasks for him. Because he was studying electrical theory and application, preparatory to entering O.C.S., she supplied him with a balky vacuum cleaner to test his newly won skill. He took it to pieces, polished, oiled, and rewired parts of it, put it back

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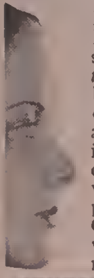

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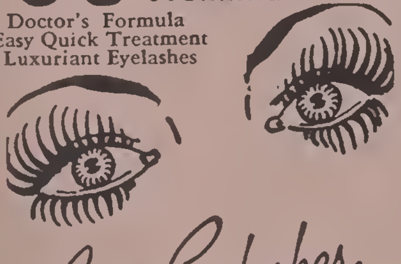

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together again, and astonished himself and his wife by making the thing run. Ruth looked him over with a partisan eye. "And to think," she murmured, "that I married you only because I loved you."

Ruth's favorite vegetables are spinach and squash and she earned the undying suspicion of her relatives by feeding them these two items, plus the usual things, for Christmas dinner. Her husband, living up to his Pennsylvania Dutch departmentalism, is prejudiced in favor of such dishes as shoe-fly pie, apple strudel, cherry kuchen, and pretzels. Regularly he orders from Pennsylvania a shipment of pretzels, an antic which inspired one of Ruth's Christmas gifts.

She was wandering through a gift shop one day when she spied the oddest instrument she had seen in months. It consisted of a small, immobile red merry-go-round from which rose a slender cylindrical stick about eighteen inches high. She asked the salesgirl what it was.

"A pretzel-holder, of course," she said.

Ruth's eyes widened. "That, I'll buy!"

Ruth and Bob have had, since marriage, a progressive backgammon tournament, and an equally progressive gin rummy match. Whenever Bob gets leave they manage to play a few games, at miniscule stakes. The score, naturally, continues to mount. Oddly enough, Ruth never wins—so the conversation has advanced along these lines: Bob (in September), "You now owe me thirty-seven cents." Bob (in December), "You now owe me two dollars and fourteen cents." Bob (in March) "You are now in my debt for three dollars and seventy-two cents. Mrs. Longenecker never pays up, on the theory that one day she will make a killing and even the score—which now stands around $7.26.

Of such things is a happy marriage made: of pretzel holders and ceaseless backgammon games, and annual visits to Santa Paula Mission and the Huntington Hotel. Of first editions.

And of love.

THE END

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THE LITTLE WIFE—HEDY LAMARR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

and wanted to get back to work. At that time it seemed that John was being considered for the name role in *Mr. Skeffington*, but tests indicated that he didn't fit the part. So, once again, he asked for a release from his contract. "Wait two more months," he was urged.

Now a long period between pictures is likely to perforate the average man with serious doubts of his value. Not in a dejected tone, but bringing a judicial attitude to bear, John smiled at Hedy and said, "Perhaps you're biased in your opinion of my ability. Maybe I'm not so hot after all!"

Hedy simply stared at John. "How long have you been in this business!" she demanded in astonishment. "I simply will not talk to you if you are going to say things like that. It's ridiculous. You *know* you have everything you need to be a big success in pictures. Don't say such a thing to me again. Not ever!"

Of such wifely partisanship is marriage made.

Somewhat later, Hedy said tentatively, "You should go to your agent and tell him that you want to do some radio work. You have the voice and the diction for it. Even though you might do only small shows at first, it would lead to something good. I'm sure of it."

So John went on sustainers and found that he liked radio work very much.

At the end of the two-month Warner waiting period, John returned to his studio with lifted eyebrows. A part? A new picture?

Because of one of those curious lulls that descends upon Hollywood occasionally, there was still no role in preparation for Mr. Loder. Mr. Warner agreed, reluctantly, to abrogate John's contract. Whereupon, John wrote a letter of appreciation to the Burbank Executive. In return, he received a note from Jack Warner which he will cherish forever. It is one of the friendliest of contract-termination missives.

"Now," said Hedy with wifely conviction, "you'll see that things will start happening."

The first thing that happened was the chance of a contract with MGM—Hedy's home lot. A contract that was turned down by the independent Mr. Loder. "Thank you very much. I appreciate the honor you have done me," he said, in effect, to the studio, "but I will not ride into a contract on the skirts of my wife."

And that ended that.

Within the next few weeks, John was signed as the Director of the radio "Silver Theatre" every Sunday night, and he was signed by Jules Levey to play "Lazar" in Eugene O'Neill's story, *The Hairy Ape*, which is being produced in film for the first time. The title role, incidentally, is being created by William Bendix.

"And so," John said to a group of friends one night, summing up his professional advancements, "in a year of marriage, my wife has urged me into a brand new career in radio, and into a revitalized career in pictures. No wonder I consider myself an exceptionally lucky man."

If Hedy has proved to be the dynamo in the furtherance of John's career, John has proved to be the balance wheel in their marriage. Hedy is one of the most mercurial of investors. Almost any salesman with a reasonably convincing manner and an oil-slick line can fascinate her with the aspects of whatever he happens to be selling.

Don't get the impression from that that Hedy isn't a good business woman, because she is. It is her very financial success that sometimes impels her to recklessness. That's when a husband is a valuable commodity.

After a year of matrimony, the Loders have grown reconciled to one another's foibles. In the morning, John lights his pipe upon awakening, and smokes it on his way to the bath. In the bathroom, he puts the pipe on Hedy's dressing table. Invariably he forgets the pipe and returns to his room to dress.

Hedy upon entering the bathroom, always picks up the pipe gingerly and transports it, to John's pipe stand, calling, "The place for your pipe is here, *not* my dressing table."

The following morning they go through the same routine. The beginning of a junior "Life With Father" tradition.

About the house, Hedy is scrupulously neat. Every ashtray has to be in its place, every picture must hold an even keel; every book must be in its particular spot on the bookshelf. But when she changes clothes she is inclined to drop a shoe here, a stocking there. Lingerie is likely to be draped over a chair, and a dress over the chaise longue.

John's house habits are lackadaisical; he is likely to have littered ashtrays in convenient rather than decorative spots. He wads pillows on which to rest his head, and a coffee table four feet out of formation annoys him not at all. However, about clothing he has the views of an inspecting general, his shoes are always placed on trees and lined up in proper rows. His suits are always brushed before being hung away at the end of a day. Ties are placed in a press, and shirts are relegated to the hamper.

Here is the twist that makes marriage such a wonderful institution: John's fastidious treatment of his clothing causes him to appreciate Hedy's meticulous attitude toward their house. And Hedy's casual viewpoint on the care and hanging of clothes makes her tolerant of John's offhand treatment of household goods.

The Loders continue to be enthusiastic givers of presents to one another. For Christmas Hedy gave John a wrist watch, the case of which is constructed in a woven gold design which matches his wedding ring. And, while they were in Mexico City last fall, John gave Hedy a gorgeous matching set of star-shaped amethyst-studded Mexican silver consisting of earrings, necklace, bracelet and ring.

The trip to Mexico, incidentally, was a second honeymoon. They stayed at The Reforma; they visited Xochimilco; they attended their first bull fight.

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John had been eager to go, but Hedy had demurred. Yet, when a friend of John's who lives in Mexico City combined his persuasions with those of the impresario who arranged the arena programs, Hedy not only went, but occupied the box directly above the entrance to the ring, and had a bull dedicated to her.

Meanwhile it began to rain, so a gallant matador offered his cape to Hedy. Gratefully, she draped it over her head and shoulders.

After a series of passes and feints, the toreador killed the bull dedicated to Hedy and tossed up his hat in accordance with the grand tradition. Hedy caught it. From her wrist she unclasped her gold identification bracelet, placed it in the hat and returned it to the toreador; it was a great moment, colorful, romantic and exciting.

Some time later Hedy received a letter from the mother of the toreador saying that he had been gored in a subsequent fight but because of her bracelet which he wore always as a lucky charm, he feels his life was saved. He is now recovering nicely.

Of such is marriage made; shared careers, shared business ventures, shared household habits, and shared vacations.

Yet one small word is quite adequate to express the happiness of John and Hedy. Susan Hayward, working with John on *The Hairy Ape*, said one morning, "I haven't seen you at the Canteen on Friday night lately. How come?"

John explained that his radio rehearsal always occurred Friday night. "But," he amended with family pride, "I always take the wife down to the Canteen on my way to the broadcasting station. Then, when rehearsal is over, I pick her up." Very much the suburban husband speaking.

Susan howled. "To think that I should live to hear that glamorous, gorgeous creature referred to as the wife," she said.

It is now a gag. She asks John each morning "Well, how's the wife?"

"The finest in the world," is the contented rejoiner of the head of the house of Loder.

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Thank you, thank you, thank you. Your response to our plea for help in the Lum and Abner contest resulted in such tons of letters that we've been seeing them in our sleep ever since.

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PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

RATIONING (MGM) gets a lot more fun than you would imagine out of a subject that frets most Americans. Wallace Beery is the confused proprietor of a small-town general store, and the point system drives him nutty. There is a minor excursion into a black-market expose, but in to help Beery with the laughs are Marjorie Main, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist and Gloria Dickson.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK (Universal) gives Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan a light musical romp. Their co-star is the brightly promising 17-year-old Ann Blyth in her screen debut. She is a more talented young lady than her part in the back-stage comedy allows her to be. For another film debut, Quiz Kid Joel Kupperman bounces in for a couple of scenes and wins your heart just as he does on the radio.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY (United Artists) is a plodding, old-fashioned drama completely out of key with the present times. You doubtless remember the Thornton Wilder tragedy about the inter-related lives of five strangers who died in the crash of a bridge in Peru in 1772. Among the leading characters are Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer (playing a dual role), Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, Louis Calhern and Blanche Yurka. They should have helped the shaky "Bridge" more than they do.

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (RKO) tries to follow the success of a picture that started a vogue for psychological horror stories. Kent Smith and Jane Randolph, the couple who found love despite the terrors visited upon them by a panther woman, now have a six-year-old daughter. She pals around with the spirit of Simone Simon who has been transformed into a kindly, sweet ghost. It all goes to prove that sleeping cats, like dogs, should be left to lie.

MY BEST GAL (Republic) is a small pleasantry which presents Jane Withers in her most grown-up role. The granddaughter of an ex-song-and-dance man, she has no stage ambitions and is content with her job in a drug store. But she does help Jimmy Lydon find a producer for a comedy he has written on the eve of his Army induction. Lydon is the boy with whom the growing Jane is in love, and Frank Craven is excellent as gramps.

CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE (Monogram) marks the return of Sidney Toler in the Earl Derr Biggers character that was dropped as a series by one studio, only to be picked up by another. The welcome resumption of the Chinese sleuth's movie cases finds him in Washington where he brings to justice the murderer of an inventor of a secret weapon against U-boats. Two of Chan's large family of children enter the plot in the persons of Marianne Quon and Benson Fong. Darn clever, these Chinese.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

THE SULLIVANS *(20th Century-Fox)* the true and gloriously inspiring story of the home life of five lovable, scrappy American boys.

UP IN ARMS *(Goldwyn-RKO)* for its musical comedy introduction to a terrific entertainer named Danny Kaye. There's Dinah Shore, too.

LIFEBOAT *(20th Century-Fox)* an all-star drama in which Hitchcock takes you to sea with nine survivors in an open boat. Much discussed.

THE UNINVITED *(Paramount)* Gail Russel is a shining new star in a legitimate ghost story that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

SONG OF BERNADETTE *(20th Century-Fox)* a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones gives a beautiful performance.

MADAME CURIE *(MGM)* Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium.

TENDER COMRADE *(RKO)* Ginger Rogers in a glowing tribute to the service widows whose men have left them at home to carry on for America.

DESTINATION TOKYO *(Warners)* one of the most exciting adventures in courage of this war. Cary Grant commands the submarine crew.

A GUY NAMED JOE *(MGM)* dedicated to the heartening notion that "pilots never die," but return to earth as guides to tyro aviators. Distinguished fantasy with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson.

JANE EYRE *(20th Century-Fox)* Charlotte Brontë classic novel is filmed unforgettably. Superbly performed by Joan Fontaine.

GUNG HO *(Universal)* that stunning page of history that was written by Carlson's Marine Raiders in the defeat of the Japs on Makin Island.

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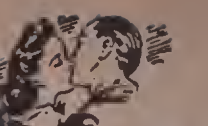

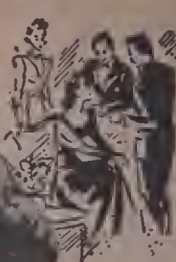

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YOUR GUIDE TO CHARM

Part of Contents

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2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
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18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
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49. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
50. How to handle the question of money matters: with husband, friends, etc.
51. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
52. Those difficult forties and fifties—the change of life.
53. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
54. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.

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A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

Movieland

JUNE
15¢

MY DAY WITH FRANK SINATRA

By

Jill Warren

HEDY LAMARR

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2/3 ACTUAL SIZE
AT NIGHT

New Strange Glamour for Your Hair, Dress or Coat

SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID... GLOWS IN THE DARK

All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel," Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

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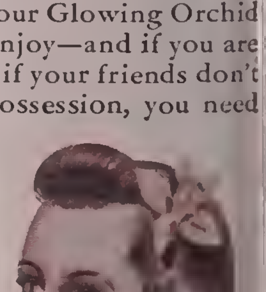
SEND NO MONEY—*Merely Mail Coupon*

All you need do is to pay the postman $1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!



Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only $1.00—3 for $2.50!

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If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( )

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"COSMETIC CLOSE-UPS"

SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

It's nothing new under the sun to find that fuzz grows faster. Extra summer sunshine has a way of stimulating superfluous hair. As far as we know, creams and lotions have no effect on these unwanted hair cells. But Vitamin D *has.*

That's no reason to give up your sunbathing—not when there are so many ways of checking it.

Let's Face It: A light growth of facial hair functions to flatter. That's because this downy fluff gives a smooth, dull finish to the skin surface. Heavier, darker hair is something else again. For a mannish mustache or some startling sideburns, try peroxide and ammonia. Your druggist knows the proper percentage. Bleaching insufficient? Well, you can remove the hair with a rosinous wax (epilator). As the mixture hardens, it closes firmly over the hairy area. You lift the epilator off—and all superfluous hair comes with it.

Eyebrows and chin whiskers respond best to tweezing. This stiff, stranger hair can be plucked out painlessly as frequently as necessary.

Forearm Fuzz: Up in arms over that "sooty-sleeved" look? Then remember that *hair bleach* can mean any kind of hair—anyplace! The same preporotions that assist a blonde, help superfluous hair do the disappearing act. Or you can "erase" the hair with a special toilet abrasive. These come in pad or mitt form for easy handling.

Legs in the Limelight: So keep them sleek and shadow-less. A razor is quick and effective, but several other methods of hair removal are just as efficient and somewhat pleasanter. Epilators (those lift-off waxes) do a long-lasting job. Depilatories "dissolve" the hair by chemical action so it can be washed off with cool water. Erasers rub the growth right off. And bleaching makes fine, sparse hair practically unnoticeable.

How Long Will It Last? The only way to remove superfluous hair *permanently* is to have each hair root treated individually with an electric needle. This method is known as electrolysis. It takes time—and money—and it *must* be done by an expert. If you decide to submit to electrical treatment, be sure the hands that hold the needle are skillful and experienced.

Giving all your time all the time?

Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks will keep you Lovely, *Longer!*

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

With wartime duties and your regular activities monopolizing more and more of your energy, it's no wonder that you are eager for any suggestion that will save you both TIME and WORRY. Here is such a suggestion: choose your next lipstick from among Tangee's Satin-Finish "quartet"...Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural.

Whichever shade you choose, the gorgeous color will have a depth of tone, a softness of texture you've never known before. Thanks to Tangee's Satin-Finish your lips will stay lovelier... longer! Yes, a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will save you all-important TIME by keeping your lips exquisitely groomed—despite parching weather or lip-biting nervous tension.

And it will end your make-up WORRIES as well... especially if used together with the matching Tangee rouge and the new TANGEE PETAL-FINISH Face Powder!

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY WAR BOND YOU BUY—SHORTENS THE WAR!

Movieland

EDITED FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR THE INTELLIGENT MOVIE-GOER

VOL. 2
NO. 5

JUNE, 1944

By RUTH WATERBURY

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

* * * *

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

* * * *

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

* * * *

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

* * * *

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

* * * *

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

* * * *

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

* * * *

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

* * * *

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.

Paws across the sea —*Leo*

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Big! Beautiful! Romantic! Joy ahoy! "See the world" of fun and love and melody in this mighty musical!

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

VAN JOHNSON
JUNE ALLYSON GLORIA DeHAVEN
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JIMMY DURANTE
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HARRY JAMES
AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS
WITH HELEN FORREST
XAVIER CUGAT
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
WITH LINA ROMAY

Hear these song-hits:
"Sweet And Lovely"
"Granada"
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"
"Take It Easy"
"My Mother Told Me"

★ TOM DRAKE ★ HENRY STEPHENSON ★ HENRY O'NEILL
★ BEN BLUE ★ CARLOS RAMIREZ ★ FRANK SULLY
★ ALBERT COATES ★ DONALD MEEK ★ AMPARO NOVARRO
★ VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ WILDE TWINS

Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
Directed by RICHARD THORPE

EYES *on the Stars* FEET *on the Ground*

Polish to point up a pretty toe.

BY SHIRLEY COOK

BEAUTY EDITOR

A GIRL who ankles up the ladder of fame has to stand on her own feet. According to Gale Robbins whom you'll see in the 20th Century-Fox picture "In The Meantime, Darling," this is literal, not figurative fact.

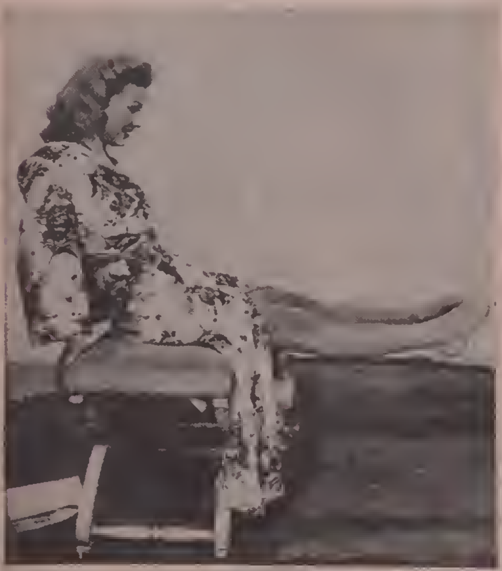
Movie methods require plenty of foot and leg work. And it's not all cheesecake! After you've stood and walked through a few miles of film, you learn the importance of flexible feet—and of legs that are sturdy as well as slim. The correct combination is care, comfort and camouflage.

Fit Feet. Before starting for the studio, Gale dusts her tootsies with antiseptic foot powder. Another film of powder keeps shoe linings fresh and sweet. After-work relaxation includes warm water washing and a brisk massage with special foot balm or lotion. Once a week or so, Gale varies the treatment and uses skin-softening hand lotion topped off with a dry skin cream rub.

Leg Lure. Legs get a lift—right over Gale's head—as she bicycles them to beauty. Fifteen minutes of exercise, each and every day, and nothing can undermine her underpinnings!

To slick the surface, Gale depends on soap and water and a stiff brush. Her regular hand lotion keeps the skin smooth and silky. Weekly workouts with face cream supplement sun-robbed natural oils.

Dress Parade. The final fixings are strictly for show. A complete pedicure (to groom cuticles and give nails shape and sparkle). And finally, leg make-up, stroked on evenly for "sheer" durable flattery.



A well-turned ankle needs daily exercise. Legs are held taut, ankles are turned in.

Final inspection to make sure legs are looking smooth, shapely, tinted to taste.

Cool and correct! Gale applies bronze-toned make-up to simulate her scarcer stockings.

4 . . . COUNT 'EM . . . 4
HEAVENLY HONEYS
(And One Lone Wolf)
In A Heavenly
Musical Laugh Hit
FROM PARAMOUNT

WITH THE STARS OF 3 GREAT
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UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!

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of "Riding High"

FRED MacMURRAY
of "No Time For Love"

BETTY HUTTON
of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" . . . with

Diana Lynn
Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek" . . . and

Mimi Chandler

And The Angels Sing

AND THEY SING AS PRETTY AS THEY LOOK!

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

The swingy, zingy story of 4 singing sisters and the big, bad band leader who tried to make love to the whole darn family!

with
RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama
Based on a story by Claude Binyon

Romantic
as Texas moonlight!

Thrilling
as a stampede!

Big
as the
mighty state it honors!

Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys
and
TRIGGER Smartest Horse in the Movies
in

Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the
SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs
"Take It Easy"
"Lucky Me, Unlucky You"
"Song of the Rover"
"Down In The Old Town Hall"
"Western Wonderland"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

by Ruth Waterbury

NEWEST BABY

Happiest girl around town this month is Loretta Young who has just revealed the pleasant news that the stork will arrive at her house about August first.

Loretta hopes for a big family, and by that she doesn't mean just two or three. She means six or more. She grew up in a big family and she likes life that way, and since her marriage to Col. Tom Lewis is such an ideal one, her dream will probably be realized.

LAMENT FOR LULU BELLE

All that show-must-go-on routine has always seemed pretty silly to me when applied to movies, which after all can be shot another day. So this note is to tell you that Missy Colbert stayed home and wept her pretty eyes out and refused to so much as face a camera the day Lulu Belle died.

Lulu Belle, in case you don't know, was a toy French poodle that Claudette's husband, Lt. Commander Pressman, gave her four years ago and which had been the star's very small, black shadow ever since. Thus, with her husband serving overseas, Claudette felt heartbroken on that awful day that Lulu Belle got some bad food somewhere and couldn't recover. If you're a dog lover you know what the feeling is.

The only pleasant touch was the way practically all Hollywood tried to make it up to Claudette. There's no girl whose friends love her more and every one of them tried to do something. It remained for her brother to do the perfect thing, however.

He got another puppy, just Lulu Belle's breed, just as black, almost as cute and brought it around to Claudette's house, late afternoon.

That did it. Claudette began to smile and next morning was right back in front of that camera again, her chic sparkling self.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 10

Three on a match . . . oops, no just two. Glamorous Alexis Smith is referee. Errol Flynn and Ward Bond re-enact the famous Corbett vs. Sullivan fight over C. B. S., only this time it was comedy.

So big and so wonderful

that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements *ahead of the regular runs later in the season!*

So Lovable and So LAUGHTER-filled

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

the gol-darndest American!

Starring
FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH
with
DONALD CRISP · ALAN HALE
C. AUBREY SMITH · JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY · ROBERT BARRAT
WALTER HAMPDEN · JOYCE REYNOLDS
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer
Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by Alan LeMay · Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman · Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandlee · All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman · Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

"Follow Me" (SUIVEZ MOI)

PROVOCATIVE as the hint of a wink . . . bold as a beckoning finger . . . Varva's "Follow Me" has become the leading fragrance of girls who lead where others follow. You'll love its *lastingness!* *Extract, $1 to $15*

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19 West 18 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

NEWS ABOUT
ALAN LADD
RED SKELTON
MICKEY ROONEY
EDMOND O'BRIEN

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

SELECTIVE SERVICE ACT

Add to the list of stars already departed, these new names: Red Skelton, Mickey Rooney and Corporal Alan Ladd.

Mickey was re-classified after having previously been listed as 4-F. Red was one of the hardest working comics, in the service of service men, in the whole movie colony, but he's long yearned for active service. The star on whom this decision falls hardest is Alan Ladd, who had once been discharged, honorably, for ill health.

☆

It falls hard on Alan for just that reason. There happens to be an Army law that if a man is recalled, he goes in at his old rank. The very fact this law exists, proves that before this, men have been honorably released and then brought back into uniform again. But because Alan is a movie star, a certain amount of jealous whispering that is completely untrue has gone on. Alan has always wanted to take his place beside other fighting men. He still wants to, and this time, he hopes to get into active service.

☆

One thing people don't know about Alan, usually, is that his terrific popularity has brought him almost no money. He went to Paramount at a ridiculously low salary and before he could reach the big income brackets, he entered service. Even for the picture he has made between these two service stretches, "And Now Tomorrow," he only got $7,500. That's a lot of money to people like you and me, but deduct 60% of that for taxes, divide it with a wife and two children, one of them new born, and it isn't much to carry on with until he gets back to grease paint again.

☆

If time permits, Alan will finish "Two Years Before the Mast" before he dons those corporal's stripes again.

RICHEST GIRL

Edmond O'Brien playing a role in the New York Army Air Force show, "Winged Victory," attracted the attention of Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world, and now a divorcee. They became constant companions, until Nancy Kelly came to Broadway on a bond tour. Miss Kelly is the ex-Mrs. O'Brien. It wasn't a happy marriage, but it still looks as though Miss Kelly and Mr. O'Brien carry a torch for each other. Anyhow, they picked it up during Nancy's visit. The situation is intriguing the New York-Hollywood set.

☆

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 61

We really got Linda Darnell in a sneeze. She can't take that pepper, but husband Pev Marley can. Since Pev was released from the Army he's back rolling his camera at the 20th Century-Fox studios.

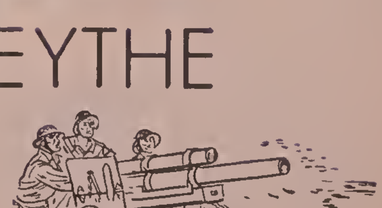
THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!

...This is the greatest emotional experience of this war!

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

with ANNE BAXTER · WILLIAM EYTHE
MICHAEL O'SHEA



VINCENT PRICE · RUTH NELSON · RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG · Screen Play by George Seaton

Haven't you got around to Tampax yet?

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

THE good word about Tampax spreads quite rapidly among the members of the Modern Set . . . Not only do these young women want to be up to date but they are particularly interested in clothes and style and "costume silhouette." And Tampax comes to their aid in a timely way, for this form of monthly sanitary protection is worn *internally* and *cannot* cause a single bulge, ridge or wrinkle!

Tampax is dainty, convenient, doctor-invented. Made of pure absorbent cotton, compressed into neat patented applicators. No belts, pins or external pads—and no odor. It comes in 3 *different absorbencies* to meet varying needs: Regular, Super and Junior. It may be changed in a jiffy without any embarrassing disposal problem.

Discover Tampax for yourself; that's the only way! So dainty your hands needn't touch it at all. And so comfortable it isn't felt while worn! . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Average supply for one month, 29¢. Economy package for 98¢ provides 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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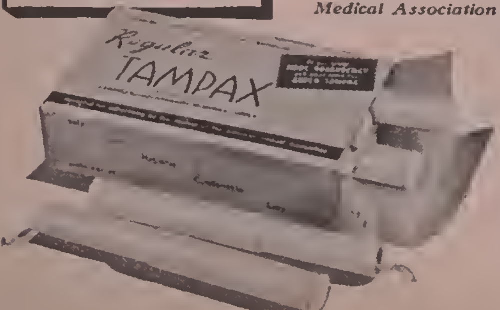
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Movieland's

5 BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 56

NEW PICTURE GUIDE

LADY LET'S DANCE (Monogram) owes its position on any recommended list because of Belita, the dazzling ice skater who has become Monogram's brightest star. The story is a trifle about a refugee waitress from Holland who gains her start on the stage through becoming the discovery of a breezy hotel entertainment promoter, then can't locate the guy to thank him or tell him of her love until the final curtain is ready to be rung down. There is just enough of this Cinderella plot to serve as an excuse for the lavish musical numbers for which four orchestras are recruited headed by Henry Busse and Mitch Ayres. Through the proceedings, the lovely Belita has opportunity to match her known ability on blades with a further display of grace in ballet, ballroom and rhythm dancing. Therefore the title. It's strictly a one gal show, but what a gal!

UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warners) begins with the same situation that started a film we had last month called "The Impostor." A French murderer, condemned to be guillotined, escapes after the prison where he is being held is bombed. The development of the two stories is entirely different from that point. In "Uncertain Glory," the murderer is recaptured by a clever policeman and is on his way to being taken back to face his sentence. Then an act of sabotage is committed, the Nazis seize a hundred hostages, and the prisoner talks his captor into allowing him to confess to the sabotage that a hundred innocents may go free.

Errol Flynn performs the murderer, and Paul Lukas does the policeman for another personal hit. Very impressive in her promising film debut is Jean Sullivan, a 20-year-old former UCLA student. Lucille Watson, Faye Emerson and Sheldon Leonard are others of note in rather fanciful war melodrama. From its players, the picture gains all of the glory it has.

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP (20th Century-Fox) is based on the actual experiences of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair in their tour of military camps overseas, a tour that ended with their being under fire in North Africa. The four principals appear as themselves in the picture which deals more intimately with the entertainment of our men in service than does "Follow the Boys"—which is reviewed this issue on page 61. It is nonetheless a bright and entertaining show that benefits from the fact you know in advance that the trip is a fact. Kay, Carole, Martha and Mitzi really suffered discomforts on their tour. But they gloriously did the job they set out to do. And there were some romantic interludes for the "Four Jills in a Jeep."

John Harvey plays a character named Ted Warren who is the prototype of Capt. Tom Wallis whom Carole married in England. Dick Haymes, the radio singer, is introduced to films as the boy who was in an act with Mitzi before he went into the service. He has what it takes to make a place for himself on the screen and you'll be screen-hearing more of him. Guest appearances are made on Command Performance broadcasts by Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda and George Jessel as m.c. And Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra are on hand in England to supply the accompaniments for some four new tunes by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, all of them first rate. Be sure to hitch a ride with "Four Jills and a Jeep."

Days of danger . . .
one night of love

They could plan no tomorrows . . . for life was theirs to give . . . not to keep. Yet this night was theirs . . . and love was not to be denied . . . by two so young, so vital, so eager to live out each reckless moment!

A CASEY ROBINSON production

DAYS OF GLORY

ANOTHER
OF THE
GREAT
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers
TAMARA
TOUMANOVA
GREGORY PECK

with ALAN REED · MARIA PALMER · LOWELL GILMORE
Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR · Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson

Straight from Hollywood!

THE

"Go-Everywhere"

COAT

You'll have the jaunty casualness that makes Hollywood famous the world over in this perky Swanskin coat. Rich, satin-back carded rayon with smartly squared shoulders, tiny fitted waist, flattering flared skirt with pockets, deep and wide for extra joy. Rain-repellant, dust and cleaner-proof ... comes in glamour accenting beige. Tailored with an exactness that will delight you, in sizes 12 to 18.

OPA ceiling price 16.95

If you want this coat, WRITE for the name of the Brooke-Banton dealer in your vicinity and include your size. We will do the rest.

BROOKE-BANTON

Hollywood Tailors

6376 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.
Dept. 101

DEALERS: A few Brooke-Banton franchises open in good territory—write for details.

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

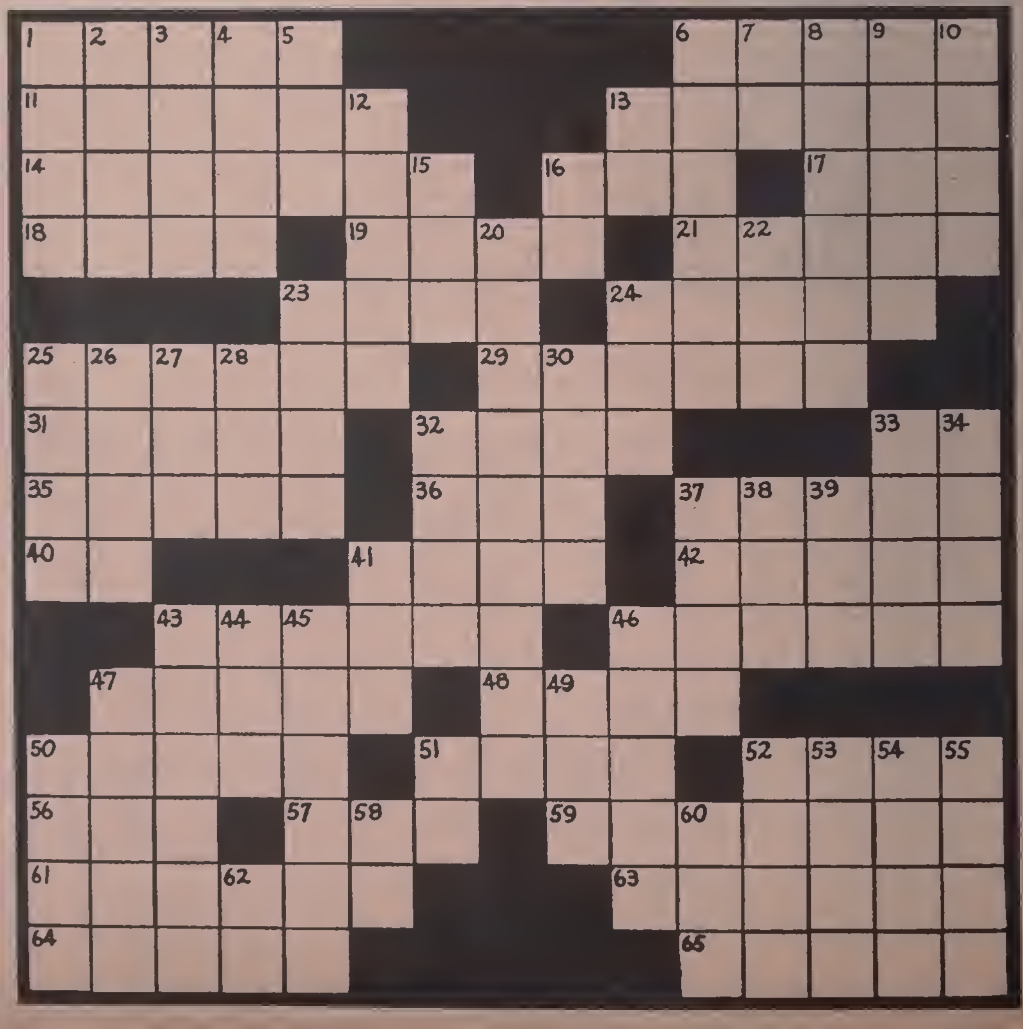
1. Speedily
6. More infirm
11. "Joe", the steward, in "Lifeboat"
13. "Brad Barton" in "Wintertime
14. "What a Woman!"
16. Cornelia goes - - - in "The Uninvited"
17. Den- - - sings "The Desert Song"
18. Highest notes of the gamut
19. Alice sings "No - - - -, No Nothin'" in "The Gang's All Here"
21. "Kathleen Corrigan" in "Gung Ho!"
23. She sings in "Swing Fever"
24. Cary's family name
25. "Kitty", the intended victim of 6 down
29. Grace - - - - is in "Johnny Come Lately"
31. Stephen is - - - - - mate.
32. Mr. Abel in short
33. "Gil Carter" in "The Ox-Bow Incident" (inits.)
35. Claudette is "Katherine - - - -" in "No Time for Love"
36. Massey's famous role
37. More merry
40. Three-toed sloth
41. "The - - - - Major"
42. Idolize
43. Patric is "Tony - - - -" in "Always a Bridesmaid"
46. "The Phantom of the Opera"
47. Band leader in "Crazy House"
48. Esther - - - - is "Anna" in "The North Star"
50. Lost color
51. Locale of "Lifeboat"
52. "- - - - to the Rangers"
56. Place of refuge.
57. Ravage
59. You can hear him in "Higher and Higher"
61. Walter is - - - - mate in "Madame Curie"
63. Revolved
64. Joan is "Jane - - - -" portrayer
65. Abounding in wild plants

DOWN

1. Land measure
2. "Kurt Muller" in "Watch on the Rhine"
3. A loop (anat.)
4. "Tess Connors" in "Riding High"
5. "Wild Horse Stamp- - -"
6. Laird Cregar
7. "Buzz" in "His Butler's Sister" (inits.)
8. 6 down is a - - - -
9. "Dr. Von Harden" in "The North Star"
10. "Della" in "The Mad Ghoul"
12. Alice is "Eadie - - - -" in "The Gang's All Here"
13. "Jim Smith" in "Mine-sweeper" (inits.)
15. "Count Alucard" in "Son of Dracula"
16. "She's for - -"
20. There are four in "Swing Out the Blues"
22. - - -s - - -land is in "Girl Crazy"
23. "- - - - Angel"
24. Where a movie is made
25. "Mme. Daruschka" in "Claudia"
26. The "Perichole" in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"
27. Victoria Eugenie, the last Queen of Spain
28. "- - -dom Harvest"
30. Frances Gifford is "H- - - -" in "Cry Havoc"
32. Pottery
33. Chas. Starrett rides - - - - in "Cowboy in the Clouds"
34. "Flight for - - - -dom"
37. "Adrea Spedding" in "The Spider Woman"
38. - - - Brown is in "Stormy Weather"
39. Judy sings "Embraceable - - -" in "Girl Crazy"
41. Wrath
43. He is in "Madame Curie"
44. Mother of "Peer Gynt"
45. "- - - - of the Deadline"
46. - - - - -e stars with John in "Stagecoach"
47. He is in "A Guy Named Joe"
49. Bronze or copper (Rom. Antiq.)
50. Movie studio messenger
51. "Popoff" in "His Butler's Sister" (inits.)
52. "Cookie" in "Destination Tokyo"
53. Tamarisk salt tree
54. Provoked to anger
55. "- - - - in the Dark"
58. "Pat" in "Cry Havoc" (inits.)
60. "- - -, Voyager"
62. Charlotte's mate in "The Gang's All Here" (inits.)

Reference for 27 down is the Encyclopedia Britannica.

(For Solution See Page 86)

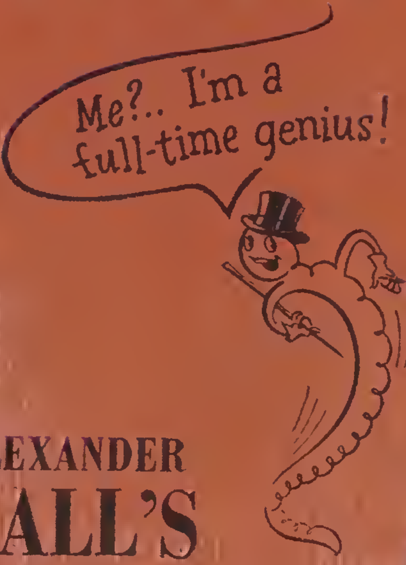


Of course it couldn't happen... *But it did!*

A Part-Time Broadway Genius Muffs His Cue!

...Since the first time a guy sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and another guy the Aquarium, this is the most fabulous of all fame-and-fortune ideas... whimsical...different...chucklesome...and you'll never guess what it is!

Cary GRANT


Me?.. I'm a full-time genius!

ALEXANDER HALL'S

ONCE UPON A TIME

IT'S WONDERFUL!
ONCE UPON A TIME IS TODAY!

with

JANET BLAIR

JAMES GLEASON · TED DONALDSON

Screen play by
Lewis Meltzer and Oscar Saul
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD PRESENTS
the darling, adorable

"Bandana Short Set"
MARIE McDONALD
Featured in
"I LOVE A SOLDIER"
A Paramount Picture

ORDER BY MAIL DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Sun fun! Button-on bandana gaily printed with bright California palms—fits to a "T"! Long torso line to make you look slim! Two pockets in shorts. Beautifully made of soft rayon fabric! Brown, Green, Beige, Navy. (Contrasting print bandana). Sizes 10 to 18. **$5.98,** plus postage.

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Please send "Bandana Short Set", at $5.98, plus postage.
Brown ☐ Green ☐ Beige ☐ Navy ☐ (Mark 1st and 2nd choice)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size)
(Please print name, etc., plainly)
Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________ Zone______
State____________________

Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 59

Sweet and swing get together backstage at the popular Palladium. Left to right, Sammy Kaye, Movieland's Jill Warren and Harry James.

Pvt. Joe McMichael, former member of the sensational Merry Macs, who died at the Santa Ana Air Base a few months after his marriage.

WORDS of MUSIC

BY JILL WARREN

HELLO, you individuals. What's doing in music these days? Ooops, sorry, I forgot—I'm supposed to tell you. Well—

THE TUNEFILMS:

When the movie companies start signing opera stars to do their stuff in screen musicals, you can be sure that swing is here to stay. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has contracted two of the biggest biggies of the Metropolitan, James Melton and Lauritz Melchior. Melton will be in "Ziegfeld Follies," and Melchior will warble in "Thrill Of A Romance." Melchior makes his first appearance on the Hollywood sound stages, but this is trip number two for Melton. Seven years ago he made a couple of pictures for Warners.

The "Follies" promises to be a real super-super. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths percent of the film will be devoted to songs, skits, girls and numbers, with the balance left to "plot." The cast is composed of a few kids who ought to do fairly well in pictures—Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Lena Horne, a few name bands, and practically every star on the Metro lot thrown in. The thing has just gone into rehearsal and will take approximately a year to make. So if you're not too old to walk when it is released, try to catch it.

If you're a Bing Crosby fan, and who isn't, don't miss "Going My Way." It's one of the best pictures Bing has ever made. He plays a priest, but don't let that confuse you, for there is plenty of music in evidence. Bing's singing team includes Rise Stevens, Jean Heather and the Robert Mitchell Boychoir . . .

Charlie Spivak and his band, who did right well by themselves in their first picture, "Pin Up Girl," are the newest additions to Twentieth Century-Fox's "Something For The Boys." This is the opus in which Perry Como makes his first movie appearance.

Columbia's latest musical clambake is "Jam Session." And it's just about that. All kinds of bands, including Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Teddy Powell, Glen Gray and Charlie Barnet, plus your old friends "The Pied Pipers."

Universal changed the title of "Three Cheers For The Boys" to

(*Continued on page* 76)

Enlist in a Proud Profession!
JOIN THE
U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS

Here's the kind of important career every girl graduate dreams about!

YOU'LL SECURE YOUR FUTURE — SERVE YOUR COUNTRY NOW — WHEN YOU QUALIFY FOR FREE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IN THE

U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS

IMAGINE stepping out of high school into a proud profession that promises lifelong security—and *pays* you for the privilege! It *can* happen to you!

Are you at least 17 years old? You and *65,000* high school graduates, from 17 to 35, are needed *now* to help replace nurses who are serving our fighting men. Joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is your chance to prove your patriotism, help win the war on the home front. And, it's your chance for a career education at no cost to you. With pay, besides!

All this — And a Fascinating Future, Too!

The nursing school you select will provide you with free tuition, room, board, books, laundry, and smart new uniforms. Plus a cash allowance monthly! While training, you'll have time out for your personal interests. For social life . . . dancing, dating, sports. Even for marriage (it's permitted now in some nursing schools)!

When you graduate, you may choose a career in any essential nursing position. In a civilian hospital, or in public health. You may be an industrial health nurse, an executive, an instructor, a hospital director, an airplane hostess. Your lifetime job may be in one of *many* specialized fields!

What To Do

Today, ask at your local hospital for information about the Cadet Nurse Corps. Or write U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y. And before you decide on *your* school of nursing, get full details from at least two nursing schools.

Remember, *now* is the time to start serving your country—establishing your future—with the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps of the U. S. Public Health Service!

See if you pass this test!

Are you between 17* and 35 years of age?
Are you in good health?
Have you graduated from an accredited high school with satisfactory grades, or have you had some college education?
Are you interested in people?
Are you interested in science?
Have you a sense of humor?
Have you an orderly mind?
Are you neat?
Are you deft with your hands?
Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?
**Minimum age requirement in some nursing schools is 18.*

Kotex
Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS

Published in the interest of the war effort by the distributors of Kotex sanitary napkins.*

We take pride in being able to bring this message to high school graduates. And we take pride, too, that Kotex is helping women in war plants, in the Services, in professional life, to keep going—in comfort.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Learn something about your War Bonds from this fellow!

THE BEST THING a bulldog does is HANG ON! Once he gets hold of something, it's mighty hard to make him let go!

And that's the lesson about War Bonds you can learn from him. Once you get hold of a War Bond, HANG ON TO IT for the full ten years of its life.

There are at least two very good reasons why you should do this. One is a patriotic reason . . . the other a personal reason.

You buy War Bonds because you know Uncle Sam needs money to fight this war. And you want to put some of your money into the fight. But . . . if you don't hang on to those War Bonds, your money isn't going to *stay* in the battle.

Another reason you buy War Bonds is because you want to set aside some money for your family's future and yours. No one knows just what's going to happen after the War. But the man with a fistful of War Bonds *knows* he'll have a roof over his head and 3 squares a day no matter *what* happens!

War Bonds pay you back $4 for every $3 in 10 years. But, if you don't hang on to your Bonds for the full ten years, you don't get the full face value, and . . . you won't have that money coming in later on when you may need it a lot worse than you need it today.

So buy War Bonds . . . more and more War Bonds. And then *keep* them. You will find that War Bonds are very good things to have . . . and to hold!

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this message by

MOVIELAND

What promises to be one of the greatest productions set for early summer showing is "Gaslight," a thrilling tale laid in London of the 1880's and concerned with missing jewels, mystery and murder. It brings together for the first time luminous Ingrid Bergman, the romantic Charles Boyer, also Joseph Cotten. Distinctly a thing, this!

My Day with

FRANK SINATRA

by JILL WARREN

Behind the scenes with a regular guy with a winning smile and a grand sense of humor you know him as "The Voice"

IT'S no secret that for the last few months the subject of my story has been whispering over countless loudspeakers, with proper musical accompaniment, to Miss America and her brother the details of what makes "A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening". To hear him sing it, there's no doubt it's something wonderful. But you can take it from me, even a day with Frank Sinatra is not to be sneezed at. There is more truth than poetry in this observation, and I might as well tell you right here and now that the word sneeze is no mere figure of speech in the description of my day with Frank.

With humble apologies to the Chamber of Commerce and all loyal Californians, let it be recorded that there has never been so little sunshine and so much "unusual" weather in such a short space of time as there was the day I sallied forth to follow "The Voice" on its daily routine. California papers announced, with a mixture of surprise and resentment, that a storm of equal ferocity had not been recorded for many a year, probably back to the time when Frank Sinatra was still playing cops and robbers on the docks of New Jersey.

I was supposed to meet Frank at his apartment at eight o'clock. But, believe it or not, I overslept. Imagine any girl in her right mind not hearing the alarm clock when she has a date to spend a whole day with the nation's number one dream boy!

Sinatra lives at the Sunset Tower, a sky-high (for

(*Continued on page 22*)

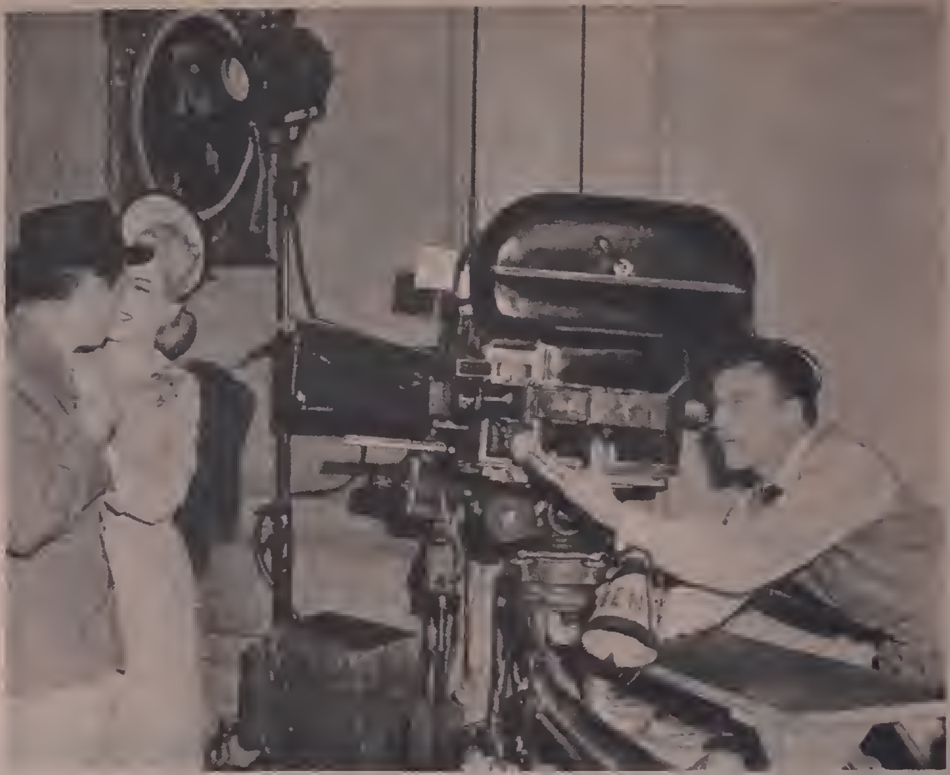
Off-stage chore Number One Thousand and One, "Would you sign this picture for me, Frank?"

Jerome O'Shea, Frank Sinatra's Girl Friday, takes a few notes from her boss.

Frank refuses dessert from Jill Warren and Gloria de Haven.

Fred MacKaye, director of the Lux Radio Theatre, in a last-minute confab with Frank Sinatra before broadcast goes on air.

"The Voice"—Sinatra to you—turns around for the cameraman.



Frank, on the other side of a camera for a change, asking Gloria de Haven and Tim Whelan, his director, to give him lots of feeling.

Turnabout is fair play—says Frank as he gives the make-up man some powder too.

FRANK SINATRA CONTINUED

California), swanky building on Sunset Boulevard which overlooks the city below. He lives with Hank Senacola, his personal manager, in a six-room apartment on the sixth floor.

I hurled myself into my clothes and headed for this elegant rendezvous, but it was eight-thirty when I made it, and as I whipped my four-cylinder crate up to the doorway, there was Sinatra rushing RKO-wards in a job that was distinctly twelve more cylinders than mine.

I fled after him.

The fog-dampened studio cops at the RKO gate didn't seem to care too much this "bright" Monday morning whether I had a pass or not, but I did, and with little resistance they let me in to wade my way to Stage Eleven, where the Dream Boy was making his new picture. I entered the stage looking like I had come by way of the Pacific Ocean.

While the rest of Southern California was worrying and explaining about the showers, Frank was faintly collapsing on the side of the set, studying his lines for the day's first scene. He was really beat from the day before. His Sabbath had been spent rehearsing for the Lux Radio Theater during the day and doing a benefit at Earl Carroll's in the evening. But his only "beef" was that he hadn't had a chance to read the Sunday papers and find out, until early that morning, what gave with Buck Rogers and Superman.

Frank was draped around a canvas-backed director's chair on which was printed in large type "The Voice."

"This is the second one I've had," Frank explained. "Some visitors lifted the first one as a souvenir, so now the boys who made the original as a gag when I made 'Higher and Higher' tell me if this one disappears I'll be the voice without a back, because they won't give me another."

Somebody yelled from the background that coffee was ready. I tagged along while Frank had java and two cinnamon buns. I didn't think this was quite enough breakfast for a growing lad who was trying to gain weight. But he assured me that if I had appeared on time I would have known that this was really breakfast number three.

"I had prune juice and coffee when I woke up, and then after I dressed I put away orange juice, eggs, plenty of toast and jam, and coffee." He opened the coat of his gray tweed suit to show he had added a bit of flesh to the Sinatra body. "I weigh a solid one-thirty-six now. I feel swell except for a slight sore throat."

At that precise moment a tall, stunning, dark-haired girl appeared and handed Frank a small bottle of cough medicine. She is twenty-two-year-old Jerome O'Shea, pretty enough to be in pictures herself, and probably

Frank intently rehearsing his songs for the Lux Radio Theatre with Lou Silvers and his orchestra.

"That's my dressing room over there—if I ever get a chance to get in it," Frank tells Jill Warren.

one of the most envied girls in America, because she is Frank's secretary. "The Voice" took the bottle and dutifully proceeded to lubricate his tonsils. Over his shoulder, like a fog-horn, came the booming blast of the assistant director's voice, "Come on, Frank, you're holding up production." Miss Tall and Dark, entirely unmoved by the assistant director's Hollywood wolf-whistle and stage whisper that followed, "Some secretary, Sinatra," calmly retrieved the bottle. Frank is no slouch when it comes to retorts. "Yeah," he replied, "and I've got a quick switch—I can sit on her lap."

The set was the foyer of a theater. There were pictures around the walls of Shakespeare, Tolstoy and other famous authors, in large gold frames. Frank was to walk around the foyer and stop and look at each picture. Then a little boy buzzed up to him and asked if he wanted a shine. The dialogue was played over for the business of the shine. It seemed ages before they got a good take. Each time something went wrong. Frank would forget and put his downstage foot on the shoe box, a light would blow out, the cameramen would have to reload, or Frank would fluff his lines, which happened more than anything else. This is only Sinatra's second picture, and it's natural that some scenes should be a little difficult. But his own dialogue, when he made a mistake, was funny enough to keep the crew from getting upset at the time (*Continued on page* 66)

Betty Grable, the joyous mother. Her infatuated love for Harry has grown since marriage into a love more intense, very lasting.

THE NIGHT BETTY'S BABY WAS BORN

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

EARLY that afternoon the torrential rain that had been drenching southern California for two weeks had stopped for an hour or two while the frustrated sun tried to get in a beam edgeways.

Betty and Harry James stood in the door of the pink-and-blue nursery looking for the 'steenth time at all the presents from the "shower" Virginia (Mrs. Daryll) Zanuck had given for her.

"Won't be long now until this room is *completely* furnished," Betty said, "IT will be here."

"You mean, *he'll* be here," said Harry. He had called it "he" from the start.

"Harry, you haven't really got your heart set on a boy, have you—I mean you won't be disappointed?"

"I'll accept a girl if she looks exactly like you," he kidded.

"Punkie," the James' spoiled, petted Poodle, came racing down the hall from Harry's room and barked jealously at the nursery door. Punkie had been jealous—and barking—ever since Betty had come home from the "shower," her arms loaded with white woolly toys and big, exciting boxes.

Over in a corner, all in place and ready, was the white lace-trimmed bassinet Lana Turner Crane had given them. (Betty had immediately put both a pink and blue satin bow on the bassinet so "It" wouldn't get its feelings hurt whichever it was!)

The pink-and-blue high chair that could be made

Harry James, the proud papa. He had to pace hospital corridors through two long nights before Betty's and his beautiful daughter was born.

Harry and Betty are shown opening their mail the day after they were married last July 5th. The famous couple always planned to name their first girl baby Victoria Elizabeth.

to slide up high or down low was from Alice Faye Harris. (Harry fooled with the mechanism so much Betty was sure he would break it before the baby could.)

Hanging in the blue wardrobe with the pink Storks was the cutest gift of all—a beautiful bed jacket for Betty and a miniature one, an exact replica, cut in a baby's size—from Virginia.

Outside the nursery the baby's sun porch faced onto the 100 orange, lemon and avacado trees in the front yard that hid the James' home from sightseers on the Coldwater Canyon road. The back view gave onto the swimming pool and the shady mountain.

It was a comfortable "homey" house that Harry James had bought for his bride, "done" in chintzes

Harry was playing at the Hollywood Palladium just before the blessed event. Betty stayed close to him, called the baby "it."

BETTY GRABLE

CONTINUED

Her legs are lyric, but they are not the only thing that has made Betty Grable box-office queen. Her good common sense has helped.

and mahogany—a house not for big Hollywood parties, but rambling, with unexpected wings, as if it had been built for a big family. It was a very private, very personal place to them.

They seldom even gave interviews at the house. After their front page elopement and midnight marriage in Las Vegas, last July 5th, they had met reporters at the studio, or at Betty's mother's home. When they had moved into their home they seldom gave interviews at all. The Jameses had moved off the front pages and settled down to domesticity with their hearts in it!

"Punkie" ruled the roost—and at the moment he was going mad trying to get either Betty or Harry to close the door on the hated "place."

"We're going to have to see that Punkie gets a formal introduction to the baby," said Betty, "He's going crazy being jealous of something he can't locate!"

Harry looked at his watch. "I have to hurry, Honey" (they never called one another "Mama" or "Pappy" or any other of the pre-blessed event terms). "It's time for my radio rehearsal—almost two o'clock."

"I'm going, too," she said. This had been one of the really swell things about the whole—*waiting!* They were together all the time. Ever since Betty had notified her studio that she was in "retirement" and ever since Harry finished his engagement at the Palladium, Hollywood's most deluxe and super favorite dance hall, they spent every hour, day and night, together.

Harry went to get the car. From the driveway he sounded the signal, two long, one short on the horn. But Betty didn't come out.

He yelled, "Ready?"

Maybe she couldn't hear him. When he went to see—she wasn't ready at all. Not to go to a radio rehearsal. She was lying on the divan, her long bobbed hair (the way he liked her to wear it) spread fan-shaped on a pillow.

"Betty! You feel all right?"

"Yesss. I guess so."

They looked at each other. A look of surprise, wonder, questioning crossed her face. But her voice was calm, Betty's old slightly kidding voice when she said: "I think, Harry—maybe you had better call the doctor."

That was 2:30 p.m.—the afternoon of March 1st. It was 4:30 a.m. the morning of March 3rd before Victoria Elizabeth James was born! Prematurely . . . one month too soon . . . the dangerous 8th month . . . in a Caesarian operation that almost cost Betty Grable's life.

In "woman's talk"—Betty James had a "hard time." The baby was large—seven pounds, ten ounces. Later, thinking back on it, the women remembered that Betty hadn't dieted. She had eaten and laughed at their hints and warnings. "I'm the healthiest person you know. I'm hungry—and besides, IT'S hungry!" As a matter of fact Betty has never dieted under any circumstances.

Like her close friend, Lana Turner Crane, she had refused to be a glamorous invalid. Right up to the very last she had gone every place with Harry. To his rehearsals, his broadcasts, to dinner and to the night spots.

It just wasn't in Betty to worry about herself. "Of course," she laughed one night in a poker game, "I *do* hope the baby isn't born with a deck of cards in its hands."

Betty and Harry and their close friend, May Sunday, and Lana and Steve Crane and two or three others, played cards almost every night. The Jameses usually won—which surprised Betty. She had never been much of a card holder. "Maybe (*Continued on page* 74)

BRAIN TEASING IN STAR-LAND . . .

The Game's the thing! Slap us happy, all Hollywood's playing it. These Sullavan party funtimers are champs at it. What is it? Grandma used to call it charades. The moderns call it Indications.

Host Barry Sullavan argue-votes with Betty Huttan regarding the "up" of "Upton Sinclair." What happens in the game is that two teams are chosen, each side tries to guess the other's pantomime, and the fastest guessing team wins. These two share low score.

Betsy (Mrs. Gene) Kelly was the best indicator on either team. She's a non-professional, but her acting gave the best cues. Don't judge by "Frenchman's Creek" Cordovo—he's no audience!

BRAIN TEASING IN STAR-LAND...

CONTINUED

There are romance rumors in Hollywood about Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern. Here she's giving undivided attention to Eddie Bracken's pantomiming of "So Big."

Gene Kelly, Louis Calhern ("Life With Father"), Bill Carter and Eddie Bracken, stumped on the indicating of "You just know she wears them." Look wise, guys!

Kelly sneaks a cue from Tom Keating. Things like this aren't supposed to be allowed, but Gene was desperate. How can he figure out a sketch meaning "Bless your little heart, honey?"

Tain't funny to anyone but Betty. Barry guesses, but Mrs. Ronald Graham (she's Florence Sundstrom on the N. Y. stage) just can't get the hang of it.

Bracken does "Hold Back the Dawn," guessed as being "pushover," and "Pale Hands I Love." Catch on? It's just as goofy as it looks. Guaranteed to make you guess-sappy, but the stars say you'll love it.

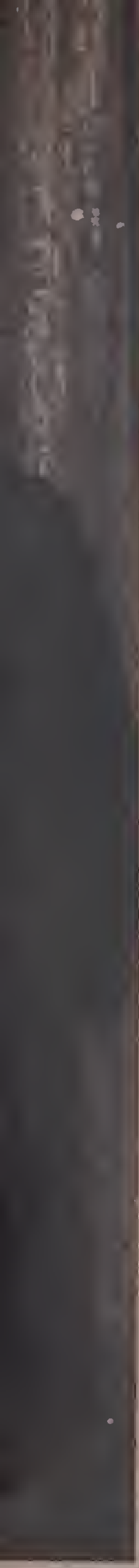
Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken do a sing-song silly to give a clue for "Sing a Song of Sixpence." It's the duo that twosomes in Paramount's mirthful "Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Serving it solid, that's what they were, while the crowd roared on. That's what "the game" does to 'em. Makes everybody sill-jill.

The Big Four of 1944's Academy, left to right, Paul Lukas, Jennifer Jones, Katina Paxinou, Charles Coburn. In the dim background between Lukas and Miss Jones, you may discover a bespectacled gent. He was from the public accountants who held the votes inviolate until the big moment.

The dramatic Katina Paxinou saying, "I take this award, thinking of my comrades of the Royal Greek Theatre, whom I hope are alive but whom I fear are dead." Theresa Wright and funnyman Jack Benny watch.

ALL the hope, the heartbreak, the glitter and sparkle of a fabulous community center on a cheap, rather ridiculous-looking gold leaf figure that wouldn't bring five dollars in the most sanguine Gifte Shoppe. Out of affection and respect, people in the motion picture business call this figure Oscar. The coating of gilt that makes Oscar shine for a while is thin, and the expression on Oscar's face is cryptic, to say the least. (Of course, before the war, Oscar was actually of gold and will be again, once peace is restored.)

But it isn't Oscar himself who counts. It is what Oscar symbolizes. Once a year Hollywood's house



By CONSTANCE PALMER

All pictures by Movieland Photographer Bill Dudas

Jennifer Jones and Ingrid Bergman, both Selznick stars and both contenders, look over the program. Selznick himself said Ingrid should win and told Jennifer to wait. However, the votes made the final decision.

(Left) Excited Jenny Jones is shown between last year's winner, Donald Crisp, and this year's winner, Charles Coburn. Just a year ago Crisp and Coburn were candidates for the same award. This time Coburn was winner.

Here are the hopes, the heartbreaks, the glamour of Movieland's chosen people at that memorable hour when greatness is bestowed upon them

How It Feels to Win an ACADEMY AWARD

divided unites to do honor to its chosen great. Stars and property-men, producers and grips, extras and make-up men, secretaries, assistant directors, press-agents, script girls, cutters, character-women and directors have all said, with one mighty voice, that these two actors, these two actresses lead all others for one particular year.

For sixteen years, as a happy Hollywood bystander, I have wondered how it felt to be one of these glamorously chosen people. Thus this year, on the morning of March 3rd, to be exact, I journeyed forth to ask the distinguished four.

I chose to visit Jennifer Jones first. As you know, she won for her wonderful work in "The Song of Bernadette," for which the producer, David O. Selznick, chose and groomed her. Jennifer, just in her twenties, told me the thrilling excitement of that night was almost more than she could bear. She sat tense and quivering beside Selznick in that packed theatre. On his other side sat Ingrid Bergman, another very strong contender. A few seats away were Jean Arthur, Greer Garson and Joan Fontaine, all contenders and all seasoned actresses of great motion picture experience.

When Jennifer heard "Casablanca" instead of "Bernadette" chosen as the (*Continued on page* 34)

Ginger Rogers was nominated for "Tender Comrade" and attended in this crepe and fringe creation with feathers draped on her head. Later at the Mocambo she dined with Mark Daniels.

With Paul Lukas is his charming Daisy of whom he speaks so tenderly in our Academy story.

ACADEMY AWARD

CONTINUED

Helmut Dantine must have told a new Nazi story to so horrify Constance Dowling. They were a twosome at the Academy Award.

(Right) Frank Sinatra watched the Award presentotion with his present leading lady, Gloria De Haven. That's an Academy progrom he's holding in his hand and it's very super elegont.

(Below) Shirley Temple come to the fancy function with a handsome "date." He's Dare Harris and you can see that he takes those camero flashes like a real movielond veteran.

(Below) George Montgomery and Dinah Shore were able to go to jubilee together when George got unexpected furlough.

Mickey Rooney usually totes some sweet, tall thing; but to the Academy Award he took his mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey.

Jack Carson and his wife arrived in full fashion to congratulote the Award winners.

ACADEMY AWARD CONTINUED

outstanding picture of the year, she began to relax a little. If the production she was in were not chosen, she couldn't believe she had much chance.

Then——

"For the outstanding performance by an actress in 1943——"

Greer Garson, the 1942 winner, tore open the sealed envelope just handed her and read, "Jennifer Jones!"

"It was like a dream," she told me. "I'd hoped, of course, and knew I had some chance. But I believed that Ingrid Bergman deserved it far more than I did. Why, she has taken parts not nearly as fine as Bernadette and has put so much into them that they became alive and vital and real!"

The day itself had been filled with simple domestic cares. Jennifer had just brought her two little boys home from a visit to her parents and had no nurse or maid to stay with them.

Besides, she wanted to be busy. She's been lonely since her separation from Bob Walker and the trip back home was a relief and a release. For a whole week she'd been just Phylis Isley again, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, being given luncheons and parties by the girls she'd gone to school with, showing off her babies and forgetting such things as prestige pictures, production schedules—and Oscars.

"On the way to the theatre," she said, "I suddenly remembered I'd forgotten to send on a chain-letter that had been in the mail when I got home. Well, I just *knew* then I was going to lose! But I touched the Lady of Lourdes medal I wear always and opened my purse and took out the Chinese paper money a boy I knew at school sent me for luck. After that I was sure again that everything would be all right. It just had to be, because the boy's a flier and had carried the money on all kinds of dangerous missions."

After the Academy there was a gala party at the Mocambo.

"The names of the winners were already printed in gold on the menus when we got there. It was wonderful!" she said happily. "Just everybody was there. I'd never been out before in Hollywood and I just couldn't look around enough. I was so afraid I'd miss someone or something. I just *loved* it!"

When it was all over, she went home to her two little boys, put Oscar under her pillow and fell into a dreamless sleep.

All this, as you can see, is a "young" reaction, but Paul Lukas' was romantic.

Paul Lukas got the Award as best actor for his performance in Warners' "Watch on the Rhine." When he was called to New York to do the part on the stage, the breaks had been decidedly against him in Hollywood. But to call his position now a "come-back" is a mistake, for he was just as good five or seven years ago when no one would give him a chance.

"I wanted to win so much that it is almost impossible to express in words my hope that I would," he said. "When I was nominated, I told myself, 'That, at least, is one step forward.'

"Then I began to be afraid that some of those who voted might not like the subject of the play—that it might be distastefully politically. I did not sleep for three or four nights before the Award. I could eat nothing.

"To make it worse, I had had 'flu' for ten days before and went to the theatre that night ill and with a temperature. But I felt that I must go—particularly if I do not win. For then people might say I was a bad loser.

"So Daisy—my dear wife of seventeen short years—and I sat there, trying to look calm and, well not too concerned. It was like waiting in the ante-chamber of the room where they keep the electric chair.

"Because the honor of an 'Oscar' is a very real thing. It is not only the the bread-and-butter the actor eats, but the very oxygen he breathes. Professors are given awards for outstanding achievements in education; surgeons for achievements in medicine. The Academy's citation can mean just as much to the actor.

"In spite of all my hopes, though, I was taken aback when my name was called. (*Continued on page* 64)

Walter Pidgeon with the rarely photographed Mrs. Pidgeon. "Pidge" was nominated for the best actor, but bowed low to Paul Lukas for winning Award.

One of the most popular girls in town is Anne Shirley; and her new beau is movieland's newcomer, Michael O'Shea.

There's Roz Russell and her husband Capt. Fred Brisson at the Award. Roz made several presentations.

Walter Pidgeon makes a social call on Greer Garson at the Academy. Greer was nominated for best actress. Two gallant losers, certainly.

One of the handsomest couples in all Hollywood—Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne. When they arrived at the Academy Award cameras clicked like crazy.

Jack Benny was m.c. for the presentation and was photographed out front with Mary Livingston, Dot Lamour and Captain William Ross Howard III.

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Greer Garson's urge is toward poetry, written by Miss G. herself in impulsive, inspired moments.

Heaven help her friends when Jane Wyman's interior decorating craze hits beautiful Janie.

"THE trouble with you is that you expend too much energy on people who don't really interest you, who can't actually mean anything to you! You scatter your interest and your energy all over the place and it's wasted. If you would learn to direct it and concentrate it, you could accomplish so much!"

"Listen to Dr. Sothern! She always knows what's wrong with you and she knows the answer. I must say she's usually right, too. She'll prescribe for a broken heart or an infected sinus. She knows what to do about a bad case of sniffles and she knows a lot about a bad case of disappointment. She can nearly always help."

The foregoing, as you may have gathered, was a conversation during which Ann Sothern had been advising a friend about a current problem. The comment, from a bystander who is fond of Ann, speaks for itself. It's true.

Ann has one of the broadest maternal streaks in

Loretta Young found out that she didn't know a good antique even when it was given to her.

Joan Crawford, herself a shining example of self-improvement, is forever "improving" her friends.

Their EXPRESSED DESIRES

Nothing suppressed about movie stars. When they're not acting they express themselves in a dozen different and goofy ways

Hollywood and it expresses itself by Ann's prescribing for anything which seems to ail anyone whom she likes. It isn't an academic reaction, either. She means it. And her offers of assistance are practical, genuinely friendly and earthy.

When a friend announced that he was going to the hospital for a minor operation on his throat, she inquired instantly, "Shall I go with you? I know it's easier, sometimes, to have someone who isn't family. Families make such an ado. I could go along and stay until you came out of the anaesthetic. I'd be a sort of familiar face. And then if you wanted any errands done, or any messages sent, I could attend to them."

Anyone in trouble or anyone with a worry is interesting to Ann. She diagnoses them and tries sincerely and oftentimes successfully to help. "She's missed her vocation," someone said of her. "If she hadn't gotten into pictures, she'd probably be a one-woman, all-purpose clinic by now. And she'd be good at it!"

Nearly every successful person has a hidden talent or a suppressed one or a yearning (sometimes a shamefaced one) to be doing something entirely different from the thing at which he has succeeded. Some of these are funny and some of them are wistful; some are useful or amusing, or just plain incongruous. A good psychoanalyst could tell you what these things mean. I can't. But I can tell you *about* some of them.

Take Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara is convinced that she can, by now, qualify as a fairly expert dance instructor on all the latest steps. This is a surprise to Barbara herself. It came about because Bob Taylor didn't like to dance very well. Not only that, but he was sure that he wasn't good at it. Barbara said that was nonsense. He had a sense of rhythm and he'd be fine at it, if he would only try.

Came the evening, not very long before Bob went into the service, when Barbara felt that she *must* have a little dancing in her life. Bob demurred and stalled

Screen tough guy, Lloyd Nolan, is an off-screen collector of such dainty things as milk glass.

and finally, with what he thought was great good humor, and not meaning a word of it, suggested, "Why don't you call Central Casting and get a partner?"

Barbara rejoined, "A swell idea!" And she did just that.

Presently a nice looking, but slightly bemused, young man was on the Taylor doorstep and the next thing *he* knew, he and Barbara were prancing and twirling like crazy to victrola music in the living room, while Bob applauded—a mite wistfully.

That didn't last long, though. (Barbara isn't dumb.) Next thing Bob was being shown some steps, and pretty soon he was doing the twirling—while the professional young man applauded. (The latter was still bemused. Can you imagine being *paid* to spend an evening dancing with Barbara, in her own house?)

Anyhow, Barbara took up the lessons from there, and in no time people were noticing Bob's improvement and eager souls were enticing Barbara into quiet corners at parties to get her to show them "just that very difficult little twist . . . the one Bob does so well."

"I flatter myself," says Bob's wife, "that I'm pretty hot stuff when I make with the dancing instruction. If pictures ever let me down, I'll know what I can do."

Claudette Colbert would have been an important executive, if she hadn't been a fine actress and (on second thought) if she hadn't been so beautiful. She

THEIR EXPRESSED DESIRES CONTINUED

There is a Hollywood group who yearn to write. Another group yearns to sing. Jim Brown yodels.

Nicest, most worthy off-screen project, born from bitter experience, is John Garfield's.

"manages" naturally, and gracefully. If it's a dinner party and the group is going on to a theater afterward, it's Claudette who says briskly, "I think it's time to get our coats now. Let's see. We'll take two cars, and if one leaves five minutes before the other, the first one can unload and reserve parking space for the second. That will save time later, because they'll be parked together. And if some of us want to go dancing and the others don't, we shan't be cluttered up with trying to get part of us home and part to a nightclub." And so on. No one could possibly arrange it more neatly than Claudette. And certainly no one around her is going to try.

She always manages to make everyone feel that the evening has been an especially smooth one, and your being in the party has produced this delightful effect. You're never aware, unless you concentrate, that she has been running things. They just seem to develop. It's a valuable knack.

Joan Crawford diagnoses you, too. But only if she knows you very well and is really fond of you. You can assume that you have really been taken to the Crawford heart if Joan leans back, slants her eyes at you and remarks, thoughtfully, "Y'know, I think that if the lapels on that coat were an inch wider they would really do something for you!" Or, "If your hairline were a little bit higher and your lips emphasized with a color—just a *shade* lighter—you'd bring out those wonderful cheekbones of yours. Why don't you try it?"

But just give one of those boys or girls his head where his pet and latent talent is concerned, and see what happens to you! When the Jack Carsons bought a new house, Mrs. C. asked Jane Wyman for a little advice about buying things for it, because she thought Jane had done such a grand job with her own. So Jane offered to go up to the Carsons'. And she did, too—although they were explaining a little wildly that they hadn't really *bought* anything yet, just a chair here and a stool there.

"When I got home later," Jack relates, "Jane had moved every stick of our sparse furniture. She had put everything where it hadn't been before. And darned if it didn't look better. Even the room that had just two chairs and a coffee table. She'd grouped 'em or something! Jane can make furniture say 'Uncle!' "

A lot of actors seem to have ideas, some of them good, about interior decorating. A few are real collectors and know their stuff. Experts will tell you, for instance, that Loretta Young has a real eye for good furniture and a way with her when it comes to arranging it. But Loretta tells this on herself.

Her mother gave her a particularly valuable French Provincial book case. Loretta (*Continued on page* 81)

Fred MacMurray not only has perfect taste when it comes to picking roles in pictures—he showed the same exquisite taste when he picked a wife.

The delightful story of Charles Coburn who won the 1943 Academy Award for his supporting role in "The More the Merrier."

Master Charles Coburn, tintyped at the solemn age of seventeen. Note that neckwear department!

CHARLES COBURN

The old Savannah Theater, where Coburn started as a messenger boy and ended up as boy manager. (Some kid, eh Charlie?)

Not a glamour boy, but perhaps the finest example of how to succeed when you're not! His latest picture, "My Kingdom for a Cook."

IS REALLY A Character

BY DOROTHY DEERE

RECENTLY, in that epic of bedlam-and-bath titled "The More The Merrier," Mr. Charles Coburn brashly gave out with a statement that could be used to start a debate that would range all the way from Catherine the Great to Eleanor Roosevelt.

"Young lady," said Mr. Coburn to Jean Arthur, "it has been my experience that there are two kinds of people. Those who don't do what they want to do—so they write down in a diary what they haven't done. And those who haven't time to write about doing things, because they're out doing them."

Let that statement stand unchallenged as an introductory note to the story of Charles Coburn himself. In all his crowded life, Mr. Coburn has never kept a diary. He has always done things. The thing he is busiest doing at this moment is revising the movie makers' idea of box-office.

Box-office up till now has been largely a matter of heart-throbs like the hard hitting Gable, Taylor and Ladd; heart-stimulants like Hayworth, Grable and Lana Turner; or even heart-aches like Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis. All of these, you will note, have been reasonably young and photogenic.

Not until the deluge of fan mail that followed "The More The Merrier" did anyone realize something new had been added to this "heart" business. Not a twitch, not a tingle, not a thump—but a Dingle! Most amazing, this new kind of a tremor had nothing to do with glamour or sex, but was the special property of Mr. Coburn who, you will agree, would never be picked as a pin-up boy by either the WACS or the WAVES.

"Dingle," you may remember, started out to be a character in "The More The Merrier," but became instead a sort of rascally charm pervading the whole picture. "Dingle," naturally, was impersonated by our hero, Mr. Coburn, himself.

In essence, the "Dingle" is a kind of inner laughter which wraps itself around the affections of women both young and old, and causes them to characterize Mr. Coburn as "cute." In practice, it is probably the most comfortable attribute owned by any actor on the screen. Its possessor can let his waist line roam where it may

A bicycle built for one, and here's Coburn at 20 years, riding as a professional racer. He rode with "Monarch" teammates, matched against the champions of the period.

Ivah Wills with Coburn in a scene from "As You Like It." They were married soon afterward, and their friends nicknamed them Rosalind and Orlando. Theirs was an ideal marriage. (Mrs. Coburn died in 1937.)

CHARLES COBURN CONTINUED

and let his most arduous muscular feat be that of keeping his monocle in place. Consider the glamour boys who, behind closed doors, clandestinely glue their hair pieces on. Then consider the peace of Mr. Coburn, who during the making of a recent picture, happily walked the lots with his thinning tresses curled by bobby pins and held in place by a pale blue snood!

Charles Coburn and "Mr. Dingle" were fated to meet and merge ever since the beginning of his career. He has been rehearsing for the role, you might say, since the age of 13, when he pushed his way into professional life in the same opportunist manner employed by Dingle to enter the apartment of Jean Arthur in "The More, the Merrier.".

Destiny, says Mr. Coburn, got him his first job.

It happened in Savannah, Georgia, where surprisingly this English mannered actor was born. He tells it thus:

"One matinee afternoon I arrived a little tardy at the Savannah Theater, prepared to buy a ticket to the gallery. A large crowd was massed solidly against the theater door, which was constructed to open outwardly and which, at the moment I arrived, was being shaken from within. Someone inside the theater was making mighty efforts to open the door, a few inches at least.

"I wormed my way as near the front of the crowd as possible. Finally the door opened, just enough to let a man's head appear through the opening. He looked at me—I looked at him—and our souls clicked.

" 'Young man,' he called, 'do you know where Robinson's Printing Shop is?'

" 'Yes, sir!' I answered, most eagerly.

" 'Then run down there and get the programs for the performance. Hurry, we are waiting!' "

Mr. Coburn contends the sidewalks of Savannah still bear a slight scorch mark along the route his feet travelled to get those programs that day. He distributed them when he came back, and for that saw the show free. From that day on he practically glued himself to the theater, and soon graduated to the position of an usher and the conviction that the place couldn't run without him.

He was evidently right, for at the age of seventeen, Charles took over the management and was publicized as the youngest house manager in the United States.

This eminence, naturally, convinced him that he was an authority on things histrionic. As a mere tot he had been taken by his mother to see such "greats" as Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Otis Skinner and Minnie Maddern, who afterwards became Mrs. Fiske.

"As long as I could remember I had thought of the theater as the royal court, the palace, the home of grace and beauty and chivalry, the field of heroism—peopled by kings, queens, courtiers, knights—with romance and human character exhibited at its noblest and most majestic. Now, in my capacity as manager of one of the most important houses on *(Continued on page 87)*

Coburn's portrayal of Ol' Bill, during the last war, became a classic. His most popular role was Dingle in "The More the Merrier." His newest picture is "Impatient Years."

Helen Gahagan

The cast of "Diplomacy," the play that nearly killed Coburn. He's third from the left in the back row. Next to him is William Faversham; then Tyrone Power, father of our own Ty. Seated at the left is Helen Gahagan (Mrs. Melvyn Douglas).

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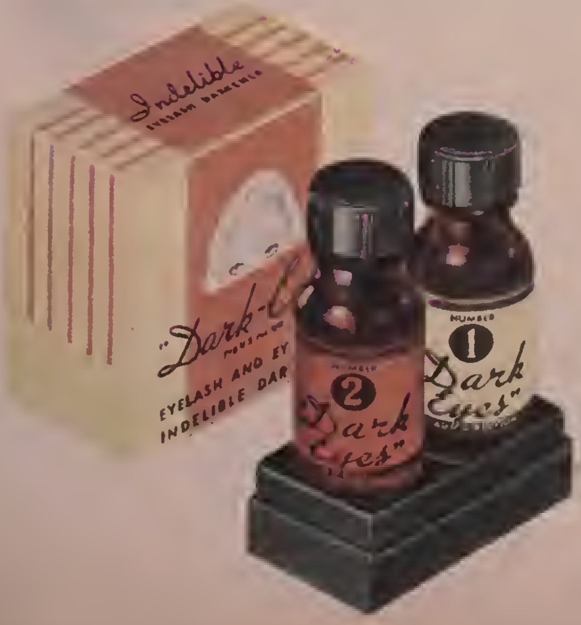
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Maria Montez

1944 is apt to be an emotionally upsetting year for lovely Maria Montez whose Sun is in the sign Gemini, but it is also for her great advancement and to establish her permanently among the screen's unforgettables.

Her Moon is in the sign Sagittarius, opposing her Sun, and producing a temperament torn between restlessness and excitability which helps her waste much of her excellent energy in unwise enthusiasms.

Her natal Mars, Mercury and Jupiter conjunct in Taurus, gives Maria stability with the urge, even the necessity of financial security and ease. This also produces her fierce determination to achieve her ambitions at whatever personal cost. The squaring of these three planets with her natal Uranus in Aquarius presents difficulties through friends and partners when carrying on to her goal demands what might seem a self-centered attitude.

Saturn in Cancer has taught the necessity of curbing her warm affectionate nature which naturally loves society and companionship. The fiery Montez has had to learn a middle path between caution and generosity, friendliness and a natural suspicious nature. Maria *(Continued on page 60)*

Born June 6

HOROSCOPES

Gemini

For persons born between May 21 and June 22

After all the mystifying setbacks of 1943, you have realized that impatience and mistrust breed only confusion and unhappiness. People born under this sign are over-sensitive where friends, and relatives and their affections are concerned. But the past year should have brought you understanding of your own strength and importance to them. With this power of influence over others you are important to the world. Guard this power. With it you should be well on the way to finding, at last, a definite goal.

The passing of Saturn, Uranus and Mars through your natal Sun sign have helped you to grow up, even though it has been the hard way. Life cannot be all fun, and one must have a deeper motive than curiosity to understand it and get the most out of the adventure of daily living.

For Gemini people security seems to lie close to home in 1944, and home can never provide irksome duties unless you allow those duties to irk you. You may be able to do exactly the things you desire this year. Remember sacrifice of freedom is sometimes necessary, for that freedom may be for your own growth. After July, responsibilities will be much easier, and property troubles or confusing issues should clear up.

The path of romance is not clear as you demand only the best. Gemini people are not practical in affairs of the heart For their own happiness it would be wiser if they were a bit more so.

The vivid screen Miss Oberon appears for Twentieth Century-Fox in "The Lodger," and shows much allure. At least that's what we call it here. Something new, this—seeing Merle in a dancing costume.

Some more of the same, from the mystery movie of the same name. Who's the lucky "Lodger"? Maybe that's the mystery!

Lady Korda graphically describes one wonderful way to help heal our wounded boys brought back from the front lines of war

I FOUND courage in a hospital ward, and I found a war work that every woman can do. It takes no money to do this work, no beauty, no talent. All it takes is time and a generous heart. It is because I hope I can persuade every woman to do this work, for whatever number of hours per week she can spare, that I am writing this article.

It wasn't my own courage that I found in a hospital ward, for I had none.

It was their courage—row on row of them, lying quiet and patient and still alive. Boys from Pearl Harbor; boys from Guadalcanal; boys from the Hornet and some from Attu and North Africa and Sicily and Italy.

What I did was such a simple thing. It appeared to be so easy when it first occurred to me and was so quickly arranged. I only wanted to walk around the wards where the wounded were and talk with the boys a little while. When I called the Victory Committee for permission, they said it would be quite all right and set a day and time when I was not working at the studio.

It was only when this hospital visit was all arranged that I began to have doubts. What did I have to offer those boys? I had no patter of jokes, no little songs to sing that would make them laugh and forget for a moment the burden of what had happened to them.

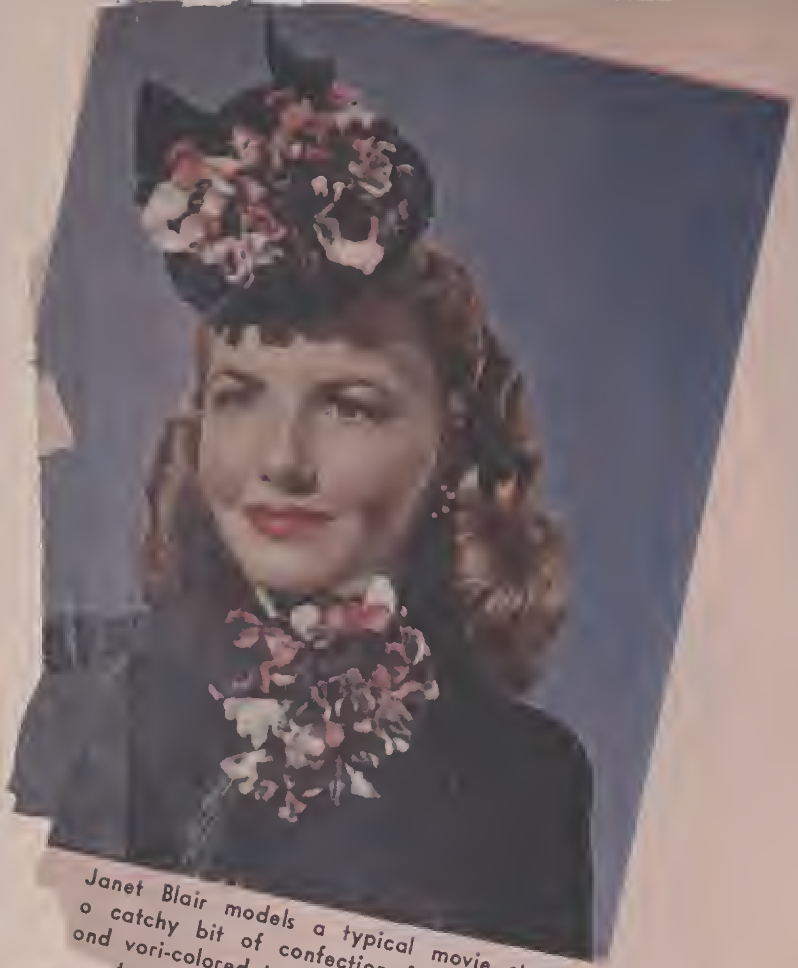
I actually had nothing planned. My only thought wa to stop beside a boy's bed and talk with him.

When the hour of my first visit came and I stood i the doorway of the ward, I was in a state of panic suc as I have never known before or since.

There, looking at me across the room, was a pair o eyes that symbolized the spirit of the whole place—eye so alive, so glowing, so eager that my heart caught in my throat and I had to turn away for a moment to find strength to go on. For the eyes were the only part of that suffering boy not bandaged.

A nurse whispered how very ill he was—that it was almost impossible to graft skin on the completely burned surface of his body. Yet there he was, so very brave. He had every reason to have abandoned hope and bravery, but his courage surged up and flowed into my heart in such a mighty flood that I felt at once humble and proud.

I just started to talk about whatever came into head. I was shy, really, and those boys were shy. were pitiful, but I saw at once that pity wasn't what wanted. They just wanted to talk—about anyth So talk we did. They read a lot, and so intellige They are extremely well-informed. They follow pol with the greatest interest and (*Continued on page*



Janet Blair models a typical movie star hat, a catchy bit of confection fashioned of gay and vari-colored taffeta ribbon with variegated [illegible] peas. A matching choker with flowered nosegay forms a most flattering neckpiece.

HOLLYWOOD

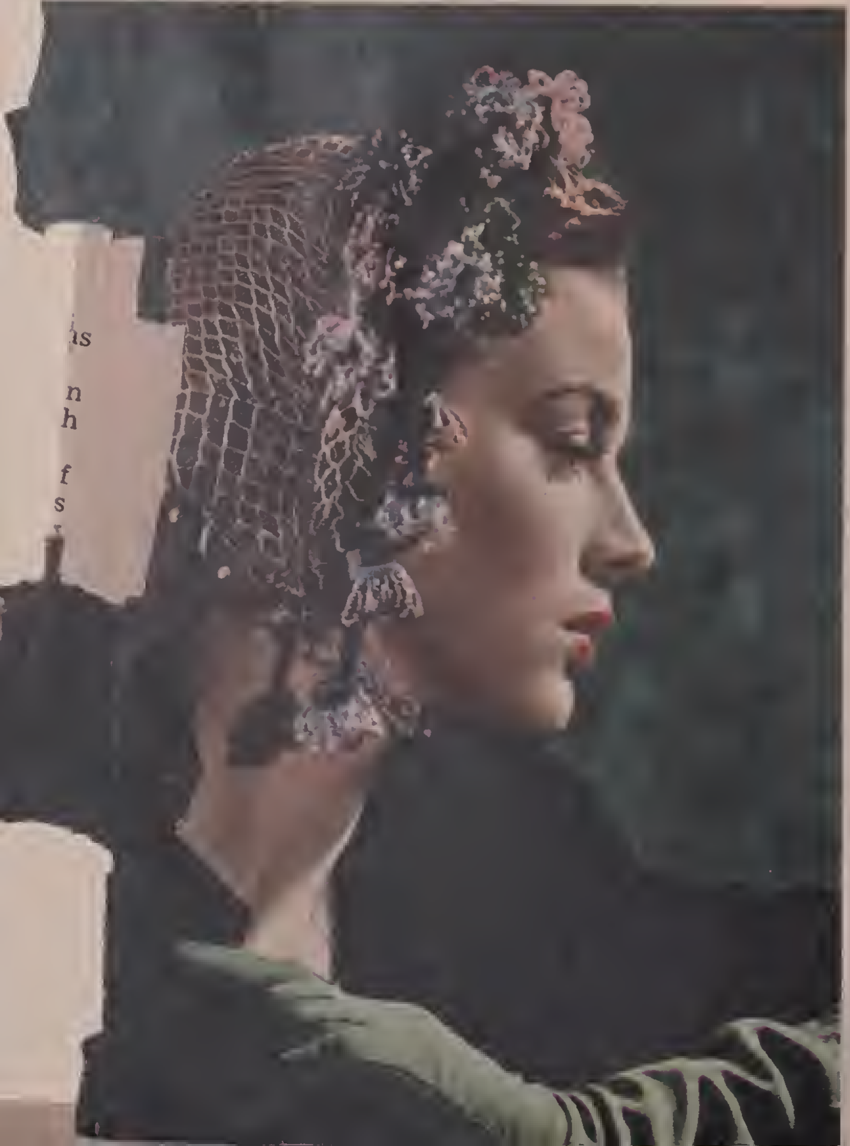
THE men go hatless, but the ladies of Hollywood are definitely hat-happy. Their humor goes to their heads, and nothing picks a glamour girl up more than a perky brim, shielding one eye.

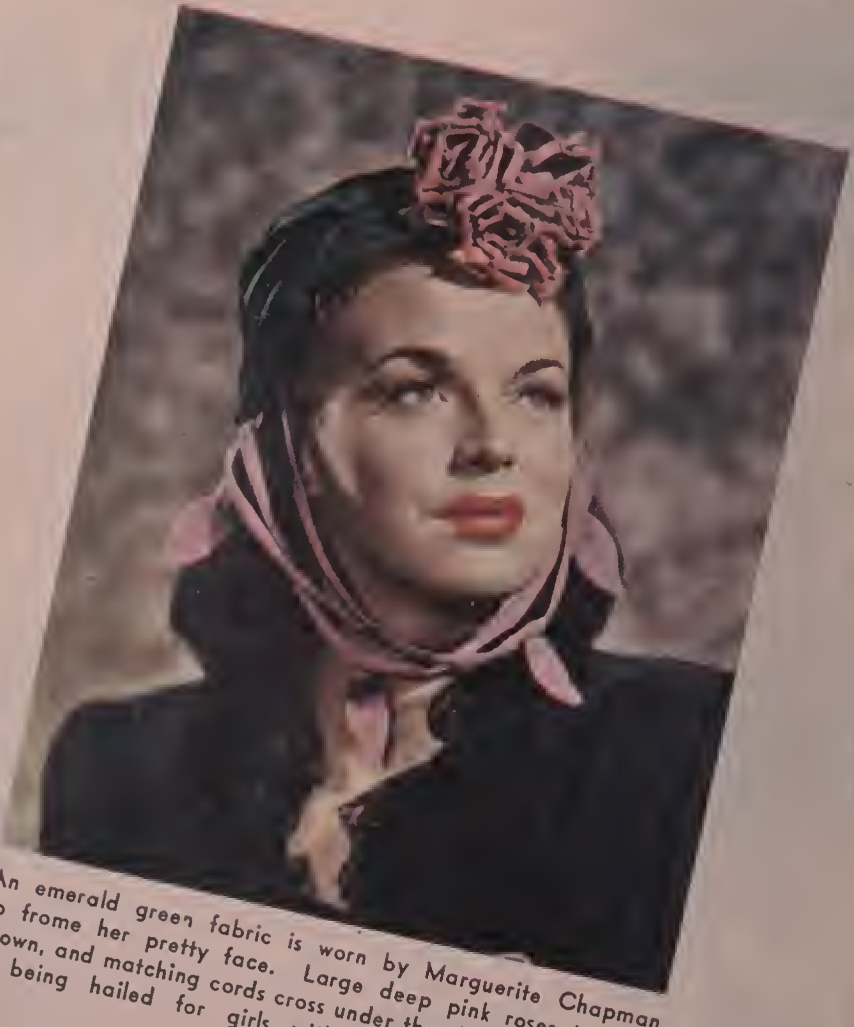
Hollywood abounds with hat shops and private hat designers, but *the* place to go for an alluring lid is still John-Frederics in Beverly Hills. Every smart girl in town turns up there eventually, and many of them haunt the place a good three days a week.

The five greatest hat buyers in movieland are Joan Crawford, Irene Manning, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young and Ginger Rogers, about in that order, with Roz Russell a hot sixth.

Crawford goes in for high colors and big brims. The government is cutting in on her a bit, with its restrictions against extra-large size headgear, but nothing can stop Joan from adding veils, scarfs dotted with jet and sequins, and bits of lace and nonsense scattered here and there. With her terrific dramatic flair, she gets beautifully away with it all. The glamorous Crawford also has oodles of tricky hair ornaments, flowers

Marguerite Chapman highlights her new smooth coiffure with a touch of Lily Doche fantasy. Shocking pink fishnet is edged with tiny beads of orchids, green and blue. Soon to co-star with Brian Aherne at Columbia, Marguerite combines the fetching hat with a black suit.





An emerald green fabric is worn by Marguerite Chapman to frame her pretty face. Large deep pink roses top the crown, and matching cords cross under the chin. This creation is being hailed for girls with features like Marguerite.

and Hats

and many varieties of head draperies for evening wear.

Colbert, the conservative but ultra-chic, accents her head wardrobe with small hats which do not interfere with her hair style. She also likes intricate small hair do-dads. Claudette probably spends more on hats and gets less for her money than any star in Hollywood. That's because she wears only tiny chapeaux for the very short time they are super-fashionable. She is perfectly capable of whipping up her own small toppers, and often does.

Irene Manning couldn't tell you to save her why hats are a matter of necessity to her, but if she's to be happy she has to have beautiful headwear. Like Crawford, she prefers large hats, the bigger the more alluring, but she buys all types, and adores them all.

Loretta Young buys pretty hats with a touch of flattering color or veiling, but artful in their simplicity. No one need tell Loretta what is becoming to her. She knows to the tiniest detail.

Ginger Rogers is a passionate hat lover. She has a yen for tricky designs and all sorts of trims. She won't wear a hat that doesn't stay firmly on under all circumstances. When she tries on a hat, she dances around in it. If it sticks despite the wildest waltz or rhumba, the hat is hers. Ginger like brilliant colors and because she's pretty much of a tailored person off screen, she chooses many tailored hats. She's seldom the first girl out with the latest fashion, for she wears her new hats late in each season. She dotes on being jaunty in a light colored straw in mid-winter. She's absolutely insane on the subject of snoods and wears them so deep that they dangle to the middle of her back, and the pet Hollywood crack is that she must fill them with old fan mail since no one since the Seven Sutherland Sisters has had hair enough to fill such snoods.

GREER GARSON is a pushover for greens, chartreuse and "shocking" shades, but Olivia de Havilland chooses a great deal of pink, and like Ann Sothern, specializes in "pretty" styles. Ann, in private life as in her Maisie pictures, is a wow in off-the-face types. Ann has scores of hats in different colors, but all are designed to reveal her rounded features and smooth brow. Norma Shearer, once she finds a hat that does something for her, has twelve or fifteen of the same model whipped up in as many colors. Her opposite is Maria Montez. Maria simply dotes on fussy and fancy fashions with plenty of color and an abundance of feathers.

When Marlene Dietrich shops these days she has a practical plan in mind. Her hats usually fits close to the head, but are tricky and eye catching. She wears her fanciest bonnets when she's going to army camps, for no matter how much fun they make of women's fashions, the boys love hats with allure.

Lana Turner, who makes up her mind quickly, has a hat enthusiast for a husband. Steve Crane buys surprise hats for Lana. This spring Lana is topping her costumes with a red creation made like a Valentine. It was built like a heart, being her Valentine gift from Steve.

Ray Milland is mad about hats, and the saucier the better. He buys them, all unassisted, for his beautiful wife Mal, who fortunately thinks they're just as swell as Ray does.

A little bird's nest concoction has been gracing the head of Judy Garland this season, and it's all in blue with pastel accents in bird feathers. Judy always goes for feathers.

Irene, that fashion genius at MGM, is rabid on the subject of hats. She says, "You might as well go without a skirt as go without a hat. You are equally as undressed either way." She agrees with most of the smart girls in Hollywood that a hat finishes a costume, and she wouldn't venture to the corner for a sarsaparilla without headgear. Edith Head, Paramount's pride and joy in the fashion department, is equally enthusiastic about hats, and she can't resist buying them. She feels they are an important part of her wardrobe. *But* Edith never wears all the hats she buys. She carries them. Oh yes, she carries the right ones to match her suit or complement her dress . . . but she doesn't put them on. They complete her costume all right, but clutched in her very active fingers.

Bette Davis, though, doesn't even make that pretense. She hates hats. That's all there is to it. She won't wear them off screen, and that's that.

Movieland's lovely Esther Williams is shown surrounded by chic bonnets—the very breath of Spring.

Jinx Falkenburg

The newest bride and groom of Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott—and don't they make a handsome couple! They were in love for two years. They parted six months ago . . . but now, well, read this story.

THE DRAMA BEHIND
RANDOLPH SCOTT'S Marriage

WE were just getting ready to fold up and leave for the day when the tip came in that Randolph Scott was being married in Riverside, Calif., to "Pat" Stillman.

If we hurried the call through, we might be able to reach the bride and groom for a statement before they left the office of Judge R. A. Moore.

The Best Secretary I Know, and I, took off our hats and coats, picked up a telephone apiece and started what usually turns out to be a timeless job. Trying to get hold of movie actors who have just married is like trying to get a statement out of a mirage.

The "happy couple" have usually just left—or have not yet arrived—or won't talk even if they happen to be on hand.

The call went through to Riverside—to Judge Moore's office, and you could have knocked me over with anything handy when Randy got on the phone when asked for.

"Congratulations, Randy," I said, after giving my name.

"Thanks," said Randy in a drawl. He's played so many Westerns and cowboy parts he sounds like one even though he is far from being the genuine article. Randy? He's a So'thern gentleman, from Virginia, ma'am—and one of the best families.

After a few pleasantries were exchanged I asked: "What's the bride wearing, Randy?"

"Wearing? Oh!" A slight pause, as though, man fashion, he had turned around to take a look.

"Sort of a suit," he described helplessly. "I guess."

"What color?"

Another pause. Another look. Then, "Beige—I guess. Pretty, though."

"Are you happy, Randy?"

"Happy?" he laughed. "There's a question I can really answer. I was never happier in my life!"

There could be no doubt about that. You had only to hear his voice to know that. (*Continued on page* 84)

In the romance of one of Hollywood's most social actors and the beautiful San Francisco heiress there lies an amazing story

BY MARSHA DENTON

JINX—She is the most decorative member of the famous Falkenburg family of tennis terrors. Her real name is Eugenia but no one has ever called her that yet. She was born in Barcelona, Spain, speaks Spanish like a native, but grew up in and around Los Angeles. Under contract to Columbia, she is still to find the role that does full justice to her talents. Her latest is "Cover Girl."

If you were **Shirley Temple**

EXPLAINING WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SWEET SIXTEEN, AN EX-CHILD STAR—AND A BEAUTIFULLY BUDDING DRAMATIC ACTRESS

BY JANE REID

If you were Shirley, you would be very interested in your studies, and you'd work on your lessons in a little study room right off your bedroom.

A little Pekinese named Ching II would look very much like the original Ching a fan gave you and whom you once adored when you were a baby star.

IF you were Shirley Temple, you wouldn't think it a bit remarkable. It wouldn't seem strange, or even worthy of note, that you had been a movie star for eleven full years.

But that's natural. You got used to being a star just about the time most little girls were getting used to bands on their teeth. And you took it just as calmly.

If you were Shirley Temple, today, you'd be glad you had your sixteenth birthday in April but you really wouldn't be able to see why there was all the fuss about it. After all, you would think quietly to yourself, everyone has to be sixteen some time or another.

And you'd remember back, not even ruefully now, because you're the kind of a girl who takes life pretty much as it comes, to the time you found you had lost a whole year. That was your—you had supposed—12th birthday. Only Moms had waked you early with the news that it was really your 13th birthday because the studio had held out on you eight years before, and sworn your mother to secrecy. But she, being the sort of an understanding mother she is, knew that getting into the 'teens is a Moment in a girl's life—and she told the truth to give you the Moment you deserved.

So no other birthday will ever seem important again, except maybe your thirtieth—as that's a landmark in every woman's life!

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd be proud every time you overhear people say, "What a wonderful woman and mother Mrs. Temple must be—to have raised Shirley not to be a prime movie-brat!" And you might wonder a little what being a brat would be like—and if it would be any fun.

You would be growing up gracefully and improving your studious mind. You'd find nice manners second nature. You'd been troined to them from childhood.

You'd be talented, schooled in dancing and music, and you could sit down at the big grand piano and play classical or hot music. Your portrait as a four-year-old star would hang directly overhead.

Shirley Temple CONTINUED

But you wouldn't be conceited because people ask for your autograph, and stare at you and whisper, "Why, there's Shirley Temple", because they've been doing that ever since you can remember. And if you never knew any other reactions, how could such behavior seem anything but normal, anyway!

But if you were Shirley Temple, you'd feel a little sorry for your escorts, especially the ones who never faced a flash bulb at a big premiere. You wouldn't even blink any more when they snapped cameras and burst lights in front of you, but you would feel for the boy with you as he squirmed and looked away.

And you'd laugh at him, and tell him not to mind, not bothering to explain that you had worked out a philosophy which included the flash bulbs. They are all a part of the game, the working game of being a Hollywood character and an actress, and the minute they stop flashing, and people stop asking for autographs, then the actress is slipping. And better think of a new career.

But you have that all worked out, too, in that sharp little mind of yours. If the public doesn't like you in this last picture of yours—when you play Claudette Colbert's daughter, the screen sister of Jennifer Jones, and the child of a father who has gone off to war, in "Since You Went Away"—then you will go on to college with the rest of your class at Westlake.

But you really hope the public does like you. You like acting. You like taking direction, and working out a character, and playing it on the screen. So, you've got your fingers crossed—but you're not frightened of the future.

In fact, you've never been frightened of anything—even bugs. Moms laughs when anyone asks if Shirley was ever scared of anything. You just never were—and you think maybe you've had a lot of luck.

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd live in a biggish, sprawling French Provincial stone house in Brentwood, where you had lived for some years. And you'd love the smell of acacia in the springtime, and the cut-grass scents, and the look of the wild garden—planned to look unplanned.

It would seem quite natural to you to know that there was a whole room full of dolls downstairs. And that two wardrobes held every costume you ever wore in a picture. Where other little girls kept a couple of tattered dolls, you have several thousand, all because the fans showered them on you. And, where the mothers of other little girls treasured a single baby shoe and had it cast in metal, your mother kept whole wardrobes—because she liked to be able to remember all the pictures you made—and how cute you were.

But you never go down there and look at the dolls—there are too many other things to do, too many things to think about. And, anyway, you're not a backward-glancing girl.

If you were Shirley Temple, your best friend would be your stand-in, the same one you had the year after you started in pictures, Mary Lou Islib. And you'd go off into gales of giggles with her that grown-ups could never understand. But you know and Mary Lou knows, and who cares about the others?

And you'd have some pretty definite ideas about love and marriage, if you were Shirley Temple. Like the annoyance you feel when any of the columns come forth with little notes, usually wrong, about whom you are dating and who's calling you long distance. You feel that you ought to have some privacy, and you'd be a little embarrassed for the boys, and worry what their mothers think, and feel perhaps that being in the public eye was just a little bit of a disadvantage—for you as a girl with dates!

And so, because you'd never say that out loud, you would just announce when faced with that old love-question (which seems the first one to pop up in interviews now that you are sixteen) that you expected to be over twenty before you thought of marriage. Yes, and when you did get married, you intended to have children—several of them. And would you stop making pictures—well, that would depend on your husband's notions and yours, when the time comes.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would be interested in clothes, but you would dress very simply. You would like formals and the feel of long skirts swishing around your ankles, but you would agree with the rest of your friends that formals are not patriotic with a war on, so you would wear the ones you owned before the war. You would, because you would be a Junior at Westlake, wear a white cotton uniform at school and a blue cardigan over it on your way back and forth to school.

(And most of this year you would have had all your lessons on the set at the studio where you were making "Since You Went Away" because you were in practically every scene of the picture from the time it began in September to mid-February. And your teacher would have been the same one you used to have as a little, little girl! And your marks would be good—an average of B plus.)

You would wear very little jewelry, except lapel ornaments and that gold ring, with the sapphire and the tiny heart tags on it—about which you are very mysterious indeed.

You would be very feminine, and you'd take a big interest in fashions. You'd never waste a moment. You'd fill idle time with needlework or cooking.

You would know how to do your own hair, set it yourself, and you would experiment with it in new styles, drying with your own, most professional dryer.

You would wear very light lipstick, and not much of it, and pale, colorless polish on your fingernails.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would spend most of your time at home in your own small den beside your bedroom. And there is the desk where you do your homework, with the radio blasting away. All the older people have been yipping at you for years to find out how you study with that racket going on—but you do, and so do all your contemporaries, and all you can think is the older generation missed out by not getting used to radios early.

And in the desk drawer would be a store of chewing gum, which you hoard a little because you have a sweet tooth and try to curb it where candy is concerned. It's the gum your brother Jack brought you from the PX, where he is stationed, as a Sergeant in the Army Air Corps. Your brother George is the one who enlisted in the Marine Corps before the war and was in Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked (you don't like to remember that unhappy time until you heard he was safe) and now he's stationed in the Mojave desert.

In your den, too, are all the books that bring forth so many comments from visitors. They don't believe you read them all, but you do—the serious war books and the light, kid stuff too.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would have just experienced a disappointment. Your brother Jack eloped (with family permission) and that did you out of a chance to be in a wedding. Then, the other day, you were invited to your first wedding. It was Kim Hunter's and you were very excited. But the two mothers did not cry—and somehow that seemed very sad to you. And so you cried for them—just a little, one solitary tear creeping out between your lashes. And your boss, David O. Selznick, who was sitting in front of you, turned around and patted you—and you felt a little silly.

And there was no champagne. You weren't sure if you would have been offered a glass, had there been any—but the chocolate ice cream soda seemed an anti-climax. Anyone knows there should be champagne at weddings!

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd be very popular on sets and at school, and even at home. You wouldn't have any of that dreaded "temperament." And your only close friends would know that you are very polite indeed when you don't like someone and that the ones you like, you tease unmercifully. It's a mark of favoritism with you when that almost rapier wit is turned toward anyone nearby. But that poise of yours never seems to be shakeable and you've answered so many questions in your much-interviewed past that there isn't a question today that you can't answer or parry with the skill of anyone many, many years your senior.

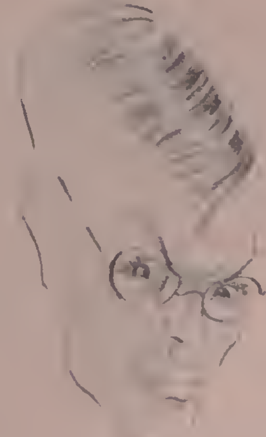
If you were Shirley Temple, you'd be five-feet-one-and-a-half-inches tall—and you'd insist on the half-inch being remembered. You'd still have the famous dimples; and a complexion that is the envy of everyone who sees you. Red would be your favorite color and you would be studying singing. Also you would experiment with salad dressings when a kitchen-mood hit you. And you wouldn't jitterbug; preferring soft, dreamy music and slow, smooth dancing.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would have a great capacity for work; would get a lot of fun out of life and look it. And you wouldn't want to be anyone but yourself—though perhaps, once in a very great while, you might vaguely consider how it would feel to be Betty Nobody. But you wouldn't waste much time thinking about that possibility, because you'd be much too busy growing up to be an even bigger movie star!

THE END

MOVIELAND'S

FIVE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH



BY JACK GRANT

MARK TWAIN

(Warner Bros.)

ACCOMPLISHING a humanized biography on the screen is no small trick in movie-making. The Warners are experienced in bringing to film life such men of exciting scientific achievements as Pasteur and Dr. Ehrlich. It remained to be seen whether as much could be done for a literary character like Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who wrote under the pen name of Mark Twain. The answer is an unforgettable picture which vividly demonstrates that another aspect of our great nation's story can be told through imperishable records of the love, laughter and tears of humble folk.

Clemens' life began in 1835 with the appearance of Halley's Comet. In 1910 he died as the Comet again emblazoned the skies. During the years between, the wit and humor of Mark Twain brightened the earth for his fellow human beings. His creation of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are traceable to his boyhood on the Mississippi. His "Celebrated Jumping Frog" was born of adventures in the gold rush.

Fredric March's impersonation of Mark Twain is the finest performance of his brilliant career. As Olivia, the woman he loved for years before their meeting and marriage, Alexis Smith comes charmingly into her own as a topflight actress. The rest of the characters are incidental although they number important personages of the period. For warm, delightful entertainment, don't miss this.

THE WHITE CLIFFS

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

THE effect upon women who sacrificed their loved ones to the horror of today's war is magnificently depicted in "The White Cliffs," which was inspired by Alice Duer Miller's eloquent poem of the same name. Inasmuch as the stirring emotional drama was produced by Sidney Franklin, who sponsored "Mrs. Miniver," you will naturally compare the two. They are tastefully fashioned of the same valiant cloth and bound in the traditions that have brought England deserved respect and esteem.

Irene Dunne, in a most memorable portrayal, appears as an American girl who is courted and won by an Englishman. He is Sir John Ashwood and his young wife has difficulties in adapting herself to British customs. The year is 1914 and, shortly after their marriage, he goes away to give his life in World War I. His son grows up to follow in his father's footsteps. The boy is a casualty of World War II. As he dies, his mother is left to pray for a "good peace—a peace that will stick—for God will never forgive us, neither in England nor in America, if we again break faith with our dead."

The English-speaking races have never been closer than they are today, and pictures of this calibre will solidify that understanding. In support of Irene Dunne's beautifully sensitive performance, Alan Marshal gives a splendid portrayal of Sir John. There are priceless characterizations by Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, C. Aubrey Smith and Dame May Whitty.

GOING MY WAY

(Paramount)

THIS is the inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby departs from the crooner's road to undertake the role of a Roman Catholic priest. Bing draws a superbly honest character with rollicking good humor and heart warming fidelity. His intimates call this priest "Father Chuck" and he shows the true precepts of a religion he preaches by joyously living it. He is a choirmaster who teaches his boys to sing "Three Blind Mice" before they learn "Silent Night," a sympathetic curate who withholds the information that he has been sent to take charge of the parish and replace the lovable old Father Fitzgibbon.

Barry Fitzgerald is wonderful as Father Fitzgibbon, a gruff stubbornly aging gentleman to whom the modern methods of "Chuck" are a trial. But St. Dominic's is a heavily mortgaged church in a New York neighborhood that no longer supports it. And "Chuck" has been charged with lifting that mortgage. How he achieves the task comprises a story that is a sheer delight, presented with rare delicacy under the direction of Leo McCarey, who is also credited with the original idea. "Going My Way" is a picture you will have to see or you will miss out on many discussions of cherished memories of its exquisite merits.

Music is effortlessly introduced by making Bing an amateur song writer and bringing in Rise Stevens to enact a star of the Metropolitan Opera, who helps him sell his songs. The youths he teaches to sing are played by the Robert Mitchell Boy choir.

BUFFALO BILL

(20th Century-Fox)

HEY, fellers, Injuns! Breathes there a man with youth so dead that he cannot remember the joys of playing cowboys and Indians. Today the boys of America are more taken with the exploits of Commandos and Marine Raiders. Yet the stories of the noble redmen offer thrilling chapters of Americana that will never be dimmed. And here in the saga of Buffalo Bill Cody, the most famous Indian fighter of history, is one of the very best of them all.

Naturally there is an air of excitement in any well-made tale of the Old West. This "Buffalo Bill" is a freehand portrait of the frontiersman in all of his strength and his weakness. At the start of the film, Cody is a scout at an Army post. He rescues the beautiful Louisa, daughter of a visiting senator, and after she traps him into an admission of love, they are married. Eastern "sportsmen" invade the West to shoot buffalo from passenger trains and bring about an Indian war. In a magnificent hand-to-hand battle at Hat Creek, the uprising is put down and Bill personally obtains the scalp of Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne chief. But his reputation is besmirched by the hunting powers he has offended, and much drama results.

Joel McCrea is swell as the picturesque Cody, Maureen O'Hara lovely as his wife, and Linda Darnell an interesting Indian girl. Also worthy are Thomas Mitchell as the fellow who wrote dime novels about Buffalo Bill, Edgar Buchanan as an old sergeant, and Anthony Quinn as the honorable antagonist, Yellow Hand.

FOLLOW THE BOYS

(Universal)

AT long last here's a picture that will give the general public some idea of the vast Hollywood volunteer enterprises which constitute the story of "soldiers in greasepaint," naturally not all of the story, but as much as could be told by more than fifty stars of screen, stage, radio and nightclubs. "Follow the Boys" is almost documentary in showing the mobilizations of talent to entertain our armed services at home and abroad.

George Raft plays an ex-vaudevillian who marries a filmland dancing star portrayed by Vera Zorina. In his character, Raft becomes one of the most active members of the Hollywood Victory Committee.

That brings us to Jeanette MacDonald singing for wounded men in an Irish hospital, Dinah Shore broadcasting around the world on the Command Performance programs, Orson Welles and Marlene Dietrich making with magic in a tent show, and W. C. Fields doing his billiard-table routine. At USO camp appearances, near and far, the diversity of talent runs from Artur Rubenstein, the concert pianist, to The Andrews Sisters; from Sophie Tucker's "Some of These Days" to Carmen Amaya's Gypsy troupe. The specialty you see Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan performing happened exactly as it is filmed. Equally true is the reenactment of what Martha O'Driscoll did to entertain the boys on her recent trip to the Aleutians. You must see "Follow the Boys" for your own morale, and for sheer fun.

YOUR PROBLEM and

BY Bonita Granville

Here's happy Bonita—Bun to her chums—leaving Movieland's offices with her first pile of letters from you to her.

CONVERSATION PIECE

Dear Miss Granville:

I am a girl who will soon be eighteen and people say I am pretty, but I am shy and suffer from an inferiority complex. Especially with boys. I have had very few dates and each one was awful for me to go through. Somehow I don't seem to be able to talk and can't find things to talk about.

My education is average, and I know conventional subjects to talk about, but they never seem to fit into what the others are talking about.

I want to have a good time, but somehow I don't seem to fit, and I don't want to miss the "teen age" fun. It seems I will if something isn't done about me soon. Can you help me?

Sincerely,
Madeleine

Dear Madeleine:

I well remember when I felt just like you do, and sometimes even now that same old feeling still happens to me.

I am eternally grateful for the advice given me by my mother on this subject. It has worked out beautifully and which I hope will help you too.

Mother carefully explained to me that an "inferiority complex" was the sign of a selfish and lazy person. She said that to meet people and to have them like you meant you must make a tremendous effort to please them. She told me how to be a good listener. This isn't easy, for you must be able to listen intelligently and to be able to ask the right questions. To be able to ask the right questions means you must be well informed on the subject under discussion.

I know a "date" is a very important thing to every girl. However, remember when you go on a date that you are going for mutual fun and your pleasant reaction to the happenings of the evening are your way of showing the young man you are happy in his company.

If you are natural in your reactions to things going on about you, you will have a good time and so will your companions. Try harder, be more natural, and if you don't know everything they are talking about, ask a few questions. Remember, everyone likes to be an authority. Work at being a friend and I am sure you will find your "inferiority complex" and shyness will vanish.

**Cordially,
Bonita**

FRIENDS TOO CAREFUL

Dear Bonita:

I am a girl suffering from infantile paralysis. The disease left me with one leg shorter than the other and my left arm is not as mobile as it used to be. I am luckier than most people who get this dread disease, for I can take care of the leg problem with built-up shoes and no one notices my arm too much.

However, I do have a problem. It is one of pity. Everyone is especially careful around me not to call attention to my infirmities. It is very embarrassing for I would not notice them myself except that everyone is always making a special and noticeable effort not to notice them, which really does call attention to my trouble. Thus I find myself not wanting to go out and meet new people.

My family do everything to try to make things easier for me at home, and I am perfectly capable of doing my share, but when I try, I suddenly find myself sitting down and being waited on. I don't want to hurt people's feelings for they are trying to be kind, but they are more of a hindrance than a help.

What would you suggest that I do.

Sincerely,
Marie P.

Dear Marie:

Your attitude is to be admired and I am sure you can work out your problem yourself. If I can help you in this letter I shall be happy and hope you will let me hear from you again.

I would talk frankly to my family about their desire to help you and explain your wishes more thoroughly. Don't let them make a cripple of you. Your fine spirit proves that you are not.

Another thing I would suggest is that you find some charitable work. Perhaps you could answer the phone at a USO or Red Cross, anything that will get you out of the house and meeting people who will help you be more independent. I feel that your outside activity will give you the freedom from the hindering help of sympathetic people.

My kindest wishes to you.

**Cordially,
Bonita**

PEOPLE ARE TALKING

Dear Bun:

I am sixteen and have a problem to ask you about. I have been going out a lot for the last six months, and people are beginning to talk about me.

You see I neck with the boys. Nothing bad really—just kissing. I don't see any harm in it. It really doesn't mean a thing and I can't see why people think it is so terrible. After all what is the harm of giving a boy a couple of kisses after you have had a nice evening with him? I think you should show him that you had a good time and then he will ask you to go out again. My girl friend thinks I am a fast stepper and I tell her she is wrong. What do you think?

Yours truly,
Geraldine

Dear Geraldine:

I think there is no harm in kissing a fellow you like very much However, I do think it is right to be choosey whom you kiss. Remember, you may like another fellow tomorrow, and another the next day, and your life will become a kissing bee unless you watch out.

I always believe that a man places a woman on a pedestal. It is the woman who climbs down, not the man who drags her down. Men are meticulous creatures and like their women to be fine, pure and clean. It has been this way since the world began. Who are we to change it?

Goody-goody girls are dull, but a nice natural girl who is a good companion is what the boys really want. I am afraid if you go on kissing all the boys you will find that they kiss you and take the other girls out. Save your kisses for your nice future husband and learn meanwhile to be a companion to boys.

**Sincerely,
Bonita**

LOVELY SKIN

Dear Bonita:

I am having skin trouble. Your skin on the screen and in your pictures in the magazines looks lovely and I thought you might have some beauty secret that keeps it that way.

My skin seems to break out all the time and I have blackheads that are very embarrassing and unsightly.

This is the treatment I have been using: I never use anything on my face but cream. Each night I remove my make-up carefully with a liquid cream and lots of face tissues. Then I use an astringent lotion to get the grease off. My face was worse when I used soap and water so I went back to the cream.

Now I have to wear a heavy make-up base to cover up the sores on my face, but the bumps still show. I know you use lots of make-up when you work in pictures. How do you keep your skin so nice?

Sincerely,
Caroline H.

Dear Caroline:

I sympathize with you. Your problem can be solved if you learn to take care of your skin properly.

It seems to me you are having basic trouble. First you should wash your face with mild toilet soap and warm—not hot—water. This should be done morning and night and *thoroughly*. Then rinse your face with cold water to help close the pores. Bumps and blemishes are almost always the result of over-oily skin; stay away from lubricating creams and lotions.

You might find it beneficial to omit face make-up occasionally and get lots of sun and fresh air. If you *are* using make-up, remember that cake or liquid powder is excellent for oily skin. Of course there are special "concealing" creams, heavy, opaque and tinted, that will cover obvious blemishes. For a month go on a diet of just proper foods, lots of vegetables, lean meats, fruit and milk. No pastries or sweets. Drink lots of water. If you really do this I am sure your face will clear up, but I know of no other method that will help.

If you continue to take good care of you—and your skin—I am sure you will get results. However, if you are actually suffering from acne, you should consult a skin specialist.

I hope I have helped you.

Bonita

MINE

If you are in your teens or early twenties, you have a problem. It may be a big one, involving love, sickness or marriage, war loneliness or even an injury. It may be a small one, one concerning make-up, or how to dress, or how to wear your hair. But certainly being young, you have a problem, because youth never has quite time enough to work everything satisfactorily, as some times age does.

Whatever your problem, Bonita Granville is here, using the pages of Movieland to help you. Bonita, as you know, is a wise, attractive young thing, who faces many of your same problems and who solves them intelligently.

Address your problem to Miss Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

FIRST INTERVIEW

Dear Miss Granville:

I am graduating from high school this year. I'm a commercial student, and I am going to look for a job. With the shortage of good office help I am sure I can get a salary of thirty dollars a week instead of starting at the usual eighteen-fifty.

One thing that worries me though, is how to apply for a job. I just don't seem to be able to bring myself to even apply. There are so many dos and don'ts in the instructions our teacher gave us that I am scared.

Another thing, I am not as pretty as most of the girls and I am sure that I will have a handicap in that. What do you do when you go to interview for a job in pictures?

Sincerely,
Caroline H.

Dear Caroline:

The foremost thing you must remember is that you are looking for a job, not going out on a social occasion. Your future employer is looking for efficient help in his firm, not for a pretty dinner companion.

You should dress simply and nicely, have your hair dressed in a becoming and plain manner, and conduct yourself quietly and efficiently.

State your experience or schooling simply, tell the truth about your ability and be objective in your statements. Rather than say, "I type well, but my shorthand is only 100" simply tell him your typing is excellent and your dictation is 100. Leave out the "only."

A trick I have, when I am nervous on a job interview is to take a deep breath as I enter the room. It seems to give me a confidence. I remember, too, that I am applying for the job, not the boss.

Lots of us are not as pretty as other girls but by taking advantage of our best features and having a reasonably pleasant nature, we get along. Everyone can't be a raving tearing beauty and lots of other things count much more, so stop worrying about your appearance.

Yours truly,
Bonita

BETTER LETTERS

Dear Bonita:

This may seem strange to you but I want to know how to write a good letter. Most of my friends are overseas and I try to write to them all the time but I don't get answers from them. My girl friends get replies and I know it is because I don't know how to write a proper letter. I have read your answers in Movieland to the letters sent in to you and they seem to hit the point, so perhaps you could tell me what is wrong with my letter writing. Enclosed is a letter that I wrote to a boy overseas. What is wrong with it? I think my problem is one that many other girls have and maybe you can help us.

Thank you sincerely.

Mary R.

Dear Mary:

The trick on a good letter is to be interested in your subject. In a friendly letter you should write as you talk. If you talk well then your letter will be interesting.

Don't write letters unless you really feel the urge. Write with a sense of humor and with your mind on the things that will interest the person who is going to receive it.

It seems to me when you write to boys overseas, you should tell them what has been happening at home. Write the things that are cheerful and forget the sad or unpleasant things that are going on. Try to be breezy and interesting.

Your enclosed letter was a good one, but a bit stilted. The next time you write make believe you are talking. You'll find that a big help.

Write often. The boys overseas need the letters.

Yours truly,
Bonita

WANTS TO HELP

Dear Bonita:

My name is Ralph and I am ten years old. I wondered if you knew of anything that I and the boys in my gang could do this summer vacation to help the war effort. My mother says we can't go away on vacation this year but that we must stay home because of the war.

I thought you might know of something that little boys could do. We may be little in age but we are strong enough and big enough to do something that would help the war and keep us busy and maybe even earn some money.

Could you think of something we could do?

RALPH AND THE GANG

Hello Ralph:

You sound like the boy who lives down the street from us. He had your problem and this is how he solved it. He has been collecting paper for the scrap drive. He helps with his school collecting and then does work with the neighborhood group.

He told me the other day that he was working hard on his arithmetic so he could work in the grocery store this summer helping in the vegetable stand. He is going to run errands and do lots of things this summer that the older boys have done before.

Talk to your mother. Perhaps she will have some suggestions, or perhaps your daddy may be able to tell you what you should do. Discuss this with them, and I am sure they will be able to tell you what you can do.

My love to you,
Bonita

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 16.

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MARIA MONTEZ

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

instinctively would love to share all she possesses with any friend. With those few who have not exploited her trust and who have seen through her quick temper and not taken it seriously Maria gives complete queen's devotion.

This is a period of abrupt change for Maria. Through the tragedies of others (probably some of this is her loneliness for her husband, Pierre Aumont, now serving with the Free French) she has found new understanding, acquired new vision and planned a new goal. After May 1944 things will be vastly different for Maria since she herself will be a different person with a wider comprehension of the realities of living. Late summer will bring more meaning to domesticity to her and her time will be happily spent there. One possible thing may prevent this. The needs of others can induce her to make a journey. This may be an event as impersonal as a War Bond Tour.

If Maria will advance beyond petty jealousies and studio difficulties, 1944 can be one of her best years. Deeper demands on her abilities as an actress and greater and more interesting roles will be Maria's. There is every indication that she will make clever use of her opportunities. Success lies in her hands, but while she has a swift grasp of events, she must have time to make up her mind definitely. Therefore, while Maria may hesitate, she must remember to control whatever instability of thought and action she feels left over from the entanglements of 1943.

The transitting planets throughout the year hold the dominant will, cause much to be demanded of her both as a star and as a woman, by her public. She should come through with brilliance and achieve a depth of character which will astonish her fondest fans.

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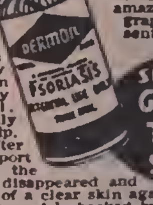

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NEWS ABOUT
BING CROSBY
DINAH SHORE
SONNY TUFTS
JOAN CRAWFORD

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

ASSORTED STYLE QUEENS

Joan Crawford tells this story on herself and I love it.

One of our most deluxe dressmakers is the very amusing Howard Greer, who is also an honorable gent who doesn't like to sell too many copies of his exclusive gowns to too many rival queens.

Joan had bought his newest bare-midriff gown, a very sophisticated number for a very sophisticated lady.

A week later, Howard called to say another star wanted a copy of the gown and was it all right if he sold it.

Joan asked who was the star.

"Shirley Temple," said Howard.

Joan said go ahead, but she can't wait until she and Miss Temple walk into the same room somewhere wearing that same dress. She wants to watch the men's faces.

AH, THE PAIN OF IT

We've told you before that Sonny Tufts and his wife lived in an auto court for months before they found a house. But then came the problem of the telephone. Sonny says he used to think that being a movie star could work wonders with anything. But the Telephone Episode changed his mind.

Mister Tufts asked the phone company to make an installation. They were sorry, but no. Then he wheedled, then he coaxed, then he went to Buddy DeSylva, Paramount head. Mr. DeSylva tried, and the telephone company was still sorry, but no.

One day the Tufts had a carpenter doing some repair work around the house, and Sonny mentioned his telephone problem.

"I'll fix that, bud," said the carpenter. "Don't you worry. I'll speak to my girl friend."

The next day the Tufts had a telephone.

The carpenters girl friend works for the telephone company.

CATCHING UP ON CROSBY

The thing about Bing is that he doesn't tell everything he knows. He wants to make a bond tour, but the powers in Washington have too much on hand for him to do right in Hollywood. But what doesn't get into print are things like these:

There are many, many times when Bing takes an unauthorized trip to the hospitals. He just drops in and sings for the wounded boys. More money goes from Bing's pocket for charity than even Bing has counted. No cash paid for sacred songs sung by Bing goes into the Crosby bank account. That money goes to the church. And as for helping the other fellows—well, at one time when Sinatra was just another singer, Frankie was singing at a radio station next door to Paramount. He had a friend by the name of Crosby who boosted Sinatra into the Paramount lot where Sinatra got some jobs for awhile.

BLISSFUL WEEKS

Before George Montgomery was transferred to duty in Texas, he and his lovely bride, Dinah Shore, spent three blissful weeks hunting antiques for their new tiny house they had purchased. Now Dinah is hanging the curtains by herself. Her letters to George contain snapshots of the progress of the house and his to her are filled with suggestions as to things he would like. One thing she has dutifully done. She has planted six rows of onions in the victory garden. They are George's favorite food. Incidentally, Dinah is a really superb cook.

REDUCE FAT

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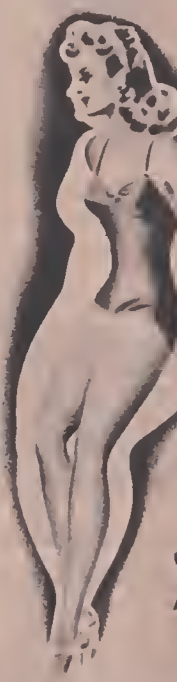
Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.



Something New & Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

REDUCE
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NEWS ABOUT
CARY GRANT
CLARK GABLE
CRAIG REYNOLDS

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

SPECIAL INGREDIENT

You've no doubt noticed that men in professional or private life who are killers with the ladies usually go over like a lead balloon with the men. There are exactly two gents in Hollywood who are exceptions. The first is Captain Clark Gable who, with all the ladies charmed to a frenzy, still gets an enthusiastic okay from all the men. The other notable is Cary Grant. On a set at RKO just recently, I watched the whole crew drop their work and give Cary the handshake. It's a special ingredient that can't be put into words. Gable and Grant have it.

Incidentally, when Gable had to visit Paramount the other day, in connection with the war films he is making, every girl in the place left her work. They lined up across the lot to see Vitamin G. Clark just grinned and saluted.

PURPLE HEART FOR HERO

There's a very handsome star that you saw up until four years ago as one of the top-notchers at Warner Bros., Craig Reynolds by name. Before we went into war he could see the war clouds forming and enlisted in the Marines to do his bit.

He had a lot of tough times. He was in the original landing on Guadalcanal. He worked his way up from the ranks, from Pfc. to First Lieutenant. Then he got too close to a bomb. Today he wears the Purple Heart, the good conduct stripes and two Presidential Citations.

Today, with his leg in a brace, he's been honorably discharged, and has just signed a seven-year contract with RKO.

While he was recuperating in Navy hospitals, he put his story down on paper—double spaced. A book titled "I Came Back" by Craig Reynolds is the result. Craig is now hoping to sell the picture rights to RKO and hopes to play the lead himself. Now that he is a civilian again, now that he has a new pretty wife (Barbara Pepper), now that there's enough food and rest and no fear of bombs bursting around him, he looks back on the days when he never expected to feel American life again, and says, "It's all like a dream. It's funny, but I can't believe this normal life is mine."

Those love birds again, John Loder and the gorgeous Hedy Lamarr. They always beam on one another as they're doing here.

Lana Turner and Steve Crane were all smiles when this picture was snapped, but that was before Lana announced separation.

Spring had nothing to do with this love affair. It's the happy Brian Donlevys. They have already progressed to a family.

Still more Hollywood love birds, those sophisticates Joan Crawford and Phil Terry. Note Crawford's new hair-do. Isn't it chic?

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND

Ginger Rogers writes a diary which any magazine would give their eye teeth to get. It is assembled once a week and sent to her husband, Jack Briggs, in the South Pacific.

Ginger clips together lots of pages of V-mail and carries them in her purse, and whenever she has a moment she adds a sentence or two. Jack wrote her one week and said everything sounded very interesting and it was like a serial, and by the way, pages four and seven hadn't arrived yet and he wondered what had happened to the people Ginger had been writing about.

Ginger is proudly showing a snapshot of Jack taken on duty. He is sprouting a mustache and looking very dapper. Ginger prefers him plain-shaven, but he threatens to come home with a full beard.

SMALL FRY FLURRY

The sub-deb darling of all Hollywood right now is Margaret O'Brien, out at M-G-M. With her "Lost Angel" knocking the box-office gay, young Margaret is getting the real star treatment.

The other day a very pretty girl came calling on her set. Margaret, like any other child about a studio, is accustomed to very pretty girls, so she barely glanced up at this particularly sweet one. Her director introduced them, Miss Sixteen-Year-Old to Miss Less-Than-Six.

"Margaret," said Director Clarence Brown, "this is Shirley Temple."

Margaret said how-do-you-do and that was that. She was too young to have heard of Shirley.

The following day, remembering the Temple episode, no one expected the small bombshell that hit the place when a pale, thin young man appeared.

Margaret rushed over to her mother. "Oh, why didn't you tell me?" she demanded. "Here I am, with my old dress on, and Frank Sinatra comes calling!"

LETTER CATCHES UP

When players go overseas they are given an APO just like any member of the armed services. Traced through an APO number, Ray Milland caught up with John Wayne in New Caledonia. That same day Ray received a V-mail letter from Jimmy Cagney, somewhere in the European theater of war. Jimmy's letter contained diagram for dance routine for Ray, which Jimmy hadn't had time in Hollywood to map out for

GEE WHIZ DEPARTMENT

Deanna Durbin is becoming, or determined to become the town's fashion plate. Recently at the Howard Greer dress opening, she ordered thirty-eight complete changes, then marched across the street to the Kenneth Hopkins hat show and ordered twenty-eight hats to go with them.

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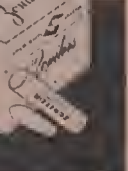

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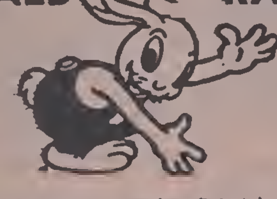

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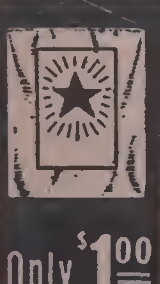

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ACADEMY AWARDS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

My wife has two brothers, one fighting, unfortunately, in the Hungarian Army, but the other with the United States in the South Pacific. So, as I stood up, she whispered, 'Say hello to Joe.'

"And when I made my speech, I felt I must thank Miss Hellman, who wrote the play, and Mr. Shumlin, the producer who gave me the opportunity of being in it. For, as you know, the play's the thing and good parts make good actors.

"Daisy and I stayed awhile at the Mocambo party and then went home and talked until four in the morning. We discussed our years together—all that had happened—and how far I had come from the little village in Hungary where I was born.

"We talked, too, about a place to put Oscar and decided, in the fullness of the moment, that the apartment where we live is not good enough for him. We would have to build a fine house for him.

"Then, as this led into a discussion of how many bathrooms and where and how big a living-room and how elaborate a play-room and how grand a swimming-pool he would need, Oscar gradually assumed the proportions of a monster, so we sensibly decided to put him up on the mantel in the modest and very comfortable place where we are now."

To Charles Coburn went the greatly deserved Award for the best performance by an actor in a supporting role. (See page 40 for more details on Mr. Colburn.)

"I really was surprised," the jovial Charles said. "As a matter of fact, I didn't think too much about it beforehand. I was up for it another year and because of my disappointment then, I was prepared to lose this time. That other time, though, my regret was much tempered by the fact that I lost the honor to that very fine actor, Donald Crisp. Had I lost it to a bad actor, I would have felt very much worse.

"So when Jack Benny called my name, I was startled. I had prepared no speech and must admit butterflies were fluttering around inside me on my way up to the stage.

"But I was saved by the jokes Jack had been making about his picture, "George Washington Slept Here," which *he* thought should have won the Award. Of course, as a running gag, no one he talked to had even seen the picture, but, luckily I had—because I was in it. So I managed some joking reference and ended up with 'After fifty years of service in the theatre, from program-boy to this——' "

Mr. Coburn looked around the sunny, spacious, cheerful apartment where he has lived since he came to Hollywood from the stage six years ago. On the walls are pictures of the theatre's great people who are his friends, and in his library big scrapbooks of clippings and records of the stage. There is an honored place being prepared for Oscar in this room. He will stand between a framed Master of Letters degree awarded Mr. Coburn by Union Col-

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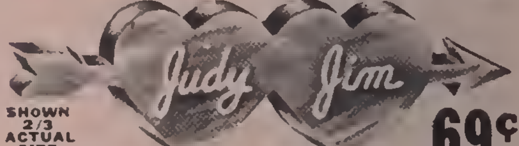

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CABALA CURIO CO., Dept. 27-P
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Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens. He's out of uniform now, and they're still engaged. Marriage for this happy couple will wait until Craig's career is established however.

lege and a citation from the Government for his efforts and help in entertaining servicemen in this great War.

"I am extremely serious about the honor the Academy and my fellow-workers have bestowed on me," he said. "The art of the theatre is ephemeral, but the art of the screen is permanent. It is a definite, preservable record that may be seen and re-seen, to be judged on its merits as it stands.

"I only wish——" he paused and his eyes reddened with quick tears," that Mrs. Coburn might have shared this happiness with me."

His spontaneous and sincere tribute to the splendid woman who shared his life and career for so many years and whose passing has left an emptiness that no honor or success can fill, was touching and tender. It made me feel as if I had unwittingly walked into a very private and treasured room.

In awarding Katina Paxinou the honor for the best supporting actress, America again proves her great heart and genuine fairness. For Miss Paxinou is a refugee from Greece and her portrayal of Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was her first appearance on the screen in this country.

When we met at Paramount she was carrying Oscar in a brown paper sack. He and she were going to have their pictures taken together.

"How do I feel about it?" she repeated my question gaily. "Why should I tell you a beeg lie? I am threeled—threeled to the very inside of me! And why should I tell you a beeg lie about what I did the day of the Award? Should I tell you I read or knitted an afghan or crocheted a doily? No, I weel not. I weel tell you the truth: I spent the entire day in the beauty parlor getting lovely! Of course.

"And my dress I had designed by Adrian. It is of the color of Pilar's dress, but it is draped in the Greek fashion. And all that day I could not eat. I could not rest. The day was s-o-o long—and so short. I kept whispering my leetle speech—just in case, eef, *eef* I get the Award, you understand—over and over by the clock to see eef it took the thirty seconds that would be allowed. But no, it was always forty-five seconds and that made me feel worse.

"And then we got to the theatre. My dear husband, Alexis Minotis, was even more upset than I all that day. I would tell him to be calm. I would say, *'Eef* we get it' and he would say, 'But we *must* get it.'

"Well, he would not sit with me, but engaged two seats in another part of the theatre, where he sat with a very old friend of ours. I could see him, though: he had his hand over his eyes and would peek at me through his fingers. It made me feel very bad.

"And then they started and I listened, with waves and waves of nervousness going over me. But, can you believe it, when Theresa Wright said my name, *I did not hear it!*

"The first I knew was dear Preston Sturges turning around from his seat in front of me. He was laughing and clapping his hands and crying, 'Go on, Katina—it's *you!*'

"Then, my feet like lead and my knees shaking so that even Adrian's beautiful gown must have trembled, I climbed those steps and said my speech. I tried to remember the thirty seconds and I tried to speak to those brave boys who are fighting everywhere in the world for us and I tried to remember my tortured Greece. They tell me I did, for in a half-minute it was all over.

"Afterward we went to Mocambo to that lovely party. We all ordered steaks—beeg, thick steaks—and ate as if we hadn't seen food for a week.

"And we drank champagne and people came to say how glad they were. Lovely people whom I had never met before—beautiful, gracious Norma Shearer, exquisite Lana Turner. It was very wonderful.

"At half-past four in the morning we got home and there was the telephone ringing. It was my fine doctor who made me well from that very dangerous illness. And there was Tommy, my great Dane, with a very special welcome. I am sure he knew as well as anyone. And there was Josephine, my maid, waiting up, all smiles and gladness. It was my life's happiest time!"

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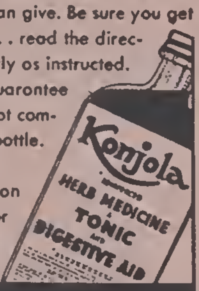

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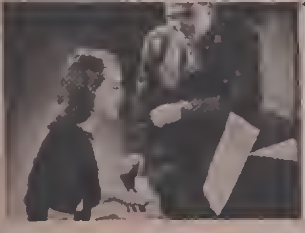

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FRANK SINATRA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

the thing was taking.

In the next scene, Gloria de Haven arrived in a taxi and rushed up to Frank and dragged him away before his shine was finished. They had trouble with this one, too. Either Gloria or Frank would step off their mark, or Gloria would come in too soon, or too late, or the cab would enter at the wrong time, or once more, Frank would miss his lines.

Sinatra has always said that he would rather sing anything in the world, and it must be true. While he was being lighted, and every time there was a minute or two wait before the camera, he sang little snatches of current tunes. He cut up with the electricians and grips. One of them asked him how he happened to have so much pep on such a horrible day. "Vitamins, my good man, those ever-lovin' vitamins."

It got, somehow, to be noon. Gloria de Haven, who is the Swooner's leading lady in "Room Service," was back to work for the first time since a bout with the measles. We three, Gloria, Frank and I, braved our way to the commissary. We probably could have arrived quicker via rowboat. It took us fully five minutes to get to our table. Frank stopped every few feet to answer to "hellos." The waitress seemed to have her own private campaign to make him gain weight. She suggested all manner of things hip-enlarging, but he settled for chicken broth, frankfurt and baked beans, and coffee.

A group of advertising men connected with the Hit Parade program were eating at the next table and one of them called to Frank and shook his finger at him. Frank looked at the package of cigarettes he had absent-mindedly picked up at the table. "I can just hear Barry Wood on the Hit Parade next week," he said blushingly.

Lunch chit-chat took us back to New Jersey. Frank talked about his family—how he missed them, how he was looking forward to seeing Swooner Junior for the first time. He said he had spoken to his four-year-old daughter Nancy on the telephone, and she had asked him. "When are you coming home, Daddy? Please come soon, because my baby brother is so cute!" He plans a good basic foundation for Nancy in music and perhaps study the harp, one of his favorite instruments.

"I'm probably guilty of spoiling her, but I can't help it," Frank added.

He hopes to buy a house in the San Fernando Valley and move the whole family to California for good, unusual weather notwithstanding.

"The climate out here is so good for kids," he said. "It's a swell place for them to grow up."

He plans to keep his home in New Jersey, however, which he calls The House That The Voice Built.

The conversation shifted to Bing Crosby. Frank told us how much fun he had had doing a Command Performance broadcast with Bing and Dinah Shore. There was one gag in the script that "broke" him up completely. Dinah and Bing were discussing Sinatra and Dinah said, "You know, Bing, a singer like Sinatra only comes along once in a lifetime."

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Whereupon Crosby replied, "Yeah, but why did he have to come along in my lifetime?"

Frank's reverence for "The Groaner" is really something. "I don't know how that ridiculous feud business ever got started," he said. "Listening to Bing gave me my first desire to become a singer, and it was actually because of him that I decided to take it seriously."

Lunch over, we hurdled a couple of rivers and puddled our way back to the stage. Frank was given a quick makeup retouching and was back before the camera. Then things really began to boil. Every minute he wasn't before the camera was taken up with something. He signed pictures for members of the crew, mainly for their daughters; he was asked umpteen times for tickets to his various broadcasts; he signed autographs for visiting soldiers and ladies from out of town; he posed for still pictures; and Jerome relayed one telephone message after another.

Axel Stordahl, Sinatra's arranger and conductor, arrived and went into a huddle with Frank on an arrangement for one of the new tunes in the picture. Frank considers Axel to be just about the perfect orchestrator.

"You know, I don't know one note from the other, I don't know anything about chords, and I can't read music, but I'm going to take piano lessons one of these days and find out what really cooks."

The swooner's knowledge of classical music amazed me because he doesn't look the type. At his home in New Jersey he has five hundred albums of the longhair variety, including a complete collection of Richard Wagner's compositions. Wagner is his favorite. His knowledge and enthusiasm made me realize that Sinatra's success, in his field, was more than mere accident.

Frank and I were aroused from our rhythmic conversation by the peremptory command of the "still" man to "Move over here a minute for a couple of shots." It was the inevitable business of posing for a photographer, to which by this time he has become thoroughly accustomed. The shutters clicked and the flash bulbs popped as we continued our conversation, for Frank has learned the knack of taking everything in his stride. "One more, please," said the photographer. (They'll do it every time.) "Yeah, hurry it up," called Tim Whelan, the director, "or it'll be March 15th."

"Which is one date I don't want to be reminded of," answered the still man, "but I guess you don't like to think about that either, eh Frank?"

Sinatra looked serious a moment and then said, "No, as a matter of fact I don't mind thinking about it at all. I am in the highest income bracket and I pay ninety cents out of every dollar in taxes. But I'll tell you something—it gives me a swell feeling to know that I can do it. Other kids are beating their brains out in the jungles dodging Jap snipers or storming beachheads and machine gun nests."

Frank met each problem and situation with the same ease with which he sings. If he didn't operate in that easy-going manner I don't know how he could stand the pace.

There is a Sinatra temper lurking in the background, although he says he doesn't lose it unless there is a good reason—and then look out! For ex-

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ample, he told me, "One thing that really upset me—and it wasn't a big thing at all. The laundry situation out here is murder! For Christmas I received two dozen beautifully monogramed pure linen handkerchiefs, and I'll be darned if they didn't lose every single one of them. I hit the ceiling!"

On the other hand, The Voice knows how and likes to kid himself. Just before a closeup, the cameraman called to Frank that his nose was shiny. The lusty Sinatra baritone screamed, "Rembrandt—the paint!"

As the makeup man began to make with the comb, Frank warned him, "Don't touch that lock on my forehead. If I lose that, I'm finished in show business."

It was four now, and time for Frank to leave for rehearsal for his Lux Radio show at six. The character from the parking lot had delivered Frank's station wagon to the wrong gate. So we waited, trying as best we could to stand under the narrow shelter from the unwelcome moisture above the gate house. The RKO schoolroom is a few steps from the gate. When the inmates looked through the window and discovered that Sinatra, in person, not a motion picture, was there in the rain, out they came in a body for autographs. Frank signed every book, and when the last child had scurried back inside and the car had not yet arrived, the Sinatra temper began to seep through. We had been there almost ten minutes. Frank, like his rebellious lock of hair, began to look a bit ruffled. The whole Lux cast was waiting for him to rehearse. P.S.—the car came and we were off before any fireworks started.

It's only about a mile from RKO studios to the CBS Playhouse on Vine Street. I couldn't help thinking, as we drove, that probably nowhere else in the world, have so many careers and success stories had their rise and fall than within those few short blocks in the heart of Hollywood.

"You're on top of the ladder today, Frank, but how does the future look to you?" I asked him bluntly. "Do you think you'll last?"

"I don't think about that," he answered simply and honestly. "I just always do the best job I know how and if, as time goes by, something should happen, I'll do something else and do that the best I know how. I think the most important thing is to be a good human being." He said it with such sincerity you couldn't doubt it any more than you doubt that he sings directly to you and you and you, when his voice comes over your radio whispering of moonlight and roses.

In the parking lot adjoining the Playhouse, where Frank regularly parks his car on broadcast days, a loyal, steadfast Sinatra fan, dressed exactly as a Sinatra fan should look, came up to the car and handed him a single Cecil Brunner rose, wrapped in tissue paper. Frank told me that "come hail or high water," she is always there before every show, and always with a rose.

Frank apologized to the group of fans waiting by the stage door for not being able to sign their books because he was late for rehearsal. Two minutes after we were inside, Frank had his script in hand and was before the microphone, reading his lines and going over his songs. A few minutes later he walked off the stage and asked Jerome to get him some hot tea. He

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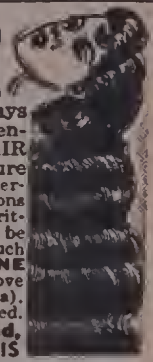

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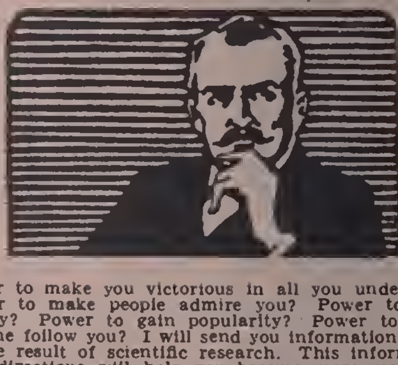

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had barely finished with the word "tea" when a mob of song pluggers, those unnamed heroes of popular song successes, who prefer to be called music representatives, descended upon him like a host of hungry locusts advancing on an alfalfa patch.

"Listen to this lyric, Frank,"—"Did you hear Bing sing this last Thursday?"—"Frank, here's a natural," came in a profusion of words, snatches of tunes and gestures.

"Yes, I know,"—"I'll try,"—"Okay, Happy,"—"Sounds good," said Frank as he kept edging toward his dressing room and the orange pekoe.

With a few sips of tea under his belt he went into dress rehearsal of the show and then the broadcast itself. The echoes of Frank's last goodnight to the radio audience died away in the countless millions of loudspeakers across this great nation.

It was seven o'clock in California.

"Well, that's that," said Frank. "Now for a fast steak."

We headed for Chasen's, one of Hollywood's better beef emporiums. At last, I thought, this poor guy can have some food and a few minutes in peace. But I was wrong. We were no sooner in the door than confusion was upon us. The ever-present photographers snapped pictures as we went to our table. As the waiter handed Frank a menu, he also begged for a couple of autographs. All through the dinner people descended upon the tired swooner. We grabbed mouthfuls of food between the snatches of high pressure selling.

"Frank, I've been trying to see you about this song,"—"Did you get my message about the party?"—"I missed you at CBS, but I was wondering if . . ."— "Oh, Mr. Sinatra, you're my favorite singer, would you please sign my book?"—"Frank, could you look over here for one more shot?"

This was too much for me.

"Goodnight, Frank—it's been swell," I said weakly. "Please forgive me—but Man, I'm beat!"

The crowd closed in about The Voice, not remotely noticing my departure. I crawled to my car and headed for home.

Whew!

THE END

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(Continued from page 12)

COVER GIRL (Columbia) is a grand musical extravaganza hampered by that routine plot which concerns the two talented, so-in-love hoofers, only one of whom gets the big break. So they separate. The girl goes on to glory. But you know love! Sure, it triumphs!

The dancing of Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly is among the finest ever filmed. With Phil Silvers as a third partner, they step high, wide and handsome down a street to the tune of "Make Way For Tomorrow," one of seven new hit songs written for the show by Jerome Kern and Ira Gershwin. Then Gene follows this imaginative routine by doing a solo magically performed with the shadow of his alter-ego. It stops the show cold.

The finale is a stunning revue number that brings forth the fifteen cover beauties recruited by the studio for this gorgeous Technicolor spectacle. Scoring in supporting roles are Eve Arden, Otto Kruger, Lee Bowman and Leslie Brooks.

LADIES COURAGEOUS (Universal) is the first screen story about the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, a group of only twenty-five girls who bravely pioneered a valued service in which several hundred of their sisters currently flying as the Women's Airforce Service Pilots. The Wafs had to prove themselves before the Army was willing to accept them as Wasps, and the thing they had to overcome was a military prejudice against women in important assignments.

Loretta Young appears as the leader of the intrepid band of twenty-five and she brings a fine sincerity to her role. Geraldine Fitzgerald enacts Loretta's sister whose grandstanding stunt of calling attention to herself by trick flying nearly puts the Wafs into disrepute. Anne Gwynne, Evelyn Ankers, June Vincent and Lois Collier play other members of the group. Hard to believe is the flirtation in which

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Loretta's husband prefers Diana Barrymore. But all in all, "Ladies Courageous" is a good movie about a previously untold work of women in the war.

THE NAVY WAY (Paramount) will give you a comprehensive glimpse of what goes on at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, an institution with traditions that match those of Annapolis and West Point. Yet Great Lakes is a location new to the screen.

Here Robert Lowery, a cocky prize fighter, Bill Henry, a son of wealth, Roscoe Karns, a mild-mannered clerk, Richard Powers, a sturdy Westerner, and Larry Nunn, a kid whose family has always been Navy, go through boot camp. Jean Arthur has a brief part as a Wave, and Robert Armstrong is a C.P.O. As the result of his performance, Lowery looks like a grade A bet for stardom.

THE FALCON OUT WEST (RKO) never rises above the average in this fairly popular detective series. Tom Conway continues in the title role. He gets out West on the trail of the killer of a millionaire rancher who seemingly drops dead from snake bite in a New York nightclub. There's a second murder before the case is solved, but none of it is particularly exciting.

LADIES IN WASHINGTON (20th Century-Fox) are not very ladylike, if we are to believe this program picture. One of the girls in Mother Henry's overcrowded boarding house gets a nice doctor involved in a shooting. The victim, however, turns out to have been a foreign agent, so all is forgiven. Trudy Marshall, Sheila Ryan, Anthony Quine and a newcomer named Ronald Graham. You can forget all about it.

YOU CAN'T RATION LOVE (Paramount) is one of those minor college musicals which tries being funny. It is supposed to be hilarious when the girl students work out a point rationing system to combat the shortage of male dates. Betty Rhodes and Johnnie Johnston, whom you know to be engaging kids, are the leading co-eds. Marjorie Weaver, who has been absent from Hollywood for some time, gives them trouble. Marie Wilson is in to act dumb.

BERMUDA MYSTERY (20th Century-Fox) should have been so much better than it is. There is a first-class problem in detection proposed when members of a group of six old cronies start dropping dead from poisoned cigarettes. The suspicions of Ann Rutherford, whose uncle was one of these men, involves Preston Foster, a big-time detective, in the case. He solves it, of course, but not until there has been a lot of painfully playful dialogue.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

THE PURPLE HEART (20th Century-Fox) a smashing depiction of Japanese atrocities in the shocking trial of the eight captured Americans who bombed Tokyo.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (MGM) first highly enjoyable comedy of rookies in training. Robert Walker a hit in the title role.

PHANTOM LADY (Universal) a little murder mystery that is scoring a surprise success which it richly deserves.

THE SULLIVANS (20th Century-Fox) the true and gloriously inspiring story of the home life of five lovable, scrappy American boys.

A GUY NAMED JOE (MGM) dedicated to the heartening notion that "pilots never die," but return to earth as guides to tyro aviators. Distinguished fantasy with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson.

UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO) for its musical comedy introduction to a terrific entertainer named Danny Kaye. There's Dinah Shore, too.

THE UNINVITED (Paramount) Gail Russell is a shining new star in a love story of the supernatural that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Century-Fox) a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones gives a beautiful performance.

MADAME CURIE (MGM) Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium.

JANE EYRE (20th Century-Fox) Charlotte Brontë's classic novel is filmed unforgettably. Superbly performed by Joan Fontaine.

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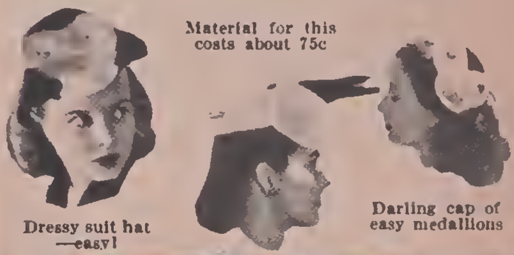
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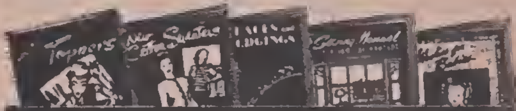

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WOMEN'S WAR WORK

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

are familiar with the views of every columnist who writes for the daily papers. So I talked and listened, talked and listened, for hours.

I blundered often. Frank had just been brought in from Sicily, so, trying to make a start at conversation, I asked:

"Oh, isn't Sicily a lovely place! Those majestic mountains—and the people so warm-hearted and friendly—"

"I wouldn't know, Ma'am," Frank answered a little mockingly. "I only got as far as the beach and just stayed two hours."

He'd been machine-gunned in both legs below the knees.

After that, I waited for them to tell me their stories, and gradually, some of them did. There was Joe. Joe had tried to take ammunition to an isolated company on an island in the Solomons. He ran into a Jap and in the hand-to-hand fight that followed, the enemy had knifed him from the hair-line down the forehead and down the bridge of the nose. Though Joe's face had been practically cut in half, he was proud of what he called his "beautiful" scar and was impatient for it to heal so he could get back on duty again.

Harry had been wounded so badly he couldn't remember the password when he crawled back to his lines. Only the protection of his guardian angel, he told me, kept him from being killed by his own pals.

Both Jimmy's feet had been frozen in the Aleutians and he was waiting there in the ward for the doctors to decide whether amputation would be necessary.

The bomb that went off too close to Lieutenant —— had taken one of his arms, both eyes and most of his face. They are doing everything they can for him and told me his morale was very high.

In the last war, a mental condition called "shell-shock" developed, and it was thought there was no help for it, but today they call it "combat fatigue" and know it can be cured.

Arnold's mind hasn't come back yet from the frozen Arctic vastness, and Chris still starts in horror from fitful sleep to hear the unearthly screeching of the Japs in the jungle trees all around him. But the doctors know that Arnold and Chris will find peace and rest again. The terror of the dreadful, shattering experiences they have lived through will be dimmed and their minds will become normal again.

But pity isn't what they want. They need friends and feminine companionship.

When these boys talk of home, it is things they know best—the farm, the job they used to have, school, football, the World Series, mother's cooking and how smart their little brother is. And, above all discussions of girls—always girls. The best girl, sister and her problems with work or boy-friend, the wife, the baby whom perhaps they've never seen. I must say I've never heard them talk of pin-ups.

Over and above all, there's that wonderful, resilient, bouncing American spirit of kidding. They kid everything and anything. They joke about their injuries; they kid the doctors and jolly the nurses.

For instance, a boy just brought from Italy told me he'd killed a Nazi.

"Which hand did you do it with?" I asked him.

"This one." With great pride he held up his right hand.

So I kissed it.

The boy in the next bed, not to be outdone, said he'd killed a Nazi, too.

"How?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, I just bit him to death!"

Now what would you do in a case like that? Yes, that's what I did, too. I kissed him.

When I asked them what they were going to do when they were well and discharged from the hospital, they all answered the same, with a quick eagerness that made me proud to know them.

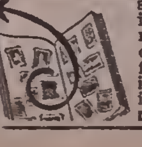
"Why, go back, of course, Miss Oberon! We left a lot of unfinished business out there!"

So here is a point I would like to bring up. In this very modern and dreadful war, the wounded reach hospitals here at home very quickly; the most serious cases are always brought back by plane. Then the next-of-kin is notified by the War Department and Mother and Father —or both, if it is possible—make the journey from home to visit the boy for as long a time as circumstances will permit. These visits do not always solve the problem, however.

Sometimes there is no next-of-kin. I found this to be the case with one boy who didn't care about anything. When, after many visits, I finally made friends with him, I discovered that he was hurt, down deep inside, because he'd gone to fight for his country and had been gravely wounded—and now he felt he was left alone and forgotten by the people he'd fought for.

Now here is the plan to help these boys that I spoke of earlier. Many girls—and women, too—think they must be glamorous and dashing with a lot of idle time on their hands to serve in the entertainment of our wounded men. Or perhaps a housewife has too many routine cares and duties at home to sign up for regular appearances at the Canteen, Red Cross, U.S.O., or any of the other great organizations that are doing such splendid work. And she suffers from an uncomfortable, nagging sense of guilt because she can't be busy along with friends whose time is more free.

But here, busy housewife, or working girl with only brief hours to spare, is something you can do. There is, in all probability, a Government hospital within transportation distance of your home. It's easy to make arrangements by phone as to what time you may go and how long you may stay. Take a book or a magazine or a batch of home-made cookies, if you like. Or go empty-



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handed. It doesn't matter as long as you take along friendliness and cheerfulness and a genuinely sincere smile, and never any pity.

If it's not possible actually to visit the hospital, do it by letter. Adopt a boy, or two boys, or three, and let them know you're a friend and thinking of them. Write to them—clip funny or interesting items or jokes and send them along.

Find out their birthdays and mail them a card or small present. Remember them on holidays. Ask their advice sometimes about your own affairs. It will help make them feel they're one of your family, that they belong.

Perhaps it would make it easier to remember this little truism: There's always room in your life for one more friend.

I don't mean to preach. I don't even mean to insist. Neither I, nor the boys I plead for, would want you to make conscious "sacrifices," to be "noble"—to be patronizing. That isn't the idea at all.

But if you can find a boy—a boy who has, perhaps, fought his last battle and must now look to a future which for him isn't so very hopeful or so very bright. If you can find a boy like that, and can help him even a little bit to become a normal, useful citizen once more, I know you will have done him a service and you will have done your country a service.

More than that, you will have done something very wonderful for yourself.

THE END

LUM AND ABNER CONTEST

Left to right, Ruth Waterbury, Movieland's Editor, Chester Lauck (Lum), Perry Lieber, head of RKO publicity department and Norris Goff (Abner) look over your letters—some of which will win $2000 in War Bonds.

Well, by gum, we went and made a promise we won't be able to keep. We told you we would announce the winners of the Lum and Abner Contest in the June issue of Movieland. We really thought we would, but so many thousands of letters have come in that our judges are swamped and howling for more time to make their decisions. The lucky winners will be announced in the July issue of Movieland. This goes on the newsstands June 7th—and this time we mean it!

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Jim's father knows this. That's why he keeps figuring out even smarter ways of cutting down on paper consumption in his office. That's why he never asks store clerks to put extra wrappings on things that are already packaged and ready to carry. He conserves paper by "avoiding useless wrapping and accepting simpler packaging."

Jim's kid brother knows this. That's why he collects all the family's used paper for the local salvage drive. That's why he borrows and lends books, papers, magazines with all his friends. He's conserving paper by "sharing the printed word."

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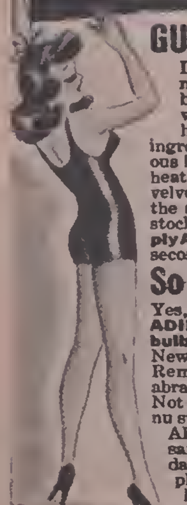

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BETTY GRABLE BABY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

the *baby* is lucky," she figured it out.

They bought a pink and blue Pig Bank and promptly labeled it: *ITS* First National Pig Bank. They deposited in ITS First National Pig Bank all the money they won playing poker and all the money that changed hands between them playing Gin Rummy.

During the entire time Betty was expecting the baby she felt like a million dollars. Because she is a level headed little person she seldom talked to her closest women friends, even to May or Lana, about what she wanted the baby to be when *It* grew up. "I just want a healthy, happy little baby" is about as far as she would go.

Or she would talk about getting back to work—soon—after the baby was born. "The studio is just waiting for Alice (Faye Harris) and me to have our babies—and then we'll do the 'Dolly Sisters' together. Who said 'sister act'? It will be a 'mama act' everything considered!"

No, it never crossed Betty's mind that she would have a bad time of it until that birth-night in the hospital.

Those endless, suffering hours however, Betty will mercifully forget. Women do. But they are strung along Harry's memory with the shock of a long nightmare.

The moment when the doctor had come out and said there were "complications" . . . he would like to call in another doctor for consultation . . . to await a normal birth might be another eight or ten hours . . . he advised a Caesarean. Mrs. James was showing amazing courage and strength—but it was becoming dangerous for the baby!

It was up to Harry to make up his mind—Harry with Betty's mother crying beside him. Harry had to give permission for the operation—if there was to be one.

He had lost track of time. He remembered—back that rainy afternoon when after taking Betty to the hospital, he had arrived an hour late for the rehearsal that preceded the broadcast. He hadn't made any explanation to the boys in the band. Couldn't. Not until Betty was safe. The boys had just looked at him and left him alone.

And then the moment the rehearsal was over, he was back to the hospital, the Cedars of Lebanon, and nothing had happened—yet. He walked up and down the floor of the famous "Father's Room"—even flipped through the book wherein other fathers, going through this same thing, had written some of their thoughts or signed their names. Harry didn't write anything in the book.

This floor pacing with fathers was supposed to be funny. But it was far from funny when they would come and say: "You may speak to your wife for just a few minutes now." Betty didn't speak. They didn't want her to. They wanted her to conserve every ounce of her strength.

But it broke Harry's heart the way she tried to smile each time even though the nurse had to wipe off her face with a cool cloth for the effort the smile cost her.

Each time he would say the same thing when he came back to Betty's mother. "She is the most wonderful

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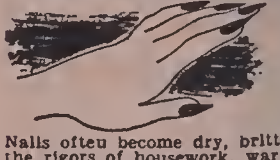

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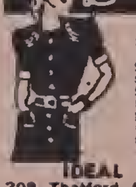

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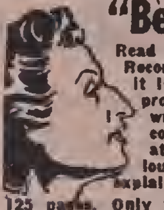

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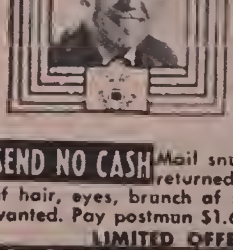

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kid in the world. No one could be so brave—so courageous."

And still the endless hours went by waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting. At midnight Betty's mother sent him across the street to get a cup of coffee. He couldn't swallow it but brought back a sandwich for her. Some of their friends called. No, there was no news yet. Just waiting.

Then the doctor had told them he advised the operation. The other doctor came for the consultation. Both doctors advised it. Harry just nodded his head.

At 4:30 a.m. that Friday morning of March 3rd, they came and told him it was a little girl. The doctors and nurses said: "Congratulations! A lovely little girl. Seven pounds, ten ounces. Blue eyes, blonde hair—just like her mother. A regular Pin-Up Girl already." And they said Harry could stand outside in the corridor and speak to Betty as they wheeled her down to her room below.

The first thing she said when she saw him was, "Honey you aren't disappointed because it's a girl, are you?" And then in a voice barely above a whisper, "I'll have a little boy for you—honest I will!"

"Disappointed!" Harry almost choked on the word, "Baby—I *wanted* a little girl all the time!"

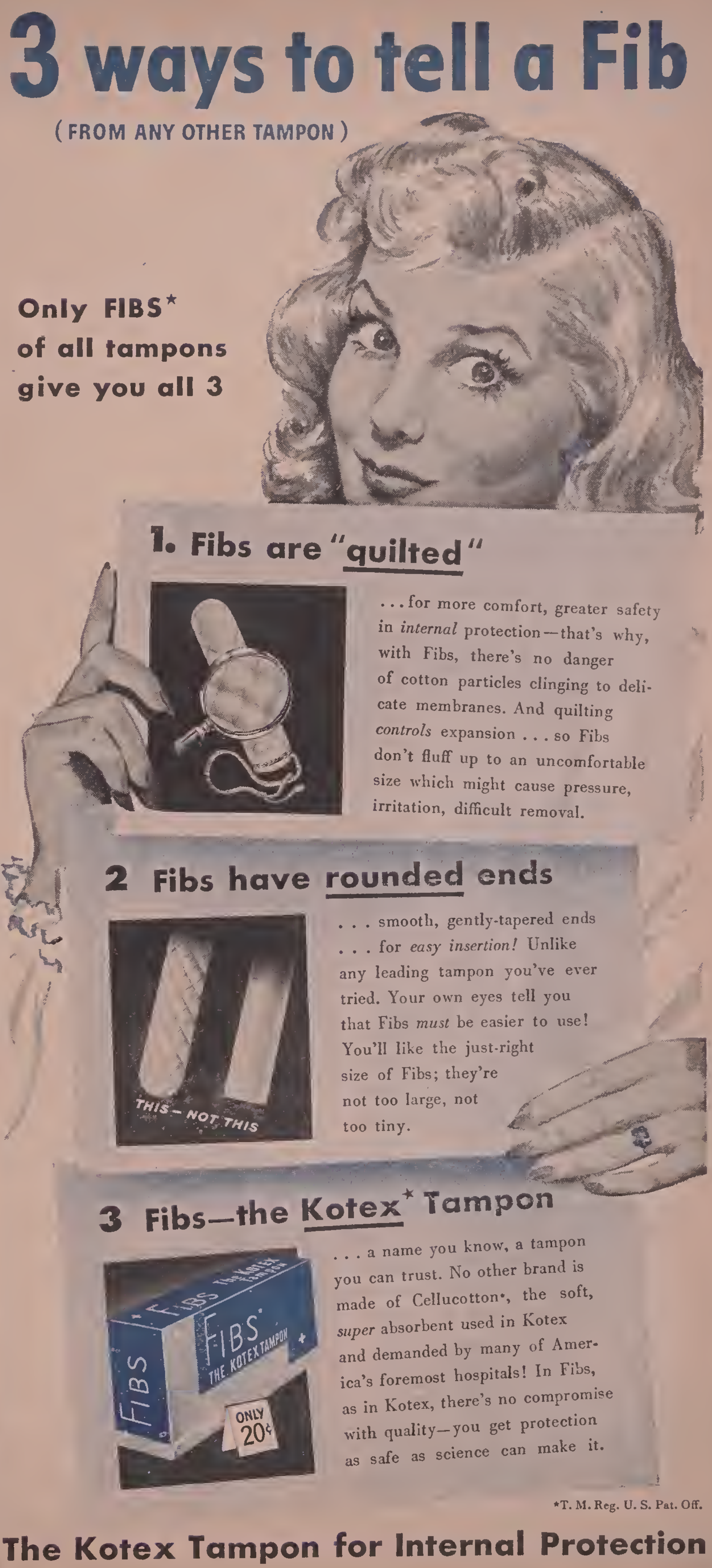
But he was so excited he forgot to ask to see his daughter, Victoria Elizabeth James. He had been thinking of Betty so hard he didn't remember to ask to see the miniature edition of her until after he had been home, changed his clothes and returned to the hospital.

The reporters were around now—hot and heavy on the trail of an interview with the new father. But Harry didn't want to talk.

Because he is a nice guy and the newspaper boys are his pals, he put it this way: "You see, we have sort of agreed that whenever we talk about the baby for publication *both* of us will be around. I don't want to talk about "my" baby until Betty is strong enough to be present. It's always to be 'our' baby."

And that's the way it will be until Mr. and Mrs. Harry James can talk about "their" baby together!

Merle Oberon, in private life Lady Korda, wife of Sir Alexander Korda, arrives in New York to meet Sir Alexander. See page 46 of this issue of Movieland for excellent Women's war work story by this glamorous lady.



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WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

"Follow The Boys." But it could just as well have been "Follow The Stars," cause Brother, they've got 'em. It's a picture about what the country's leading artists are doing to entertain the service men. George Raft, Zorina, Dinah Shore, Jeanette MacDonald, Marlene Dietrich, Orson Welles (I could go on for years), are all present and accounted for besides the orchestras of Freddie Slack, Charlie Spivak, Ted Lewis, Louis Jordan and pianist, Rubinstein. Oh yes, and I almost forgot Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, The Andrews Sisters, Sophie Tucker and Alan Curtis—anyway, see it . . . Another Universal picture, "Pardon My Rhythm," sounds like a lot of fun. It stars Gloria Jean and gives Bob Crosby his first big acting part. Gloria's romance in the film is Mel Torme, drummer and singer, who used to cavort with the old Chico Marx band . . .

ON THE BEAM:

If you like an all-music program, you'll be glad to know about the new fifteen minute show, "Top Of The Evening," every Monday, Wednesday and Friday over the Blue Network. Ken Darby directs the chorus of sixteen men, there's a fine double piano team, plus "The King's Men," and Sally Sweetland. Sally's name may be new to you, but her voice isn't. For some time she was the "Miss" with the "Six Hits" and her vocal chords have done the screen singing for Joan Fontaine in "Constant Nymph" and for Joan Leslie in the soon to be seen "Rhapsody In Blue."

You amateur song writers shouldn't miss the new "Song Is Born" Monday series over N.B.C. It's a contest deal and the winning song will be published by B.M.I. Pat Kaye, the girl vocalist on this program, shows promise of hitting the big time . . .

Harry James didn't re-sign with Chesterfield when his contract was up in March. They wanted him to travel but he wanted to stay in Hollywood until the birth of his daughter, Victoria. Harry is 1A and will probably be in khaki by the time you read this . . .

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery moved into their honeymoon home, or at least into two rooms of it. That's all the furniture they have so far. Dinah's arranger-accompanist, "Ticker" Freeman, has been accepted in Ye Olde Army. So far she hasn't made any decision on a new boy . . .

Spike Jones and His City Slickers introduced a new ditty on the Bob Burns show. It pokes fun at this land of sunshine and flowers as you can tell by the title, "It Never, Never Rains in California." Very funny. . . . And have you heard Cass Daley's hysterical version of "I'm Getting Corns For My Country At The Stage Door Canteen?"

Kay Kyser has had a bomber in England named after his radio greeting, "Evenin' Folks, how'ya all?"

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Music from below the border is well presented on Columbia's Xavier Cugat album, "Mexico." There are eight sides, including "Chiapanecas" and "Mexican Hat Dance." Vocals are handled by Carmen Castillo, Lina Romay, and Miguelito Valdes . . . Ginny Simms gives us two good tunes, "Suddenly It's Spring" and "Irresistible You," with the accompaniment of a vocal group. "Irresistible" is from Ginny's starring Metro picture, "Broadway Rhythm."

Moving over to Capitol, we find a new release by Jo Stafford. "I Love You," the Cole Porter tune from "Mexican Hayride" and Jerome Kern's "Long Ago and Far Away," from the picture "Cover Girl." Paul Weston made the arrangements and conducted the orchestra. Incidentally, Paul has just been made recording director for Capitol . . . That solid King Cole trio has done "Straighten Up and Fly Right" and "I Can't See For Lookin'." Cole does the singing and there is good guitar work by Oscar Moore . . . Paul Weston holds the baton again on Johnnie Johnston's "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year" and "Irresistible You." Weston has made an excellent arrangement of the "Spring" tune which Deanna Durbin sings in Universal's "Christmas Holiday" . . . Ella Mae Morse, who did all right on her theatre tour, has done more than all right on her latest record, "Tess' Torch Song," and "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet." Her husband, Dick Walters, gets orchestra credit . . . Betty Hutton and Jerry Colonna have signed contracts to wax for Capitol. Betty will do her usual stuff and Jerry is going to make a series of his amusing musical monologues . . .

Decca seems to have cornered the market on New York musical show albums. Their latest is the score from the Air Force production, "Winged Victory." Four sides with the "Victory" chorus and orchestra . . .

The Herman Herd is upon us once more. Woody and the boys do "The Music Stopped" and "I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" with Frances Wayne in the singing department. Frances has plenty on the ball . . .

Fred Waring, who doesn't often record pop tunes, has done "Now I Know" and "Tess' Torch Song" with Donna Dae and the Waring Glee Club.

I'm not a Lombardo fan, but for those of you who are, there's his

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

version of "Love, Love, Love," and "Can't You Do A Friend A Favor." Skip Nelson, ex-Glenn Miller baritone, is on "Love."

Kenny Baker, who has been such a success in new York's "One Touch of Venus," has a good solo record in "Marianne" and "Easter Sunday With You" with Harry Sosnik's orchestra . . .

Andy Kirk and the Clouds of Joy jump onto wax with "Unlucky Blues" and "Ride On, Ride On." June Richmond sings, and very good for my money . . .

Dick Haymes is luckier than Frank Sinatra when it comes to making records because he can have an orchestra behind him. And the music on his new platter is but wonderful! Toots Camarata is the man with the stick. He used to arrange for Jimmy Dorsey and Casa Loma, and at one time played trumpet with J.D. Dick sings, "If You Were The Only Girl" and "Home," assisted by the Song Spinners . . .

Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the Negro gal Lucky Millinder discovered singing in a church in Brooklyn, shows what she means on her gospel disc, "Sleep My Darling Mother," and "I Want To Live So God Can Use Me," with guitar accompaniment.

In the Hillbilly corner we find Jimmy Wakely and his string band humming and strumming "A Tiny Little Voice In A Tiny Little Prayer" and "I'm Sending You Red Roses." Also the "Sons Of the Pioneers" wail "Home In San Antone" and "I Hang My Head and Cry."

If you're hungry for fish and poi, get Brunswick's Johnny Noble Album—eight sides of Hawaiian stuff, including "King Serenade" and "Song Of The Islands."

JAM NOTES:

Artie Shaw is out of the Navy with a medical discharge. No one seems to know what he's going to do, but it wouldn't surprise me if he organized a band . . . Ray Eberle has been on a successful theatre tour in the east. He is coming back to Universal, but on a picture to picture deal rather than a term contract . . . Remember Ray Bauduc, Bob Crosby's sensational drummer? He is now the leader of the 211th Coast Artillery Band in Vallejo, California . . . Danny O'Neill, the tenor who created quite a stir in Chicago radio, has been signed by Columbia Pictures . . . Judy Tuvim, attractive singer with "The Revuers," was signed by Twentieth Century . . . Here's the latest Draft Report Card: Woody Herman, 1A, Charlie Spivak, 4F, Dennis Day, 1A, Johnnie Johnston, 4F . . . Eddie Miller is already in olive drab. Before he left, he recorded several sides for Capitol, but they won't be released for some time. The fate of his band is also up in the air, but Nappy Lamare may take it over . . . Frank Sinatra turned the tables on those who kid-

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AMERICAN STUDIOS, Box 216, LaCrosse, Wis.

Dick Haymes and Jill Warren enjoying a good laugh at the Hallywood Palladium.

dingly call him "The Voice." He has tabbed his new fighter, "The Fist." . . . The Merry Macs' Decca disc of "Mairzy Doats" sold over five hundred thousand copies the first day it was released in New York. The Macs are now on a personal appearance tour, but they left Hollywood with heavy hearts. The youngest brother, Joe MacMichael, died suddenly February twelfth. Joe had a severe cold and took an overdose of a sulfa drug by mistake, which affected his kidneys and caused his death. He had been in the army a few months and was stationed at the Santa Ana Air Base. Joe's passing was particularly tragic, because he was on his honeymoon at the time, having been married a week previously to Inez James, Universal song writer . . . The music world had another loss in February when Bob Zurke passed away, after a two-day illness of pneumonia. Bob won fame when he played piano with the old Bob Crosby band and made such great records as "Milk Cow Blues" and "Honky Tonk Train." . . . Gene Krupa is still drumming it with Tommy Dorsey at this writing, awaiting appeal on his trial in San Francisco. Gene says he will not reorganize his own band until after the war. If he is cleared of the charges he may go into service.

At the stroke of the chimes it will be . . . I mean, that's all for this time. See you next month with lots of New York news. I'm going back to the big city and see what's doin'. In the meanwhile, if you have any little questions on any little things musical, drop me a line. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and send them to Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.

WARREN'S WAX WORKS

LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:

From Columbia Masterworks Series—

The Budapest String Quartet playing Beethoven's Quartet #15 in A Minor—An Album of ten sides.

Stokowski conducting The All American Orchestra in Tchaikowsky's "Solitude" and Schumann's "Traumerei." A single record.

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Another album—Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring," played by the N. Y. Philharmonic—eight sides.

SOFT AND SWEET:

Kenny Baker's "Marianne" and "Easter Sunday With You." Harry Sosnik's orchestra—Decca Label.

"Suddenly It's Spring" and "Irresistible You" by Ginny Simms and vocal chorus. Columbia.

CROONER CORNER:

Dick Haymes, backed up by Toots Camarata's orchestra and The Song Spinners, singing "If You Were The Only Girl" and "Home." Decca release.

"Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year," and "Irresistible You" again—Johnnie Johnston sings and Paul Weston's orchestra and arrangements. Capitol.

SOLID AND JAZZY:

Ella Mae Morse and "Tess' Torch Song" and "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet." Dick Walters' orchestra. Capitol label.

King Cole trio on "Straighten Up and Fly Right" and "I Can't See For Lookin'." Piano, bass and guitar with vocals by Cole. Capitol.

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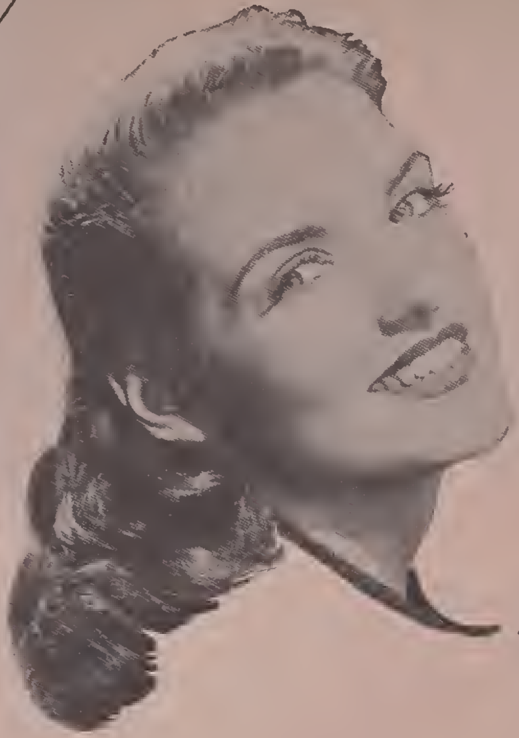
FOCUS ON *Flat-tops*



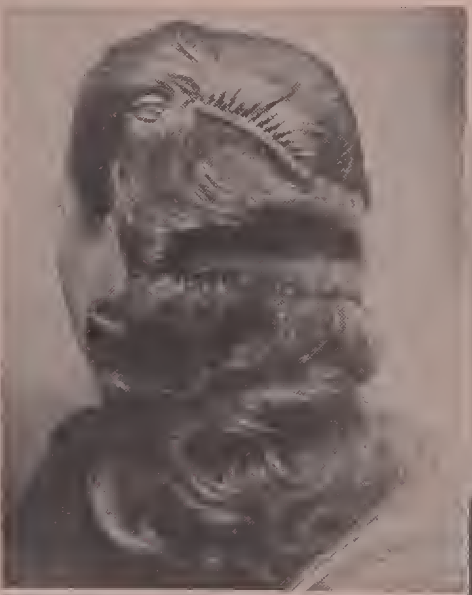
BY SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

"Flat-Tops" are a familiar theme. It's the variations that make them new and exciting.

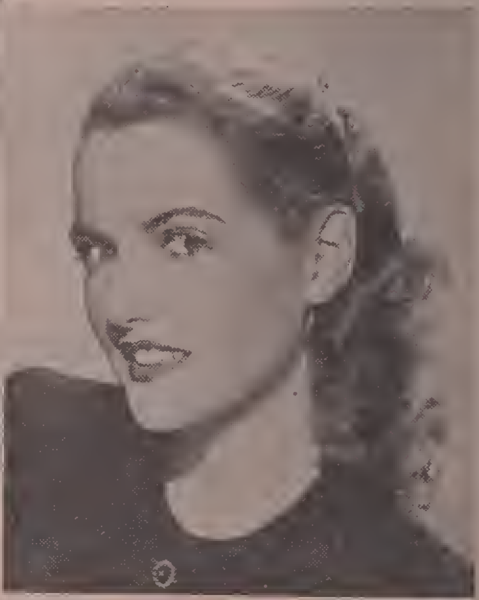
Take this interesting hairstyle which Helen Turpin of Warner Bros. has designed for Virginia Patton to wear in "Janie." It's simple, forthright and becoming—good for busy daytime hours or gayer, dancing evenings.

Like all the current coiffures, it demands hair that shines with health and cleanliness. And it requires a firm hand with the hairbrush.

If you would copy Virginia's coif, sweep your hair up and back from the right temple. Now fasten it securely with hairtainers. One catches the heavy side hair just off-center in the back. The other anchors the smooth left-side hair to keep it firmly, sleekly in place.



Virginia's back hair has been parted off in sections and waved to the ends.



This brushed-round-the-head swirl is firmly held in place at left side back.

EXPRESSED DESIRES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

thanked her politely, but Mother sensed a certain luke warmness about it all. "You don't really like it, do you?" she probed.

Loretta acknowledged that she wasn't exactly mad about it, and Mrs. Belzer suggested briskly and good-naturedly that Loretta send it right over to her house.

It was done. So (maybe you've guessed)—a week or so later an expert from the East, one of those high-powered gentlemen who commands important money for really knowing his antiques, dined with Mrs. Belzer.

"You have some lovely things," he told her, judicially. "But one of them is priceless. A gem. A thing to make a collector's mouth water. It's that book case."

Loretta's mother said, quietly, "Do you want it back, daughter?"

Loretta, quick as anything, gulped, "Yep! please!" Afterward she added, "I was completely shameless about it!" Loretta has always been quick to learn, but her nicest characteristic is her ability to kid herself!

Some of the most astonishing people really know their antiques. One of them is Lloyd Nolan—who collects milk glass, for heaven's sake! Another is Pat O'Brien, who owns some of the most valuable furniture in Hollywood, but who admits that the only thing he knows about how a room should be arranged is that he always thinks everything should be changed in any room he looks at. "Let's move *everything!*" he suggests, happily, and starts shoving pianos and sofas.

Lillian MacMurry, who knows her winks and nods at the best auctions, was astounded when Fred began to show some astuteness of his own at picking up a gem-of-a-chair in an unexpected place. His taste runs to early American, and when they were furnishing their house, he demanded free rein when it came to furnishing his own special room. "He calls it an 'assembled job'," his wife says. "He acquired a chair here and a table there, without any discernible plan. But when he was through, the whole thing was right. The things all belonged together. Fred is really good!"

Greer Garson is good, too, and she did a really lovely job on her own home. It expresses her. But it may be a trifle surprising, to anyone who tries to interpret her by a casual glance, to see the things with which she has surrounded herself. For Greer is no true "Madame Curie." Into a beautifully balanced living room she has determinedly put two grand pianos. She loves luxury, soft lights, soft velvet and vivid, contrasting colors. Greer adores music, and what's more, she likes to play duets. And what is still more, she proposes to be prepared in case anyone strays in who might be willing to play one with her. Fortunately her drawing room is large enough to swallow up the two pianos and yet have plenty of space to spare.

Her typewriter is likely to appear on the dining table, on a hall chair or in the patio, at any moment—for Greer writes. She writes little poems and brief, humorous sketches. She never does anything with these, except to paste them in a book or occasionally include one in a letter to an intimate friend. But she has had the conviction that she must try to write, ever since that first job of hers in London, writing advertising. Her first assignment, she recalls, was to make a survey to discover how many cakes of toilet soap were used per year in India. To this day, the sight of a cake of soap causes the Garson eyebrows to rise with a speculative expresison. "Now . . . I wonder how many . . . ?" she wonders.

To get back to antiques, the most wistful and perhaps the most triumphant enthusiast in Hollywood is Vincent Price He maintains that he can't afford to buy and own the precious objects which absorb him. So he maintains a small and very discerning shop in Beverly Hills, where he takes rare objects on consignment to sell to more affluent people. "I can have them around for awhile," he explains. "I can touch them, look at them, enjoy them. I can even sit on them, if I want to!"

There is a man who knows how to compensate for suppressed desires and make a neat profit on the deal!

About one actor in three wants to write and avers that he will—someday. Those two Navy bigshots, Lt. Commanders Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Robert Montgomery, belong in this class. But just as many seem to want to make with music, and they want to do it right now. And a lot of them will do it, too, in spite of anything you can do about it. George

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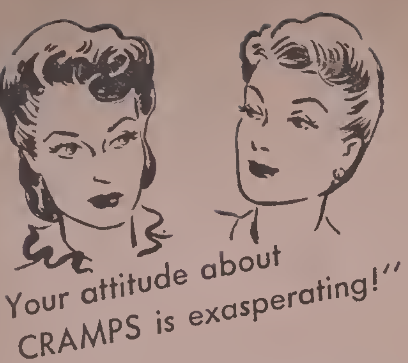
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Send SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND ITS REMOVAL in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman 98 cents plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my 98 cents will be refunded.

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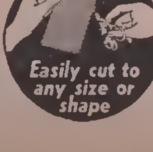
Easily cut to any size or shape

Sanders wants to croon or play a sax, and he isn't particular about where he does it or whether anyone urges him, as you'll find if you know him for just a little while. Jim Brown wants to sing on the radio, and he has what he calls "a sure hunch" that he'll "be doin' just that—if the picture business doesn't hold up." Robert Alda wants to lead a band. He had a perfectly tremendous moment when they let him take that little stick and wave it about in front of a real "name band" at a bond show. He was so excited that he forgot to ascertain what the number was that he was supposed to be leading. But he thinks he kept time with the music!

But he didn't have any more fun with his stick than Bette Davis had singing. Bette, you understand, doesn't imagine that she can sing. She just *wants* to. Ever since they let her twirple "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old" in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," Bette has had a lurking look in her eye of evenings, at the Hollywood Canteen. At the slightest suggestion of a lull in the chatter, there is Betty, ready to give out with her specialty. "Maybe I can't really *sing* it," she admits. Then she beams. "But I can sort of sell a song, now can't I?" She can, too.

John Garfield avidly draws plans for groups of houses whose inmates will be encouraged to have children and dogs. This is on account of distressing personal experiences of John, who has both children and dogs, and who rents his home. In the past two years he has lived in (1) a Swiss chalet (2) a Spanish hacienda (3) a semi-mansion, complete with gardens, orchards, swimming pool, on an estate in the Valley (4) a sort of Cuban dwelling, his present one, which confuses him with labyrinths of bright-tiled passages with grilled iron gates. "What I want," he moans, "is just a house with some bedrooms and a fence around it. Fifty million other people must want them, too. S'help me, I'm going to build some of them, and no tenant will be admitted who hasn't at least two kids and two dogs!"

Ann Sheridan cooks—but with a purpose. She experiments with Mexican food because she definitely and seriously plans to open a "real Mexican restaurant, with authentic Mexican food" in Hollywood, with as little delay as possible. Her triumph, to date, is a chicken concoction with the doggonedest things in it—most of them hot. Meanwhile she relaxes at home as often as possible (at least once a week) with congenial and carefully selected friends and Carmen Miranda's orchestra giving out with music which is a cinch to cement good neighbor relationships, if they can just hold out. The band, I mean.

Joan Blondell has always doted on taking cars apart. But now, after having driven numbers of garage mechanics to distraction with questions, she has finally reached a stage at which she can also start to put the thing back together. "I also," she says, impressively, "am very versatile with salads." Maybe that comforts the mechanics. It just confuses me.

They're very much in earnest about these avocations, these actors. And most of them have a sneaking and comforting feeling that they could be made to pay off in dollars and cents if, as Jim Brown says, "the picture business doesn't hold up!"

THE END

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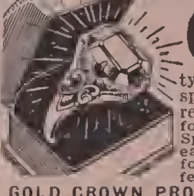

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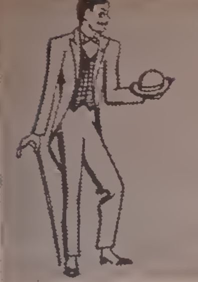

THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD

By JANE WILKIE

A YEAR AGO THIS MONTH:

Legs Grable, reigning box-office queen, came to a parting of the ways with George Raft . . . Rita Hayworth confided to friends that she would marry Vic Mature as soon as he got his divorce . . . Bob Taylor enlisted in the Navy . . . Hedy Lamarr and John Loder were gaga . . . Mickey Rooney was still adoring Ava . . . Susie Peters and Dick Quine said, "No marriage for the duration" . . . Errol Flynn was finding life one big trial . . . Franco of Spain officially protested "For Whom The Bell Tolls" . . . "The Human Comedy" far and away best picture of the month. . . .

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Clark Gable threw a housewarming party at his new ranch, and Carole Lombard presented him with a sack of fertilizer . . . Joan Crawford and Charles Martin were cooing at each other . . . Hollywood was producing anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist films, and Adolf and Il Duce were all steamed up about it . . . Annabella said, "I marry Ty? But that is silly. He is a nice boy, but that is all." . . . Hollywood worried about Shirley Temple's approaching awkward age . . . John Barrymore was experiencing domesticity with Elaine Barrie . . . "Gone With The Wind" started shooting, and Don Ameche was inventing the telephone . . . Norma Shearer and Lew Ayres had the town guessing . . . Lamour was objecting to sarongs (five years ago, yet!) . . . "Love Affair" was best picture of the month . . . Movieland predicted orange blossoms for Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero . . . Gene Markey switched from Joan Bennett to Hedy Lamarr . . . After Hedy wowed the world in "Algiers," fans gasped but then said, "Can she act?" . . . Quilted satin bathing suits, orfully short, were the rage . . . Alice Faye, married to Tony Martin, said, "Marriage is no gamble when you're in love" . . . Richard Greene and Wendy Barry very warm for May . . . Bob Taylor changing from pretty boy to he-man roles. . . .

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

John Barrymore was experiencing domesticity with Dolores Costello . . . Ida Lupino, a new starlet at Paramount, was bothering that studio with her temperamental tantrums . . . Cary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill . . . Gertrude Michael setting some sort of a pace by wearing a sixteen-inch dagger in her hat . . . "Riptide" best picture of the month, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr. was in love with Gertrude Lawrence . . . The main issue in the United States was whether Garbo or Hepburn would win out—and who was imitating whom . . . Out of thirty girls chosen from a beauty contest for "Search For Beauty," one stayed in Hollywood; a sultry Texan cookie named Clara Lou Sheridan, later known as Annie the Oomph . . . Bing Crosby appeared in "Going Hollywood" with Marion Davies, whereupon critics remarked "the lad is also an actor" . . . Rudy Vallee dating Peggy Hopkins Joyce . . . Jean Harlow was lighting up the town with her platinum hair, and unimportant Bette Davis, let out by Universal, followed suit . . . Gail Patrick wowed the town with her coiffure, a grim arrangement of hair plastered flat over the brow, followed by anchovie-like ringlets to the ears and neckline. . . . Shirley Gray was considered fashionable wearing the following ornaments, all smothered in black satin—bracelets, earrings, belt, and necklace down to here. . . . Columbia was filming an unimportant little comedy, "It Happened One Night," and its stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, were thought to be all washed up. . . . Yes, this was Hollywood.

Robert Montgomery, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall as the famous trio appeared in "Riptide, best picture of month 10 years ago.

DeLong
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RANDOLPH SCOTT WEDDING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

I've talked to Randy several times during the past year—usually over a telephone—when he hasn't been so happy. His troubles were an open secret in Hollywood.

For the past two years, everyone knew that Randy Scott, the popular cowboy actor, had been in love with the lovely Patricia Stillman, San Francisco socialite. They were everywhere together. Sometimes with their good friends, the Fred Astaires, in the smart cocktail lounges. Or dining quietly at a table for two at the Mocambo. Or in their regular Friday night seats at the fights.

Ever since her brilliant debut in San Francisco several years ago, the russet-haired, brown-eyed "Pat" Stillman had been as vivid a socialite-glamour figure to West Coast social circles as Brenda Frazier had been to New York.

Like Brenda, Pat comes of a tremendously wealthy family, *the* Stillmans of banking circles. What Pat said and what she wore was ardently copied by other less glamorous ladies of the social world. She was pretty enough to be a movie actress and when she visited Hollywood, which was frequently, she spent much time with the movie people. But she was never interested in a career for herself.

In due time it was almost inevitable that she should meet Randy Scott—for Randy moves well in the fore of Hollywood's best social sets. Don't let his silent hero, pistol packin' Western roles fool you. The silent, sun-tanned Mr. Scott has long been one of the most "accepted" members of the movie colony with the "Who's Who" of the West, East and South.

So, in due time, Pat and Randy met a few years ago at the beach home of Townsend Netcher. If it wasn't a case of love at first sight, it was so close that the difference wasn't noticeable.

Here were two people who seemingly had everything—looks, position, money, success. But in the beginning everybody was afraid that this was one of the most ill-fated of all Hollywood romances.

For some reason it looked as though Randy's estranged wife, Marion Dupont Somerville Scott, might not give him a divorce, even though they had lived together just a few months following their marriage five years ago.

If ever a marriage mystified Hollywood, it was the one between Marion Dupont Somerville—member of the famous Dupont family—and the reserved Mr. Scott, of Hollywood fame.

Soon after their wedding, during the height of the Santa Anita season, she had made her first and only visit to Hollywood. Apparently, Marion Dupont Scott did not care for the movie "crowd." They in turn found her to be an unusual woman.

She dressed more conservatively than any school teacher. Her long, narrow face was always free of makeup. Perhaps because she had no real interest in pictures and no common ground on which to base an acquaintance with movie people, she seemed reserved almost to the point of coolness with those she met.

Her only interest seemed to be in horses (she has bred and raised them for years in Virginia) and when the Santa Anita season was over that year, Randy's bride quietly departed. To the best of available knowledge, she hasn't been back since.

Randy's career kept him in Hollywood—or it seemed to—after that first year. He never discussed his amazing marriage with the press—not even with his closest friends. One of his pals once said:

"As close as I have been to Randy, all I know about his romance and marriage with Mrs. Somerville is what I have been able to piece together from mutual friends. As I understand it, they had known each other a long time. Their families were friends back in Virginia, and they were neighbors.

"Marion Dupont was older than Randy, but when he was a kid she was a glamorous and idealistic figure to him. She was deeply interested in the things that interested him—for this was long before he ever dreamed he would become a movie actor. Randy's father was an administrative engineer and he hoped his son would follow in his footsteps and become an engineer, too. He was prepping at Woodbury Forest, Virginia, with engineering in mind, but his real interest was in horses, breeding and raising them.

"Marion Dupont had the reputation for being one of the finest horse-

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women in the South. She must have known of Randy's admiration and infatuation for her, for they were close friends and spent much time together. But he was much younger and perhaps she didn't take him too seriously. Anyway, she married Somerville and when the first World War came along, Randy enlisted and was sent to England and later to France.

"After the war, Randy came back home and took up engineering again—mostly because his father wanted him to. Or maybe he wanted to come back to Virginia because he had never quite forgotten Marion Dupont.

"Meanwhile, her marriage was over, and she and Randy resumed their life-long friendship. But the years and the war had brought about changes. Randy had lost interest in a future engineering career. He didn't know exactly what he wanted to do. He was restless.

"So he took time off to travel, trying to decide how to carve his future course in life. He became interested in acting from attending small theaters across the country. When he reached Hollywood several years later, he decided to give acting a fling and joined the Pasadena Community Players. You know the rest. The movies soon claimed him and because he was the personification of the tall-silent-lanky-Westerner-of-the-Gary-Cooper-school, he wasn't long in forging to the top.

"But even though he was *in* Hollywood, he wasn't exactly *of* it. He is a great fellow, one of the most popular men I know. But his private life, even where his great circle of friends was concerned, has always been strictly his own.

"About five years ago—without telling even his best pals his intentions—he went back East and married Mrs. Somerville. The years had changed the two people involved more than either suspected. He never told anyone anything about it. Certainly, no one ever heard him going into romantic rhapsodies. His very closest friends could only guess that this had been one of those flames that once upon a time had flared high; but when the time came to make it real, it was obvious their interests were no longer the same. After that first year, it was just sort of generally understood that Randy and his wife were estranged."

And perhaps it would have remained merely an estrangement, become one of those marriages where the partners separate but do not part, legally, if Randy had not met and fallen in love with the beautiful Pat Stillman.

Hollywood believes that many times after that meeting that meant so much to him, Randy asked his wife to divorce him. A year dragged by without any legal action from her. And then another year.

Pat and Randy had begun to believe their romance was hopeless. Six months ago they had a long talk and decided not to see each other any more. Those were the most miserable months of Randy's life. The handsome Mr. Scott was seen nowhere after that, or if he was briefly glimpsed at any party, he was always alone.

Once in a while we would get a false tip that Mrs. Scott was filing a divorce suit in Reno, or Las Vegas. But every time I checked with Randy he would say:

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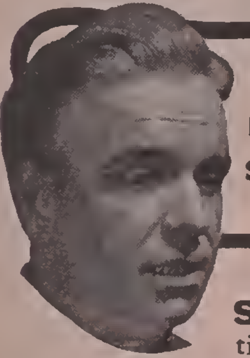

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"Please don't print anything. I have received no information that Mrs. Scott has any plans for divorce. She hasn't been in either Reno or Las Vegas."

Without Pat, Randy's life was hardly worth living. But one of the salvations was his work. He was making "Gung Ho" at Universal, and during the filming of that picture he struck up a friendship with Lt. Colonel Evans F. Carlson—on whose exploits (the Carlson's Makin Island Raiders) the movie is based.

Randy lived almost continuously with the Marines assigned to the picture. He believed firmly that his personal life was on the rocks. He was past the age of joining up for Uncle Sam whom he had served in the last war. But he wanted more than anything else to do his bit entertaining and visiting our fighting men "down under." It was both an escape and a patriotic obsession with him and, as usual, he did a grand job.

The minute the movie was finished, the Victory Committee sent Randy to an "undisclosed destination." For six weeks he visited the hospitals, entertained at our camps in the South Pacific and, in a measure, forgot his own troubles in the talks he had with the injured and fighting men.

When he came back to Hollywood, finally, he had no inkling that anything in his personal fortunes had changed. But he was due for a surprise. Marion Dupont Scott had sued for, and obtained, a divorce! Randy was as surprised as anybody—but here it was at last!

Typically, when Randy's wife did make up her mind to divorce him, she did it as quietly and mysteriously as she had done everything that concerned her marriage. Outside of Randy and herself, no one is yet quite sure where the divorce was obtained or on what grounds it was secured.

But this much is known: Less than twenty-four hours after Randy learned he was a free man after five years, he re-married. The lovely Patricia Stillman became Mrs. Randolph Scott.

He is honeymooning at his beach house with the brand new Mrs. Scott—two people who had come through two years of doubt and uncertainty and heartache to become, as Randy said over the phone, "the happiest people in the world!"

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14

A	P	A	C	E	■	■	■	■	■	L	A	M	E	R
C	A	N	A	D	A	■	■	■	R	O	M	E	R	O
R	U	S	S	E	L	L	■	M	A	D	■	N	I	S
E	L	A	S	■	L	O	V	E	■	G	R	A	C	E
■	■	■	■	L	E	N	A	■	L	E	A	C	H	■
O	B	E	R	O	N	■	G	E	O	R	G	E	■	■
L	A	N	A	S	■	W	A	L	T	■	■	■	H	F
G	R	A	N	T	■	A	B	E	■	G	A	Y	E	R
A	I	■	■	■	I	R	O	N	■	A	D	O	R	E
■	■	W	A	R	R	E	N	■	C	L	A	U	D	E
■	B	A	S	I	E	■	D	A	L	E	■	■	■	■
P	A	L	E	D	■	A	S	E	A	■	H	A	I	L
A	R	K	■	E	A	T	■	S	I	N	A	T	R	A
G	R	E	E	R	S	■	■	■	R	O	L	L	E	D
E	Y	R	E	S	■	■	■	■	■	W	E	E	D	Y

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CHARLES COBURN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

the "road," I met on intimate and friendly terms the fine actors and actresses I had so long admired. I was fired with an ambition to become one of them."

He was nineteen and he went to live frugally in a New York theatrical boarding house, to wait for the stage to discover him. When things became just too frugal, he eked out his money with such odd jobs as theater ushering, bundle wrapping at Altman's department store, and professional cycling.

There was no particular affinity between Charles and bundle-wrapping, but he was good enough at the racing to have continued in it as a career.

Came the break, our hero got his chance just before starvation as Ursus in "Quo Vadis." The event was unheralded by the stage world, taking place in a dusty little midwestern town under the auspices of a travelling stock company. A year later, the year 1900 to be exact, young Coburn hit Broadway in an appropriate production titled "Up York State."

It is no more possible to include the entire career of Charles Coburn in one story than to squeeze the half-dozen volumes of Gibbons' "Rise and Fall" between one set of covers. Some historian of the theater will one day chronicle Mr. Coburn's 37 years in greasepaint, and find them lush with achievement. The story will include his marriage to young actress Ivah Wills, and the thirty years during which the classic works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Mackaye and the popular masterpiece "The Better 'Ole" of Bruce Bairnsfeather, came to the boards under the co-production of Mr. & Mrs. Coburn. For the present, however, we are going to have to stick to Dingle who was present in Charles, if not in name, at least in spirit, even in his pre-Hollywood days.

There was, for instance, Mr. Coburn's innate talent for match-making. There were more marriages taking place among the young actors and actresses of the Coburn Players than in any other repertory company in the business. Let a couple turn shy in each other's presence and Coburn, who knew all the preliminary symptoms, soon had them saying "I do" as naturally as if it were an entrance cue for "Midsummer Night's Dream." The list of examples is long, but one of them you will recognize as character actor Thomas Mitchell who met and married Anne Brewer Mitchell thirty years ago, under the sly prompting of Coburn.

Dingle's penchant for getting into trouble was also an early trait in the Coburn make-up. There was that hectic night on a New York stage, for example, when Charles did some of the most earnest acting of his life—at the point of a madman's gun.

The play was "Diplomacy," featuring an all star cast including Margaret Anglin, Tyrone Power (our Ty's Dad), Cissie Loftus, Frances Starr, Helen Gahagan (now Mrs. Melvyn Douglas) and others. At the opening of the second act, when Coburn and Miss Gahagan stood alone on the stage, there was a sudden cry from the aisle.

"Get off that stage, or I'll kill you!"

Those were the days before Olsen and Johnson, when a disturbance from the audience was the exception rather than the rule—but let Mr. Coburn tell it:

"I looked out over the footlights and there stood a red-faced fellow, wild-haired, measuring about six foot two, and pointing his revolver straight at me. 'I'll kill you,' he repeated, and I had no reason to doubt him. I considered a jump into the orchestra pit, but discarded the idea as an ungallant way to take my leave of Miss Gahagan.

"We went on with our lines. The young man never moved either the revolver or his gaze and seemed only to be quietly considering what part of my body the bullet was going to pierce. Mentally I held a very faint debate as to the advantages of being hit in the chest, over those of being hit in the abdomen. I couldn't see any use in trying to argue with the gunman, since it might only enrage him more.

"Finally, my bad tempered friend said, 'You're goin' to get it—' But just at that moment, at the back of the theater, I could see an ushers' posse of six forming to sneak up to him. My only chance was to keep his attention averted until the posse could grab him without any danger of shots going wild into the stricken audience. Never, during the run of any play, were lines read with such emotional fervor. Miss Gahagan was a trouper clear through, but her nails bit into my hands so deeply I had the marks for weeks afterwards.

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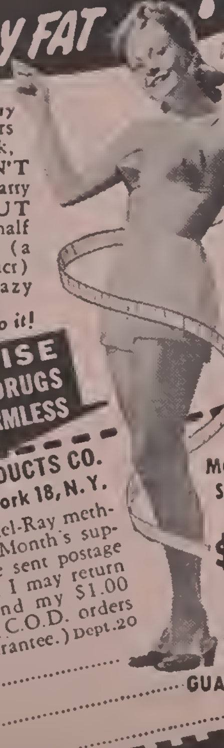

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"The posse caught him. It turned out he was in love with Margaret Anglin, though it was no fault of hers since she had never seen him before. The boy was quite mad—although just why he was mad at me, no one has been able to figure out. Perhaps I may have appealed to him as a more ample target than Margaret. I tell you, it was the only time in my life I really longed to be the Thin Man!"

Or consider an episode which took place one summer season when the Coburn Players were holding their annual dramatic festival at Columbia University. The play was "Macbeth" and it was staged outdoors in a grove of trees which grew right outside the school's boiler room.

The Shakespearean saga had progressed to that seventeenth century forerunner of the chiller-diller, the Witches scene, and Mr. Coburn had just made inquiry of the world at large:

"What is that noise?"

Bang, as if on cue, there came a thunderous roar that shook the audience nearly out of its seats—and surprised the actors almost out of their skins.

"—and why sinks this cauldron?" quavered Mr. Coburn.

Swish, a great all-enveloping cloud of steam spread over the stage!

The actors stood rooted to the turf. "Beware of McDuff—" intoned a witch tremulously, and a second roar lent emphasis to her threat.

When the last rumble had died and the vapors subsided, the spectators broke into spontaneous applause, and the actors realized that in some miraculous fashion they were still alive. The audience crowded round to congratulate Mr. Coburn on the marvelous off-stage effects. "How did you do it?" they asked.

Having learned by then that one of the school's boilers had blown a cylinder head during his show, Mr. Coburn modestly passed the whole thing off as an experiment, adding his regret that the effect was a little too expensive to be repeated at every performance.

Coburn's favorite stage role of them all was that of Ol' Bill in Bairnsfeather's "The Better 'Ole," a classic of the last war. His favorite screen roles include his first, which was that of the reprobate Dr. Shingle in "Of Human Hearts"; the sadistic Dr. Gordon in "Kings Row"; the devilish millionaire of "The Devil and Miss Jones," you-know-whom in "The More The Merrier," and the broad-minded grand-pop of the current "Heaven Can Wait."

His introduction to the screen came in 1937, when MGM invited him to play the medico's role in "Of Human Hearts." (With Walter Huston, Jimmy Stewart, Beulah Bondi and a beautiful brown horse, remember?)

He will never forget his first day as a movie actor. The troupe, under the direction of Clarence Brown, was shooting on location at Lake Arrowhead. The ex-New Yorker was horrified to find Hollywoodians had a heathenish habit of getting up to go to work at five o'clock in the morning. Groping his way into his costume and gargling a quick cup of coffee, Charles managed to hop into the company's motorboat just as it was leaving the hotel pier.

On one side of the lake, MGM had lavishly erected an entire Civil War village. At sight of it, Mr. Coburn

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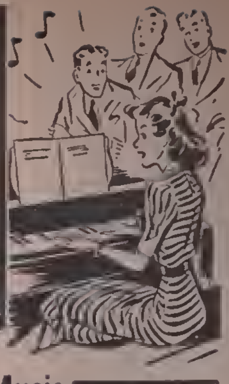

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was really inpressed with his new calling. Here was a stage of a size to demand an actor's biggest talents. The village was a half mile square—Charlie knows, because he tramped its length and breadth many times that day, waiting for Director Brown to signal him to go into his act. At three o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Coburn made his debut before the cameras. He was one of a crowd who had the backs of their heads photographed as they watched a steamboat depart!

"It was then," he says, "that I formed my entire philosophy and creed for a motion picture actor: Thou shalt have infinite patience!"

The creed stood him in good stead when making "My Kingdom for a Cook." In his first starring vehicle he plays a sort of British cousin to Mr. Dingle, a white bearded English author who out-Shaws the great Bernard in his meddling with international and domestic relations. The filming of the story required him to run the gamut of his personal emotions from "Ouch!" to "Ooof!" In the action he was kicked down a subway stairs, trampled, and crowned with an irate lady's umbrella. He received hot flapjacks in his face in one scene, and rode a motorcycle in another.

Considering that Mr. Coburn is sixty-six years old, with a poundage to match, and that he used no doubles for the many rehearsals and takes, a passage of dialogue in the film takes on a double significance:

"To what," he is asked, "do you attribute your long life?"

"To the fact that I haven't yet died!" he answers crustily.

Charles Coburn's private life—what there is of it—is spent mostly on the golf links and in his Sunset Strip apartment. He has been a widower for some years. The day this writer visited the apartment it was filled mostly with pipes and telephone wires, with assorted males at the end of each. The pipe smokers were fellow members of the Masquers Club, with whom he was plotting a special entertainment session. The telephone men were attempting to solve the traffic jam on two phones by adding a third instrument.

The serious side of Charles Coburn, of course, is his belief in acting as a profession, his love and faith in the theater and its newer form, the screen. The story of his Mohawk Drama Festival and Institute, founded at Union College in Schenectady, New York, in 1935, would make a long article in itself. Colleges all over the country are considering his teaching methods for regular dramatic classes after the war.

He is against present college dramatic methods in which he contends, "Amateurs turn out more amateurs." His pupils act with trained actors from the very beginning, for acting comes, he believes, not from books but from actual practice. The actor's real job, says Mr. Coburn, is to make his audience act. None of an actor's emotional display is any good if it does not release the emotions of his audience. He is only the instrument through which the spectator can enjoy the vicarious thrill of loving, hating, and laughing, adventuring in tragedy or romance.

Forsaking the abstract for the concrete example at hand, all we can say is that if Mr. Coburn's methods will bring us a new and unending supply of Dingles—we're for it!

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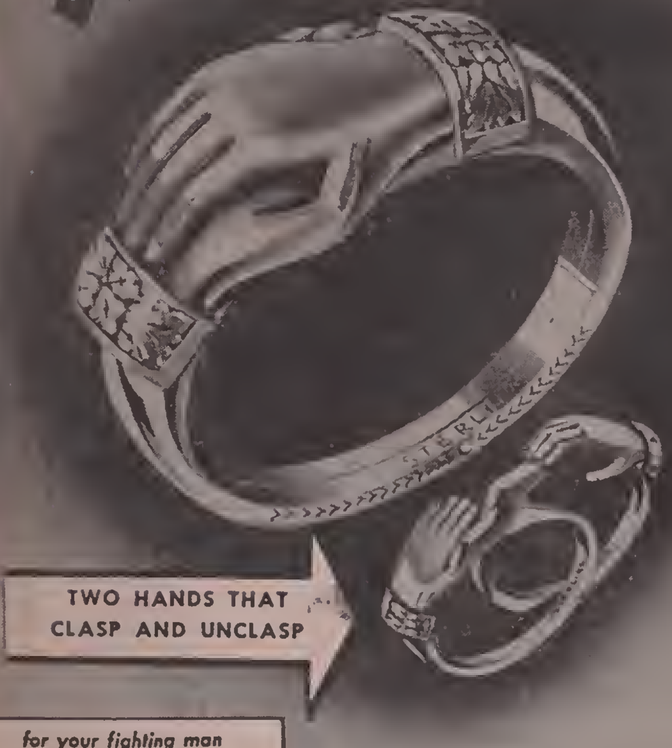
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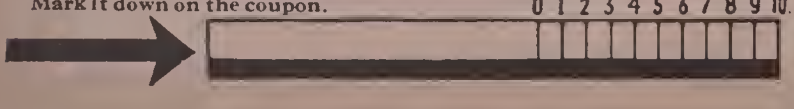

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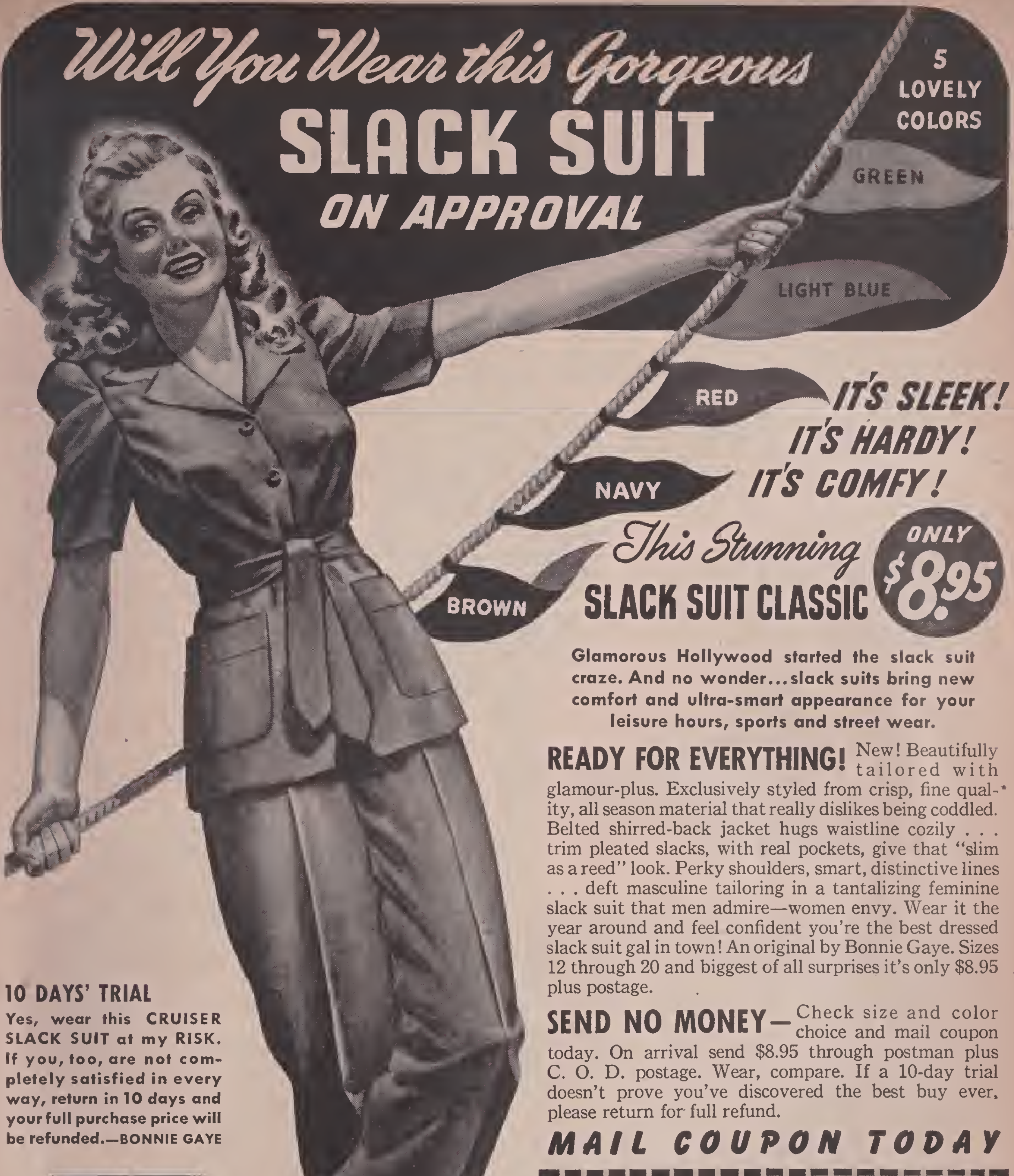

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We're twenty and just a little shaver.

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Next year we'll be twenty-one!

—*Leo*

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

AN ALL RIGHT GUY

One of the most misunderstood of Hollywood characters is Red Skelton. Definitely an okay guy. He can't resist clowning and he'll work for any audience, whether it's electricians on the set or service men he picks up on the corner.

It's Red's love life that is really the goon department. Apparently he can't be happy without his ex-wife Edna, nor happy with her. She always wrote Red's material and she still, after the divorce, is his business manager.

Meanwhile, Red's been dating the glamour cuties of Hollywood. They were all the same blonde, full-blown type. But it was pretty tough for him when he actually was ready to march to the altar with Muriel Morris to have her walk out on him.

Nobody seems to know just the reason for that, and Red least of all. He'll go into the army—and about that he's very glad, as he's long wanted to serve—still bewildered. Hollywood likes Red and hates to see this happening to him.

Danny Kaye's wife, Sylvia Fine, writes Danny's material, just as Edna Skelton writes Red's. Sylvia also manages most of Danny's career. But Danny says "Sylvia's got a fine head on my shoulders."

Maybe it's that humor about himself that will make Danny always a happy husband as well as a star. And maybe, being himself in the Army, and not a clown, Red will find some lasting rules for personal happiness. Hollywood hopes so.

LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT

Poor Claudette Colbert is in hot water these days. She recently purchased Peyton Hall, smart Hollywood apartment house, complete with swimming pool and all. The minute it appeared in the papers who the new owner was, all her friends with friends arriving from the East called and asked her to get them an apartment.

Claudette, of course, under OPA ruling cannot rent an apartment to anyone. Under the ruling the only way she could get an apartment there herself is to move in and re-do it. The place is jammed full and there is no vacancy until next year.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 8

Judy Garland wears "that look" when she's with Peter Lawford. But with numerous males fluttering around maybe this is mild romance.

The Robert Lowery-Ginny Simms twosome is exciting Hollywood this month. Only a short while back it was Ginny and Mickey Rooney.

PARAMOUNT'S

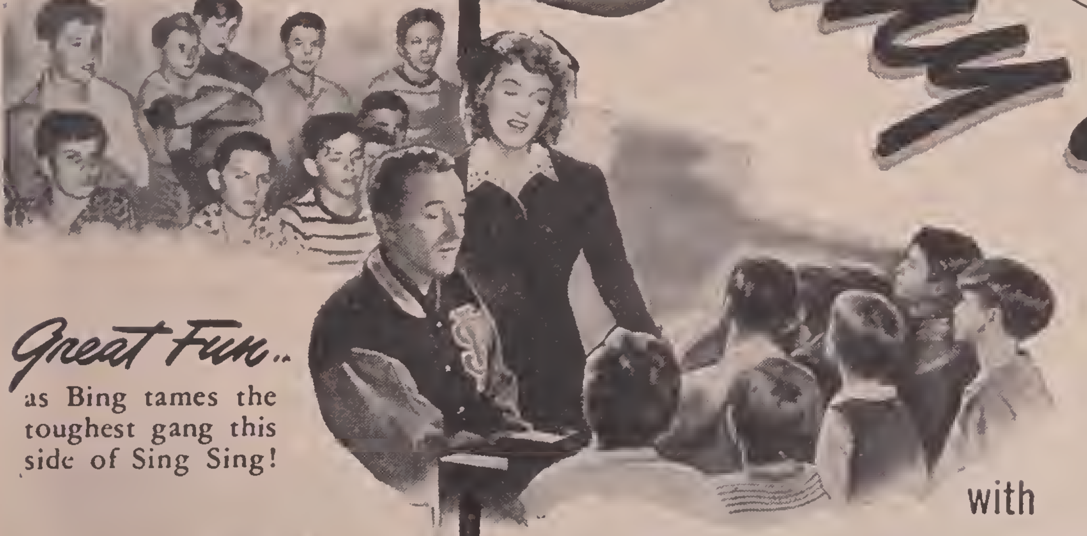
"Going my way"

Coming your way

BING'S BEST PICTURE!

Great Songs...

"The Day After Forever" "Going My Way" • "Swinging On A Star" • *plus* "Ave Maria" • "Silent Night, Holy Night" and 3 Other Old Favorites



Great Fun...

as Bing tames the toughest gang this side of Sing Sing!

A Little Love!

Jim Brown and Jean Heather, whom Bing gets going together and going his way!

with

BING CROSBY

BARRY FITZGERALD • FRANK McHUGH • JAMES BROWN
JEAN HEATHER • GENE LOCKHART • PORTER HALL
And FORTUNIO BONANOVA

Risë Stevens Famous Contralto of Metropolitan Opera Association

Produced and Directed by **Leo McCarey**

B. G. DeSYLVA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Frank Butler and Frank Cavett

Barry Fitzgerald, as Father Fitzgibbon who thought the Bishop had played a joke on him when he sent him Bing!

Glamour for You!

A flattering Stadium Girl Complexion

There's a new thrill waiting for you...a fresh, captivating complexion!

With Stadium Girl Cake Make-up your complexion appears lovelier, more romantic than ever . . . a truly enchanting skin beauty that remains soft and natural for hours. Then, too, remember Stadium Girl Cake Make-up hides those tiny, annoying skin faults and brings about an overall complexion of warm overtones—thrillingly glamorous.

Try this sensational new cake make-up. You'll find new glamour in one of these flattering shades — Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Golden Tan.

The modern plastic, waterproof Stadium Girl case makes a beautiful purse accessory. You'll want to carry it with you at all times.

Wherever you find Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, you'll find these other equally fine cosmetics—Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up.

STADIUM GIRL CAKE MAKE-UP, full ounce, 25¢
STADIUM GIRL LIP MAKE-UP, six shades, 10¢-25¢
STADIUM GIRL CHEEK MAKE-UP, four shades, 10¢-25¢

Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores

Stadium Girl

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Campus Sales Co., Distributors
Milwaukee 2. Wis.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

WANTED: LARGE APARTMENT

Ann Sothern finally has sold her house and is moving into a small apartment. For the past year Ann has threatened to do this, but somehow never could make herself sell her dream house. Now she has sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz is the producer of "Cover Girl," song writer of most of those songs that dance through your head. The move takes place whenever Ann can find an apartment large enough to fit her crystal chandelier that is the pride of her life. With the housing shortage, this will take some doing.

BOY GETS GIRL

For the records, Elyse Knox goes down as one of the frankest brides in a coon's age. Under duress from her studio she gave out interviews of her marriage to war hero and ex-football player Tom Harmon. Tom, under instructions from the War Department, could not talk of his wartime adventures and whenever a reporter tried to get any of them from bride Elyse they came up against a stone wall.

But the story of their romance is like a Hollywood script.

Cover girl Elyse participated in the ceremonies to greet the Michigan football team when they came to California in 1939. She met the hero Tom Harmon, thought he was very nice, and smiled when he said that someday he would marry her. Then Mr. Harmon made All-American and after his graduation from college was signed by Columbia Pictures to make "Harmon of Michigan". Again the two met and had dates, but Miss Elyse didn't take anything seriously.

Soon after Tom left California, Elyse married dashing Paul Hesse, cover photographer. Their romance didn't last and ended in divorce about a year later. Mr. Harmon by this time was in the Army and Elyse added him to her list of men in the service that she wrote to regularly. These she swears were friendly letters, such as one who would write to any friend at war. When Tom was reported missing in action she was genuinely upset, and when he came back she was overjoyed for him and for his family. Newspapers played up the romance angle, but to Elyse there wasn't any. Then off to war again for Tom and more letters. Then again he was missing and turned up again. This time Elyse met him in Chicago for a bond tour together. This time it was love.

Tom got the girl he had said he would marry and Elyse finally found the man she truly loves. Tom will report back to duty in a few months and she will continue her picture career until he comes back. Then there will be no more pictures, just Mrs. Tom Harmon.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 68

The love throb of Helmut Dantine is everybody's business. Currently it's pretty Constance Dowling.

SHARE THE REAL THING WITH OUR SUPER-COMMANDOS! IN *ACTION!* IN *LOVE!*

This is it! The hot-with-excitment story of our fighting Paramarines, who are making our hearts and our headlines sing with pride! You'll love the way they thrill you! You'll thrill to the way they love!

MARINE RAIDERS

Starring

PAT O'BRIEN · ROBERT RYAN · RUTH HUSSEY

with **FRANK McHUGH · BARTON MacLANE**

Produced by Robert Fellows—Directed by Harold Schuster—Screen play by Warren Duff

Another of the great RKO RADIO PICTURES

TWENTY YEARS OF M-G-M HITS...AND

1924 BIG PARADE

1925 THE MERRY WIDOW

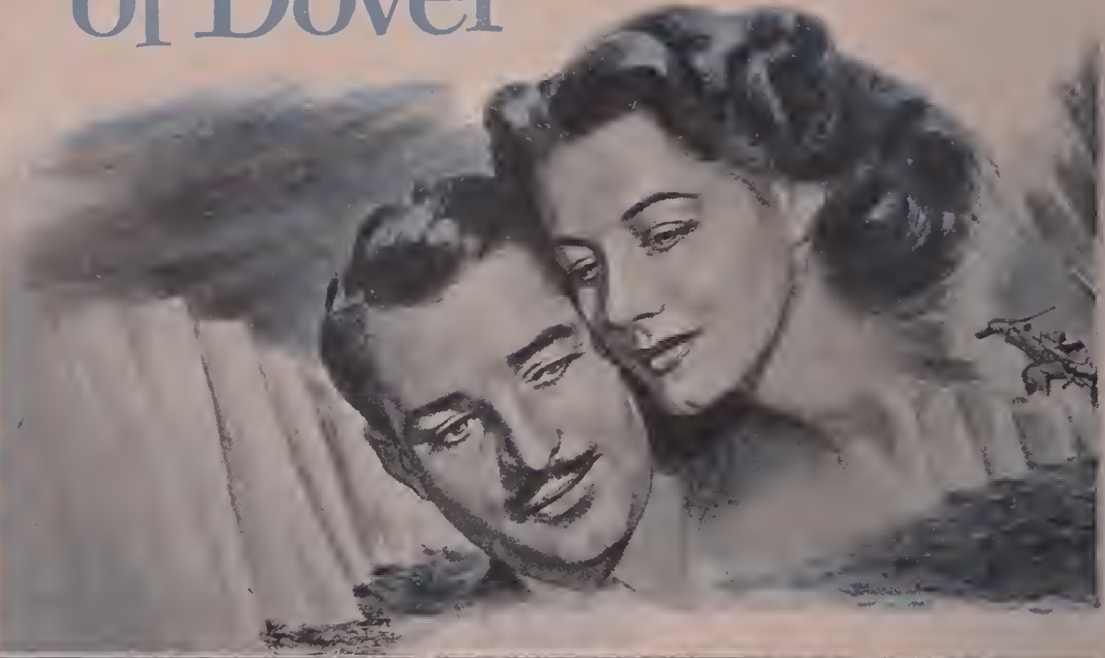
1926 FLESH AND THE DEVIL

1927 BEN

1931 TRADER HORN

1944 marks twenty years—exciting years—epic years—that M-G-M has been producing your greatest entertainment! To celebrate its anniversary—the studio of hits now pours into one magnificent picture all the mastery at its command—and gives the screen the romance that is destined to be remembered forever!

The White Cliffs of Dover



1933 TUGBOAT ANNIE

1935 MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

1937 GOOD EARTH

1938 BOYS TOWN

1939 WIZARD OF OZ

1940 BOOM

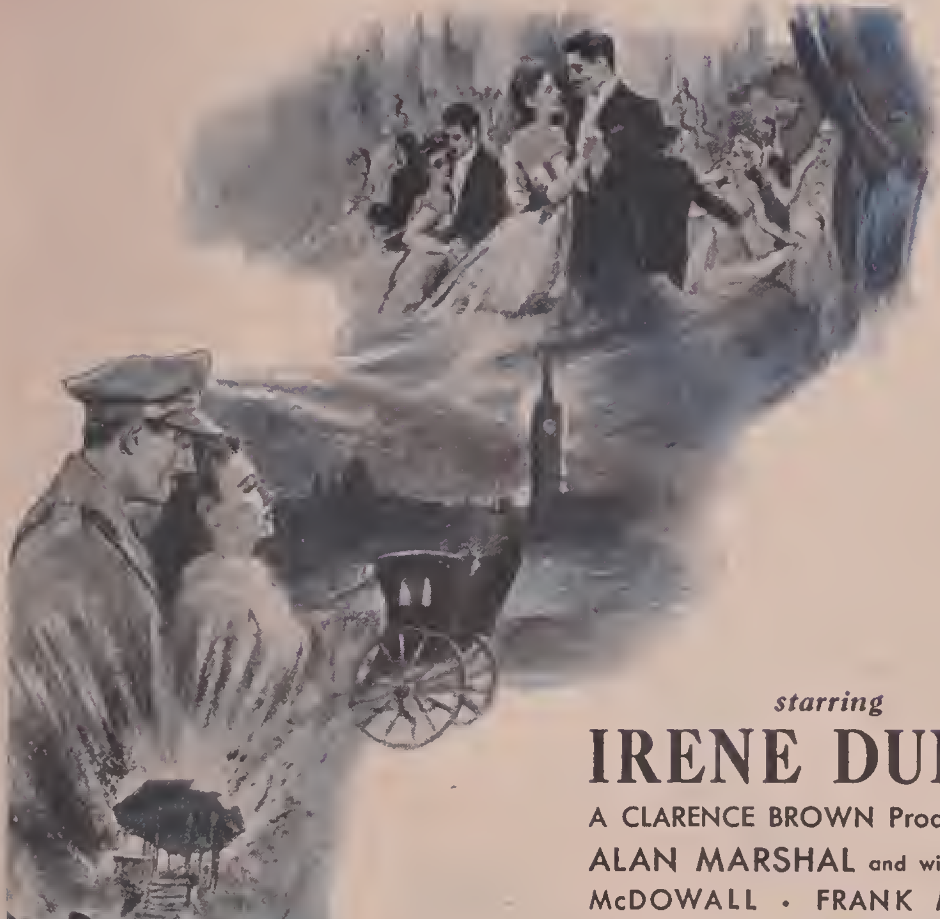
NOW THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL!

HUR

1928 TELL IT TO THE MARINES

1929 BROADWAY MELODY

1930 MIN AND BILL



starring

IRENE DUNNE

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with ALAN MARSHAL and with RODDY McDOWALL • FRANK MORGAN VAN JOHNSON • C. AUBREY SMITH • DAME MAY WHITTY • GLADYS COOPER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Screen Play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel • Based on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP
1924-1944
MGM

1932 GRAND HOTEL

1934 DINNER AT EIGHT

1936 SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN

1941 HONKY TONK

1942 MRS. MINIVER

1943 RANDOM HARVEST

Bonita Granville Glamorous Hollywood Star

2 minutes to new Loveliness with **TAYTON'S** cake make-up

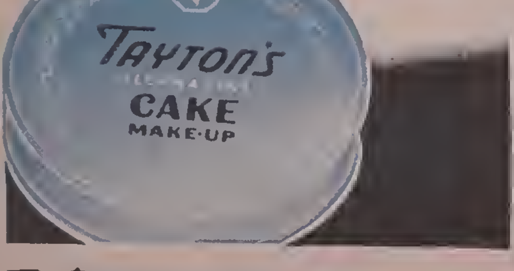
Why have so many Hollywood beauties fallen in love with TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP!

- Because it goes on quickly and evenly.
- Because it does *not* dry the skin.
- Because it *does* veil tiny blemishes, giving a petal-smooth look that lasts for hours.
- Because it does even more! Those exquisite new shades lend flattering color with a soft, natural-looking glow.

Get your own lovely shade of TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP for a glamorous new complexion. You'll love it!

Glamour from the Hollywood House of Tayton

LARGE SIZE 39c and also 10c and 25c sizes at your 10c counter.



Tayton HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

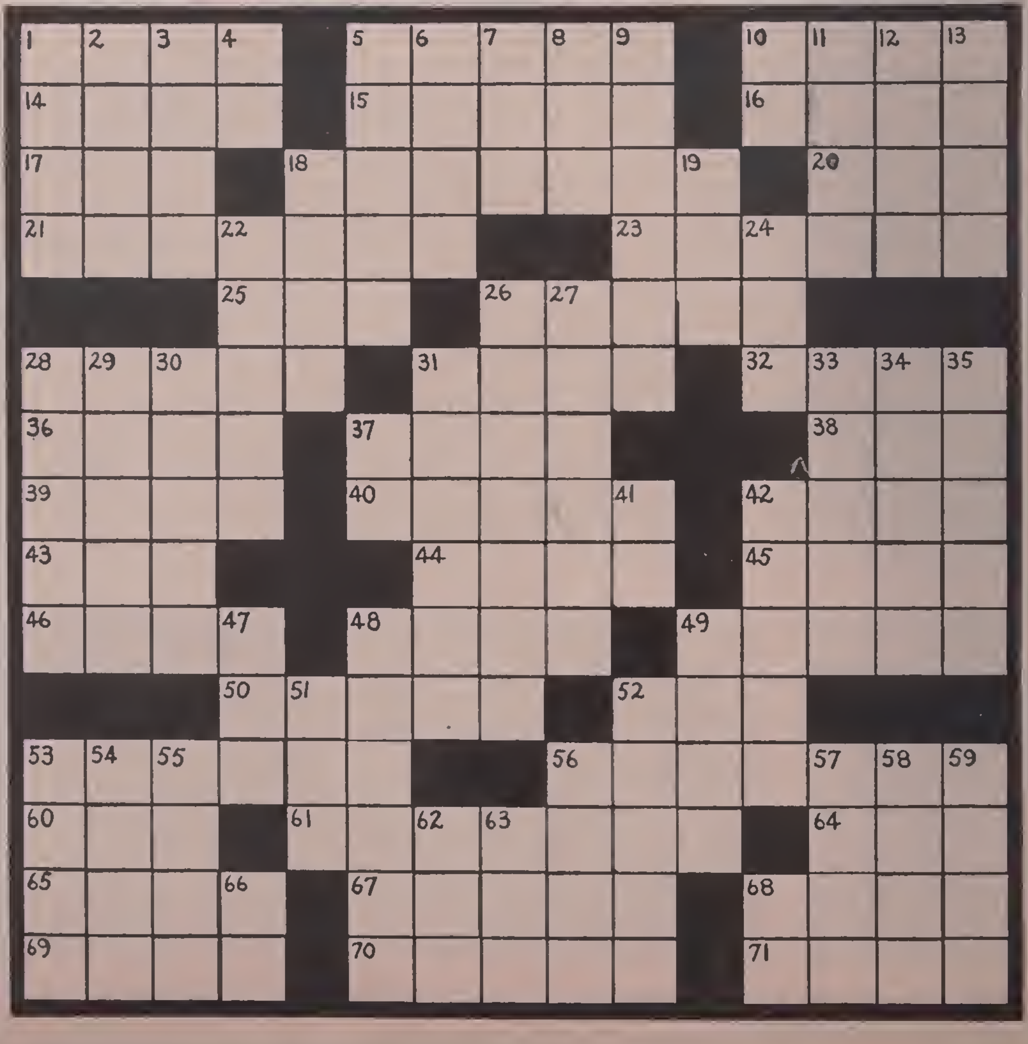
ACROSS

1. She weds one of "The Sullivans"
5. "Drake" in "Higher and Higher"
10. One of the "Three Russian Girls"
14. "Carol Holliday" in "See Here, Private Hargrove"
15. She is in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"
16. "No Greater - - - -"
17. Old Dutch liquid measure
18. Awards (obs. or poet.)
20. Fresh
21. Chester in "Chance of a Lifetime"
23. "Mounirah" in "Action in Arabia"
25. Hasten
26. Dip in a liquid (rare)
28. Movie studio make-up material
31. "Follies Girl" has - - - - bands
32. Lily Pons is one
36. "- - - - to Hold"
37. Miss Sullavan in short,
38. Mr. La Roque in reverse
39. Plant of the lily family
40. "Mrs. Higgins" in "Lifeboat"
42. Cover the inner side of the roof
43. Heads the cast in "Whistling in Brooklyn"
44. "Kitty" is - - - - role in "Is Everybody Happy?"
45. "Cookie" in "Destination Tokyo"
46. A bunch of bananas
48. There are many - - - - movies
49. "Ethel Helton" in "The Good Fellows"
50. "- - - - - Irish Rose"
52. Peter - - - is "Kozzarowski" in "Gung Ho!"
53. Jennifer's pa in "The Song of Bernadette"
56. "Henry Pepper" is - - - - role in "What a Woman!"
60. Wing
61. Rosalind in "What a Woman!"
64. "The Better - - - -"
65. - - - - Lee is in a recent "Screen Snapshots"
67. Reverse side of a coin
68. "Andrea Spedding" in "The Spider Woman"
69. Recline indolently
70. Small heaters
71. Sidney Toler

DOWN

1. Native in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"
2. "Jefferson Braddock" in "Klondike Kate"
3. Roundworm
4. "Marshall Tyler" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
5. "Joe Simpson" in "Thank Your Lucky Stars"
6. Did you see Roy - - - - Trigger in "Hands Across the Border?"
7. Feminine name
8. Fred and Joan sing "- - - For My Baby" in "The Sky's the Limit"
9. Bill Powell's mate in "The Heavenly Body"
10. One of "The Dancing Masters" (inits.)
11. He is in "Phantom Lady"
12. Invariably
13. Eft
18. A valet in "His Butler's Sister"
19. Swine genus
22. "Hoppy Grant" in "No Time for Love"
24. A prop in "George Washington Slept Here"
26. "Paul Hudson" is - - - - role in "The Desert Song"
27. "Andrew Mason" in "The Gang's All Here"
28. Scorches
29. Rented again
30. Eat into
31. She wrote "Back Street" and "Humoresque"
33. Utopian
34. Thin dress material
35. Heads the cast in "Timber Queen"
37. Anne is Jennifer's - - - in "The Song of Bernadette"
41. Dick Powell's role in "It Happened Tomorrow" (inits.)
42. "Thousands - - - - -"
47. "Top - - -"
48. Circumscribed
49. "Lesterade" in "The Spider Woman"
51. Miss Lillie
52. A game of skill
53. "Mme. Du Barry"
54. Vaudeville in a minstrel show
55. "Randy Curtis" in "Lady in the Dark"
56. "Marquesa Montmayor" in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"
57. "Kurt Richter" in "Gung Ho!"
58. Alan Curtis' secretary in "Phantom Lady"
59. Frank can be - - - - and heard in "Higher and Higher"
62. "Killer Kennedy" in "Swing Fever"
63. Err
66. "The Jazz Singer"
68. "Robert Jordan" (inits.)

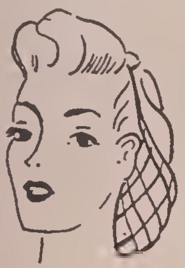
(For Solution See Page 69)



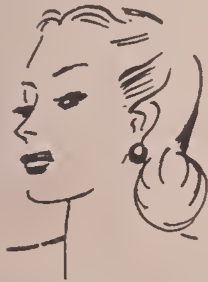
"COSMETICS CLOSE-UPS"

IT'S smart to be smooth under the summer sun. This year, to make it easy, hairstyling takes to highstyling. Sleek simplicity is the keynote; nets and knowing touches are the tricks of the trade. No more excuses for back-of-the-neck birds' nests. Sweep your locks up or under. But put a neat head on your shoulders and hold it high!

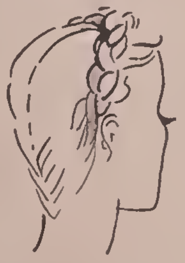
To be really smooth, of course, your hair must be shining. So keep it clean with a weekly shampoo and daily brisk brushwork.



Ends needn't be short to look slick. Long damp stragglers can be controlled completely if they are caught up in a colorful net. Bright hairnets, silky-thin or ropey-thick, are interesting costume accessories too, if they're chosen to match or contrast with summer prints.



Then, chignons are chic—and so very dramatic—especially with a center-parted coiffure. Cool, too, if the front hair is drawn softly back, leaving ears bare to the breezes. For evening excitement, try studding a chignon (true or false) with fresh fragrant flowers.



Braids make a backview that's simply bewitching. They bring a novel note to your beloved and oh-so-comfortable upsweep hair-do.

Are You in the Know?

In writing your soldier, do you—

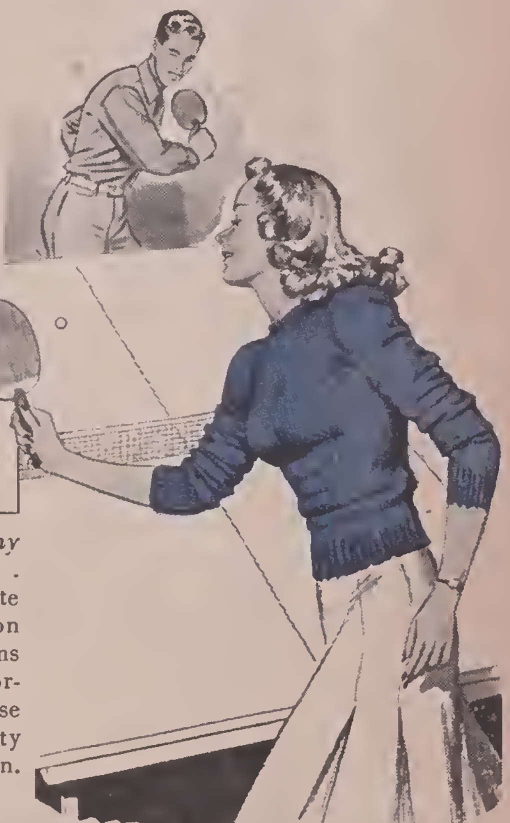
☐ Rave about your dates
☐ Tell him your troubles
☐ "Talk" to him as you always did

Don't be a tear jerk...or killjoy! "Talk" to him gaily...give with the latest gag. Let your *heart* have a word, about the talks, walks, dances you shared. You'll be glad you didn't break those dates, when your calendar said "stay home." You didn't—for you'd learned Kotex isn't like other napkins...doesn't just "feel soft" at first touch. That Kotex is more comfortable because it stays soft while wearing.

What is she doing?

☐ Playing with dolls
☐ Studying Fashion Design
☐ Learning puppetry

Got a knack with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join Home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with *miniature* models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingingest creation with nary a telltale line!



Should you try this if you are—

☐ Shy
☐ On the prowl
☐ A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. *Any* active sport unshells the timid soul . . . pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
KOTEX
KOTEX

Know your napkins—

More women use KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. Quest *destroys* odors completely. It's unscented, safe, *sure.*

Rates for Dates!

"Tyrolean Skirt"

Rates for dates! You'll never notice the man shortage in this nifty little number! Darling suspenders, trimmed with gay, colorful braid! Slim girdle-fit waist... flaring, flattering skirt! Lovely rayon fabric that's truly crush-resistant! Sizes 10 to 16. **$4.98,** plus postage.

Blouse—"Frankly feminine" and as appealing as a shy glance! French-smocked neck; drawstring throat and sleeves! Lush new rayon fabric! White only. Sizes 32 to 38. **$3.98,** plus postage.

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD
Department 741
6253 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD (28), CALIFORNIA
Send no money. We mail C. O. D.
Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail order fashion house!
IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED,
WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!

PROMPT DELIVERY!

ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 741
6253 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD (28), CALIFORNIA
Please send "Tyrolean Skirt", at **$4.98,** plus postage.
NAVY ☐ RED ☐ GOLD ☐ BROWN ☐ GREEN ☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color)
Size: 10 12 14 16 (Circle size wanted)
Please send Blouse, at **$3.98,** plus postage.
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size wanted)
(Please print name etc. plainly)
NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY________________ ZONE______
STATE____________________

Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 64.

Movieland's NEW PICTURE

PIN UP GIRL (20th Century-Fox) capitalizes upon the latest survey of Hollywood's top money-making stars wherein the name of Betty Grable, (like that of Abou Ben Adhem) led all the rest. Part of the reason for her supremacy at the box-office is the tremendous following Betty has built up among the G.I. Joes who have named her one of the armed forces favorite pin-up girls. Therefore what could be more suitable than that her studio star Betty Grable in a Technicolor musical frankly labeled "Pin Up Girl?"

She might have been provided with a little better story than the flimsy plot that ties together these songs and dances. It is about nothing more important than a pair of girls who set out for Washington to take government jobs. En route they stop off in New York where they are mistaken for musical comedy stars and Betty meets a returned Naval hero with whom she falls in love. The rest of the yarn concerns their misunderstandings before true love triumphs.

But "Pin Up Girl" has at least eight hit tunes by Mack Gordon and James Monaco, some engaging dance routines, spectacular specialties by the roller-skating Vanities troupe, the Condos brothers and sweet-trumpeting Charlie Spivak and his orchestra. It also has Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown who have but recently returned from overseas entertainment tours of the fighting fronts, and consequently are held in high regard by American troops. Very good as Betty's good friend is Dorothea Kent, her hair reddened for contrast to the Grable blondeness, John Harvey is the Naval hero, and Dave Willock swell as his sidekick.

MEET THE PEOPLE (MGM) bears small resemblance to the stage revue from which it obtained its name. A story has been added that points, yet never attains, an attitude of social significance a la "Pins and Needles." The oft-used backstage locale divides interest with the currently favored setting of a war plant where local and professional talent are whipping up a show. About the only novelty is provided by making it a shipyard instead of an airplane factory. The rest of the musical ingredients are standard.

Lucille Ball and Dick Powell do what they can with the romantic thread. Virginia O'Brien, June Allyson, Vaughan Monroe and orchestra, and Spike Jones and his City Slickers take care of added musical chores. Bert Lahr finds himself washed out after they have gotten a single parody song out of him. Consequently you meet these people at your own risk.

TAMPICO (20th Century-Fox) is one of those hard-bitter adventure melodramas which may please those who do not expect too much of it. Edward G. Robinson plays a Merchant Marine captain whose ship is torpedoed by the enemy. Acting on the assumption that the sinking is traceable to Nazi waterfront agents, the captain seeks revenge. Victor McLaglen is his second officer, and the flashing Lynn Bari the girl who might have been guilty but—surprise, surprise—isn't.

HER PRIMITIVE MAN (Universal) starts out to be a very funny picture of the wacky sort. Then it grows tired of its own insanities and ends up by tiring you. Robert Paige, wanting to get even with Louise Allbritton for exposing a literary hoax, masquerades as a Lupari headhunter, so that he can embarrass her in her study of a primitive man's reactions to civilization. The supporting cast, headed by Robert Benchley, Edward Everett Horton and Helen Broderick, stays in there pitching.

COBRA WOMAN (Universal) serves merely as another excuse to parade the visual charms of Maria Montez in an exotic setting. She plays twin sisters, one good and one evil, who struggle over the island throne of snake worshippers. Jon Hall and Sabu are again her co-stars, the Hindu boy in a last appearance before joining the U. S. Army Air Force.

5 BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 56

GUIDE

ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE (MGM) turns out to be twins who are the attractive Lee and Lynn Wilde. As you remember, the previous Hardy Family film ended with Andy aboard a train headed for his first year in college at his father's Alma Mater. He began a flirtation with a girl who was recognizable as Susan Peters. Somewhere along the line Susan must have changed trains, without doubt to a faster one, for she is no longer on the scene when Andy allows his roving eye to catch that of Bonita Granville. Then begins a pursuit of the aforementioned Wilde twins, whom Andy believes are one and the same girl.

As Hardy Family pictures go, this is probably the weakest one in the series. Not enough happens to Andy in college to give matters an expected bounce. Mickey Rooney is held down to a single situation which is not very bright, despite his best efforts to keep it amusing. So we have to go back to Carvel to pick up Lewis Stone as the Judge and Fay Holden as Mrs. Hardy. They have some business in disposing of Andy's jalopy to the courteous Chinese doctor who is Keye Luke. He is also a mechanical genius and proves it by making the heap run. Meanwhile, the able Herbert Marshall as a college dean is trying to help Mickey out of his double blonde trouble. It just isn't as funny as it should have been been.

AND THE ANGELS SING (Paramount) vainly tries to be entertaining about the misadventures of a quartette of sisters who vocalize well together but whose ambitions are respectively to follow careers as

(*Continued on page 87*)

MAKE-UP
CREATED
BY THE
MEN
WHO
MAKE UP
THE
HOLLYWOOD
STARS

Betty Grable star of the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Picture "PIN UP GIRL"

Perc Westmore, Hollywood Make-up Genius, making up Betty Grable with House of Westmore Make-up.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up.

Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of
WESTMORE
MAKE-UP

25c and 50c at toilet goods counters.

Plan TO GET SOME *Sun*

BY SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

THERE are few girls who *always* burn but *never* tan! Our authority is Miss Ann Blyth, youngest pride of Universal Pictures. Ann recently left New York's footlights for Hollywood's sunny splendor. Climatically, she went through just what many of us do when we come out of steamheated homes into the searing summer sun.

This is her plan—to take to the sun; but to take advantage of it. She doesn't aim for a mahogany hue; but she does believe in bronzing a bit.

Before bathing or badminton, Ann applies a sun-filtering lotion (very necessary for her fair Irish skin). Frequent applications shut the burning rays out, let the vitamins in.

All-over rubs with hand lotion after outdoor exposure replace dried-out natural moisture. Lavish applications of emollient cream soothe and soften her wind-whipped face. The result—a golden glow. The kind that you and I can have, if we *plan* to get some sun.

Don't take my word for it! Watch Ann Blyth in "The Merry Monahans" and see what sun with sense can do—even to the sensitive.

With protection on your program, you'll be tinted to taste, with a tan that's really tonic.

Not a speck of skin surface can be left unprotected from sun. Or neglected after outdoor exposure!

Play is part of the perfect plan for every healthy, slim-trim body. So get your fun—but make it work for a better figure too.

Anti-sun stroking: this is the proper procedure for tanning without any pain or peel. Special lotion shuts out the rays that burn.

Taking chances on outdoor-dry skin lines? Not Ann! After sunning, she smoothes her pretty face with a film of emollient cream.

Your glamorous, silken-shining hair

Conspires to stir him - make him care!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

●

Love at first sight is no surprise when a girl has lovely, shining hair! So don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty men adore.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene containing hair conditioner now leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it.

And remember! Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

PLAY his glamorous leading lady. Slip into a crisp cotton—its frilled neckline sweet and low. Tuck a flower in your shining hair. And remember, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner brings out the gleaming lustre and smoothness essential to this smart, provocative hair-do.

Replacement or refund of money if defective or not as advertised therein
★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

drene
Shampoo
drene
Shampoo
with Hair Conditioner added

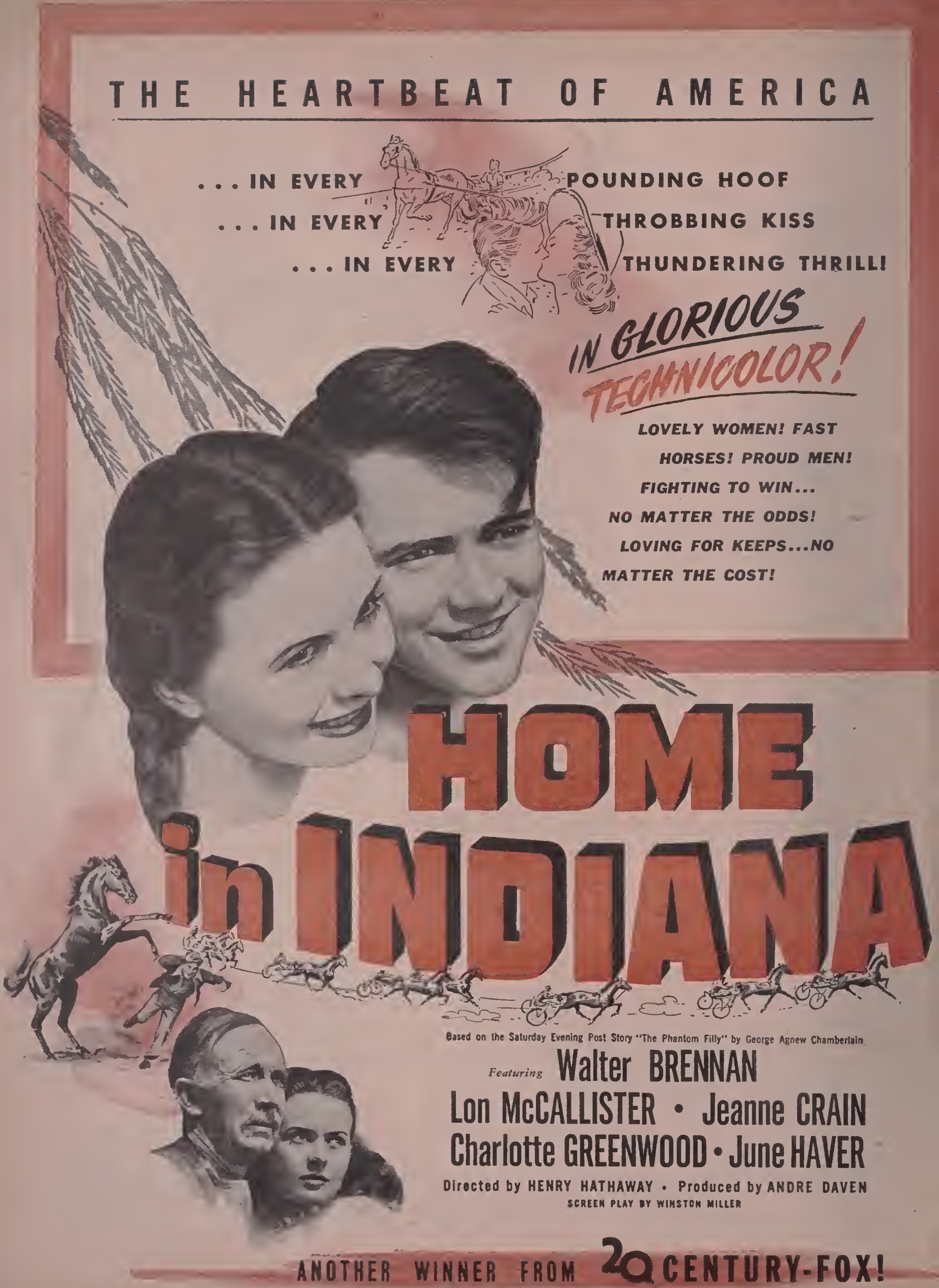
Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

●

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



THE HEARTBEAT OF AMERICA

. . . IN EVERY POUNDING HOOF
. . . IN EVERY THROBBING KISS
. . . IN EVERY THUNDERING THRILL!

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!

LOVELY WOMEN! FAST HORSES! PROUD MEN! FIGHTING TO WIN... NO MATTER THE ODDS! LOVING FOR KEEPS...NO MATTER THE COST!

HOME in INDIANA

Based on the Saturday Evening Post Story "The Phantom Filly" by George Agnew Chamberlain

Featuring Walter BRENNAN
Lon McCALLISTER • Jeanne CRAIN
Charlotte GREENWOOD • June HAVER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN
SCREEN PLAY BY WINSTON MILLER

ANOTHER WINNER FROM 20 CENTURY-FOX!

Betty's Baby

SHE was ushered into this world in the dark hours that precede the sunlit California dawn . . . Victoria Elizabeth James . . . Betty's baby . . . seven pounds, ten ounces . . . blue eyes, blonde hair . . . just like her glamorous mother. Harry James had paced the floor of the Father's Room at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for hours . . . and when the doctor said, "You can see her now" Harry rushed to Betty's side. Her first words were, "Honey, you aren't disappointed are you?" And he replied, "Disappointed? Baby, I wanted a little girl all the time." Can you blame him after seeing these first pictures of Hollywood's newest starlet?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARRIAGE

Small Cheryl Christina Crane, affectionately known as "Cherry" to her glamorous mom and dad. The perfect addition to what was once considered a perfect marriage.

WHAT'S *wrong* with marriage in Hollywood? Why is it that next to war and taxes, there is nothing so sure to hit the headlines at dependable intervals as a new skirmish on the Hollywood domestic front?

To be up-to-date and specific, what happened—after five years of idyllic companionship—to cause a rift in the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine union? Its principals contend that the subject is "too painful even to talk about". And why, with the printers' ink scarcely dry on avowals of recaptured happiness by Lana Turner and Steven Crane, did the whole thing go off again like a delayed-action bomb?

We-ll, these aren't private questions—anybody can get in with the answers, providing they know them. Meantime, those of us who sit in the spectators' row are free to create our own version of the truth, and its consequences.

As this writer sees it, there is nothing wrong with marriage in Hollywood that isn't wrong with marriage anywhere else. Marriage is the too close confinement of two people who, because of their love for each other, try to think, act and feel alike. They're not always successful at it because, in the same way that no two humans' fingerprints are the same, minds and emotions are apt to have highly individual whorls and convolutions.

Marriage, as an institution, is a great deal like democracy—full of soft spots and imperfections. But, like democracy, it is worth fighting to keep, simply because it is so much finer than any other form of human relationship the world has yet been able to devise. And in spite of the frequent front-page splash of some Hollywood marriage newly sunk, there is no reason to believe that a film colony husband and wife do not put up as brave a struggle in the pursuit and preservation of their happiness as a couple in any other city.

The plain truth of it is that the state of California,

in HOLLYWOOD?

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Behind the news comments on what has upset the five years' happy Joan Fontaine-Brian Aherne love story, and an inside what-goes with the new Lana Turner and Steve Crane romance rift

which for news purposes is bounded on all sides by Hollywood, actually has a much more respectable divorce rate than many other states in the union. From the Federal Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce come some statistics that are surprising.

Figures compiled in 1940 show that 2 percent of the entire population of the United States secured divorces during that year. California's divorce rate, based on its population, was 3.5, which for a moment might seem to indicate the glamour state was way ahead of its share of legal separations. On the other hand, Florida came through with a plump 5.9, the comparatively unsophisticated states of Texas and Oklahoma stacked up 4.3 and 4.2 respectively, and the state of Washington topped the Western coastline with 3.7.

Whether the government became discouraged with these figures, or has simply busied itself with matters more important, is not known. But there has been no official check-up since 1940. However, the conditions today are the same as they were four years ago. In Deland, Florida, and in Yakima, Washington, and Wichita Falls, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dokes are allowed to go quietly about their personal troubles, but Mr. and Mrs. Screen Star, living their gold-fish bowl existence in Hollywood, enjoy no such privacy.

Any attempt to analyze the Aherne-Fontaine or Turner-Crane split-ups must be based on purely personal opinion—but there are certain facts with which to substantiate these opinions. In Yakima, or in Wichita Falls, those facts would be facts known only to a few close friends and neighbors. In Hollywood, they are town property.

When Brian Aherne married Joan, he was one of the film colony's most dashing eligibles—well established as Katharine Cornell's favorite partner for stage romance, and portrayer of such colorful screen roles as "The Great Garrick" and "Captain Fury." Joan was known mostly as the rather "plain" little sister of Olivia de Havilland. In fact, it was the more vivid 'Livvy' whom the tall young Englishman had first come acourtin'. He and Joan first struck sparks at a garden party, where they met by coincidence, and people were more or less surprised when they married.

The Ahernes lived unpretentiously, in a medium-sized Beverly Hills house that would never be picked as a "movie star" home. Joan, who was born in Japan of English parents, and Englishman Brian shared a Continental background and found it a good background for similar tastes in reading, conversation and other pleasures of quiet living. They never made any attempt to become members-in-good-standing of the cafe set, but preferred instead to entertain close friends in their home.

Brian, while endowed with a good bit of British reserve, is an easy-going fellow, a brilliant raconteur, with a solid strain of humor flashing behind his very blue eyes. His hobbies before the war ran to piloting his bride in his own plane on cross-country trips, and whipping remote mountain streams with a trout rod. These days, he likes to spend his spare time at his date and alfalfa ranch just outside of Palm Springs, and return to the movie sets tanned and relaxed.

Joan, fragile in her childhood, seemed to gain enjoyment from these slightly rugged activities. There is no question but that this marriage was, for awhile at least, extremely beneficial for the quiet girl who, with a new sprinkling of freckles across her nose and a very obvious happiness in her eyes, took on a new sparkle to her personality.

Meantime, the public status of the two underwent a gradual change. The just slightly-known young actress became an overnight star in "Rebecca", and eventually

The Ahernes were seldom seen in Hollywood's night lights. This was one of their very rare appearances at the Palladium.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARRIAGE *in* HOLLYWOOD?

CONTINUED

brought home a golden Oscar to decorate her side of the family mantel. As her roles become increasingly spectacular and important, her husband's screen career lost color. In the last couple of years, Aherne has suffered from the dull fate which seems to overtake actors who prove themselves so adaptable they can be shoved into any spot to furnish a dependable foil for a co-star's comedy or drama.

Today, Joan Fontaine is one of the screen's top dramatic actresses, being rushed from one news-worthy vehicle to another. And if there is any actor in Hollywood in immediate need of a good, meaty, picturesque role to revive his very fine talents, it is Brian Aherne. Whether this changed standing has made any real difference in their private relationship can only be guessed at, but it's a fair bet that the situation has added its share of emotional strain.

In Yakima, Washington, Joe Dokes might find it irritating if Mrs. Dokes suddenly got herself a more important job than his own, but in Hollywood the thing can be downright awkward. At Columbia, Brian's home studio, there is an unspoken rule that publicity stories on Brian must be written on subjects other than those concerning his wife, lest when they hit the paper they turn out to be Joan Fontaine stories. When making a picture, Aherne is pleasantly cooperative, yet he is apt to sit quietly pulling on his pipe, his blue eyes reflective, and say, "Well—after all—what can you write on me? I'm just a happily married fellow, leading a settled sort of life. The only kind of hey-hey I pitch is alfalfa. How are you going to make any exciting gossip out of that?"

When Brian began work in Columbia's "What A Woman," the occasion was marked by a large basket of roses, with a congratulatory message from Joan—an old Hollywood custom between mates in the acting profession. Conversation in the dressing room, where the roses were prominently displayed, was largely motivated by Brian's unrestrained enthusiasm for his wife's

A popular twosome at the Hollywood Canteen, Joan and Brian spent many evenings there doing the galley work.

Brian was always mobbed at the Canteen for his autograph, but one soldier's request was a little too hard to take.

recently premiered interpretation of "The Constant Nymph."

"She did do a splendid job of it, didn't she?" he would remark with pride.

Mutual esteem would seem to be a solid basis for contentment in any marriage. But then again, there was the day when a soldier, visiting the set on a USO tour, approached the actor and with some excitement asked, "Say—are you married to Joan Fontaine?" Being answered in the affirmative, he continued,—"And that makes you Olivia de Havilland's brother-in-law, doesn't it? Sa-ay, can I have your autograph?" With a good-natured grin, Aherne took a piece of paper and solemnly inscribed, "Regards, and the very best of luck—from Joan Fontaine's Husband and Olivia de Havilland's Brother-in-law."

It developed later that the soldier was the son of a woman who had been the two sisters' nurse in their childhood, but the incident continued to be a favorite story with its victim, who repeated it to others on the set.

Outside the home, at least, Aherne gets a nice red mark for good sportsmanship. The case is not so good for Joan. There have been rumored feuds with fellow players. Some of her leading men have been known to make emphatic comment on the completion of a picture, saying they would not care to repeat the experience. It's an oft-proven truth, however, that the higher you rise in any business, the better target you present. And in all fairness to the Fontaine it is well to remember that pot-shotting is a favorite Hollywood sport. To mix a metaphor, however, it must also be remembered that two birds can be hit with the same pot-shot.

For many months a certain prominent columnist refused to take any item on Brian Aherne unless she could give it an unfavorable twist. Her reason was not a dislike of the actor, but rather that he persisted in misunderstanding her feud with his wife—for which the columnist had a quite justifiable basis.

These are the public facts. The private ones, whatever they may be, added up for a while at least, to a sum of mutual understanding and love between this Movietown Mr. and Mrs. The Ahernes, along with you'd be surprised how many other cinema couples, have long regretted the childless state of their marriage. It may be that a small Aherne might have added new interest to this marriage—and then again, it might not have made a difference.

The only sure conclusion is that for five years these two had something very precious between them, and there's no question but that they made a gallant effort to preserve it. The same is undoubtedly true of Lana Turner and Steve Crane, whose marriage, divorce, remarriage, and current separation have exploded into print with the spectacular rapidity of a string of firecrackers.

Steven Crane (as told to Movieland for its February issue) first saw Lana in person in Chicago. "We didn't meet then," he recalls, "but after all, you don't see a girl as beautiful as that many times in a life-time, so I didn't forget her. Then, after I came to Hollywood I'd see her at the West Side Tennis Club, the Palladium and around—

"Funny thing, we never met formally. I don't remember that anyone ever said 'Miss Turner, this is Mr. Crane.' Considering that, in all my life, nothing as important ever happened to me, it is odd that I can't remember just when, or where, or how, we did get together—but that naturally, as if it were intended, we did. I believe it *was* intended."

Hollywood itself, first "saw" young Crane when he began showing up as the lovely Lana's escort. The little Turner, with her beauty, her talent, her flair for sudden loving—or leaving—has always been a prime romantic item. There had been goodlooking attorney Greg Bautzer, who found himself with a broken engagement on his hands when she suddenly (*Continued on page* 88)

Termed "cutest couple in town", Lana and Steve were always together, always happy.

Lana and Steve at the premiere of "Madame Curie" shortly after their baby was born.

the Wonderful, Wacky life of

ROBERT WALKER

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Being Part One of the personal history of a fast rising young comedy star

SO you're worried about Junior? He brings home a report card, you say, that reads like Charlie McCarthy's average weekly allowance after deductions for window breakage, mumbly-peg losses, and income tax.

Junior spends most of his school hours in the principal's office; he runs away at the slightest provocation; he is shy, moody, unpredictable. Your closest neighbor insists that he is a drip from the brow of Satan.

Cheer up. He is undoubtedly a genius and will grow up to bring fame and fortune to your family. Like, for instance, Robert Walker.

You surely remember the brilliant characterization that made the sailor in "Bataan" an unforgettable boy? That was the work of Bob Walker. Surely you have been among the millions laughing at the side-splitting comedy, "See Here, Private Hargrove." That reluctant convert to khaki was this same Bob Walker in the title role.

Bob was born in Salt Lake City, the youngest member of a quartet of Walker sons. Reading from bass to tenor, the boys were Wayne, Walter (currently an army major in North Africa and in former times Bob's champion and confidant), Richard, and Robert.

Bob was knee-high to a Sunday edition of your favorite paper when his family moved to Ogden where Bob's

Bob Walker had battered the gates of Hollywood in vain until "Bataan" came along. It starred Bob Taylor but Lt. Taylor let Walker steal it. "He's a swell kid and a great actor," said Taylor.

father became affiliated with a bank. Ogden was not so much a home for Bob as it was an embarkation point. At the age of seven, being unable to sleep because of the sparkling rush of gypsy blood through his veins, Master Robert took a blanket from his bed, climbed out of the window, and slunk mysteriously to the barn, keeping to the enveloping shadows cast by incidental buildings and clumps of trees. Once in the barn, Bob climbed to the hayloft, spread his blanket, and went to sleep. This made him a tramp, junior grade.

Thereafter, he explored every remote corner of his home—frequently on school time, which made a great many people very, very unhappy. Bob tried to explain that keeping him cooped up was like trying to catch quicksilver on a fork. Life was continually wonderful and terrible to him; wonderful in his moments of mad discovery and exploration; terrible in those moments when he had to take the punishment for this adventuresome spirit.

Therefore, he went through that phase most adolescents hit at sometime or another—the running away period.

When Bob was a gangling character of thirteen, he and a boy friend hopped a freight and bummed their way south, heading for Los Angeles. The first person they met was a cordial (*Continued on page* 61)

Personal tragedy—the loss of his brilliant wife, Jennifer Jones—and personal triumph, his overnight hit in Hollywood place Robert Walker in a unique position. The MGM studio regards him as their most brilliant recent discovery.

Here are the closest girl friends in Hollywood, two first magnitude stars who are always together, whether at some sports event, as here, or whatever their careers demand.

My PAL *Paulette*

by JINX FALKENBURG

Here's the finest story you ever read (as told by her best friend) about the girl on Movieland's cover.

I CAN'T think of any happier time to be asked to talk about my pal Paulette than when she is off on an overseas camp tour, and too busy to interrupt me. Conversation, when we're together, is a sort of perpetual marathon, with both of us sitting on the edges of our chairs, ready to grab the subject and run the minute the other stops to draw a breath—or so I've been told by people who sat around hopefully trying to get in a word of their own.

Anyhow, if this is talking behind a pal's back, I'm going to love it. . . .

Friendship, I think, is swellest when it springs from a seed of circumstance and just sort of grows up by

PAULETTE

itself, uncultivated and uncoaxed. Ours had it beginning when a Los Angeles Tennis Club staged a tournament and made up its teams by pairing a tennis player and a movie star to play in the doubles. To this day—and that was about seven years ago—I can remember the thrill when I saw my name posted on the bulletin board along with Paulette Goddard's. To me, a Kleig light was still just a word I'd read in movie magazines, but Paulette was already covered with glamour as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady. I had seen her around the club and wondered if someday, somehow, I might get a chance to meet her.

I remember how I rushed home that day, practically kicked in the back door and bounced through the house yelling, "Mother—Dad—everybody—isn't it exciting? I'm going to play the doubles with *Paulette Goddard*!"

No sooner had I made my amazing announcement than the depression set in. Maybe Paulette wouldn't want to play with me—maybe, being a movie star, she'd be haughty and insist on someone more impressive for a partner. I was afraid to look at the bulletin board the next day, expecting any minute to see the names changed.

Next afternoon, as Mickey, my mother, tells it, she went through her second whirlwind. She was sitting on the club porch knitting, when someone with a lot of brown hair and a lot of blue eye, tore up to her.

"Isn't it thrilling?" she said, "I'm going to play the tournament with Jinx—unless, well, do you suppose she'd rather have someone else for a partner?"

It was Paulette, of course, and she said she and *her* mother had been dying to meet me and *my* mother. Well, maybe we two didn't do the most brilliant playing in that tournament, but it's a cinch no one had any more fun that we did. Dad shot color films of the match, and Paulette came up to the house to see them—and anyhow, that's how it began.

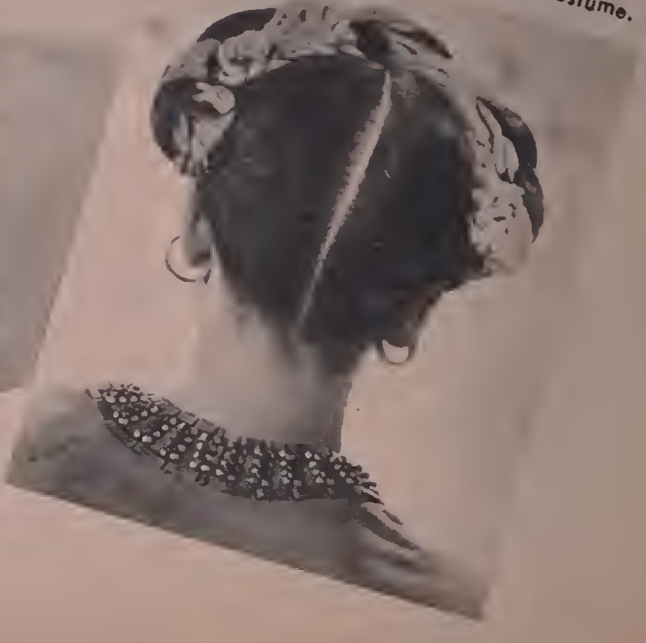
The most exhilarating thing about Paulette, of course, is her capacity for enjoyment of everyday things—a meal, a date, a color, a dress, a hike, a swim, a joke, just an ordinary evening spent studying scripts and eating apples becomes important under the Goddard treatment. She is one of the gayest people you'll ever encounter. When you first meet her you're apt to think, "No one could possibly be that happy, *all* the time——" After a while you catch on she's the kind of person who hides her real feelings—what I mean is that the time something's really bothering her is the time she makes an extra attempt not to let anyone else be distressed by it. The thing that keeps on astonishing you, as long as you know her, is that underneath this seemingly casual exterior is a mind that works like a clock.

Paulette believes if anything is worth doing at all, it's worth making an event of. Other glamour gals may face a radio audience, for instance, with a shiny nose and wearing a little sports number wilted by hours of pre-broadcast rehearsal. She arrives at the studio (1) spic and span for rehearsal and (2) carrying a completely packed suitcase. In it is a formal gown,

My PAL
Paulette

CONTINUED

Jinx Falkenburg proves that her pal, Paulette, isn't the only hair-style setter in Hollywood. From Mexico, Jinx borrowed this gay, warm-weather hair style: bright colored wool braided right into the glamorous star's alluring locks.



The hair is parted from the center front, right straight back to the nape of the neck. The braids are started above and behind the ears. You choose the wool to match the colors of your individual costume.

matching jewels, flowers for her hair, and a fur wrap for her "mike" appearance. The listening audience may not be able to get the full effect, but that small "looking" audience in the studio is going to see something pretty terrific.

Recently the Falkenburg tribe, my mother, two brothers and myself, played a benefit tennis match for the Red Cross in Dallas, Texas, with Paulette acting as guest score-keeper. We went into conference—my kid brothers adore her, by the way—and planned special costumes. We reasoned that not all the spectators attending would be sport fans, but some of them would be people who were just contributing to a good cause, and Paulette thought they ought to get a good show for their money. Instead of regulation tennis whites, it was decided I should wear a red Tyrolean shorts outfit, but believe me, it was Goddard who really made history. The high-lights of her score-keeper's outfit were black velvet shorts with sequins, a white satin blouse, and white carnations in her hair.

We both have a passion for bright red or all-white, you know, and have to take turns wearing it. If we didn't plan ahead when going places together, we'd probably wear the same thing and show up looking like a forest fire, or a blinding snow storm. Sometimes the combination works out very happily. Christmas Eve at the Masquers' service-men's party, I wore red with white, she wore white with red, and we both felt very Christmasy. I especially wanted to mention this party, because it'll show you some of the things I mean about Goddard. Holiday nights aren't too easy to "sell" to a lot of stars, because like other people they have plans of their own. Paulette specially *wanted* to spend her evening with the service men, (*Continued on page* 85)

How a COVER is Born

Here you see Movieland's cover in the making. A few moments later Tom Kelley's camera clicked—that's how Movieland's cover was born.

SEE that cute shot of Goddard on our cover this issue? Do you think we just called up Paulette, shooed her over to Tom Kelley's studio, that Tom moved a couple of lights, snapped that one-shot color camera of his and that was it?

Yuk, yuk, yuk, are you innocent? There's much more in any cover that meets a million eyes. Like this, for instance.

You start, first, by co-ordinating Miss Goddard's free time and Mr. K's. Then you decide on the theme of the cover. Because of the new war bond drive, we wanted to work out something with bonds and stamps. That's when Missy Goddard got going into high. She consulted her hairdresser, Hedvig Mjorud.

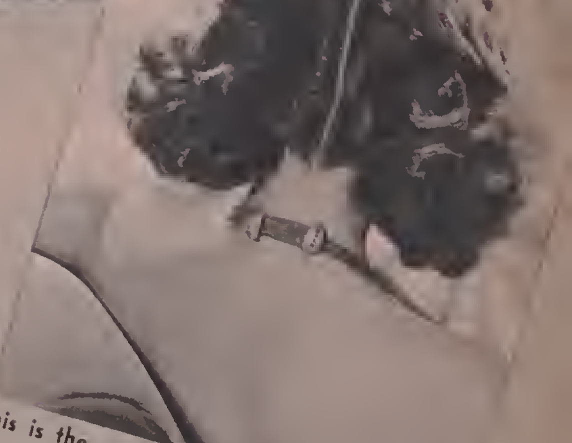
Movieland thought that was just dandy. The only thing was Paulette and Heddy were busy; so was Movieland's editor and the stamps had to be got. So Movieland wished this job on Lindsay Durand, a charmer in the publicity department of Paramount. Poor Lindsay is always getting things like this wished on her, maybe because she always comes through, no matter what the demand.

Miss Durand galloped away to AWVS only to discover that they had stopped making war-stamp corsages, but she tracked down the woman who had originally made them and came back with two corsages of the type that Paulette and Movieland now hope girls will want tó feature in their July patriotic hair-do.

So finally the appointment was set for a Tuesday at two. But at ten that morning, Paulette was at the Paramount make-up department having Heddy shampoo and set her hair. While her hair dried, the make-up man put on Paulette's camera face (which is no more beautiful than her natural own, we assure you). This took till one-thirty. Paulette grabbed a hasty sandwich and got to the Kelley doorstep right on time.

Then Tom's work began. He had to maneuver drapes and lights. Heddy put the final adjustment on the stamp corsages. Paulette changed costumes twice.

The back shot shows how the hair is center-parted, with the curls held forward by pins. It's cute; it's comfortable, and don't forget it's a mighty chic way to help our wonderful Uncle Sam.



This is the part of the hair style we couldn't show you on the cover—back view of Paulette's gargeous head and shoulders.

Ray and Mal are shown having fun together. They've been married for eleven happy years. Small Danny Milland will grow up to be even more handsome than his witty Dad.

BY DEE OFSTIE

The Romances of
RAY MILLAND

He learned about life from eleven ladies one of whom was the Queen of England!

IN "LADY IN THE DARK," Ray Milland tosses off some pretty snappy sarcasm having to do with the the wiles and weaknesses of women. In the catcher's box for the fair sex is Ginger Rogers (and, we might ask, who is fairer?), and for a few reels she really grabs herself some stingers.

The major difference between Milland in the film and in the flesh is his attitude toward the ladies. In private life, Ray is a fellow with an ingratiating sense of humor who doesn't need anyone to write his dialog. He has his own rakish thoughts on life in general, and can express them with even more charm than the camera catches. Like many California males, he is better in natural color than in photographic grays. A nicely sunned look shows his eyes a little bluer and his smile a little brighter than you're prepared for, and an occasional early gray hair makes the blackness of the rest of it even more authentic.

He has an inner gallantry that comes out something like this: "Women—they're wonderful!" Any man is the sum of the women he has known, Ray believes, and a man's life that hasn't been pretty well mile-stoned by the opposite sex is a life without direction or fullness.

This, then, is the summing up of Ray Milland, adding him up by his own standard of measure, on the

He was Jack Mullane when he guarded England's Queen, and he was, as you can see quite a stout fellow. He made thirty-five dollars a week—and spent hundreds.

Ray Milland, whose current picture is Paramount's "Lady In the Dark" murmurs, "I'm a very fine fellow. My wife thinks so, which proves it."

basis of the women who have influenced his life.

"I'm a very fine fellow," says Ray, grinning. "My wife thinks so—and that proves it. She's a woman of charm and intelligence and character, and therefore her belief in me is my greatest asset. No one could ever make me completely lose confidence in myself. My wife found good in me, so it must be there."

You know, under all his kidding, that his beautiful wife is the most important person in the world to him.

But the other women who have contributed to his life run all the way from the family laundress, through Queen Mary of England, to Claudette Colbert of Paris and Hollywood.

The laundress takes precedence in his memory even over his mother. Ray was born in Neath, Wales, so rather unsurprisingly, the laundress was a Welshwoman. She was very fat. Her chief charm, since she smelt mostly of suds, and because she was bent over all the time so that Ray's not sure she even had a face, was that she allowed him to poke the fire under the huge pewter boiler.

"She made me feel like a man, even at that early age," he recalls. "She let me play with fire—a habit I've been following, figuratively at least, ever since."

His mother, he thinks, looked exactly like he does and when he was too young to be modest about such things, he decided she was very beautiful. His earliest recollection of her has to do with a swing she bought and placed him in. It was a self-propelling affair for self-efficient young men of three or four years, and the harder you pushed on a certain bar, the higher it flew. Ambitious even then, he soon was swinging so high that suddenly he had left the swing behind him. Results could have been disastrous, except that his mother's arms were there ready to catch him.

"I flew clear across the room, but I wasn't afraid because somehow I knew she'd be there. It might have taught me to leap without looking, but it didn't. Seriously, the greatest lesson a fellow learns from his mother is to appreciate those one or two people in his life he can always depend on."

The very first romance in his life was his school teacher. Her name, and Ray will never forget it, was Evelyn Davis, and it was definitely a case of love at first sight. She had large purple eyes and she dominated all his thoughts from the age of eight to eleven, since they went through four grades of school together. He was much too shy to ever bring her an apple, but his grasp of the three R's today is undoubtedly due to his great desire to please her.

(*Continued on page* 70)

BY RICHARD CONNELL

World famous for his humorous stories in top ranking publications, Richard Connell's heart and his typewriter now belong to Hollywood. Movieland is proud to add the name of Richard Connell to its list of famous contributors.

How to Write "An Original"

Second only to the number of people who want to act in movies are the number who want to write for them. Here is some highly unorthodox advice from a master craftsman

PAST my window walked a stately old Chinese in a mulberry robe. Then came a soulful Arab in a burnoose. Then two pretty girls in sheer black tights and spangled skirts, fully three and a half inches long.

All day, every day, a parade as strange, or stranger, passes my window. I am not a denizen of an opium den. What am I? And where? And, perhaps, why?

I'll shed a little more light. The Chinese was Walter Huston going to work in "Dragon Seed." The Arab was Ronald Colman en route to an ancient oriental palace (built yesterday) to dally with La Dietrich (in Technicolor) for the picture "Kismet." The two little girls in tights were June Allyson and Gloria DeHaven on their way to play a scene in "Two Sisters and a Sailor"; and I hope they know their lines, for I wrote them, with my collaborator, Gladys Lehman.

By now you must be getting warm. Here are a few more clues. The girl who just passed in a dress forty years out of style is Judy Garland, who is in "Meet Me in St. Louis," laid in 1904. There go Hedy Lamarr in skirts and Katharine Hepburn in slacks, and Spencer Tracy in trousers, and Mickey Rooney in a hurry——

You are right. My window is in a movie studio, the one whose pictures begin with a lion roaring at you. To let the lion out of the bag, the studio is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And I am a writer there. There are, at M-G-M, 107 other writers. Their job is to make up the things you see and hear the actors and actresses doing and saying on the screen. No doubt you know this. But there are still some people who think the actors make up the pictures as they go along; and there are still some pictures which look as if they did.

I turn from my window to confer with Gladys Lehman about the new picture we are writing. She wrote "Little Miss Marker" which started Shirley Temple on her career; and "Back Street" (the old "Back Street") and dozens of other pictures. We did "Hired Wife" (with Rosalind Russell) together; and "Nice Girl" (with Deanna Durbin); and "Presenting Lily Mars" (with Judy Garland and Van Heflin).

The picture we are now bringing out of the everywhere into the here is a love story. It is called "Arrowhead Inn" or "The Thrill of Romance," or "Lost in the Woods," or "Can a Bride Fall in Love on Her Honeymoon—and Should She?" What the title will be when you (we hope) see the picture late this summer or fall sometime, we do not now know. Hollywood is a Land of Uncertainties. Before this picture gets to you there will be many changes. The title is about the last thing decided on. This is particularly true if the story is an "original," as this one is. An "original" is a picture story which is not based on a book (like "Dragon Seed") or a stage play (like "Kismet") or on a published short-story.

Now, what are your chances, John or Jane Doe of Nowhere, Ohio, of selling an "original" story to a studio? Dim, I'm sorry to say, very dim. And this is so, even if your story is a good one.

True, studios do buy some "originals"; but they are, nearly always, or in 99,999 cases out of 100,000, written by experienced screen-writers. Most originals are brewed, distilled and bottled on the premises by the hired hands—the regular, professional studio writers. They often start with an idea, a mere mouse of an idea, and develop it into an elephant; or, sometimes, into just a slightly larger mouse.

For this, writers are paid from fifty dollars a week to five thousand.

But pause, John or Jane Doe, before you hop a train to Hollywood.

There are already more than a thousand screen writers here now, and there are jobs for only about 400 of them at any one time.

So don't come here, John or Jane, unless you have a very great deal of patience—(*Continued on page* 81)

"Meet Me In St. Louis," which stars Judy Garland, is Mr. Cannell's newest film. Write a story about a little boy in Colonial times, advises our author, and you will be brought to Hollywood to write "Dracula's Mother-in-Law."

Mr. Connell, with Gladys Lehman, wrote "Two Sisters and a Sailor," starring Van Johnson, Gloria de Haven and June Allyson. He is astonished to discover that the finished picture is actually about two sisters and a sailor.

IF I WERE A POLITICIAN

By IRENE DUNNE

As told to Peter Sherwood

IRENE DUNNE remarked recently: "If I weren't a movie star, I would enter politics!"

Not, mind you, that Miss Dunne has thrown her glove into the political arena. She will tell you with a twinkle that her interest is merely a cusory and utterly feminine one. But she is a staunch believer that the professional woman of the stage and screen has a chance in politics.

"I think perhaps that the stage actress may have the edge," she told me. "For one thing, she is more mature. She is not necessarily more intelligent, or more gifted, but she has had more direct contact with the public. And while I think women are eminently suited to politics, I also know that those with a professional background will find that a great disadvantage toward earning the respect and confidence of the people. That will have to be overcome the hard way. She will have to prove that although she may be publicity-conscious, she is not publicity-wise. And that alone will take a lot of doing."

It was on a balmy spring afternoon in the panelled and flowered library of her tastefully decorated home in Holmby Hills that Miss Dunne talked with me of politics and people.

"To capture the spirit and backing of the American public is a matter of not only intelligence but great human, believable qualities," she said. "Naturally I feel there is no height to which a woman cannot rise in politics. A woman could be President, and a woman might make a better President (*Continued on page* 72)

Irene Dunne gives out with some very pertinent views

Irene could easily be a beautiful, efficient executive. As a matter of fact, besides running her household and her career, she also assists her husband in running great real estate and oil properties in California.

Irene Dunne's marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin is a truly happy one of many years' duration. One of their closest friends is ex-Postmaster General Jim Farley, who taught them a great deal about American politics.

After freelancing for years, and being as successful at it as her friend Cary Grant, who was inspired by her to follow the same system, Irene Dunne has now signed a long term contract with MGM. The wisdom of this move is evinced by the excellence of her first two pictures there, "A Guy Named Joe" and "The White Cliffs of Dover."

Irene Dunne

LOUISE ALLBRITTON

Born July 3

SO far 1944 has been full of surprises for Louise Allbritton. This star, born under the sign Cancer, is sensitive, full of reserve and yet intuitive. Her moon in Aquarius surprises her into contradictions, into wild streaks of independence and moments of impulsive action.

Louise has paid for her success with hard work and sacrifice. Her greatest difficulty, however, is to be fully understood and the fault is somewhat hers as she doesn't express her inner self to the world. Through driving ambition she knows that success may easily be lost in small ways.

She doesn't want that to happen to her. Since she has suffered through the temperament and lack of tact of others she is now learning to eradicate any possibility of these in herself.

Jupiter, squared to Uranus, opposed to Saturn, is not an easy configuration in any chart, but they are in her chart. These planets, all of slow movement and long duration, can be most crippling to real attainment to others of less will power.

Louise is fast learning how to cooperate, and therein lies her main road to success. With her Sun, Mercury and Jupiter in the emotional sign Cancer, she is very receptive and easily hurt.

It is her combination of spice, sparkle and intelligence which, now under control, is working FOR her. She will learn to allow her sense of humor and psychic intuitions freer play. She should not take herself too seriously.

Since she is not afraid of work, 1944 should bring her great success. A smash-hit role, though not an easy one, is likely to set her well on the road to security and much popularity. Courage is hers. Courage will be needed, and the year's end should bring her great happiness and whatever she herself has asked as a reward.

HOROSCOPES

Cancer, For those persons born between June 22 and July 22

THIS should be a happy and progressive year, for there are many chances to increase your position. Your popularity will amaze you as you are wise and keep clear of all gossip by never passing any on, and by carrying on your life in such a manner that no one can concoct gossip about you, your home or any of your business affairs.

Fulfill home duties as usual, but do not expect to retire, because this year brings expansion provided that you will overcome your natural timidity and develop a self-reliance which you possess.

You are apt to become the center of a storm, the all within a tornado, so build up faith in yourself and keep your conscience clear and your life an open book. Poise and indifference to what others think will naturally follow such a course, and the things you desire will emerge. Emerge with no effort on your part save that of inwardly knowing your rightness.

Romance seems certain, and there should be more than one choice. You seem settled in your choice, so allow obstacles to remove themselves. Take your time and admit nothing. Avoid overwork, for your energies will be taxed to their limit and there are many demands on your time. Let gossip fly as an ill-wind whistling by a closed window, and accept this year's great gifts with humility and wisdom.

Louise Allbritton

1944 JULY 1944

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

FATHERS *of* HOLLYWOOD

Joe Yule, appearing with that chip off the old block, the ever-muggin' Mickey.

We showed you Hollywood mothers for Mother's Day

Robert Paige's father, veddy British, and retired from Britain's navy is proud of his son's place in movieland's hall of fame.

Proving what American upbringing and opportunities achieve: handsome George Montgomery and his foreign-born father, Mr. Letz.

Roddy McDowall is awfully proud of his father and he has a right to be, for dad's a First Officer in the British Merchant Marine.

Now here's a bevy of pappies who, for many years, bought the shoes of their now glamorous offspring.

This was taken on the day pretty Janet Blair's dad gave her away to Sgt. Busch.

Gloria DeHaven and father, Carter DeHaven, famous on stage and screen.

Eduardo Cansino was his daughter Rita's first dancing partner at the old Caliente.

Walter Withers and Jane. Those broad smiles tell the story of a happy family.

Judge Cooper used to pat Gary on the head without straining a ligament. Now look!

These two sorta like each other. It's Marguerite Chapman and her adoring dad.

Bing and his father, very much alike, even in the fact that they both have four sons.

William
Eythe

Warner Bros. expect long-legged, beautiful young Alexis Smith to become one of their greatest stars. She made a brilliant debut in "Gentleman Jim" and followed it up with "The Constant Nymph"; but "The Adventures of Mark Twain" proves her talent authentic, her future brilliant.

Alexis Smith, Warner Bros. newest star, gets a week off between pictures. And spends a good part of this welcome rest period in the sun.

Why I'm Waiting Before Marrying

BY ALEXIS SMITH

As told to Marcia Daughtrey

Theirs started as a publicity romance—and became real love. But even before Craig Stevens went into the army youthful Alexis Smith refused to make a rush marriage.

THERE is no doubt in my mind that there are still a great many girls living in these United States who really prefer a long engagement, despite wartime pressure and the inclination to spontaneous marriage. I'm one of those.

Most girls are never called upon to discuss their marriage plans with any but their intimate friends, yet because I'm an actress (that has always sounded odd to me, and it sounded doubly odd when I had to tell a policeman my occupation the other day because I had overparked)—as I was saying, because I'm an actress, a great many people are interested—and thank goodness they are—in my reasons for not marrying just yet.

Craig Stevens and I have been engaged for well over a year. It's a wonderful state—I wouldn't have missed it for anything. We became engaged just before Craig went into service. We said at that time that we wouldn't marry until the war was over and we had some chance of setting up and maintaining a normal home, and we meant it.

After Craig had served a year he was given an honorable discharge—like thousands of other men who are now returning to their home towns—because of a rather serious physical condition. He will recover completely, of course, but it will take time and patience, because it is the recurrence of an old back injury.

The moment Craig returned to civies, dozens of people said, "Well, now, I suppose you two will soon be married." And when I answered that we wanted to wait for a number of reasons, most of the inquirers looked surprised.

One of the best reasons that Craig and I have agreed upon for waiting is that he has a number of adjustments to make to civilian life. Everyone has assured us—all the world loves a lover and (*Continued on page* 75)

Civilian Air Patrol instructor since Pearl Harbor, Bob is now training Army Air Force pilots.

Stubborn and Charming

...ROBERT CUMMINGS

Stubborn is Bob's word for himself. Upon reading his opinions on life, women and dogs, we think you will call him charming

BREEZY. Bumptious. Informal as a gym shirt, and unpredictable as a champagne cork. That's Bob Cummings in person.

"Wonder what he (or she) is really like," is a thought that's been voiced by fans about their favorite stars ever since D. W. Griffith invented the first close-up. And in all those years, it suddenly strikes us, there has never been a star who more completely lived up to his screen personality than this same young Cummings.

Gun-man Cagney in reality is scared to death of fire arms; tough-guy Bogart's pet hobby is raising petunias; great-lover Boyer has been quietly wed to one woman for years; adventurer Gary Cooper is the sleepiest fellow on the lots; belligerent Pat O'Brien wouldn't slap a gal down if he had to. All of these are true facts, as expounded over and over again by movieland biographers.

In contrast, we doubt if there is much Cummings has performed before the cameras that he wouldn't duplicate in real life if his healthy young spirits so moved him. The headlong hero of "Princess O'Rourke," with his rash romanticism, his flair for fun and his clean-cut patriotism, is as good a running portrait of the real Bob as any you're apt to encounter. Likewise, the deep-thinking, seriously emotional young man of the recent "Flesh and Fantasy" is also more than a reasonable facsimile. Perhaps it's because, whatever the plot, Bob is essentially a normal young American on the screen—which is exactly what he is off it.

Putting this many-faceted fellow into words isn't an easy job. He doesn't care a lot for interviews.

"Seeing my remarks in print abashes me," is the way he puts it. "I have never been able to kid myself into thinking that anything Bob Cummings has thought up strictly for his own amazement is important enough to be spread around to thousands of other people.

"I'd never make a writer, I guess, because to me, even a best seller is still only one man's opinion."

On the other hand, he's amazingly cooperative, and his conversation, once started, is totally unlike the usual movie-actor's cautious talk. He never pulls a punch-line, nor muffles an answer. With one of the liveliest minds in Hollywood, he has a lot of very positive and pungent theories—and when he gets going on them all a reporter has to do is hang on to her chair and thank Heaven for a good strong writing arm.

His real life dialogue flows as refreshingly as any that was ever written for him. Romance, acting, flying, politics, dogs, diets, or himself—he'll give you an intelligent and highly individual theory on each.

For example: "Romance? There isn't any hard and set rules for it. A man doesn't stop to analyze just why he's falling in love with one particular woman. Emotion isn't a cold and calculated procedure—if either of them stops to get so darned intelligent about it they'll probably never get as far as real love."

Women? "There's something about a man that needs a woman to bolster his ego. If she insists on proving she's smarter than he is, she'll find herself way outside of his affections. A woman who beats him at golf, beats him at tennis, and maybe beats him at life, gives him an inferiority complex. He likes her to be intelligent enough to talk—but he appreciates it most when she listens. He wants her not too bold—but not too timid to learn the things he wants to teach her. Me, I think the most charming woman is a well balanced one."

Dogs? "They're a lot like people. Inevitably their innermost characteristic shows in their faces. Take Rodo, my bull dog. He's ugly as sin but he's managed to acquire a certain kindliness in his fat old jowls that lets you know he means you no harm. Countess, my police dog, has a patrician nose and tapered ears, but her morose nature shows in her eyes. She has been known to take meat, when offered it—in the shape of a hand."

Himself? "I'm the stubbornest guy in the world. I was born in Missouri and I can make that other native, the mule, look like a nice pliable creature. Just tell me I can't do anything, and it's practically done! My stubbornness is my weakness, but it's also my strength."

As a recently appointed Flight Instructor to the U.S. Army Air Force, however, Bob prefers planes to all other topics. He considers them a much safer subject than women, f'rinstance.

"After all," he grins, "there are only about two thousand things you must know about a plane and you can consider yourself a fair authority!"

His frankness has never been violated but once. That was when a certain male interviewer filled in his statements with some highly colored fabrications of his own.

"It came out with the title, 'The Lies and Loves of Robert Cummings'," the victim remembers, "and quoted me as saying my unstable character was inherited from my father, 'who once romanced a Baroness on the banks of the Danube'—or words to that effect. Since my Dad's whole life had been spent as a quiet, small town doctor in Joplin, you can imagine the time I had explaining the article to my very amazed mother!"

Much as he does on the screen, Bob makes friends with you—if he's going to—in ten minutes. If he doesn't, just don't bother waiting around. He's the sort of chap who calls you by your first name, and expects you to do the same. An invitation to "run out" to his five acre-ranchito in Ventura, California, includes a detailed description for getting there, plus a suggestion that you bring along a couple of friends to try out the swimming pool, plus the frank statement that he won't shave unless you insist.

Twice divorced, Bob is about to marry again. And this is the Cummings house, simple and unpretentious but so very much a home. Visitors welcome, and they love it.

Bob studies a picture script in the wood-paneled library of his Ventura ranch home. While waiting to be called to active service, he kept right on with his screen work.

BY JUNE LAWRENCE

"There's something about a man's ego that needs a woman to bolster it . . ." And that, from a bachelor!

ROBERT CUMMINGS

CONTINUED

The Cummings menage is a rambling white house almost hidden by trees. Its driveway is entered by a gate which operates on the Cummings system for people who don't want to get out of their cars. There are four poles, two by the road and two inside the fence, and each is equipped with an ingenious system of cords and pulleys. The sign on the gate mistakingly read "Please Pull Cord" when delivered, and has stayed that way for laughs. You aim your car at a pole, hang the body heavily on the cord and, reluctantly, the gate opens. Ditto inside, and the gate closes. It's the kind of device most any fellow you know is always rigging up, and like theirs, it's only about twice as much work to operate as if you had climbed out of your car in the first place.

On the day we successfully maneuvered the aforementioned gate, the ranchito's owner was home on leave—a furlough which his joyous dogs seemed to think was especially arranged in their honor. The Army uniform he wears so jauntily had been temporarily hung on a peg in favor of swim trunks and a bathrobe, striped like a rainbow gone out of its mind. He's a completely unselfconscious host, even handsomer away from the cameras than in front of them, but willing to forget it if you will. His face is well tanned, and a generous white smile lets you know there's more where that one came from.

The walk to his charming, comfortably furnished ranch house leads past the garage, and if you don't mind, he'll stop a minute to see if that left front tire is holding up as it should. The house is cool, gracious with old wood and pewter, as pleasingly homelike to a stranger as it is to the fellow who takes you on a tour of inspection. In the master bedroom is a huge canopied bed with white candlewick spread.

"Hope you don't mind if it looks a little lumpy," he grins. "I made it up myself this morning. An Army man's pay is a little different than a movie star's—I've let the servants go."

The story of Bob's Army service is as good a word picture of his character as any you'll ever read. It began shortly after Pearl Harbor, when he announced to his studio and friends that he was placing himself on Army call. Since his acting career was at its high point, a lot of people wanted to know, "What's your hurry?"

With no apology for repetition since we think his words, like your dentist, should be seen once a year, we reprint some of the statements he gave interviewers then:

"If any possible good can come out of something as horrible as war," he said, "it's going to be the awakening of a lot of Americans to the fact that this country is not only worth taking from, but giving to. We've all enjoyed such darned good lives we haven't bothered to think about it much. We've just taken all our privileges for granted and kicked like steers when some little things went wrong."

The fact that Cummings once posed as an Englishman to get a start on the stage, and in the movies, is pretty well known. It was a fast and funny bit of deception, and it worked. When his country went to war, however, he made wry comment on that early masquerade.

"Only a jerk kid would have done it—no matter how hard the going was. At that age you don't know much about reverence or respect. Since then I have met and worked with people who came to this country from other places—Germany and Austria, for instance—who found the difference so great they almost wanted to get down on their knees and kiss our good old taken-for-granted American soil.

"I know now that being a United States citizen is something worth fighting for."

Ever since his teens, Bob felt at the time of these remarks that he practically had one foot in the sky. What no one guessed was that it would take a year and a half to get the other foot up alongside it. Being half in the Army and half out of it might have been an uncomfortable straddle for some fellows. But not for the Cummings character who, as we have chronicled, admits he's a very stubborn guy. (*Continued on page* 66)

At Home with the Alan Marshals

By CONSTANCE PALMER

OUTSIDE the stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer it was 99 degrees hot; on the set under the lights, the thermometer hit 120 and then stopped, having no place further to go.

Alan Marshal, playing a scene with Irene Dunne, was bundled up to the ears for winter—muffler, heavy duty overcoat, thick gloves. The action for "White Cliffs of Dover" ran its elegant, suave way.

Then the lights clicked out. Everybody sighed with relief. Marshal walked off the set, threw open the overcoat.

He had nothing on underneath but a pair of trunks.

That's what Alan's like—a study in contradiction.

You see him as a composed and serene man-of-the-world and then you discover that his favorite columnist is K. C. B. and that, in his early career on the stage, he tore about madly—complete in goggles and gauntlets—all over New York on a motorcycle bought with money he'd saved to take a trip to England.

You hear of his dining with circumspect aplomb on breast of guinea hen under glass at Perino's—and then you find out he's just as fond of hamburger laced with onion, is a nightly ice-box raider and a neat hand at flipping a flapjack.

As an actor, Alan Marshal is well equipped to play his first real leading role on the screen. He has had years of experience on the stage, where he served his apprenticeship with such masters as Fritz Lieber and George Arliss in Shakespearean drama.

Later on he played a year of stock in Montreal and Toronto, came to New York to be leading man for Margaret Anglin and, after that, for Frances Starr in "Lady Jane."

The Alan Marshal family—Alan, beautiful Mary and four-year-old "Kit"—in the informal garden of their home, scanning through the daily mail.

High tea is served, English style, from a round mahogany table. Mrs. Marshal pours, sitting on the green cushioned window seat before large windows curtained with green and rose printed chintz.

THE ALAN MARSHALS

CONTINUED

Then followed "Michael and Mary," "Fool's Cap," "Berkeley Square," "The Royal Family," "Private Lives," "Best Sellers" and "On Stage" with Osgood Perkins.

Alan got the impression that he was rapidly getting nowhere, which gave rise to a nightmare listlessness. He dreams he is still in "Royal Family" and discovers to his horror that he is standing—completely nude—on a barrel in front of a crowded house.

In 1936 David O. Selznick saw and signed him for the picture "Garden of Allah." Alan thought this was it—that he was really set. He shortly discovered he was set—but in a very different manner than he had anticipated.

Selznick is known as one of the most astute showmen in the motion picture business. His judgment of star material, through his discovery of Vivian Leigh, Joan Fontaine, Ingrid Bergman and others, has been vindicated so many times that his very name seems to hold magic.

Selznick's keen eyes saw in Marshal a great deal that the screen could use. His sharp ears heard the beautifully modulated speaking voice, the clipped English diction, and his acute business sense told him that here was a good investment.

"Marshal," Selznick said when they discussed the contract, "you won't come into your own for perhaps ten years. You are the type of man who will be more attractive in maturity than in youth. And if you will follow my advice and be convinced that what I say is best for you, I am sure I can make you a star."

After "The Garden of Allah" was finished, Alan found himself receiving a generous weekly salary—and not much else. At times he was heartsick as he saw role after role for him turned down. But when he became restless, Selznick consoled him.

"Take it easy," he counselled. "You are still a young man. You're a good actor and you will become a better actor—not worse—with time. As I told you when I signed you, you will develop into a surer personality with maturity, because maturity becomes you. But you have the right roles only. Don't you worry—I'm not!"

To prove his good faith, Selznick kept picking up options on Alan's services for seven solid years. However, not all the seven years were spent in marking time. After "The Garden of Allah," in the next two years he did "After The Thin Man," "Parnell," "Night Must Fall" and "Conquest" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and "I Met My Love Again" for Walter Wanger at Universal.

He had to wait until 1939 to make "Dramatic School" and "Women in White," again for M-G-M, "Invisible Enemy" for Republic, "The Road to Reno" for Universal, and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" at 20th Century-Fox.

In 1940 he did only "Irene" for RKO-Radio and "He Stayed for Breakfast" for Columbia. In 1941, "Howards of Virginia" for Frank Lloyd and "Tom, Dick and Harry" for RKO. There was just one picture, "Lydia," in 1942—and "White Cliffs of Dover" is his only activity so far in 1943.

But if you will examine closely this rather short list of pictures which cover a seven-year period, you may glimpse the method used in planning Marshal's career. With the exception of "White Cliffs," he has never been a leading man on the screen. In all the other pictures he has played good parts, some more important than others, to be sure, but all actually secondary. Now, in "White Cliffs," he has reached a point in his planned career which will quite probably lead to actual stardom.

Alon lounges on one of o pair of deeply built couches in the living room. Upholstered in emerold green, the couches ore o striking controst to rose-colored rugs. Whot-not shelves corner the room. By the woy, isn't that lomp o good touch?

"I never thought of doing anything except acting," he said, when I asked how he felt about what had happened to him so far. "When I was a little boy I didn't long to be a fireman or a policeman or a cowboy. I just wanted to be an actor. My mother and father were actors in Australia and later here in the United States. I wasn't quite five when they came to this country, so they put me in boarding school because their tours were too long and hard for such a small child."

He joined them wherever they happened to be during his vacations and absorbed the atmosphere of backstage and stage people as an impressionable child would. At school he thought something of becoming an architect, then later of painting and still later, for a short time, of being an accomplished pianist.

But, one by one, these distractions dropped away from his main goal in life and he uses what he learned then only for his own amusement. Today he paints a bit, sketches when he feels like it, and runs over the classics on his piano as the mood strikes him.

"Possibly because my mother and father were so active on the stage while I was growing up," he explained, "I never felt it necessary to go to a dramatic school. The old saying, 'The best way to learn to act is to act' was good with them—and it was with me, too.

"When I was 15, I got a job—all on my own—with

Alan takes early leave for the studio. The chair at left is an antique brought from Switzerland by Mrs. Marshal's great grandparents—an heirloom.

Dining by candlelight is gracious routine at the Marshal house. From the green twelve-sconce chandelier sparkle crystal and pink prisms. The table is cherry wood, with spindle carved legs, and chairs to match. Special note, the wallpaper touch in the alcove.

Eva La Gallienne in Gilbert Miller's company of 'The Swan.' It was only the small part of the boy-prince, but I was so frightened on the train going to Detroit for the opening that I was almost ill. Everyone was very kind and I got through well enough to go on playing it for the New York run.

"But it shows that just because a boy has had stage parents, he isn't an actor. That has to be learned the only way there is to learn—on the stage before a paying audience."

Although he was educated in American schools, he retains the clipped British accent learned from his parents. This is fortunate because his fine diction has been largely responsible for many of the parts he has played.

Gasoline rationing has seriously cut down his love of speed. As a matter of fact, like millions of others, he's practically grounded. But back in 1930, when he was playing in "Michael and Mary," he tore around New York on the motorcycle mentioned earlier, to and from the theater—and not getting many tickets because he went too fast.

Later, in 1938, he met Mary Grace Borel while she was visiting in Beverly Hills and—in a low-slung, custom-built model with the top down—practically scorched the road between there and San Francisco when she went back home. He made the trip not less than twice a week and always (*Continued on page* 80)

The Marshals are a nice bookish couple. They actually read these volumes in the well-filled book cases lining the wall in their studio type living room. Mrs. Marshal's black slacks have wool designs appliqued on concealed pockets; the blouse, mustard yellow.

HAPPINESS IS A THING CALLED YOU

From the day of their first meeting right till these days when war separates them, Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman have known deepest, most completely shared happiness.

A beautiful war wife and mother gives her inspiring rules for courageous living

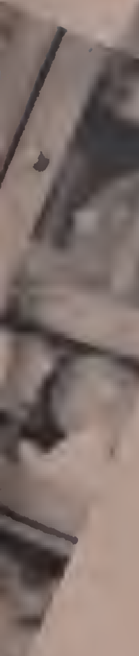
BY JANE WYMAN

As told to Helen Louise Walker

I THINK I started to learn about this right after that terrible party, when I was about fourteen. But I've gone on learning about this special, this very important thing right up to now. And I still have a great deal to learn about it. I guess everyone has and I guess no one ever learns all there is to know about it. . . . It has so much to do with happiness!

You see, I was a small, rather plain child. I had fractured a leg and it had left me with a limp and I never had the kind of clothes I wanted. I would have been proud of my hair which was "naturally curly,"

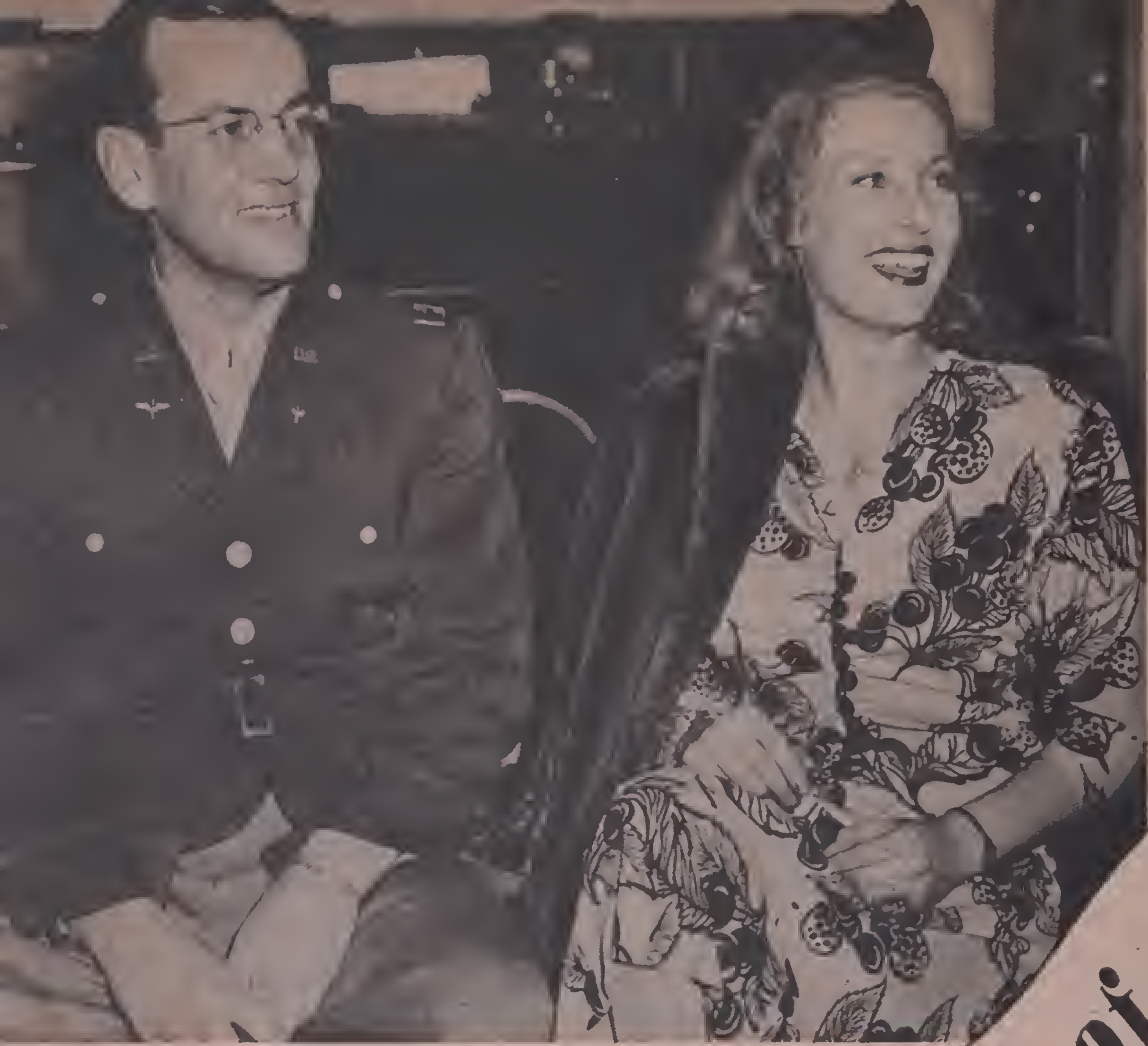
Here's Maureen, the third member of this perfect and eternal triangle. You can tell she'll grow up into a beauty; and by following her Mama's rules she'll also be a personality.



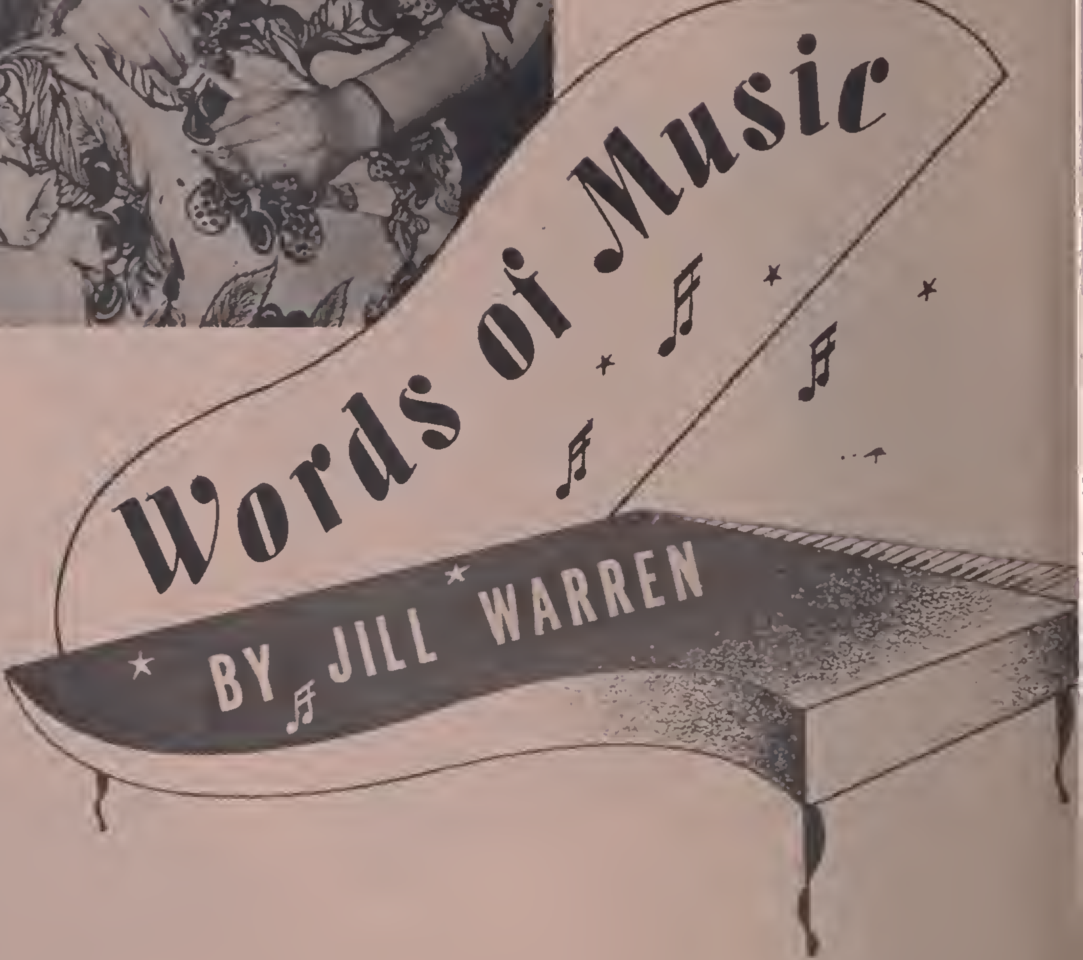
When you see Warner Bros.'—and Ronnie Reagan's—beautifully poised Jane Wyman today can you believe she was ever an awkward scared girl?

if my mother hadn't insisted that I have "sensible" haircuts which prevented any frivolous ringlets. I thought of myself as plain and awkward and drab. I used to imagine that the girls (and the boys, too) who passed me in the halls at school were whispering unkind things about me. They probably weren't paying the slightest attention to me! Never-the-less, that's what I thought about myself and that was why it seemed such a miracle when I, a sophomore, was invited to a senior class party.

I had my first professional hair-do and manicure at a real beauty shop and my mother sewed for days on the frock which I was sure would be a devastating success. We were "paired off" at the party. After my partner had danced with me, politely, once and disappeared no one else asked me to dance. I sat and sat and sat. And then I stole out through a side door and fled into the night. I crept home and went to bed and I didn't mention the party to anyone for weeks. It was considerate of my family that they didn't mention it to me, either. No one asked how it had gone or whether I had enjoyed (*Continued on page* 83)



Capt. Glenn Miller and Jill Warren smile pretty for the cameraman at one of Glenn's recent "I Sustain the Wings" broadcasts from New York.



Words of Music

BY JILL WARREN

GOOD day, children. Here is your jivin' Jill screaming at you from the big mad city of New York. I've been tearing around the town digging all the good stuff and with the exception of the couple of days I got lost in the crowd at a Sinatra broadcast, I don't think I missed too much. So if you care to take up pencils and make notes, I shall step to the podium and give out with a few thousand words:

My biggest musical thrill was seeing and hearing Capt. Glenn Miller and his terrific Army band. Glenn is stationed at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, but he comes to New York every Saturday for his "I Sustain The Wings" broadcast over NBC. And let me tell you, you have never heard a large band swing like this one. It's really amazing when you consider that there are fifty men, including a twenty-two piece string section. But Miller, the master arranger, has done it. The orchestra sounds not unlike Glenn's civilian band, but so much fuller and greater. And you all remember that his old group was a bit of all right. It wouldn't surprise me to see Miller organize a big band similar to his Army aggregation after the war.

I attended Duke Ellington's opening at the New York Hurricane Restaurant, and it was sensational, to say the least. The place was packed with band leaders and singers who admire the Ellington talent, including Georgie Auld, The Andrews Sisters, and the new record sensation, Kay Armen. The band was fine, as usual, and I particularly enjoyed Johnny Hodges' wonderful alto solos. Wini Johnson, the Duke's new songstress, is as cute as a bug's ear, and although vocally she isn't up to Ivy Anderson, she makes up for it in appearance.

I spent another evening at Cafe Society Uptown listening to Mildred Bailey and Teddy Wilson. Mildred panicked the people with her jump arrangement of a little patriotic ditty called "Scrap Your Fat." I hadn't heard Wilson since he was in Hollywood about three years ago, but the guy is still great. There may be better band piainists, but for solo work there are few who can touch him.

You Benny Goodman followers will remember Lee Castaldo, who used to play trumpet with B.G. He has changed his name to Lee Castle and now has a band of his own, and a pretty good one at that. He is playing around New York and gunning for a big hotel spot. Lee plays a solid horn and has the looks and personality to make the grade as a leader. Incidentally, he is a disciple

The King Sisters, snapped with their "props" at the N. Y. Victor Recording Studios while waxing their latest, "Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet."

Here's Benny Goodman with a few of the boys on the set of Benny's picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, "Sweet and Lowdown." Probably the last shot you'll see of B. G. for a while—as a band leader.

Perry Como and his son Ronnie bid a mutual farewell to New York as his train leaves Grand Central Station. Perry was en route to Hollywood for his screen debut in "Something For the Boys. Ronnie came along just for the ride.

Duke Ellington, Jill Warren and David Street laugh it up together for one grand time at the Duke's New York opening at the popular Hurricane Restaurant.

of Louis Armstrong and owns every record Louis ever made.

Speaking of trumpet players, I saw Charlie Spivak just before he opened at the New York Paramount Theater. He was the happy kid because he is a father for the second time—another boy, Steven, at five and a half pounds. Jimmie Saunders is the new male vocalist with Charlie. You'll recall him with Harry James a couple of seasons back.

And was I surprised to see Bob Allen in the crooner's chair with Tommy Dorsey! Bob recently broke up his band because he was going into the Army. But he was rejected and the headache of reorganizing was too much, so Bob accepted Tommy's offer.

No, I didn't miss Fifty-Second Street, the avenue that really jumps. I happened to hit it on a Saturday night, and the music was solid, solid. I found Billie Holiday at the Onyx Club, with Oscar Pettiford's orchestra. Billie sounded fine, as always, and seemed happy singing with a small combo.

The most exciting spot was The Yacht Club, where I heard Billy Eckstine, a colored boy who really sings a song. He has been working solo, and very successfully so, since leaving the Earl Hines band. Billy might well be dubbed the "Sepia Sinatra." He was backed up by a swell five-piece outfit led by Trummie Young, ex-Charlie Barnet and Lunceford sideman. Young plays a whale of a trombone.

The Pennsylvania Hotel was on my list because I wanted to give a listen to Frankie Carle's new band. The Carle piano has never knocked me out, but I must say his orchestra is one of the best I heard in New York. They were well rehearsed, phrased excellently, and the brass

(*Continued on page 89*)

Impulsive Rebel

This is the story of Susanna Foster, whose honesty was misunderstood until she learned that little white lies are honestly fair

BY
DORA ALBERT

When Susanna belonged to Paramount she looked like this, but she talked too much to the wrong people about the wrong things.

This was Susanna Foster when she was 12 years old, the unimportant property of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Now Susanna Foster is more aware and more wise. Under the leadership of Universal, she's making box-office progress toward the stardom she deserves.

"WHEN I was thirteen years old," said blonde, fragile-looking Susanna Foster, "everybody said I was a brat. I had opinions about practically everything and didn't need any coaxing to air them.

"I air my opinions just as freely now. But when you are nineteen and express opinions, people take it for intelligence. When you are thirteen, people don't think you have a right to opinions.

"But I had been on my own then for two years. I felt I had a right to say what I thought."

She said it. Loudly and thoroughly. She was Paramount's little problem child. They had signed her and were stuck with her. Sure, she had talent. But just the same, she was swiftly driving them mad.

Interviewers didn't know how to take her. When she sat down to lunch with people four times her age, she talked like a Quiz kid. When they stated their opinions, she stated hers. Or she talked first; she didn't care. If they disagreed with her, she (*Continued on page* 63)

Five Best Pictures MOVIELAND'S *of the Month*

(MGM)

GASLIGHT

WHEN stars of the calibre of Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer join forces to bring you a thriller, you are assured of an extraordinary picture. It grips and holds your interest from the moment that you become aware that the husband intends to drive his wife insane by psychological suggestion.

The period is the early 1880's. The tragedy of her aunt's mysterious murder has deeply touched a young girl. She leaves London to study singing on the Continent, only to give up her studies when she falls in love. Returning to live in the aunt's house, a subtle change begins in her husband's attitude. He plants the thought in her mind that she does not always know what she is doing, that she loses things, that her sanity is becoming impaired. It is a diabolical campaign to drive her to doing away with herself and the frantic woman is saved only by the timely intervention of the police, who have never been satisfied about the mystery of her aunt's demise.

Bergman is indescribably lovely as the wife, quite the youngest girl you have ever seen, in the prologue. Boyer's portrayal of the husband is a far cry from his usual romantics. His first villainous character, but a brilliant acting job. Joseph Cotten plays the Scotland Yard man, and Dame May Whitty adds a note of comedy as a busybody neighbor. A stunning debut is registered by Angela Landsbury as the Cockney maid. You can't miss "Gaslight."

(Paramount)

THE HITLER GANG

PARADOXICALLY, Hitler asked for it when his Nazi propaganda machine ground out a film called "Oom Kruger," starring Emil Jannings, once a Paramount star before his talents were perverted under the Swastika. This lying picture was a bald-faced distortion of the facts of the Boer War which might be twisted to the discredit of the British. Looking at it gave the Paramount boys the idea of dramatically telling the truth about "The Hitler Gang." Thus came into being Hollywood's first fully authenticated review of contemporary history's blackest pages. It is "the inside story of an inside job by a gang that stole a nation," or as much of the story as could be told "with decency." Every scene has been substantiated by at least three reliable sources.

The role of Hitler is no novelty for Robert Watson. He has never, however, played Der Fuehrer with the complete seriousness which he now maintains for a compellingly powerful portrait. Appearing in all but two scenes of the picture, Watson's performance is one of the most exhausting in memory. No punches are pulled in revealing Hitler's unbalanced mind. Nor is anything left to imagination in depicting reasons behind his rise to power.

Splendid, indeed, are the portrayals of every member of the cast, led by Victor Varconi's Hess, Alexander Pope's Goering, Martin Kosleck's Goebbels, Luis Van Rooten's Himmler, and Reinhold Schunzel's Ludendorff, to mention only a few.

(Warner Bros.)

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

SELDOM is a second filming of an early success successful. That "Between Two Worlds," formerly known on the stage and screen as "Outward Bound," is an exception to the rule can be attributed to the care with which the finer elements of the original play were retained in the new version. You probably recall "Outward Bound" as the account of a strange ocean liner's voyage from one world to another and the startling realization by its oddly assorted passengers that all aboard have died. This knowledge was formerly withheld as a first-act curtain punch. Now it comes very early, following a fresh prologue that introduces the characters while they are alive and trying to embark from wartime England for America. A German bomb kills a large group of them and a double suicide attempt sends the lovers on their journey. The suspense is obtained from human anxieties and uncertainties regarding individual destinies when at last they meet The Examiner.

"Between Two Worlds" has a perfectly balanced cast of accomplished players. Paul Henreid and the appealing Eleanor Parker are the lovers. John Garfield does a grand job of the newspaperman. Sara Allgood is precious as Mrs. Midget. Sydney Greenstreet appears as The Examiner, and Edmund Gwenn as Scrubby, the "halfway" steward. George Coulouris is the selfish industrialist, Isobel Elsom the socialite, and Dennis King the minister. This fantasy is a treat for your spirit.

(Columbia)

ONCE UPON A TIME

CERTAINLY no more fantastic notion has been filmed in years than "Once Upon a Time." Frequently chucklesome, when it could have been consistently hilarious, the basic idea triumphs over its shortcomings.

When the third straight flop of a big-time Broadway producer closes, he is reduced to his last nickel, washed up in show business. Then sudden good fortune smiles upon him. The big-shot meets a poor kid carrying a shoe box. Inside the box is a pet caterpillar trained to dance to the strains of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" played on a harmonica. In the boy, or rather in the caterpillar called "Curly," the desperate promoter sees an answer to all his problems. He will publicize the fuzzy dancing worm, ballyhoo it into an overnight sensation and capitalize upon Curly's popularity. The stunt captures the imagination of America. But when the time comes for the boy to part with his beloved pet, the youngster blandly announces that he wouldn't sell Curly for all the money in the world. It brings a split-up in the partnership, the man turns all-out heel, and coincidentally, Curly vanishes.

Cary Grant is unfortunately required to be too-much of a heel to allow his promoter to be numbered among his better performances. Young Ted Donaldson is grand as the kid. Janet Blair hasn't much to do as the boy's sister. Your friends will be talking about "Once Upon a Time," so you'll have to see it, too.

(RKO-Radio)

DAYS OF GLORY

HERE is the most sincere tribute yet paid by Hollywood to Russian indomitables who have fought a glorious fight in the defense of their homeland against the Nazi invaders. Unlike previous American pictures dealing with Russia, "Days of Glory" has a sense of reality that attains an almost documentary quality. This is achieved by casting the story with new screen personalities, from stars to extras. The result is a drama about a small band of men and women guerrilla warriors that you can believe. They live and breathe as they would not have done had established film familiars played these roles.

Gregory Peck as the comrade-commander makes one of the most interesting Hollywood debuts of the season. Dividing the love theme with him is Toumanova, formerly premier ballerina of the Ballet Russe. She suffers momentarily from the fact that her introduction in the story seems to be forced. Not until later in proceedings does her talent rise above the characterization.

The screen "veteran" of the troupe is Maria Palmer, who was formerly seen for all of three minutes as Litvinov's daughter in "Mission to Moscow." Lowell Gilmore as Semyon, keeper of the records, has an unfortunate similarity to the late Leslie Howard in appearance and delivery. Alan Reed, better known to radio listeners as the amusing Falstaff Openshaw of the Fred Allen program, creates a sterling impression as the quarrelsome drunkard, Sasha.

YOUR PROBLEM and MINE

BY Bonita Granville

Here's pretty and intelligent Bonita batting out answers to your letters on her typewriter.

Do you have personal problems that you feel only youth can solve? If you do, let Bonita Granville be your counsellor. Address Bonita Granville, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California, and try to keep letters down to two hundred words. Watch for her replies such as the ones we print in this issue. You can see that Bonita is serious and wise for her years, and because she considers herself just another of the "younger generation" she may be able to help you with your problems.

WAR WIFE

Dear Miss Granville:

I am one of the many war wives with a problem. I am nineteen years old and have an eight-months-old baby. My husband is overseas in the army.

I know my problem is an old one, but it is very important to me. Do you think it is bad for me to entertain soldiers in my mother's home? After all, I want fun, but I don't want people to misunderstand.

I am very much in love with my husband and respect the marriage code. I am not an immoral girl and am not looking for a man. I just want companionship and some fun. My husband is a clean, decent man, and I don't want to do anything to hurt him, especially while he is doing such fine work for our country.

My husband is very jealous and wouldn't want me to go out with men, but I can see no harm in having friends in and think we can entertain soldiers. After all, I want someone where my husband is to see that he has nice companionship too.

What do you think about my attitude, and what do you think I should do about it?

Sincerely,
Mary June C. (Mrs.)

Dear Mary June:

I think your attitude about wanting companionship is only natural. Your first and primary thought should be to explain it carefully to your husband. Tell him how you feel, that you want to entertain the boys at home with your mother. You should have his full permission before you do anything. It might be well also to have your mother write too.

Perhaps you could invite a few of your young friends in once a week and give a small informal party for some of the soldiers in your town. Surely the USO would welcome sending the boys in to a nice home atmosphere.

You didn't mention whether your husband's family live in your town. If they do, it might be nice to ask them also, so they can see and report to your husband. After all, many miles separate you both, and misunderstandings can arise that are not easy to patch up. However, your letter to me was so earnest and honest that I am sure, if you wrote the exact kind to your husband, he would give his permission.

If more war wives thought of this plan, they would be happier. I hope you get your husband's permission. If you don't, you should try going out more with your mother, visiting friends and having them in your home, but I do agree that you need the association of other than your own sex and think you have solved your problem.

Sincerely,
Bonita

BOY-CRAZY

Dear Bonita:

I wonder if you can help me? Could you tell me whether everyone goes through a boy-crazy stage? My brother, who is two years older than me, says I am crazy to write and ask you that, but I am sure you will answer me.

I am in love with so many boys, and it worries me. I wonder, when it is time for me to be married, how I will know if I am really in love. Another thing that worries me is, when I get married if I will see another man and fall in love with him. How do people know when they are really in love?

Perhaps you think I am too young to be thinking of this, for I am only fifteen, but this is a problem that bothers me and which I know some day I will have to face. Most of the other girls my age think of the same thing, so if you do answer this, you will also be helping a lot more girls than me.

Love to you,
Barbara

Dear Barbara:

Of course I can help you. Remember it was only a few years ago that I wondered just as you do.

Everyone goes through a boy-craze stage. It follows the time when you have a crush on your teacher. There is no harm in it, if you keep your head. The only thing I can tell you is, now is the time for you to think about the type of man you eventually will want to marry. Plan in your mind the kind of person he should be. Think of the qualities of fineness, tenderness, honesty, ability to get along with other people, and everything you most admire about your father and your family's friends. When you have your mental picture, think of it when you get a "crush" on some boy.

When you are thinking of the man you eventually want, take stock in yourself and think how you can build yourself to become the kind of woman the man of your choice will want. Think of your appearance, your education, your activities and how they will build yourself for your future life.

As far as your association with the boys right now, try to be a friend with them rather than be a sweetheart. The way of the world is that love ripens out of friendship, and love at first sight is seldom and rare. Be natural and friendly and interested in them, and you will find that love will come to you at the right time.

My best wishes to you.

Sincerely,
Bonita

TWO LOVES

Dear Bonita:

Is it possible to be in love with two people? I am a soldier in a camp in the South. I have a girl at home whom I have gone with for about a year. She writes to me regularly, about once a week and sometimes oftener. I truly love her and respect her. She is willing to wait until after the war to marry me.

While down here on maneuvers, I have met another girl and fallen in love with her too. She is very nice, and I know she will wait until after the war for me too.

Which girl shall I choose? I shall thank you from the bottom of my heart if you will help me with my problem.

Do you think a man should marry in war time? I soon will be sent overseas and should like to make up my mind before I go.

Sincerely,
Pfc. Henry

Dear Henry:

I don't think it is possible to be in love with two people at the same time.

The only way you will know which girl to choose is not to marry either of them until conditions for you have settled down, and that will be after the war.

Right now, you should have the companionship of nice girls, but you shouldn't be thinking of getting married. Your girl at home sounds like the girl for you. You know each other and grew up with one another; thus you have more in common. The girl in the town near your camp probably is infatuated with you. Why don't you let time iron it out? Don't promise either girl; just keep your friendship with them and decide after the war.

Sincerely,
Bonita

(*Continued on page 60*)

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Special Combination Offer, Both for Only $7.95

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Hurry! Quantities Are Limited

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Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of Spun-Rite—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 36 to 50 on the order coupon to the right. No extra charge for over-size.

Ladies! Men! Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only $7.95.

Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RITE Jackets indicated below. C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

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LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $3.95	Liberty -Blue	Camel Tan	Teal Green	Stop Red
Check color wanted				
Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only $7.95				
MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95	Camel Tan with these colors	Harbor Blue	Luggage Brown	Forest Green
Check color wanted				

CHECK SIZE WANTED

LADY'S 12☐, 14☐, 16☐, 18☐, 20☐, MAN'S 36☐, 38☐, 40☐, 42☐, 44☐, 46☐, 48☐, 50☐

MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: $...................., C. O. D.

TODAY YOUR "DIFFICULT" DAY?
SAN-NAP-PAK SANITARY NAPKINS GIVE ME EXTRA COMFORT!
THE PINK LAYER MEANS EXTRA PROTECTION!
NO TELL-TALE BULGES—WITH THESE SLEEK PADS!
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Just Say "Sanapak" —and laugh at the calendar!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!

Try Countess Lydia Grey—the facial tissue with the "doeskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!
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LOST CONFIDENCE

Dear Bonita Granville:

I am a soldier in the Army returned from active service of over a year and a half.

I have a definite problem which you as a young woman can help me. Your advice will definitely help me in the unusual decision I must make within the next few weeks.

While overseas, I was disabled and am being discharged from the Army. My disability is an arm injury, which makes me not fit for service. My girl doesn't know about this, and we had been planning to marry whenever I got a furlough and could come home. We had planned to marry, even if I had to go back to service the next day, for we have waited so long.

She doesn't know anything about this, and I wonder what she is going to think. I am not the same man who went away. How will she feel, what do you think she will do when she finds out, and what do you think I should do about our marriage plans? Should I go home and find out, or should I tell her first? I don't want pity, but I don't want to have her marry me out of pity.

Thanks a lot from,
Bob

Dear Bob:

You boys returning from overseas need all the understanding we who stay here can give you. We try very hard, and hope that we can make you comfortable and happy. You too have a duty toward us. Give us the chance and see how we react.

Trust your girl; give her that chance. Naturally, you are upset about what happened to you. It has changed your life pattern, but you have picked her to be your wife, and she must be given the opportunity to be a good one.

Write a letter first and tell her what has happened. Then go home and talk to her. Don't use the fact that you are disabled to give you an excuse to doubt her.

If I were your girl, I would expect you to tell me and to give me the opportunity of helping you work out your problem and mine.

I hope my advice has helped you. Thank you for writing me.

Bonita

OVERSEAS VET

Dear Bonita:

I have just returned from overseas and have a very great problem.

I am twenty-one years old, and the girl I am engaged to is eighteen. We have been going steady with one another for a year before I went into the service.

Before I came home, her letters became fewer and fewer, and I couldn't understand, for she used to write to me about three times a week.

When I came home, she welcomed me as if I had never been away. She was still in love with me. Finally I got her to admit the reason she hadn't been so prompt in her letters. It seems that, after I went away, she went out with a boy in the army stationed near our home. She swears nothing happened, but people in town talked. She finally didn't go out with him any more, but people kept on talking about her. She swears they were just friends, but somehow I doubt her, and I wonder if we should get married. I haven't told her how I feel about it, but I do think I should tell her I don't believe her. After all, marriage is based on mutual trust, don't you think?

Yours sincerely,
John A.

Dear John A:

Yours is not a pretty problem, and it makes me a bit cross with you. It is hard for a woman to make a mistake and admit it, and your fiancee has done it. Are you going to depend on idle gossip to settle your life path or the girl you are in love with?

Remember you, yourself, sometime in your life have done things that you regretted, but when you owned up to them, you found yourself a wiser person.

It seems to me that your girl has been honest with you, and also that your doubt is hurting your relations with her.

Why don't you sit down and talk to her? Tell her of your doubts and that now you know she was honest, and you regret your feelings that you felt you must tell her. Through this, you should have a new understanding, and your marriage will work out.

My every good wish for your happiness. Congratulations in getting such a fine and honest girl.

Sincerely,
Bonita

LOVE QUESTION

Dear Bonita:

Here is my problem, and it won't be an easy one for you to solve for me.

I am a young girl of eighteen and considered very pretty.

In high school I had had no special boy friend, but about ten months ago, I met a very nice looking and fine boy, whom I grew to like very much.

We have had very few dates together, for he works, and I have to help my mother at home after school, but we do see each other at the baseball games and sometimes the dances at school.

I don't know whether to see him any more, for he has grown very fond of me, and our religious faiths are not the same. He says he is in love with me, but I haven't told my mother, for I am afraid she will tell me not to see him any more.

You are a young girl like myself; I don't know your faith, but surely you must have some idea what I should do.

I know I am young, and this may just be an infatuation, but I don't think so, and to lose him would break my heart. My mother knows him and likes him, but doesn't know how seriously I like him.

Flora

Dear Flora:

First let me tell you that the reason we are fighting this war is that all people may be free and equal. We are fighting race and religious prejudice.

From your letter, I gather that you two have no intention of marrying right away, but you would like to plan on it. I think you should whenever you have the full permission of your parents and his.

You should talk to the boy and explain your feelings about your religion and listen to his explanation about his. You both are deeply religious, I can see, and I am sure you will be able to work this out each with deep respect for the other's faith.

Your parents, naturally, should be consulted; explain to them how you feel, about your love for this boy, and that you realize your religious feelings could upset your marriage, unless it is all understood before. I am sure they will understand, and if they don't, talk to the pastor of your church and have him talk to them.

I sincerely hope I have helped you with your problem. Let me know.

Cordially,
Bonita

ROBERT WALKER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

gentleman who welcomed them to that tight little band of bindle stiffs operating in empty freight cars all over the land. He had, he said, a brother in Los Angeles replete with cars, summer and winter houses, and jobs for boys of ability.

He would, he added genially, be glad to line things up for the boys with this imposing brother. For a slight consideration. They were to secure, by any means, his food supply during the trip. The boys decided it was a fair brokerage fee. Whenever they reached a small town where the freight trains were reorganized, Bob and his buddy hurried through the districts near the tracks.

The method was simple. They knocked. A housewife answered. They said, "Please, ma'am, do you have an odd job I could do for you? I'm hungry and I'd like to earn something to eat."

The housewife, confronted by such youth, ambition and obvious appetite, said she was fresh out of jobs, but how about taking this sandwich, or this loaf of bread, or this hunk of cake? How about a glass of milk and some fresh fruit?

It is approximately 700 miles from Ogden to Las Vegas, Nevada, and—traveling as they were—this distance represented quite a few meals for three. As the freight neared Las Vegas, the boys' companion—he of the plutocratic brother—excused himself from their car on the pretext of getting a breath of fresh air on the roof. The boys noticed that a good many of their traveling companions were dropping off, but the train seemed to be moving very fast for amateurs to abandon. They remained huddled in their car.

What they didn't know was that the railroad cops at Las Vegas have a reputation for being rugged. The itinerant gentry, well aware of the dangers, left the innocents to fend for themselves. They were found by flashlight, big-eyed and timorous, from the car door when the cop made his rounds. He questioned them and they, with great presence of mind, explained that they had been preparing to run *away* from Las Vegas.

"You kids get away from the railroad yards and beat it back to your home," the officer ordered. "Get going before I turn you over to the juvenile authorities and they raise cain with your parents."

They got going. They found a grassy square in the center of town, and there they slept away the night. The next morning, after cinching in their belts beyond the breakfast line (they were afraid to beg), they trudged out on the highway to thumb their way to Los Angeles. Surely there, they would find their vanished friend and his munificent brother.

Nine o'clock scorched into ten, and ten blazed into noon. Noon scorched into two o'clock, and two blistered into four. No rides.

Giving up their thumb-trip to Los Angeles, two perspiration-soaked, dust-encrusted, grumbling-stomached boys trudged achingly back to Las Vegas and their haven of the public square.

Bob pulled off his shoe and lifted out a shining object; a silver dollar

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that he had been holding in reserve for just such an emergency. He and his side-kick repaired to the nearest counter and each ate fifty cents worth of cake and ice cream. They slept in the park that night and caught a freight, Ogden-bound, the next morning.

Bob's family, unfortunately, couldn't bring themselves to look upon his adventure with an objective eye. His mother had spent several days in tears, and his older brothers had promised, resultantly, to produce blisters on a certain part of the Walker flesh. Yet they were so glad to see him—all in one hungry hunk—that they forgave him on sight.

However, he had been at home only a few days when he overheard some conversation that buoyed him considerably. His aunt, Mrs. Hortense Odlum of New York, had suggested repeatedly that Bob be sent to a private school in which the teachers would study him and develop the innate ability that she believed he possessed. She had mentioned in frequent letters that she would be glad to pay his tuition, as she had that of several of Bob's cousins. So, having agreed that Bob was a problem child, his parents decided to send him to the San Diego Army and Navy Academy.

Bob, his sharp elbows akimbo, his thin legs busy with distance, hurried to his boy friend's home to impart the news: "Hey, kid, I'm being sent to a military school. Howja like that? I'm too tough to handle. They're sending me away." He was vastly impressed with his own potentialities as a desperate character.

This bravado lasted for a week—until he was thoroughly settled at school. Then he discovered that he was just a hick kid from the big outdoors. His smooth classmates, some from Eastern schools, some from private tutors (all rather sophisticated in an adolescent sort of way) looked him over and decided he was of no particular interest. He was too long for his trousers and his sleeves; he lacked the easy mingling knack of the initiates. His complexion was at its worst.

Then two things happened: he was given the responsible (and active) post of second drummer in the school band. And Mrs. Virginia Atkinson, the drama teacher, noticed him. There was something about his intensity over the tympani, something about the mobility of his freckled, sensitive face that convinced her of Bob's dramatic possibilities.

"Robert, how would you like to be in the next school play?"

He looked at her incredulously. "Me? Gosh, Mrs. Atkinson, I don't know anything about acting." But his eyes rested hungrily on her face. At last someone thought he could do something beside get into trouble.

"Would you like to have me coach you? I think you're just right for the lead in our next play. It's a dramatic thing about a man in prison who learns that his baby is dying. He prays that the child will live until morning, and promises that if his prayer is answered he will go straight."

Bob looked at Mrs. Atkinson. "You think I could do that? Honest?"

"Why not?" she wanted to know, her lips curving into a smile. At that moment, Bob would have lain on a railway track to be bisected by a locomotive if Mrs. Atkinson had suggested it. She believed in him! She was giving him a chance to be noticed—the thing that, subconsciously, he had always wanted. At last he had a chance to lick the little-brother complex—and he was determined to do it.

He learned how to handle his long, slender body. He learned the telling stage tricks of the eyes. He learned voice placement, timing, and emphasis. "Is that right, Mrs. Atkinson? Am I putting it across?"

"Over the plate," said Mrs. Atkinson who knew a lot about boys.

The play was so deftly done that it won first place in the district competition. Then it was presented at Pasadena Community Playhouse to compete in the finals. The production won first place and the leading man, one Mr. Robert Walker, was awarded first prize for his characterization. This award also carried a year's scholarship to the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Bob, meeting Mrs. Atkinson jubilantly in the wings, shook hands, violently. "Gosh, you're some coach!"

"You're some student. This is only the beginning," she prophesied, thus earning some sort of stature as a psychic.

The following year the play she coached repeated the first triumph by winning top honors and Bob, again the star of the play, resnatched his No. 1 spot and a repeat offer of a scholarship. But the news of his two-time winnings had delighted Mrs. Odlum in New York. Now she had ideas of her own.

"I'd like to watch him work," she wrote. "Send him to New York and I'll see him through the Academy of Dramatic Arts." This was another step—a big step for Robert Walker.

Whereupon the erstwhile scapegoat of Ogden, Utah, boarded a train for big time. His first day at the Academy was memorable for a number of things.

Having triumphed over his environment in San Diego, he expected to be at ease in New York, but the city seemed suddenly mammoth and threatening despite its glitter—much like an iceberg on a bright March morning.

When he was selected to read lines, he missed the partisan nod of Mrs. Atkinson from the audience. Yet, out there in the daisy field of round and eager faces, Bob abruptly noticed one face distinctive from the rest. A girl's face—delicate of bone structure and sweet of mien.

Bob had selected a scene from "Just Till Morning" and played it as he had never done before. He was aware of every sentence, of every gesture. The power was in his hands and the fire in his spirit.

Afterward, The Girl approached him with quiet assurance. "I liked the way you read very much," she said. "My name is Phyllis Isley and I'm from Tulsa, Oklahoma." Robert Walker smiled broadly.

Bob didn't know it, but he had just met the future Jennifer Jones, and simultaneously the future Mrs. Robert Walker.

Don't miss Part II of "The Wonderful, Wacky Life of Robert Walker" in the August issue of MOVIELAND. *It's written by Fredda Dudley. What she tells you about this bright new star makes some of the most entertaining reading ever to appear in any movie magazine.*

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IMPULSIVE REBEL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

argued louder and better than ever.

Once an interviewer tried to give her some advice. "Listen," he said, "I'm old enough to be your father."

"I'll say," she said.

When producers tried to tell her how to sing, she told them they didn't know what they were talking about. Usually they didn't—which made it worse. Paramount couldn't understand that Susanna would take singing instructions from a $100 a week singing coach who knew his stuff, but wouldn't pay any attention to a $10,000 a week executive who didn't know Beethoven from boogie woogie.

Worse than all this was the mind-speaking.

"The studio kept telling me," confesses Susanna, " 'Don't go around airing your opinions.' What was I supposed to do when people asked me what I thought? Say, 'I don't know?' "

She grins now, remembering it, this girl who at last and at Universal is on the road to major stardom. She says, "I have learned not to be cruel. I won't be a hypocrite, but I'll fib to save somebody from being hurt. I've grown to like more people, to be more tolerant."

She likes everybody on the Universal lot. She is very emphatic on the subject of Donald O'Connor. "I like him terrifically," she says. "He has many talents lying dormant. Some day they will show in a picture, and you'll see him winning an Academy Award."

Yes, Susanna has grown up. She still doesn't conform to the Hollywood idea of a star—she doesn't walk like a star (her steps are too jerky); she doesn't talk like a star (when she gets excited, she still shouts); and she doesn't act like a star. She still bursts into song, any time, any place, whenever she feels like it.

Some well-meaning people have said to her, "For heaven's sake, Susanna, save your voice. If you keep on like this, singing whenever you feel like it, you'll have no voice at all left in ten years."

"Maybe they're right," says Susanna, "but if I have no voice left in ten years, I'll do something else. When you feel like singing, you should sing. You should sing because it's part of you, because you're happy or unhappy. You sing to express your feelings. If I stopped singing, I would be miserable."

When Susanna made a personal appearance tour in Minneapolis, for the premiere of "Phantom of the Opera," her studio begged her to spare her voice. But when Susanna appeared on the stage, her fans yelled for her to sing.

"All right," said Susanna finally. "I will sing." And she did, not one, but half a dozen songs, on every stage where she appeared.

On the train going home to Hollywood, Susanna sang for hours in her drawing room. She thought that only Gilda Marchetti, her friend and singing teacher, and Betty Mitchell, the studio representative, were listening; but when she opened the door, she found nearly the whole staff of the train standing outside the drawing room listening. Collected there were waiters, conductors, cooks and passengers. So she just lowered her voice

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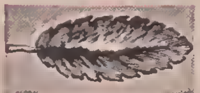

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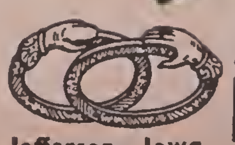

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 14.

a little and went on, as gaily as before.

Susanna has been singing all her life. She began singing almost as soon as she began breathing. That was in Chicago. Susanna's real name was Suzanne DeLee Flanders Larson. The DeLee was in honor of Dr. DeLee, who brought Susanna into the world. The Larsons were broke at the time; Dr. DeLee didn't send a bill, and they showed their appreciation by giving Susanna his name as a middle name.

Also from the day she was born, Susanna was a rebel. She gets vehement today on the subject of bringing up children. "Never say 'don't' to a child," says Susanna, "unless you can give the child a very good reason. People have been saying 'don't' to me from the day I was born. But the word 'don't' has never stopped me from doing anything, unless people gave good reasons."

Rebel or no rebel, Susanna sang like an angel. Her mother was sure she could go places. When Mary McCormic, the opera singer, came to visit Minneapolis, where the family had moved, Mrs. Larson saw to it that her talented daughter was brought to the great star's attention.

"I was an ugly kid then," Susanna says, "but Mary McCormic was very kind. She said I had promise as a singer."

Encouraged by those words, Mrs. Larson took Susanna to Carl Johnson, the orchestra conductor. He got her a chance to sing on the stage of a Minneapolis theater. He also introduced her to Merle Potter, a drama critic, who liked Susanna's voice so well that he sent a recording of it to several studios, and M-G-M signed her at once. The family moved into a nice home in Beverly Hills; Susanna went to the studio school; and thought she'd hit the jackpot.

But on the same lot were Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland, and the studio needed only one outstanding child singer. One day someone looked over the contract list, spotted Susanna's name, asked, "What has she been in?" was told "Nothing," and decided that the studio might as well let her go.

Susanna's family had to move out of its nice home in Beverly Hills and into a little flat at Venice, five miles away in fact and a thousand in prestige. The furniture men came to claim the household furnishing, because all the installments hadn't been paid.

But Susanna didn't weep. She had cried at M-G-M when she was not put to work, but now she was just mad. She made up her mind that she would persuade someone to give her the opportunity she wanted.

Finally she got it at Paramount. The studio needed a girl singer for "The Great Victor Herbert." They auditioned Susanna, and got out their contracts in a hurry. She was a great find, destined to be, they thought, the Deanna Durbin of the Paramount lot.

"The Great Victor Herbert" was released with much thumping of drums, but it did only so-so at the box-office.

They cast Susanna in "There's Magic in Music." There was no magic in the picture and it was a turkey with the public.

Now Susanna, as you have already seen, had been misbehavin' in many ways, such as taking verbal socks at Paramount's pet players. For all this, she might have been forgiven if she had had Lana Turner's pull at the box-office. But "There's Magic in Music" did so badly that to quote Susanna, "I just didn't exist at Paramount after that picure."

When option time came around, Susanna found the fatal blue slip in her pay envelope.

Today, Susanna has no kick about Paramount. "Paramount paid me for growing up," she says. "I was there three and a half years and made three pictures. Certainly the work I did wasn't worth the pay I got."

But when in November, 1942, the studio let her go, the late Myron Selznick, who was Hollywood's top agent, pounced on her. In signing her he

After his return from the overseas tour Ray Milland went Mocambo-ing with Mrs. Milland. The strain of the trip definitely shows on Ray. See story "Romances of Ray Milland" on page 30.

said, "If I can't get you something within six weeks, I'll quit myself."

Just to play safe, however, Susanna made out an application for a job at Lockheed. But Myron Selznick lived up to his promises. Within forty days he got Susanna a job. Universal needed a singing star to play opposite Nelson Eddy in "Phantom of the Opera."

Technicolor brought out the haunting, delicate loveliness of Susanna's features. She clicked. Universal put her into a couple of triangle pictures with Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor. She clicked again. Universal bought a story called "Angela" and changed the title to "This Is the Life" and put Susanna in it. It looks like another sure-fire hit.

At the present time Susanna is acting in "The Climax," a drama which takes place around 1890. She plays an opera singer; and has Turhan Bey and Boris Karloff for her leading men. When I saw her, she was wearing her costume in the picture, a floor-reaching affair of apricot wool with a shoulder cape. There was cream-colored Cluny lace at the neckline—and mink trimming on both the dress and the cape. Susanna looked like a vignette from the year 1890. But she didn't talk like one. "I've always been a mental tomboy," she said. "I can't swim or climb, but mentally I'm a tomboy.

"To accomplish anything, you must retain your individuality. You must be yourself. You must use your own judgment. No two people are alike, and the rules that will work for one won't work for another. Don't follow in someone else's footsteps. The rules that are fine for Mamie Jones won't work for Mary Smith."

Susanna admits she's impulsive. "If you do things based on something that comes out of your feelings, out of your hunches, you can't go very far wrong. I do impulsive things at surprising moments."

There was the time when she was appearing in a radio show and a heckler in the audience began to yell that the commercial she was reading about soap was a fake. Instead of ignoring him, she interrupted the commercial, turned to the heckler and shouted, "I do too use that soap and it *is* good."

Another time, she was giving out with a song on a radio broadcast and she had to sing some very difficult notes. When she finished, Susanna mopped her forehead and said, "Whew!"

When she made her personal appearance tour for the opening of "Phantom of the Opera," she and her studio representative stopped off at Chicago. They got there late (you know how late trains run these days), bathed, rested and then gave out with the interview. When they got through, it was six. At eleven they were to catch a train for Minneapolis, where the Mayor was waiting for them.

"We have five hours," said Susanna. "I have a grandmother in Aurora, just outside Chicago. I'm going to visit her. She's old and paralyzed and couldn't possibly visit me."

The studio representative began to worry. "I'll be back at ten," Susanna said, "in plenty of time to catch the train."

And off she went. She not only visited her grandmother, but all her other relatives in Aurora. But Susanna was back at ten, as she had promised.

Susanna believes in doing many things on impulse, but says she will not marry on impulse. "I'll think and think until I am sure. Maybe I'll be sure the minute I meet him.

"I am not in love now. I have never been in love.

"I go out on dates only once in a while. I won't go out with anyone I don't like. Turhan Bey? I have gone out with him. He's one of the nicest people in Hollywood. And a swell actor! We're great friends.

"I like records and music. 'La Boheme' is my favorite opera; 'Thanks for the Memory' my favorite song." She also likes spaghetti with cheese, watermelon, "Mairzy Doats" and Richard Tauber, the Viennese tenor. "And I'm a sucker for Viennese waltzes. I also like Lin Yutang's books, Cyrano de Bergerac, and the sayings of Confucius—the real ones, not those silly 'Confucius say' gags of a couple of years ago."

Susanna is definitely not attempting to play the Big Star. But unless all signs fail, she is going to be one.

THE END

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Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.

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THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
DISTRIBUTED BY INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb TABLETS

Kurb
12 tablets
Kurb

A KOTEX PRODUCT

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!
Good for headaches, too

STUBBORN AND CHARMING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

While he waited that call to active duty, which came only recently, he fought things out in his own dogged way. By day he made pictures, and by night he taught flying classes, aeronautics, navigation and so on, to Civilian Air Patrol members. In his own home, at his own expense, he served by helping other men to be ready to take over the controls for defense.

Meantime, it was not by coincidence that his last two pictures happened to be two of the best performances of many exhilarating screen jobs he has turned out. He planned them that way.

"Too many people told me I couldn't keep up the pace—and that brought the mule out in me. I was so tired most of the time we were making 'O'Rourke' I was afraid to look at the camera. Up late every night, on the set early every morning, teaching all day on Sundays—you've seen the kind of faces that look like they've worn out nine bodies, haven't you? Well, that was the way mine was beginning to feel. What really kept me going was laughs—Jack Carson, Janie Wyman and Olivia were good for a howl a minute on the set. Those kids were a shot in the arm to me."

Since it was to be his last picture for the duration, Bob was glad it was a comedy. "Leave 'em laughing, Cummings, I kept telling myself—and you can always come back again!"

The screen colony has always had its quota of private pilots, fellows with enough money to own their own planes, and enough time to ride a hobby in the clouds. Cummings, on the other hand, has never been a playboy as far as flying is concerned. He has held a civilian instructor's rating for fifteen years—the first such rating ever to be issued in this country.

His current rating of Army Flight Instructor outranks that of any other military man he happens to be teaching. This is a necessity, he explains, when his pupil might possibly be a Colonel or a General.

An instructor, this one avers, has the dog's job of the Army. That's why he likes it. Mostly the trainees are youngsters.

"You get awfully fond of those kids," he says. "You realize you have to make men out of them, as well as pilots. The job is mental as well as mechanical—you almost have to be a psychologist. I think the reason so many actors make good flyers is that they are both highly individualistic endeavors. No one can act for you, or fly for you, but yourself."

Bob is thirty-five today, looks younger, thinks older. From the very beginning, Destiny marked him for a two-career man. He learned to fly in high school, kept it up while studying engineering at Carnegie Institute of Technology, earned a Captain's commission in the Carnegie R.O.T.C. Acting was sort of an accident that happened to him along about 1929, when he was on his way to be a commercial pilot.

"I'd been offered a job freighting equipment over the jungles," he explains. "I needed it. My dad was the kind of a doctor who, in a depression, didn't bother to collect his bills. He'd worked so hard his own heart had given out, and with his hospital expenses the family finances were in a precarious state. I felt big and brave, and ready to take over."

Spending a few days in New York before leaving for South America, he ran into a friend who had been newly bitten by the "acting bug." One fateful afternoon the boys got into an argument. Bob wanted to take a ride atop a "rubberneck" bus, his friend wanted to make a visit to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts (whence came many of our foremost screen thespians). They compromised. They'd both stop off at the Academy, then they'd both take the bus ride.

"I was sitting in the Academy's reception room, stubbornly holding the dime for the bus fare in my sweaty hand," he says, "when a professor came out and with no preamble, said I was a nice normal-looking boy, and that was what the stage needed. I tried to tell him that, believe it or not, I was just waiting for a bus ride. He offered me a scholarship and I wasn't interested—not until he gave up trying to persuade me and dropped a remark that maybe I didn't have the talent anyway.

"That did it. I got up out of the chair and went into a classroom and read for him. Probably no lines have ever been read worse, before or since. He liked the quality of my voice, however—and that's how a flyer, on his way to South America suddenly grounded himself for an acting career!"

As this goes to press, Bob has been married twice, divorced twice. He met his first wife at a kid costume party, married his second while they were both in musical comedy. Rumor has since connected his name with Fay McKenzie, but Bob is still an unpredictable guy, and has recently surprised Hollywood by the announcement of his engagement to Mary Constant, a non-professional.

You see, you never can tell about Cummings—as we were telling you in the very beginning.

The End

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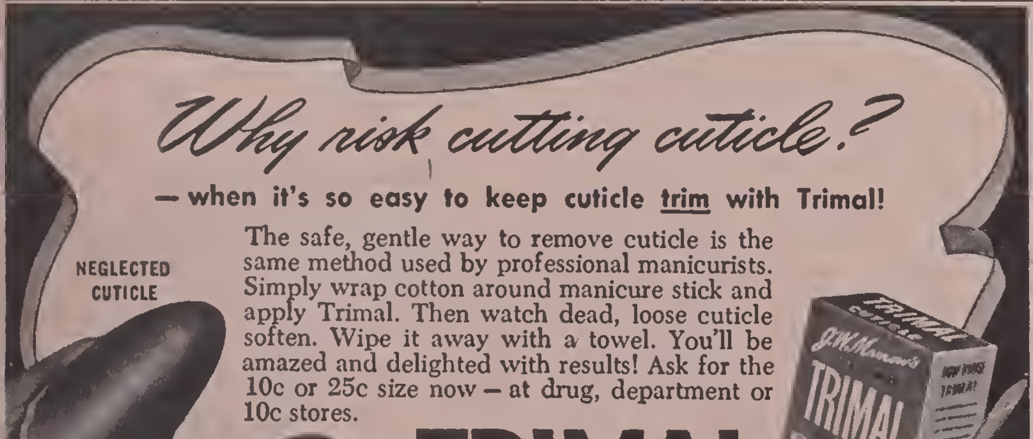

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...keeps cuticle trim without cutting

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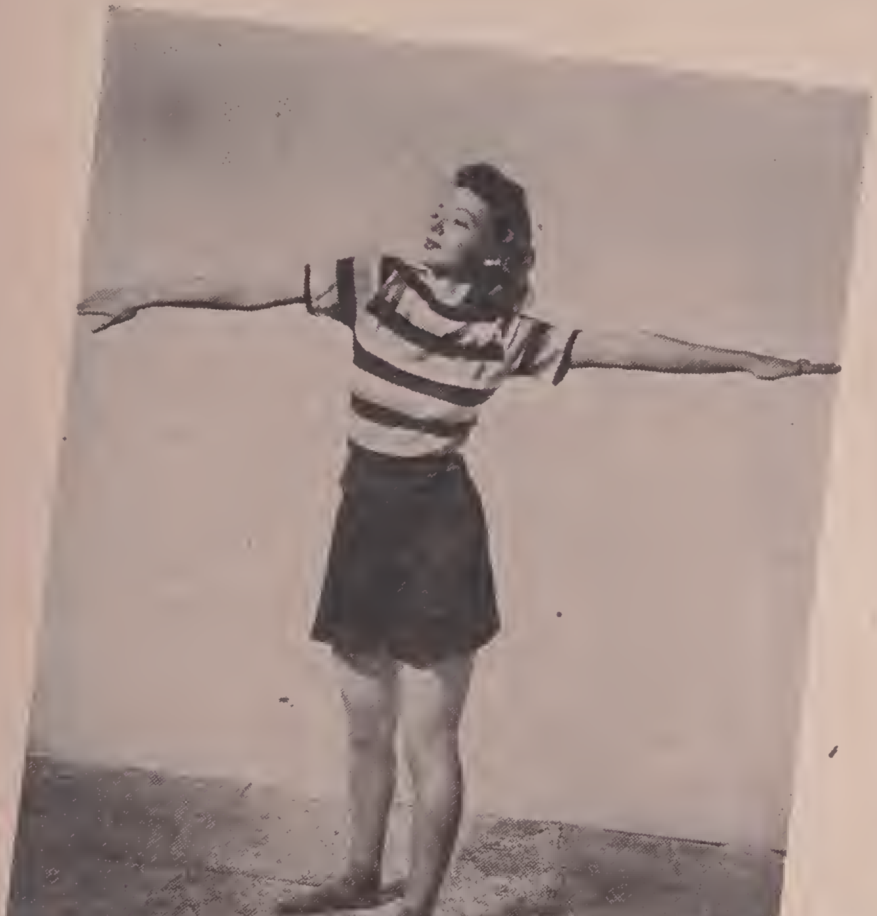
Easy DOES IT...

What point a pretty figure without poise? asks the lovely Evelyn Keyes, one of Columbia's popular stars. Easy grace and perfect posture begin with smooth, relaxed muscles. And, as Evelyn says, tenseness is apt to start in the shoulders where nerve centers become taut and tired. So loosen up —and take it easy. Try a few simple exercises like these, for instance.

Their purpose is twofold. The sharp-snap motion throws tight muscles into "release." The wind-up, a smoother, rolling movement, develops rhythm—which, in itself, is soothing and makes for a more graceful carriage.

Try them yourself! And you'll see why these setting-up stints are part of Miss Keyes own pet prescription for the jitters.



Stand erect, feet apart, arms out at sides. With alternate jerks, lift one shoulder forward and high, the other back and high, fifty times.

Clench fists and jerk shoulders up front, down front, down back, up back. Now repeat without jerking.

LONG KNOWN TO DOCTORS

NOW DISCOVERED BY WOMEN

A NEW outlook on the whole problem of monthly hygiene is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle of internal absorption has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for women in general.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or external pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Another advantage: no odor can form. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton and a month's supply will go into an ordinary purse. Each individual Tampax is wrapped in patented applicator. Easy to insert, quick to change—and no disposal problems.

NO BELTS
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Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply costs 29¢—or 4 times the quantity in the economy box for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
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Regular
TAMPAX

STRAIGHT FACTS ABOUT AN INTIMATE PROBLEM

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New, More Convenient Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

• Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (*See free book offer below.*)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

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Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

MOST ARDENT FAN

When Charles Boyer recently went to New York, he was met by his most ardent fan. Well, the fan is almost his own. The fan is the fan of Mr. Boyer's agent representative, Bill Smith.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Boyer have been associated in business for a long time, and Smith always accompanies him on all trips. He is quite a handsome young man and this young lady spotted him in New York and always comes down to meet the train when Boyer comes in. The first question she asks the great lover is, "Is he with you?" Then when Smith alights from the train she is happy and follows him around New York the whole time he is there.

Boyer gets quite a toot out of it.

COFFEE PROBLEM

Most frustrated wife in town is Mrs. Lloyd Nolan. Frustrated about coffee, and it isn't even rationed.

It seems that Mr. Nolan is particular about only one thing, hot coffee. His breakfast coffee can set the house in such an uproar if it isn't just right, and Mel Nolan, being the wife she is, tries very hard to please her lord and master.

Experimentation has been going on with Lloyd's coffee. First a mammoth cup was bought, placed on the table, the cook stood poised in the door with the coffee pot when she heard his footsteps come down the hall. When he sat down, she poured. Lloyd gulped and smiled.

Then as he read his paper the coffee cooled and nothing was right again. Next a heavy earthenware cup, to hold the heat, was purchased, but this didn't work. Then a thermos was purchased and heated, filled with coffee and placed on the table. This was poured in small quantities into a regular coffee cup of fine china. Still it wasn't right.

The final outcome, at this reading, is Mr. Nolan with the precious coffee kept hot in the kitchen, walking out there himself with a small demi-tasse, pouring it himself and gulping it down.

FAMOUS COMBINATIONS

Olivia de Havilland spends her spare time with Dwight Whitney, representative for a national magazine. . . . Veronica Lake with Paul Hesse, handsome color photographer. Ronnie could become the next Mrs. Paul Hesse, for he loves 'em beautiful and temperamental. Paul's last marriage with Elyse Knox, shortly to become the wife of Tommy Harmon, was just one of those things. . . . Ava Gardner with Howard Hughes. This has gone on for months and Ava is determined to become the next Mrs. Hughes. Bets are on that it won't happen, for Hughes is quite elusive. But Ava has a way with her, so this will bear watching.

HELPING HAND

Linda Darnell works at least four hours a day at St. Johns Hospital in Santa Monica. She isn't a nurse's aide. She just does lots of dirty work. She washes instruments after operations, cleans up the operating room and similar unpleasant tasks that take time but not much skill.

It all started when Linda discovered they are very short of nurses and nurse's aides at Santa Monica, and she volunteered to help. Little Nancy Gates visited Maureen O'Hara when Linda and her husband Pev Marley came to dinner one Sunday, and thus Linda got a new recruit. Nancy, just eighteen, now works regularly at these same unpleasant tasks.

Sonny Tufts' brown is surrounded by autograph seekers in every age group. Here's what happens when this popular idol leaves his studio.

Join our Soldiers with Wings
Be a W.A.C.
Army

Read the dramatic story (page 8) in "Inside Hollywood" about these newest movieland newlyweds, Elyse Knox and Lt. Tom Harmon.

SUNDAY WITH A MOVIE STAR

SUNDAY WITH A MOVIE STAR: Take a trip with us to Northridge to spend Sunday on her ranch with Lucille Ball and her guests. You are greeted by Lucille's mother, holding a baby and explaining that Lucille will be back soon. The baby is only one of two who live at the ranch, one being Lucille's brother's child and the other the child of a friend of hers.

Stay around a while and Van Johnson will come around the corner in swimming trunks and holding the other baby. Charles Ruggles will drop in with a quart of buttermilk for Lucille's mother, and Martha Scott and her husband, Carleton Alsop, stop by with their little son. Lucille's husband, Desi Arnaz, will come in about noon from working in the lower field, as he is home on leave from the Army.

Still no Lucille. You will have lunch, swim in the pool, help brush the dogs and tend the babies. About sundown a rackety station wagon will come to a stop in the yard and out will pile Lucille, home from a camp appearance and ready for a swim, chatter and a game of poker after dinner. Dinner is served on the enclosed porch with everyone helping—and the poker is for fun, not money. This is an average Sunday at the Ball-Arnaz ranch, and it's all swell!

HE-MAN STUFF

When Bill Holden came home on leave and found his infant son, Westy Holden, wearing dresses he hit the ceiling. Poor Brenda tried to explain that all young babies wore dresses, but Bill didn't like. Taking a tape measure he measured Westy from stem to stern, drove to Hollywood, walked into the baby department of a big store and began ordering knitted rompers fourteen inches long. When asked by the saleslady what size, he simply said that these were the measurements. Finally he emerged from the baby shop triumphant, armed with "boy's" clothes.

Westy wore them while his daddy was home, but as soon as Bill left, Brenda put him back in his dresses.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 12

A	N	N	E		E	R	R	O	L		S	T	E	N
R	E	E	D		D	I	A	N	A		L	O	V	E
A	A	M		A	D	D	E	E	M	S		N	E	W
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C	R	E	A	M		F	O	U	R		D	I	V	A
H	E	R	S		M	A	R	G				D	O	R
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S	T	E	M		F	I	N	E		H	E	L	E	N
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B	O	H	N	E	N			A	H	E	R	N	E	S
A	L	A		A	I	N	S	L	E	Y		O	L	E
L	I	L	A		T	A	I	L	S		G	A	L	E
L	O	L	L		E	T	N	A	S		C	H	A	N

"IT'S WONDERFUL!
. . . the easiest-to-apply, smoothest leg make-up I've ever used!" says Martha O'Driscall, currently featured in "Ghost Catchers," Universal Picture starring Olsen and Johnson.

"Stocking Stick"
LEG MAKE-UP

Not liquid, no muss no fuss

★ GUARANTEED easiest to apply, or money back!
★ Smooth, stunning
★ Water-resistant
★ Doesn't rub off

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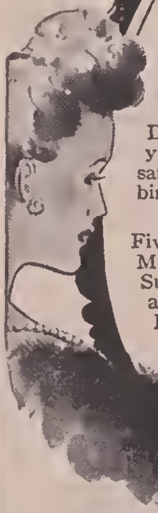

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Five HIDE-IT shades. Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Suntan. Large jar, $1 at Drug and Department Stores. Purse size at 10c counters.

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New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For **FREE** Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.

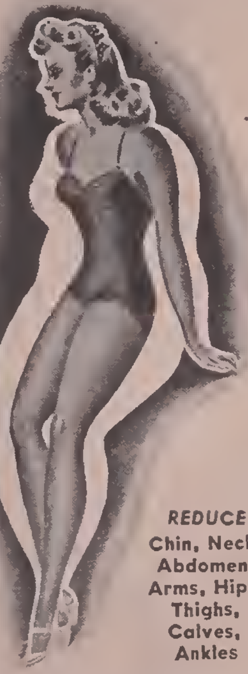
Easily cut to any size or shape

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing - Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. Positively Safe, Easy

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.



Something New & Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

REDUCE Chin, Neck, Abdomen, Arms, Hips, Thighs, Calves, Ankles

Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Mississippi Valley Medical Journal says: "Physicians can recommend to their overweight patients."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

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City........................Zone.....State.........

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RAY MILLAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

At twelve, he turned fickle and transferred his affections to a little girl sitting across from him. He doesn't attempt to excuse his action by anything other than the fact that her name was also Davis; Violet this time. Violet was almost as shy as he, but she taught him the value of little things—a smile, or a look from under her long lashes, could give an ordinary school-day the same glow as those printed in red on the calendars.

He was thirteen when he stole his first kiss—from a young lady who shall be nameless.

Public school was finished, then Ray went to King's College—and all of a sudden he was six-foot one-and-a-half, and in his dancing days.

The next woman in his life, although she probably never suspected it, was the aforementioned Queen Mary of England. It is doubtful if the dignified dowager ever gave any special notice to the tall dark young man who stood so stiffly at attention, or sat his horse so handsomely in the King's Guards.

He, on the other hand, credits Her Majesty for sharpening his appreciation of people as human beings. He remembers standing Stair Guard for the opening of Parliament and watching the Queen sweep regally past him up the stairs. With the heraldic trumpets blaring and the dignitaries bowing, Mary was calmly running one finger along the balustrade as she went, looking for dust. You've seen a dozen conscientious housewives go through the same motion.

He remembers once, too, when King George, ordinarily a mild-mannered man, stumbled on the staircase and emitted a cuss word. He got the same treatment any other husband would get under the circumstances—an indignant "George!" from the Queen. The King gave his wife a sheepish grin, and subsided.

Eventually the honorary position of guarding the royal household began to pall, mostly for financial reasons. Salary was $35 a week. To earn it, a young man had to equip himself with two uniforms at $3,000 apiece, and a special-occasion outfit costing a cool $5,000. In addition, he must own and fodder two very fine dark horses. What finally moved Ray to resign was that he was tired of wearing tight pants with no pockets. The pockets were especially desirable at the time, because an aunt had just left him $17,000.

He embarked on a grand tour of Europe, returning to London after a year.

"When I got back," Ray says, "the pockets weren't so necessary any more. I blew my last $50 all at once, taking Estelle Brody to dinner at Ciro's."

Miss Brody, then an English screen star, introduced Ray to the casting director who gave him his first movie job. Just recently, Ray was Mocamboing here in Hollywood with a party of friends, when the waiter told him a lady at another table had sent him a message. "She told me to ask you if you could get her a job," said the waiter. The lady was Miss Brody, now happily married and off screen. The incident was one of those neat little

This American is not expected to buy an extra War Bond in the 5TH WAR LOAN

But we are.

For each of us here at home, the job now is to buy extra Bonds—100, 200, even 500 dollars worth if possible.

Many of us can do much more than we ever have before.

When the Victory Volunteer comes to you and asks you to buy extra Bonds, think how much you'd give to have this War over and done.

Then remember that you're not *giving* anything. You're simply *lending* money—putting it in the best investment in the world.

Let's Go . . . for the Knockout Blow!

5 WAR LOAN

MOVIELAND

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

twists Fate is always fashioning.

Dark-haired Lya de Putti, Continental charmer who appeared briefly in American films, was next to be important in the Milland saga. Lya was starring in an English-made thriller in which she had to have a mirror shot out of her hand. Ray, who had learned expert marksmanship in the army, got the job.

"Miss Putti's hand was very valuable at the time," Ray says, "and the studio was grateful when I left the fingers on it. When the leading man in another film got sick, they gave me the role."

That really started him acting and he was an established screen and stage success in Britain when a Hollywood talent scout spotted him. Then began the inexplicable part of his career, with three separate grand entrances to Hollywood, each of them building up to nothing but a letdown.

Ray was living in a furnished room and a kind-hearted Hollywood druggist for several weeks served him his meals on the cuff. In desperation he applied for and got a job in a service station. Happened then one of those things that makes Hollywood a fairy tale town. Taking a bus to his gas station job, Ray got off in front of Paramount simply because it was where his bus came to a stop. He was passing the studio when a casting director stepped out and invited him inside. He had an acting job for him!

"The part would take about three weeks to shoot, and I didn't expect anything would come of it," Ray remembers. "I didn't want to be hungry again, so before I got into my make-up I rushed down and asked the gas station man if he could keep the other job open for me for three weeks. I told him my dear father in Iowa was seriously ill and I had to go home to see him. It was an impressive story, especially when I had never set foot in Iowa in my life."

The picture was "Bolero" with George Raft and the late Carole Lombard. When it was over, Ray went into "We're Not Dressing," and after that, Paramount gave him a contract —which he has been renewing, with an upped ante, ever since.

The day Ray drew his first Paramount paycheck, he went straight to a costumer and rented a formal outfit; tails, white tie and topper. The next day was Thanksgiving and Milland wasn't kidding. He went to a show, had his Thanksgiving meal, the biggest one he could eat, at the swankiest restaurant in town. Then he went to the drug store that had been feeding him. He planned to buy a bottle of fine wine, drink it with the druggist, and pay his long overdue bill. When he got there, he found the fellow had been keeping a free turkey dinner warm for him all day!

"It had given him so much pleasure to do this for a chap he thought needed it, I couldn't spoil his fun. I was stuffed fuller than any bird he had served that day, but I ate the whole meal, acting like I had never enjoyed anything so much in my life, while he stood there beaming. I didn't pay until two days later. He doesn't know that I could have paid it that Thanksgiving!"

Enter, shortly thereafter, two women most directly responsible for his happiness and success becoming permanent, his wife and Claudette Colbert.

"Claudette is such swell people," is the way Ray puts it. "I had one chance with her, in 'Gilded Lily,' and fluffed it. I was nervous and trying too hard to please. Working with her was such a pleasure, however, I always felt I had benefited by the experience—even if the picture didn't!"

Later, when Claudette was to make "Arise, My Love," with the privilege of choosing her own leading man, Milland was it, she said, or she wouldn't play. They proved such a happy combination that when she made the same demand for "Skylark," the producers joyously agreed.

But no woman, past or future, has ever meant to Ray what Muriel Weber Milland means to him. When I first met Ray in Chicago, some seven years ago, he told me happily, "I am married to the most beautiful woman in the world!" Lunching at Lucey's in Hollywood, just a few weeks ago, he told me just as happily, "I am married to the most beautiful woman in the world!" This can practically be classified as perpetual emotion in Hollywood. Besides, it's true that Muriel, who is "Mal" to her husband and friends, is one of Hollywood's great beauties.

They met at a bridge party in New York. Muriel was brought to his table by actress Martha Sleeper, and introduced. Ray was an instant hit, because, as his wife explains it, he was the only one of the four men who stood up.

"It's the only reason I won a second look," he insists, "but it took me six months to convince her I was really an upstanding young man."

The lovely Muriel had a disturbing habit of taking his frequent proposals as just part of the fun they were having. Then one week, another young lady of Ray's acquaintance telephoned and asked him if he would take her to the circus. He would. The next day Muriel's sister called him. Seems that he had asked Muriel to the same circus, a few days before.

"I forgot," said Ray, "and Muriel won't care anyhow."

"That's what you think," said sister. "She's been crying all day!"

So they've lived happily ever afterward, with one small Daniel David Milland now making it a threesome.

So next time you hear this heckling hero making with the pointed persiflage on the screen, just remember he's reading lines he personally doesn't subscribe to. The inside dope is, he thinks women are wonderful.

We have just one statement to add. It's "Vice versa!"

THE END

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IF I WERE A POLITICIAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

than a man. For one thing she would better be able to avert war. Women," and she added this with a smile, "like to talk a little more than men do. I am afraid I'm one of those people who believe that talking can still go a long way towards peace.

"Perhaps I sound like a glad girl, a Pollyanna. But I like to feel that women will play an important part in the furtherance of a lasting peace without which no country in the world, nor its people, can live, breathe freely, or even survive. Women, after this war, having lost their sons, their fathers, their brothers, all their loved ones, won't stay in the background when it comes to deciding future campaigns. There won't be cause to say, 'We've broken faith with the dead,' as Susan did in 'White Cliffs of Dover'.

"Oh, I know that the die-hards feel that the women cannot adjust themselves to meeting and discussing things with the men on their own ground," she told me. "It even happens at the studio, where men writers constantly refuse to work with women writers because they imagine they haven't the freedom of speech, gesture or opinion that they have among themselves. While the women insist on being treated as equals, they are, and will always be, women. This is doubly so in politics. It is true that while some of them will let fly into their opposition in Washington with fury, two-fisted arguments and strong words, their masculine opponents won't hit back, out of respect, pity, for my sex.

"Speaking for myself, I would much rather do business with men. I have been flattered to think that time and time again I have been men's equal in business matters. I am quite sure that a woman can be equally successful in politics. But she will have to be intellectual, well educated and quite experienced before she will come up all right. Women, for instance, are superior to men in debates. Once they know what they want they will be able to go after it in their own way, and get it.

"Still, I know our entry into big politics will be an uphill grind all the way. Any well-known woman running for Congress—well-known, that is, in a field foreign to politics—will have all she can do to make her political associates as well as the public feel that she is real, sincere and helpful. I believe that this can be partly done when her own life stands up as an example of her sincerity. Sooner or later in politics the weaknesses of one's private life will be found out. If they exist to start with, the battle is already lost. And I also know that if the woman who tries to leave the stage or screen for politics doesn't go into it wholeheartedly, or feels she can mix both, she will be a sadly disillusioned female. Career and marriage may mix, but the show-world and the greater show-world of Washington don't."

Miss Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin, while in key politically, evade political discussions socially.

"Politics with us," confided Miss Dunne, "are a serious, everyday matter. But they don't present such problems to us that all our emotions are frayed merely contemplating them. So one night when a friend at dinner wanted to start such a discussion we played bridge instead. Altogether, we don't believe in going in for much discussing of politics, because we prefer to wait a little and know what we're talking about.

"Take the Wacs, Waves and Marines," said Miss Dunne. "Their whole heart and soul is in the holding down of their jobs. Theirs is a continual struggle against the thinly-disguised feelings of the men in uniform who won't recognize their value, or even associate with them—purely because they're women. These are the same girls they would go all out of their way to make friends with if they were in an evening gown or a sun suit. But in uniform, it's a different matter. I have met hundreds of them, and they all have the same story to tell. They were all lovely girls, every one of them. I was impressed by their youth, their attractiveness and the poise with which they have battled the critics and the continual resentment of the men in uniform.

"Yet I think these girls will be able to adjust themselves much better and much quicker, after the war, than the men will. The men will come back as supermen, and heaven help the women who will say them nay.

"Women's great problem will come after the war, but its solution will be somewhat simplified by her domestic state. If she has married during the war her problem will be less acute. Miss Dunne thinks she will be glad to go back to simple, domestic duties. On the other hand if she occupies a position of importance, commands a large salary and has a taste for power—luxuries she has never before known, and an emasculated freedom—her problem and the solving of it will be hard and harsh.

"It will be difficult to imagine that the average American woman, having taken up masculine work and carried out masculine duties, will be able to revert naturally to her more feminine accomplishments. Recently," went on Miss Dunne, "I talked with one of the heads of the big war plants, and he couldn't disguise the seriousness with which he contemplated the postwar period as far as women are concerned. He envisaged a period of readjustment the like of which civilization has never known."

As for the men returning from overseas after the war, Miss Dunne had this to say: "These men are not coming back in any shilly-shally manner. They may not be exactly hard-boiled, but they'll be tough. They won't stand for much nonsense. They'll have a new outlook on life that women may find a little hard to get accustomed to. Whatever resentment they may have, in seeing women play their parts realistically and efficiently, may vanish when they realize that they were doing this only until the men come back. After all, women have kept things running rather well."

It was in this same vein that Miss Dunne told me that if she were to enter politics her main goal would

Honestly, here's a permanently devoted couple! Teresa Wright and her husband Niven Busch, are shown dancing at Trocadero.

be to exact a maximum of good with a minimum of strife. "That should be the aim of any real and sincere politician. You can't make the whole world over, but if you work hard and think in the right direction, you can do an awful lot of good in your own local territory.

Offering the thought that the most important place in politics a woman rises to is not necessarily by title, but by achievement. Irene Dunne explained, "If I were to go into politics seriously, I know I would want to do everything I could for my community. My interests would be local, rather than national. I would have prominence for my town, rather than prominence for myself. There are other more competent authorities to take care of world development and world improvement. Although I wouldn't want to be blind to what is happening in the rest of my country, because that would affect my own interests, and the interests of the people in my own community.

"Employment for everyone will be the first and gravest problem we will have to meet; housing, the next one. How grave this is can best be explained when I tell you that I was talking to one of the biggest builders in America the other day. He said, 'I don't expect to be able to build for ten years after the war is over.' The government will have to take a hand —and what a hand, in this matter alone.

"Child welfare is one of the important matters that a woman in politics will have to face and solve, although I think that this is one problem that will rather take care of itself. For instance, the women will be able to go back to their families, stop paying other women to look after their children, and devote all their time to their proper upbringing. There won't be the chaos there is today. I have great hopes myself for the after-the-war period to put an end to a great deal of the bugaboos of today."

In the matter of postwar education, Irene Dunne would like to see an educational system censoring certain parts of radio programs, motion-picture entertainment, stage shows that have knowingly had an adverse effect

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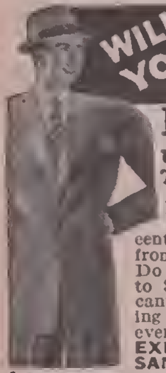

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on minors. Particularly true is this in the case of horror stories. "I for one know that I never let my eight-year-old daughter listen to crime stories and the like," she confessed. "And it is particularly difficult because I know that she, like all children of her age, is so partial to them. While I am disturbed to what ends a censorship may go, I do think this is one instance where it is really necessary."

By this time the sun had gone down, casting long shadows in the panelled and flowered library, my sherry glass was empty, and guests were expected for dinner. I looked at the clock, quickly crossed my fingers and said, "If ever you should enter politics and have a say in our domestic grievances, what are some of the things you would like to see done?"

Again that twinkle, as Irene Dunne bent forward to turn on a light. "I believe I would attempt to simplify the tax problem. I would try to work out a simplification of the form itself, and would have the tax distributed in such a way that everyone is taxed something, with the wealthy carrying their full quota. But particularly I would try to have a system worked whereby the form itself would be far simpler than it is today.

"Secondly, I would see that there is an underpass at each street crossing for the protection of children. This is something very dear to my heart and, I believe, of importance to the whole nation.

"Next on my program would be a campaign to clean up the beaches. I would see that they were made safe for children and the thousands who enjoy them. This would mean a campaign for purification and installation of breakwaters. Beaches are important to children, and they should have the right to enjoy bathing and sunshine on the beaches, without danger of infection or danger to their lives."

And so there you have the political platform of Miss Irene Dunne.

THE END

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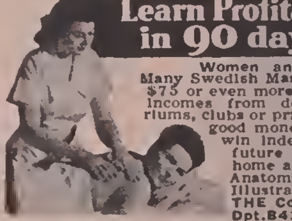

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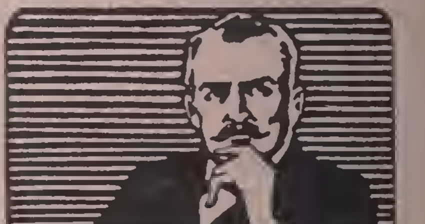

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WHY I'M WAITING BEFORE MARRYING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

gives him advice—that the first year of marriage is filled with adjustments, so we thought the post-military adjustments should be made first.

(If Jack Benny were reading this over my shoulder, he'd probably ask me what I meant by implying that the first year of marriage wasn't a post-military adjustment. I worked with Jack in "The Horn Blows at Midnight." After the second day on the set we were giving him a bad time by calling the picture "The Corn Grows At Midnight." Great guy, that Benny.)

Of course there are a lot of big and important changes to be made in a man's life when he goes back to mufti, but I think the little rearrangements are more fun to talk about. Take clothes, for instance: Craig had lost 30 pounds between putting on khaki and removing it. The first time I saw him in a pair of pre-war tweeds, I cased the outfit with a critical eye. "Something new?" I inquired carefully. "Are men now wearing dirndls?"

He had to admit that his belt was not ornamental, but a binding necessity. So he had to have his suits all retailored. Every time I called him for the first two weeks, he was having the alterations made. Then he began to gain weight, and some of the seams had to be let out a bit. Ah, me. When he regains his full quota of poundage, this will all have to be done over again. I'd written his tailor's number in my little black book in *permanent* ink.

If your man has come home from the army, probably the first thing he announced was that he intended to sleep until noon every day for the ensuing month. Craig made the same general announcement to me and to his roommate. In his case, however, it was doctor's orders.

The only trouble appears to be that a 5:30 habit has been formed. Craig arrived at my house bright and early on his first morning home, ready to drive me to the studio. He said he had awakened at the usual army time, and knew he wasn't going to be able to go to sleep again. This early rising stood him in good stead when he was working in "Since You Went Away." He was practically the first person on the set each day.

There are two very delicate subjects on which I must touch if I'm going to be honest about our postponed marriage plan. Craig is proud. He's one of the most honorable men I have ever known. When we marry, he doesn't ever want to be known as Mr. Alexis Smith. At present, because I have had a chance to work on my career while Craig's was waylaid by the war, I have a little better break. However, within a year, I know Craig's will be one of the big names in pictures. I know that the reports of our marriage—at *that* time—will explain who *I* am, because he will be so well known, and that's exactly the way I want it. I want to be Mrs. Craig Stevens.

Another genuine problem is that of income. I have never yet met a G.I. Joe who saved anything out of his monthly stipend! Craig is very definite about his desire to support his wife in the style to which he wants her to become accustomed. I admire and respect this attitude, and I'm willing to wait for Craig to sink a shaft into a gold mine.

Meanwhile, we're engaged and enjoying every moment of it. We seldom go night clubbing because the dance floors are too small to do anything except smile into the eyes of the adjacent couples. Besides, both of us are working and it's doctor's orders that Craig be in bed every night by ten. Saturday night is our night. We dissipate and stay up until eleven, sometimes twelve. And the best thing about the average night club is that first, wonderful, delicious gulp of fresh air that you get when you come out. It's like liquid diamonds flavored wtih apple blossoms. It's divine. But Craig and I have agreed that sitting in a night club for three hours is a little too heavy a penalty to pay for even that glorious sensation.

We see a lot of movies for the same reason that a dentist spends his evenings reading "The Journal Of The American Dental Association"—a magazine, incidentally, which very nearly came to be Craig's favorite literature. He started out, originally, to study dentistry at the University of Missouri. Yes, he's from Missouri, a fact that provides me with material for some corny cracks.

After a movie, we like to storm over to my house and investigate the ice box. Mother nearly always has cold chicken, which takes no points, and cheese, which does. And there's always cold milk. We build a modest sandwich—gone are the Dagwood days—and have a glass of milk while we dissect the picture we have just seen. That's one thing I will say in recommendation of marrying a man who works in the same profession as his fiancée does—the two of you always find more things to talk about than you can finish. It makes for great comradeship.

Frequently, Craig and I take long walks and talk. The other night I got started on the subject of clothes. (Any girl who wants to is hereby given permission to show this to her husband or sweetheart.) I was saying that this new suit I was having tailored didn't seem to be just right. Something was wrong with the shoulders, and the back didn't hang right, etc., etc.

We had walked about thirty blocks when I turned to Craig and said, "You're awfully quiet tonight. You haven't said a thing since we started on our walk."

He looked at me with an incredulous eye. "Are you kidding?" quoth he.

Most of the time, believe me, I don't monopolize the conversation like that. I encourage Craig to talk because he has some very entertaining ideas on the picture business—which I am not going to mention, so don't get excited.

It seems, too that—as a matron—I'm in for great athletic achievements. You know, nearly everyone looks at me in all my 5' 8" of height, and says, "I imagine you are wonderful at sports." Well, I'm not. You

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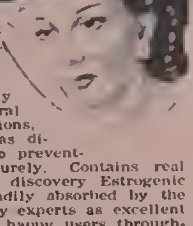

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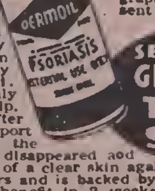

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might as well look at a step-ladder and say, "Now there's a natural implement for ice hockey."

I never had time for games; I was always studying in school, or taking part in plays, or practicing my music lesson. More of that later.

However, Craig insists that his wife has to play good tennis and passable golf. He has started to teach me some tennis—at which he is a streak and I am a ghost. So far the golf lessons haven't begun, but I have a feeling that by the time I know the difference between a niblick and the nineteenth hole, Craig is going to endure some exasperating moments.

In turn, I sometimes get a little exasperated with Craig—in a romantic sort of way. As I mentioned above, I studied piano for eight years. Currently, if supplied with the music, I can mangle "Narcissus" or some little thing from Chopin. But, deprived of my music, I am as useless as a needleless record player.

As for Craig—well, he and I were guests at a party recently. The hostess, thinking a bit of music would enliven things, asked me to play. "Could I have some music?" I asked. Well, she couldn't find any. Several others made a tentative effort to deliver some arpeggios, but finally Craig sat down at the piano.

He plays entirely by ear; once he has heard anything—he can reproduce it. "It's so easy," he tries to tell me.

I always shake my head. "It doesn't do me any good to hear it down *here* on the keys, I have to see it up *there* on the rack."

Craig and my family get along like moon and June. One afternoon he came over and caught my mother watering the lawn. Mother is a pixie, let's face it; for some reason she was doing her gardening barefooted that day. Craig got quite a kick out of it and has called her "Tess" ever since.

At present Mother and I are auction-happy in an attempt to get furnishings together. Frequently on Sunday we attend preview showings of things to be sold Monday. We decide what would fit our decorative scheme, then Mother takes care of the bidding. You should hear her tell about it afterward. Actually she has done quite well, as we have two enchanting Victorian chairs, a Sheffield liqueur set, a set of Venetian glass wine hocks, several Chelsea porcelain figures, and a number of other proud acquisitions. Craig, like most men, is chilly about the excitement of an auction. "That old stuff!" he says. But I notice that when the antiques are set in place, he is the first to comment on how nice they look.

At present Craig and I are both working on "Doughgirls" at Warner Brothers. One of our first scenes together deals with the bewildered attempts of a couple to get married. It seems that the marriage license is missing, and after extensive brain-cudgeling, the prospective bride remembers that she has used the back of the license as a laundry list.

After we had shot the scene, Craig grinned at me. "When we do get married—actually—I have a feeling that something like that will happen."

That's a challenge, and one that I intend to meet with great calm. Personally, I'll bet Craig forgets the ring.

And I hope that we both laugh at the incident when we celebrate our golden wedding anniversary.

THE END

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EYEING MR. EYTHE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

the craning of necks as one model after another appeared. I was bored to tears. I hadn't recovered from that afternoon when I ran into Mr. Kaufman and his pretty daughter at a party. He wondered how I enjoyed the show. I told him what I thought. When he was able to walk again, he asked me what I suggested. I said, 'Inject a little sex into it, a little music, and some pretty girls.' The next thing I knew I was appointed producer of the dress shows at Kaufman's.

"I shall never forget that first opening. We had gathered together the prettiest freshman girls in town, constructed a runway like those at Minsky's, and to soft, sinuous music, had the girls parade along the runway. Then I made my entrance. I was in tails, silk hat and carried a cane. Only I had forgotten to roughen the soles of my new patent shoes. My entrance was striking to say the least; my progress along the runway was like that of a bowling ball making unerringly for the frame of pins. Only the pins were the gams of the lovely ladies I had gathered together. All I remember was that it was a perfect 'hit' and I fell into the lap of an Eastern buyer. Otherwise, the show was a great success. Women bought like mad, and I managed to stay on and do six shows for the next three years. But my shoes got a retread such as no pair of dress shoes ever received."

Later on, while appearing with the incomparable Sheila Barrett, the impersonator, in summer stock, Bill began to think about Television. He told Sheila about his dreams. Sheila agreed that there might be something in Television—for both of them. Thus it was that Bill and Sheila, as a team, went in search of a job.

"We got it all right, by the grace of a false courage hypo'd by several scotch and sodas and the unwitting cooperation of three sponsors who should have known better. We signed for twenty-six weeks, and were fired after the third show—because we couldn't just seem to get around to doing the commercials seriously. Shoes were our commodity, and we insisted on saying things like 'When you take off Blank's shoes, you know you've been wearing Blank's shoes—because your feet hurt.' Or we'd say, 'Build your height, with Blank's shoes and grow four feet.' The audience loved it, but the sponsors felt that something was wrong somewhere."

Not all William Eythe's experiences have been on the humorous side, however. There was, for instance, the run of "The Moon Is Down," in which Broadway play Bill created the role of Lieutenant Tonder. "We had forty-five minutes between scenes with nothing to do, and so we would run over to the 46th Street Theater where "Varieties of 1942" was playing and take in the show night after night. On one of these expeditions a blackout was proclaimed. You can imagine our feelings when one of the wardens flashed a light on us slinking along the street to our own theater—the three of us in Nazi uniform!"

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but there was quite another ending to a similar occurence. At the matinees of "The Moon Is Down," Bill and his Nazi-dressed friends would sit on the sidewalk near the stage door and sun themselves. They were doing this when a chauffeur came up and in a rich guttural voice said, "This play very big success, yah?"

"Oh, yah!" said Bill.

The guttural voiced chauffeur leaned forward, "Play about Germany, yah?"

"Yah, yah!" said Bill. Then he pulled himself together. "Well, it's about Norway, really. If——"

The other interrupted. "Pro-Nazi, I hear, yes?"

Bill wasn't enjoying this at all by now, and his friends were beginning to glower. "Oh well, that's what Dorothy Thompson thinks. Only——"

"Sh!" said the chauffeur, and quickly put a bunch of cards in his hand. Bill quickly showed them to Ralph Morgan, who suggested that he call up the phone number on the cards. Bill did and sure enough, he was invited to join the Bund!

"We were able to turn him in, and strangely enough, in the course of the run of the play, we turned in ten people to the F.B.I. It's an amazing thing how many people believe that an actor, because he is willing to don a Nazi uniform for the purpose of a play, is sympathetic to the cause." Bill grinned. "We soon proved them wrong."

One of William Eythe's closest friends is Anne Baxter. She, too, will not forget in a hurry that first important scene in "The Eve of St. Mark." Bill made five entrances before he got it right, and this is the true, uncensored record of those five entrances. 1: Bill hurried and tripped over a cable and fell on his face. Entrance 2: Bill tripped, collided with Anne and both came to the ground. Entrance 3: Bill made it, took a deep breath, and a button popped from his tight shirt and spoiled the take. Entrance 4: Bill said, "Oh, gee, I house we had our wish" instead of "I wish we had our house," and Entrance 5: Bill was voiceless and couldn't get a word out.

"Small wonder," explains Bill, "that Anne and I were not friends when we first met. As a matter of fact, we disliked each other intensely. I thought she was a pseudo-sophisticate and a snob, and she thought I was a ham and an imbecile. It took a kick on her shin from a clumsy movement of my foot to make us friends. She turned and said, 'Come over to my dressing room and have some pickles,' and I said to myself, 'If that girl eats pickles at ten o'clock in the morning, then she's for me.' And we've been friends ever since."

Such sudden enthusiasms for people are typical of Bill, though they often make him tongue-tied. Thus when he once took leave of Ruth Chatterton and wanted to show his gratitude for a long interview she had granted him, he said, "I am delightful!" To this day, Ruth probably doesn't know that what he meant to say was, "I am delighted."

Another Chatterton anecdote concerns the time Bill was touring Canada in "Caprice," and called on Ruth at her hotel to tell her that the set had been changed. But Ruth was too weary to speak about anything. Thus, when the play opened and Ruth made her entrance and fell flat on her face, she was furious with everyone, and Bill particularly, for not telling her that they had built three steps instead of the usual two into the stage set. "So now I mind my own business, knowing that whether I try to help or whether I don't, the results are very much the same," Bill says.

Bill is inordinately fond of slightly-touched people, plaid bathrobes, freshly scrubbed faces, garlic sandwiches, eating on the floor, airplanes, out-of-the-way places, exotic spices, girls who look equally well in blue jeans and low-cut evening gowns, Mexican foods, and cooking dinner without knowing who's coming to help him eat it.

On the other hand, he can't stand hors d'oeuvres, hats, the average woman's makeup, girdles, females with intense looks, umbrellas, squeamish souls, short evening gowns, lunch when working, soap operas, and people who eat whole slices of bread.

It all began in Mars, the small Pennsylvania town of 1200 souls, where Bill was eventually to share prominence with his older brother, Howard "Dutch" Eythe, who gained athletic fame when he won All-American football honors as a Carnegie Tech halfback. Until that happened the good people of Mars were destined to watch the progress of William Eythe with growing wonder. At the age of nine he informed all and sundry that he would be an actor and proved it, very roughly, by a more enthusiastic than inspired performance of "Peter Rabbit" at his school.

His main interest turned then to directing rather than acting. He was a "movie director" at the age of eleven, and all his spare time was devoted to making imaginary Westerns in the hills around the town. A shoe box was made to resemble a camera and young Eythe, megaphone in hand, directed with the dramatic sweep of a Cecil B. DeMille. "Leggings and all," he says proudly.

At Mars High School, Bill stuck to dramatics, but became more interested in the settings than in any roles he might be able to play. He studied scenery and costume design, and soon devised the Dramatics Class production of "Seventeen." In 1933 Bill's family moved to Baltimore and time went by rather quickly and excitingly, as time seems to have a habit of doing with Bill. In 1937 he entered Carnegie Tech.

Running the gamut of a variety of jobs, Bill got his great chance by sitting on the doorstep of his friend Oscar Serlin and getting the producer to agree to let him play the coveted role of Lieutenant Tonder in "The Moon Is Down." After that, Hollywood!

After he signed with 20th Century-Fox in New York, he deliberately stayed away from the stage production "Eve of St. Mark" because he felt that he would one day play the screen version. "Although Fox had not bought it, I still felt that way, and now that I have played the lead in it," he adds with a touch of despair, "I'm sort of sorry I didn't see it. I might have got some useful pointers on being a good actor."

Which, and the lighter side of Mr. Eythe notwithstanding, is what he most would like to be.

THE END

Lum and Abner Contest Announcement

THE WINNAHS:

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Sgt. Charles L. Mersich
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Byran D. Allbaugh,
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Mrs. Kathryn Ann Rector,
441 Seaview Avenue,
Palm Beach, Fla.

Pvt. Fred P. Pawell,
Keesler Field, Ma.

•

Mrs. Maude W. Sipsan,
310 West First Street,
Oil City, Pa.

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FPO, San Francisco, Cal.
Hame address, El Darada, Ark.

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Cpl. William J. Filks, APO #986,
Seattle, Washington.

•

Pvt. Wallace E. Smith,
Fitzsimans General Haspital,
Denver, Cala.

•

Miss Mae H. Ashworth,
370 Algana Ave.,
Elgin, Ill.

Mr. Tarkel Gundel,
5018 Wilson Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

•

Mrs. Flayd Miller,
5772 Baum Blvd.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Mrs. Ethel B. Strattan,
1235 N. Delaware #110,
Indianapalis 2, Ind.

•

Mrs. Irene D. Williams,
Rear 25 Parter Street,
Tauntan, Mass.

•

Mr. Arthur W. Schlichenmaier,
Raasevelt Jr. High School,
Warren and Eckley Streets,
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The overwhelming public sentiment expressed by 10,000 persons from all over America was in favor of Chester Lauck and Norris Goff remaining Lum and Abner—the loveable, rural characters who have won the hearts of millions of Americans.

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MRS. BROWN couldn't understand why Grocer White didn't wrap her loaf of bread in the usual paper bag.

Grocer White gave her the reason: because our Army needs paper for its great invasion drive.

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He told her that each propelling charge for a 155-millimeter shell takes three-fifths of a pound of paper.

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This advertisement contributed by this magazine and prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.

AVOID USELESS WRAPPINGS! ★ ACCEPT SIMPLER PACKAGING! ★ MAKE EACH PIECE STRETCH! ★ SHARE THE PRINTED WORD! ★

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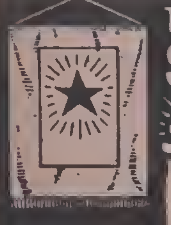

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Glow-Flags Co., 72 W. Washington, Dept. G-77, Chicago 2, Ill.

ALAN MARSHAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

arrived with at least two tickets—and that after having stopped to put up bail at Ventura and Oxnard.

Of course he had fallen head over heels in love with Mary Grace Borel, and he courted her with an intensity and concentration that won her heart. They were married in 1939 and have a little son, Kit, who is three and a half years old.

Alan's whole life, outside his career, is devoted to his wife and little boy. The baby is a constant wonder and joy to him. Naturally a reserved and rather reticent person, when he speaks of his son he actually beams.

"Just the other day," he said, "I found Kit trying to play marbles, but he didn't know how. Neither did I, so I took pains to learn from the boys in the neighborhood. They were very patient with me—and now Kit and I can play a very presentable game." He hesitated and added rather shyly, "It's fun!"

Of course it's fun—and perhaps, through Kit, Alan is capturing some of the good times he didn't have in boarding school.

When caretakers for California lawns dwindled away and eventually disappeared, Alan became a reluctant gardener. He likes it now, though, and has added a Victory Garden to the original lawn-mowing and hedge-clipping.

"It's really been a wonderful thing," he said. "I've made such fine friends among the people who are our neighbors. I'd probably never have met them at all if it hadn't been for gas rationing and gardening.

"Why, only last week I discovered that a gopher was getting at my beets and carrots. I found the main place where he lived and tried to drown him out. I used a complicated system of cross-flooding with two hoses, but that gopher must have used the Australian crawl!

"Then the man down the street told me where to get a trap and how to bait it and the next morning there was our gopher—very, very dead."

He's gone into other things with his neighbors, too. Not only were there gophers flourishing and multiplying in several vacant lots nearby, but weeds were, too. So they all banded together to burn off the lots, each neighbor assigned to a specific job. And the sight of the immaculate and impeccable Marshal, done up in slacks and sweat-shirt and with a sooty face, directing the lines of fire, must really have been something.

In other words, Alan Marshal is a charmingly normal man and a solid citizen. He is very human and fundamentally simple at heart. He has no phobias. He isn't superstitious. He plays no hunches. The job he does in pictures is a job he's been trained for and guided in. He doesn't want to be a director or a producer or a writer. He doesn't think the screen needs uplifting; he thinks the motion picture business is just fine as it is. He'd rather be a motion picture actor than anything else.

In brief, he's a happy man, one who has found his work, his love and his ideal way of life.

THE END

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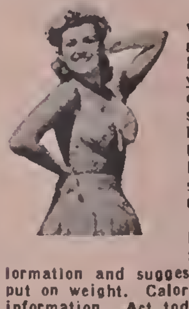

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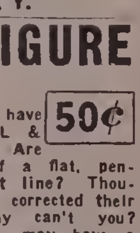

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HOW TO WRITE AN ORIGINAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

and eating money. The California climate is swell—as climate—but it makes a very inferior breakfast-food.

Hollywood is, among other things, the largest outdoor loopy-coop in the world. Here, one and one do not make two. They make nothing—or a scandal.

You might come here tomorrow and next week be a well-paid writer. You might also go fishing in the Pacific and catch the only gold fish in the whole ocean.

One rule, though, seems fairly well established: The surest way *not* to get a writing job in Hollywood is to want one—and need one.

It also seems to be true that the surest way to get to Hollywood is to go somewhere else. Or to stay where you are.

If, John or Jane, you remain in Ohio, and have a novel published, a tender story, let us say, of the love of a little boy for a moose in Colonial times, you will wake up to find yourself out here, whacking away at a picture called "The Streamlined Fiend and the Lady Werewolf" or "Dracula's Mother-in-Law."

The best plan is not for you to discover Hollywood, but to let Hollywood discover you. And it will, if you have what it wants.

Into the making of a screenplay goes a lot more talking than writing. We are talking now, Gladys Lehman and I, of a scene in which the Boy and Girl get lost in the woods and have to spend the night there. We discuss the problem of how to make this scene romantic enough to please you, and yet, not so romantic we'll get a stern note from the censors.

We are having quite a time with our Boy and Girl. It was easy to get them into the woods; but they don't seem to want to come out. We got them into an embrace, and they are still in it—and have been for a week. This will do our Boy and Girl no harm. And no good, either. They will do nothing they shouldn't, or should, till we tell them to. There have been cases where lovers have been locked in each others' arms for months, while writers debated what they should do next.

You doubtless know that to picture-writers the Boy and Girl always mean the hero and heroine, be they Mickey and Judy in "Girl Crazy," or Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson in "Madame Curie."

Who the Boy and Girl we have left frozen in a romantic attitude will be, we do not, as yet, know. The Girl may be Esther Williams, who has shown in the picture she is making with Red Skelton, that she can act as well as she can swim. Or it may be Susan Peters, who does a lot of very good acting with Bob Taylor in "The Song of Russia". Or it may be Lana Turner.

The casting is a problem the producer has to cope with, and, in these times, with so many of our actors in uniform, it takes quite a bit of coping. But our producer, Joseph Pasternak, is an excellent coper. So we know he will get us a good Boy and Girl, once we get them out of the woods.

He will also take part in the debates which precede the actual writing of the picture, and will contribute ideas, of which he has a very large assortment.

In these debates, one of the things most frequently said will be, "Will they believe it?" "They" means you, the audience; and if you don't believe our Boy and Girl and what they do, we'd be wise to leave them in the woods till moss grows on them.

Well, we talk and talk, and sometimes we wrangle, and sometimes we roar. This process is known as "kicking the story around". At last, sometimes after months, the story, to use another technical term, is "licked," meaning it has a beginning, a middle and an end, and is, more or less believable, dramatic and antiseptic. Some stories just won't be "licked",

Ted Fio Rito, bandleader and songwriter, celebrated his silver anniversary in show business this past month. Here the famous composer is looking upon a Movieland Magazine scroll awarded to him by Richard H. Roffman, right, of Hillman Periodicals. On the left is Dick Gilbert, popular singing troubadour of Station WHN on whose program citation was made.

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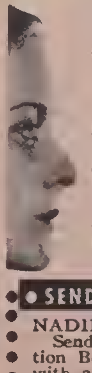

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even though fresh shock-troops of writers are rushed to the front to attack it. You have, perhaps, seen it announced that presently you will see a picture, starring Garbo, or Kathryn Grayson, or Margaret O'Brien, called "Miss Pepper's Peculiar Past". But you never see it. That usually means that the story defied all efforts to kayo it and was retired to the limbo of undefeated stories. Every studio has thousands of these tough tales, whose heads are bloody but unbowed, in its dungeons.

Happily, we have got our present story licked. It gave us a hard fight for a while, but we got it groggy with punches to the heart and finished it off with a few comedy hooks.

Our next step is to write an outline or "treatment", which is a sort of blueprint of the action of the story. For example, we will say of the embracing Boy and Girl—"Tommy and Cynthia come out of their clinch, and slowly, sadly start to wend their way out of the woods. They have decided, that they cannot, they must not have a love-affair, but must say 'good-bye' and never see each other again."

Of course, they will see each other again in the last reel, but they don't know it when they slowly, sadly, etc.

However, we, the writers, know it, and we're telling you in case you were worried that the week they spent in each others' arms made them sick and tired of each other.

From this outline, the screen-play will be written.

When the screen-play is at last done, it will be about 140 typewritten pages long. Then there will be conferences with the producer and director. The script will be "cut"; that is, lines of dialogue and scenes will be amputated from it till it is the right length, about 125 pages. Writers enjoy cutting their pet scenes about as much as you'd enjoy chopping off your toes. They howl and protest; but the operation is performed—without an anesthetic. And, usually, this cutting makes for a better picture. Most pieces of writing can be cut, to advantage, including this one.

After the picture has been cut, and, possibly, rewritten and rewritten, it will be shot. Sometimes this rewriting goes on while the picture is actually being shot. Mrs. Lehman and I have written scenes in the morning for Deanna Durbin to play that afternoon. She played them, and well, too (in "Nice Girl") for she is a smart and experienced trouper. But sometimes, drastic changes are made in the story. An actress, who has been playing a sweet, pure young thing, may find, before the picture is over, that she has been turned into a loose, low character who beats up her grandmother with a baseball bat. This can be quite confusing to actors.

Walter Huston tells me that once, years ago, he played in a picture which was being put together by this jig-saw puzzle method. In one scene he had to greet his long-lost son. Naturally, he rushed to the boy and warmly embraced him.

"Don't do it that way," said the director. "Don't touch him."

"But," said Walter, "I'm supposed to love the lad! The script says so. And I've been looking for him for three reels——"

"True," said the director, "but since yesterday we've made a slight change in the boy's character. Now he has Leprosy!"

THE END

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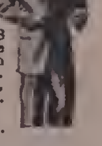

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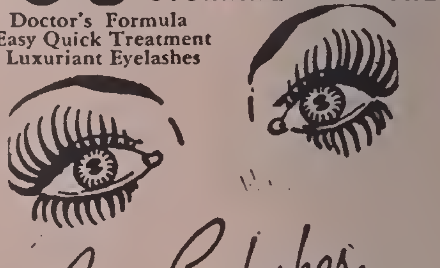

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HAPPINESS IS A THING CALLED YOU

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

it. I suppose no one needed to!

Finally I plucked up the courage to ask one of the older girls at school what had been wrong with me. She was kind and frank. "You did look a little 1910-ish," she explained. "And then, you were probably a little young for that group, anyhow. You know how boys *are!*" I didn't know at all how boys "were." But I wanted to. All I knew was that I had been wrong, my clothes had been wrong, everything had been wrong. And somehow I thought that other girls had had something to do with the boys seeing how wrong I was. I kept hearing imaginary whispers.

Weeks later I talked it over with my mother. She didn't offer me any glib, ready-made solution of my difficulties. After a while she said, "You want people to like you. You think that *other people* can make you happy . . . by liking you, by paying attention to you, by flattering you. Well, they *can't*. Happiness comes from something inside you, something that you create, yourself. No one can give it to you."

I began to chant, somewhere inside of me, "Happiness—happiness is a thing called you." That's the thing I want to talk about. Because that's what it is and that's where it is. It took me years to learn. But I began right then.

First I began to learn to *do* things. My older brother taught me golf. I wasn't very good at it and I still am not. But it gave me one interest which was outside myself and that was new to me. My father undertook to teach me card games. I'm still fond of them . . . all kinds of them . . . and I've relaxed with them through a good many tense and difficult hours. I learned a little of badminton, tennis, learned to swim, learned to ride, learned to dance. Every time I tried something new I found someone new to share it with me. I felt myself grow a little bit and I got my mind, just that much, off my own shortcomings and problems.

When I wasn't very good at something I learned to laugh at my lack. When I was good at it, I was proud and I gained an inch or two of self confidence. But the important thing I learned was that I didn't have to depend on anyone else for my fun . . . or for my growth. I could be on my own . . . and like it.

But I wanted a successful career and you have to learn to get along with people if you are to have any such thing. That's the simple, practical truth. I might be independent of other people for my personal happiness but I still had to learn to deal with them.

I was still bitter and suspicious, particularly of other girls. But when I got my first small job I was smart enough to try to analyze and copy the girls who seemed most successful. How did they look, act, dress, think, live? It seemed to me that they had secrets and that I must try to learn them. I found that I could copy their clothes and their manners. But I couldn't figure out how they thought —these girls who seemed to meet life and people so graciously and easily and smilingly. I was actress enough, even then, so that I could pretend to a gay friendliness which I didn't feel at all. I could be smiling and gracious while I seethed with suspicion and unhappiness inside.

This was a terrible thing for me, all this distrust. When I finally managed to get into pictures, it all grew worse. This career, this chance to do the thing I had always wanted to do, seemed so precious and so important to me . . . I was so afraid that I should make a wrong move or jeopardize my opportunity in some way! I guarded my budding career so fiercely and with such terrible suspicion of everyone that I made it extremely difficult for anyone to help me.

This was long before I was married to Ronnie Reagan. He and Ann Sheridan and I were sent to a big ice skating rink to make publicity pictures. I didn't know Ann very well but I thought Ronnie was pretty nice and of course I was ready to ruffle my feathers at anything. Neither of us girls could skate, even though we were all done up in trick little costumes, and Ronnie had to hold both of us up whenever we ventured onto the ice. Ann and I just *eyed* one another, the way strange women so often do!

After a while she grew a bit brave and thought she'd see whether she could stand up on her skates. She took a step onto the ice and fell flat. Bang! She cut her knee and it began to bleed briskly and I thought, "Here it comes! She'll put on an act and get sympathy." I began to feel frantic inside.

But Ann sat up suddenly and howled with laughter. She was laughing, I realized, at herself, at her own clumsiness, at the ridiculous figure she had cut. In that instant I knew that I liked her. I rushed over to her, all full of sympathy she wouldn't have. She made me laugh, too, and the pair of us sat there, roaring like idiots.

Afterward she confessed that she had disliked and distrusted me as much as I had her. But we've been close friends ever since!

The next thing was when I was borrowed by Twentieth Century-Fox for "Footlight Serenade" which starred Betty Grable. I had known Betty when we were both in stock at Paramount; but that has been a long time ago and she had had a lot of success and this was her home studio. The first day I slunk onto the set and sat in a corner, uneasy, apprehensive, half expecting to have my feelings hurt and very ready to resent it if they were. Presently Betty came in, surrounded by hairdressers, photographers and publicity people. She really made an entrance! And about three minutes later she spied me in my corner, gave a little squeal and rushed over to give me a lovely, warm welcome and to introduce me to everyone.

It was wonderful. I was at ease, I was happy and I knew I had another woman friend whom I liked and trusted.

Then, of course, Ronnie *really* came into my life. It was *his* easy friendliness which attracted me to him first. Everyone liked him and it seemed to me that he liked nearly everyone. I began to try to analyze what it was

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in *me* that *he* liked . . . and to try to have more of it! I began to analyze whatever there was in me that anyone else could like, too, and to wonder what traits I could acquire which would attract people. In the natural course of events, my husband and my daughter absorbed my attention when I was not working.

Then came the awful days after Ronnie went into the service. There were those long, empty hours when Maureen was asleep and I was really alone. I really had to work at happiness then."

"Look, Wyman," I said to myself. Ronnie's away and you're on your own. You can't take it out in parties, new frocks, new things for the house, theater—even music. Life is pretty drab. Well—look around you!"

One of the things I saw was a lonely woman who, a year or so ago, took a motherless child into her home "just for a month." She wasn't used to children and this waif had had no training in manners or obedience. The first month was pretty bad. But now the two are devoted and my friend has just one fear, the fear that something will take the child from her. She, herself, has grown, expanded. She has new work, new friends, new contacts, new ambition. On an impulse she did a kind and generous thing and it has turned into the most important thing that ever happened to her.

Another thing I saw was a girl whose husband was fighting in the Pacific. She let off steam by digging like mad and planting a rose garden. Presently her roses attracted the attention of an older woman who lived nearby. The two became friends and now they are writing a book together, certainly a worthwhile thing for both of them!

How can we wives escape from boredom, monotony, depression while our men are away? Most actors exhaust their hours and themselves with camp shows, the Canteen, any sort of war work, so long as it is hectic and useful and absorbing. But perhaps you find yourself with a mere afternoon to spare, an unexpected one. You can read or sew or listen to music. But you can do those things, anyhow, around the edges of your other occupations. This is when you need a good, brisk hobby.

One girl I know who never cooked in her life before, has learned to make bread. She is so proud of this accomplishment that she makes it for all her friends. (And do *they* like it!) She insists that it is a most soothing hobby and that she can always work off a "mood" if she can just get her hands on a cake of yeast!

Well, I say that everyone has within him some instrument, some means to create happiness for himself. Whether you write poetry, make bread, sing an aria, obey a kind impulse or paint the garden furniture for your own personal outlet, depends on you and your talents and limitations.

But you must do something to take your mind off the anxious, impatient, self-controlled little core that so many . . . so very many . . . of us have buried somewhere inside us. Then when you are relaxed, when the tension is gone, you'll find that the people around you are kind and easy to know and easy to like.

You'll be at peace and I know you'll be happy.

THE END

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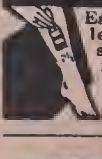

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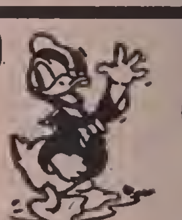

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MY PAL PAULETTE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

because she thought it was one time they needed all the cheer and entertainment they could get.

My favorite recollection of my pal Paulette is always going to date back to the recent surprise "coming-out party" my appendix staged in New York. Wrapped up in those hectic two weeks are all the things I value most in my best friend—her clear-headedness, her staunchness, her capacity for putting other people's troubles ahead of her own—and most of all, her gay, utterly individual way of keeping all these sterling qualities from getting stuffy . . .

Right after I attended the President's Birthday Party in Washington, I planned to go to New York to see Paulette before leaving for Hollywood. Paulette was busy with the final preparations for a plan she'd cherished for some two years—to get overseas to China, and India, and all the most difficult spots our boys are stationed.

Immediately following my last meal at the White House (and I hope this won't sound anti-Administration!) I began to feel badly, and by the time I got to New York, the going was definitely rocky. I remember Paulette coming into my hotel room, taking one look at me and saying, "Look, you're *sick*—I'm going to get a doctor." She got not one, but three—standing doggedly up to the first fellow and saying, "If you say the appendix has to come out, I believe you—but I'm going to check with a couple of other doctors, too. Things like this are important——"

Which is how it happened that when I went to the hospital I had not only Paulette's personal physician, but Constance Collier's and Barney Baruch's, too. And I might say that my entrance into that hospital was really one of those Goddard "events." She was scared white when they carried me out of the hotel room on a stretcher, but with complete presence of mind she insisted they carry along a huge basket of red roses—for appearance sake. Then, when they were half-way down the hall she raced out calling, "Wait——" and with a grand gesture, ran up and threw an ermine coat across me! Up—or down—my responsibilities as a "public character" were going to be fulfilled.

The minute I was able to take calls, people from all over New York began phoning. "Paulette told me to," they'd say, "She says you might be lonesome!" She was there every day—in spite of the fact that she was at this time taking her overseas shots—typhoid and tetanus, and all those things that make strong men just want to lie around and groan. She never came without a gift—a bed jacket, a hair ribbon, something different in flower arrangements she'd shopped for—and always, a new and funny story.

When I came out of the hospital, it was all arranged that I recuperate at her farm in Spring Valley, N. Y.—and no protests. This is the farm she bought when it was pretty run down, you know, and put on a paying basis. She furnishes almost all the vegetables and fowl for Club 21 and several other restaurants, and quite a few people have asked her to take over the managements of their estates.

Which brings me to the Things You Wouldn't Have Guessed About Goddard. The really amazing part of her personality is the talent she has for organization, both in her private and public life. If Paulette has one axiom for living, it's "Sight your objective and go right to it." I haven't heard her express it in words but you couldn't be around her very much without seeing it work out, in ways both large and small. From the time she played her first screen role, she was determined her career should steadily grow bigger and better. Although she never seems to "work" at working, she's constantly improving herself. She took dramatic lessons, French and singing lessons, she cultivated writers, producers, cameramen, people who could teach her something.

Her favorite role, I think, is the one she played in "So Proudly We Hail." The character wasn't much—just a giddy girl—when she took it. Before the picture was over she had put so much of herself in it, the role was an outstanding one. That part about the black lace nightgown was her own touch—remember how she ran back to get it in the face of death from the Japs? It turned out to be one of the most human and important incidents in the story.

She's a person who has learned to make up her mind. She has a way of considering any problem, deciding it the way she believes is right, and sticking to it no matter what the temptation to exercise her woman's prerogative. For a gal who wastes a lot of time bouncing from one indecision to another (me) she's a wonderful example, and her judgment is so good you'd be willing to take her advice on anything.

Punctuality—for herself—is an unbreakable rule. Yet, you can bounce in a half hour late and she'll never fix you with a sad eye and say, "Why, Jinx—where *have* you been?" You can take her way of living—or leave it—only after you've seen the smooth way it works out, you're willing to subscribe.

When working on a picture 9:30 is her bedtime—and she's not fooling. Up until 9:15 she'll knit, or lie on the floor and study scripts, or sit on the edge of her chair rattling off conversation, hands flying and eyes sparkling—but she'd never think of starting off on a long anecdote at 9:25. Paulette loves to go barefoot around the house—every night when she comes in from a long day's work at the studio, the shoes come off almost immediately and are placed neatly at the bottom of the staircase. Precisely at 9:30 she's going up that staircase, those two little shoes in hand.

Her home is a medium-sized, secluded house perched up in Coldwater Canyon, and there's no tennis court or swimming pool. She originally bought it for an investment, and then grew to love the wonderful view and the beautiful trees so much she decided to live in it. The furnishings are gay and casual, and in such perfect taste you have to think a minute before you can describe any one piece

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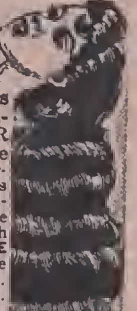

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of furniture that you see there.

She likes white rugs, brightened with soft greens and yellows, comfortable chairs, big round sofas, and pillows by the fireplace. Her bedroom is in gray and white, with touches of sunny yellow—and always a vase of red roses or camellias. The red roses throughout the house, and the wonderful Riviera painting of herself hanging in the living room, are the things you remember best. The painting is truly Mexican, with Paulette in white, painted against a background of reds and pinks and a barefooted Mexican girl combing her hair. Her particular joy is a slot machine in the playroom, which she keeps filled with money and then plays at feverishly, trying to cash in on herself!

I think the simplicity of her living is best illustrated by the time we were both weekend guests at a Texas oilman's mansion. When we walked in and were practically bowled over by its luxury, Paulette nudged me. "Gee," she whispered, "this looks like a *movie star's* home!"

The Goddard instinct for clothes is remarkable. She does things no one else would think of doing and they always turn out to be the *right* things. It's true that her jewel collection is fabulous, but a lot of her ideas have been copied in less expensive ways. For instance, she was the first person to take jewelled charms off a bracelet and set them in a gold compact—an idea that's now a fad. One night when we were going out, she tied a velvet band around her head, took a dozen pairs of earrings and clipped them on in a jewelled fringe. I've seen that copied, too. She has a black jersey formal that's bare on one shoulder and ties on the other shoulder in a large, soft knot. Some women would have perched a clip stiffly on top the knot—Paulette took a wide gold and emerald bracelet and encircled it. Don't be surprised if soon a lot of women are wearing their bracelets on their shoulders.

She can put the same individuality into a $3.95 playsuit. She'll tie a striped sash around the waist pirate fashion, put a clip on the shoulder and you'll never know it's the same outfit. She's always willing to share her ideas. She'll say, "Why don't you pin your hair back, this way, or wear your flowers, that way?" and bang, you've got a brand-new effect.

She never wears stockings or uses perfume—in fact, there isn't even a bottle of cologne in her house. And nothing goes to waste when she's around.

Take all these qualities and add them up—try to picture a girl who's witty and down-to-earth, who's happy-hearted and keen-thinking in a kaleidoscopic sort of a way, and you'll have some idea of why she's so much fun to be around.

Romance? Well, a girl as human as Paulette is bound to have her "crushes"—and plenty of them. Of course the perfect "twist" for her well-plotted life would be to have her fall crazily, haphazardly in love with some fellow who has neither rhyme nor reason. Could be—but I don't think so. She's the one person I know who can love with her head and her heart at the same time. She likes intelligent, creative, worthwhile men—I'm sure she'd have to admire a man before she could seriously love him.

THE END

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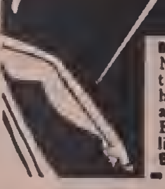

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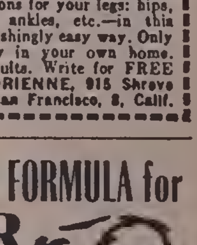

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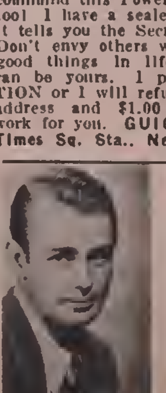

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

a painter, a reporter, a concert pianist and a Shakespearean actress. Their last name happens to be Angel, therefore the title, "And the Angels Sing."

You would have reason to believe that with Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler as the Angels, and with Fred MacMurray as an aggressive band leader in the mixup, the picture would be jam-packed with laughs. Affairs get out of hand so that the laughs become giggles and everything but the singing goes flat. The highlights are Betty's knockdown, drag-out renditions of "Blue birds in My Belfrey" and "Rocking Horse." Otherwise it is a little too bad, for things should have been all to the good in this little comedy number.

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM ***(United Artists)*** harks back to the era of the popularity of bedroom farces on the New York stage. Actually this one is twenty-five years old and was later followed, in the days of A. H. Woods and Avery Hopwood, by such items as "Getting Gertie's Garter" and others too numerous to count. It has, of course, been sharply brought up to date with references to current wartime conditions, and cast within an inch of its life with nice people such as Marjorie Reynolds, Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, Charlotte Greenwood, Lee Bowman, John Hubbard and Binnie Barnes. But "Up In Mabel's Room's" much-too-familiar plot structure sadly creaks with age.

SHOW BUSINESS (RKO) marks Eddie Cantor's initial effort as a film producer. He also plays a leading part in the story, which is not his own biography, although it might well be, so closely do the incidents parallel many actual experiences of his thirty years as an entertainer. The picture opens in 1914 when burlesque was in its heyday. Cantor is discovered on amateur night in Miner's Bowery Theatre by a performer with whom he teams and graduates to vaudeville. There is a serious romance for his partner and a comedy one for Eddie as the act gathers momentum and gets to the big time, eventually to Ziegfeld's musical smash, "Whoopee."

The cameraderie of show folks, which is the underlying theme of the story, is actually demonstrated by the presence of George Murphy in the role of Cantor's teammate. It was Eddie who gave George his start in pictures with a part in "Kid Millions," and Murphy never forgot the obligation. His singing and dancing do much to carry this show over its weaker moments, and there is that priceless clown, Joan Davis, for sheer hilarity. She is without equal in making something out of nothing. Constance Moore, just back to Hollywood from a solid hit on Broadway, is not flattered by the unbecoming pre-World War I costumes, but does well enough with song and dance. People who have never liked Eddie Cantor on the screen will revise their opinion of him in this down-to-earth portrayal.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED:

GOING MY WAY ***(Paramount)*** inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby draws a superbly honest character of a Roman Catholic priest. Of cherished memory is Barry Fitzgerald's performance.

THE WHITE CLIFFS ***(MGM)*** stirring emotional drama that warns England and America to fight on for a good peace—"a peace that will stick." Sensitive portrayal by Irene Dunne.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN ***(Warners)*** humanized biography of America's beloved humorist who left a heritage of fun for all mankind. Brilliant impersonation by Fredric March.

BUFFALO BILL ***(20th Century-Fox)*** Hey, fellers, Injuns! Joel McCrea really swell as the picturesque Cody in a film that does justice to the noble redman.

FOLLOW THE BOYS ***(Universal)*** a picture that gives the general public a comprehensive idea of the entertainment world's contribution to the war. An all-star cast that is really all-star.

COVER GIRL ***(Columbia)*** one of the best filmusicals ever made. A gay, lilting extravaganza in which Rita Hayworthy and Gene Kelly dance as has no other team since Astaire and Rogers parted company.

UP IN ARMS ***(Goldwyn-RKO)*** for its musical comedy introduction to a terrific entertainer named Danny Kaye. There's Dinah Shore, too.

SONG OF BERNADETTE ***(20th Century-Fox)*** a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones won the Academy Award for her Bernadette.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE ***(MGM)*** first highly enjoyable comedy of rookies in training. Robert Walker a hit in the title role.

PHANTOM LADY ***(Universal)*** a little murder mystery that is scoring the surprise success it richly deserves.

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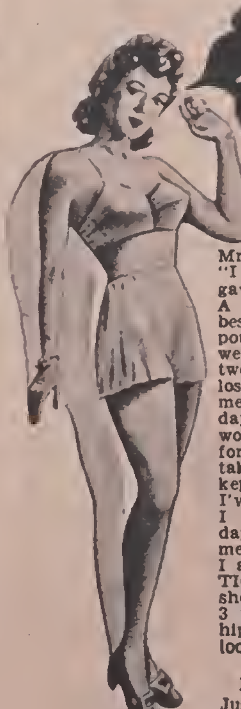

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MARRIAGE IN HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

married bandleader Artie Shaw And after her divorce from Shaw, there was Tony Martin's dark handsomeness to complement her luscious blondeness at the cafe tables Then, after rumors of reconciliation with Shaw, she suddenly switched to Tommy Dorsey's brand of romantic music

The town looked at tall, intelligent, young Steve when he appeared—and liked what they saw. Lana is well loved around the Metro lot. Most of the grips and technicians "would die for her," and many of her fellow players would be willing to make a picture with her without pay, just for the fun it entails. There had been talk, however, that her movie bosses would like her to stay out of the cafes and out of the newsprint, so when she married well-mannered, well-backgrounded Steve, her friends both great and small said, "This is it," and wished her happiness.

It was a real shock then, when trouble over Crane's first marriage arose. Then, as if it were all part of a movie plot, Crane was able to straighten out his personal difficulties, and boy got girl again. When boy and girl got small Cheryl Christina, the "beautiful, adorable, perfect" baby, it seemed a perfect finale.

Just why this hard-won love couldn't last is again purely a matter of guess-work. Certainly these two youngsters had a lot in common. Music, light and laughter are a necessity to both, their social life was as gay after marriage as before. Yet, said Steve, "Lana is all sweet—with nothing superficial about her. She is a smart little lady, knowing especially how to manage a husband, a home and a baby. I didn't fall in love with Lana Turner, the glamorously beautiful screen star, but with a girl I wanted for my wife. It is as my wife that I think of her, and I'm humbly happy to say, that is the way she thinks of herself."

Just before the current break-up, there were column items to the effect that Crane, recently given an honorable discharge from the Army, would seek a movie career "on his own, and without trading on his wife's name or influence." Could be that here again, a difference in public status might have had its effect on private happiness. Steve, it is interesting to note, has been signed by Columbia Pictures, and the entire lot, from stenos to executives, is wildly enthusiastic about his charm and ability.

Rumored also, is a new romance for Lana. Personally, we wouldn't want to make a bet for or against the rumor.

All in all, you can take these two broken marriages, strip them of their glamorous background and glittering names, and you'll find the same basic troubles that could—and are—causing divorces in towns all over the world. Or, you can retain the glamour and glitter, add to that the pressure of continuous publicity, consider the intensity of people who work all day at creating intensified emotion, and you have a pretty good case for marriage in Hollywood!

THE END

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WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

and reed sections stood out particularly. Betty Bonney, former Les Brown oriole, is the featured vocalist, and good, too. The band is only a few months old, but if they keep up their "We gotta make good" spirit, they should do all right. Frankie was very happy because he was signed for the new Old Gold Wednesday show over CBS, and will be so-starred with Allan Jones. It was quite a coup for Carle to land this program, because several big name outfits were auditioned.

New York's "older" set is hysterical over Carl Brisson, the ex-Paramount movie star, now singing at the Club Versailles. The grown-up gals sigh and swoon for Brisson just as their younger sisters do for the bobby sox crooners. He is laughingly tabbed "The Matron's Sinatra."

ON THE BEAM:

Paul Whiteman has taken over the baton on the "Connee Boswell Presents" program over the Blue Network . . .

Baritone Barry Wood is the star of the new "Palmolive Party" Saturday show over NBC. It's a half-hour variety dish with Patsy Kelly and a guest star each week, and replaces the "Million Dollar Band" clambake previously heard at that time . . .

Your old friends, "The Modernaires," are working several New York radio shows and making lots of transcriptions. Their interpretation of "Holiday for Strings" is one of the most thrilling vocal arrangements I've ever heard. Lillian Lane is pinch-hitting for Paula Kelly while Paula takes time off to welcome Dr. Stork . . .

Remember Harry Cool, one of the mainstays of the old Dick Jurgens band? He has replaced Dick Haymes on Columbia's "Here's to Romance" show. Rumor has it that Dick went off the program after some dispute between the sponsor and Dick's new boss, Twentieth Century-Fox. Anyway, I hope he'll be back on the air soon.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The Victor Company has a couple of killer albums you'll want to own if you've been following the bands for any length of time. The first one is "Up Swing" and presents the bands of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw (his old outfit) and Glenn Miller. The tunes are the eight big swing hits from 1936 to 1943, starting with Goodman's "Stompin' At The Savoy" and ending with Miller's "String of Pearls." Another good thing about this set is that the complete band personnel is listed on each disc. A lot of the sidemen

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City........................Zone.....State........

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Is not a powder, is not a paste, will not stick to plate.

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Send 50c for 10 EZO Dental Cushions

EZO PRODUCTS COMPANY
Box No. 9306, Dept. D-92, Phila. 39, Pa.

now have bands of their own.

The companion album to "Up Swing" is "Smoke Rings," and this one gives us the eight top ballad hits from 1936 to 1943, from "These Foolish Things" by Benny Goodman and Helen Ward to Miller's "Old Black Magic." The same orchestras as in the above album plus Ellington, Larry Clinton, Freddie Martin and Sammy Kaye . . .

Perry Como's latest Victor release is "I Love You" and "Long Ago and Far Away" and once more he is accompanied by a mixed vocal chorus. I enjoy Como's singing very much, but I'll be glad when the musicians' union thing is settled so he can record with a live orchestra again . . .

Victor has reissued two Lena Horne sides which she made with Charlie Barnet several years ago—"Good For Nothin' Joe" and "Haunted Town." "Joe" is possibly the best record Lena ever made, but I may be prejudiced because she is a particular favorite of mine . . .

The King Sisters swing out on "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet" and "San Fernando Valley." On "Milkman" the sound effects you hear are provided by real milk bottles with the real stuff in them. In fact, while making the record, the top came off one of the bottles and Yvonne was splattered from head to toe. The girls are enthusiastic about the "Valley" song because all four of them have homes in the San Fernando Valley in California, and Alyce and Louise have opened a dress shop there . . .

Decca's newest Dick Haymes offering is "Gertie From Bizerte" and "There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere," with vocal assistance from The Song Spinners. The character, Gertie, originated among the boys in the Army who went to North Africa, and the song is one of the funniest to come out of the war. The second side is a hillbilly standard, but it has worked its way into public favor.

Louis Jordan is hopping right along in popularity and his new Decca platter shouldn't slow him down any. It's "G. I. Jive," Johnny Mercer's big hit, and "Mop! Mop!" which is a musician's expression for a double drum beat. Jordan does both vocals.

The Ink Spots' latest release is "Someday I'll Meet You Again" and "I'll Get By" (As Long As I Have You). "I'll Get By" is the newest old song to get the revival treatment, following in the footsteps of "As Time Goes By" and "My Ideal" . . .

The Decca people have been busy little bees, signing all kinds of artistic talent, including Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton and Phil Baker. Each of them has been contracted to make a series of recordings, such as scenes from plays, episodes from their hit pictures, etc. Decca has also nabbed Gary Moore, Jimmy Durante's radio partner, to wax some of his amusing dialogues . . .

Columbia has dug up two old Harry James' pressings with Sinatra vocals and put them back to back, "Every Day of My Life" and "A Little Street in Singapore." These were both released separately about three years ago when Frank was Harry's vocalist, but if you don't already own them and you like these two guys, you'll want this record.

* * *

Well, Kiddies, I've shot my wad for this time. And I must hurl myself onto the train and head for dear old Hollywood. See you next month about the same time. In the meanwhile, if you have any little musical tid-bits you want straightened out, just drop me the fast note and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope — Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

WARREN'S WAX WORKS

LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:

From Columbia Masterworks:

Haydn: Symphony #103 in E-Flat Major ("Drum Roll"). Leslie Heward conducting the Halle Orchestra.

Debussy's "En Blanc Et Noir" played by Bartlett and Robertson (duo-pianists).

Victor Album—Bach: Transcriptions for Orchestra—transcribed and played by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

THE JAZZ PLATE:

Louis Jordan's "G. I. Jive" and "Mop! Mop!" Jordan vocals with music by the Tympany Five. Decca.

Columbia's "After You've Gone" and "Dark Town Strutter's Ball" with Benny Goodman and his orchestra.

"Up Swing," a Victor Album of the biggest swing hits from 1936 to 1943, with the bands of Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw.

CROONER'S CORNER:

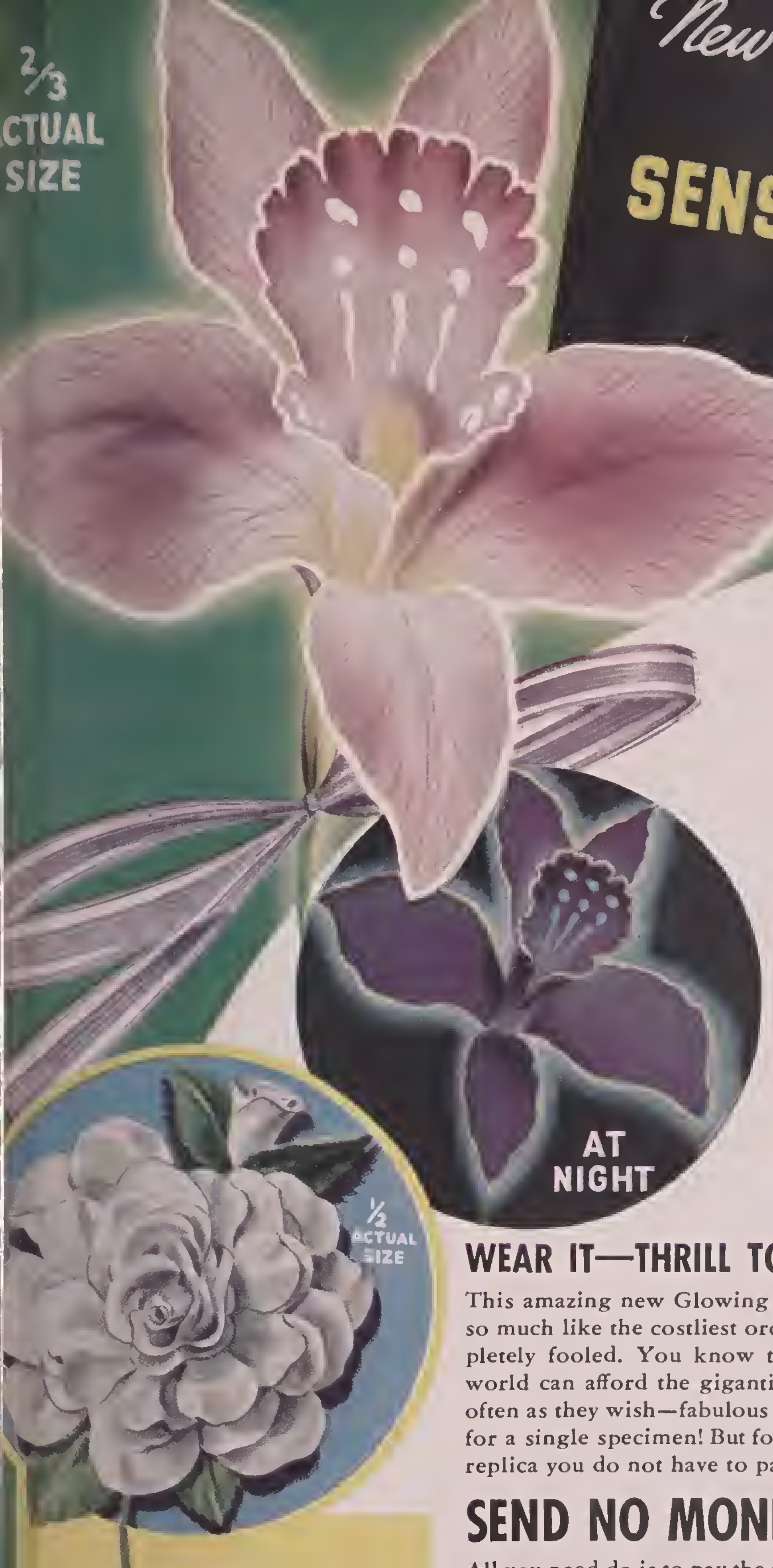
Perry Como with a mixed chorus on "I Love You" and "Long Ago and Far Away." Victor Label.

Dick Haymes and The Song Spinners on Decca's "Gertie From Bizerte" and "There's A Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere."

Two old Sinatra vocals with Harry James' orchestra, "Every Day Of My Life" and "A Little Street In Singapore." Columbia reissues.

New Strange Glamour for Your Hair, Dress or Coat

SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID... GLOWS IN THE DARK



All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel," Glowing with Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

. . . Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen . . . it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you *perpetual* pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—*NOW!*

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Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1
(if C. O. D., postage charges extra)

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Movieland

AUGUST
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cinema
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A special cake make-up created for screen actresses to make it possible for them to look as perfect on the street as their professional make-up makes them look on the screen . . . now YOU can have it too. CINEMA CAKE is an extra-smooth sponge-on make-up that does the seemingly impossible in covering minor blemishes and imperfections to give you a flawless, startlingly beautiful look . . . ultra-sophisticated! If you want a genuine but delightful shock, CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP is for you. Buy it now at better stores ($1.50 in a stunning case). Or, you can get a three-week cake in an adorable compact by sending only 25¢ and the coupon from this announcement. You'll use CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP *always* after you've once tried it. Be sure to mark shade desired.

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☐ Cameo Cream (Cream)
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☐ Camera Brunette (Medium Dark)
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CINEMA

CAKE MAKE-UP

"COSMETIC CLOSE-UPS"

THE smile that's sincere is completely spontaneous, entirely unhampered by any selfconsciousness. It's a very important part of your personality! But a grin that's warm and ready calls for tidy looking teeth. So "brush up" on your dental duties—personal and professional.

There's no need to dread the dentist if you see him often enough. Two or three times a year, depending on how rapidly your teeth collect stains and tartar deposits, have a thorough cleaning and examination for cavities.

Tooth decay and disaster, if left uncovered, may result in serious disease, particularly of the digestive organs. So when X-rays or examination discover damage, take your treatment—promptly.

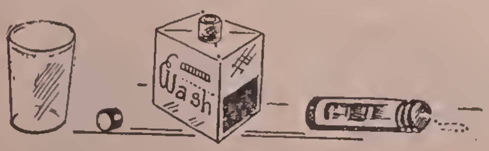
It's precaution that prolongs—not just the lustre, but the life of your teeth. A little filling now and then can prevent extremes of extraction. The tooth that can't be saved should usually be replaced, whether or not you have a space that shows.

Don't depend on your dentist to do it all! The daily dos and don'ts of dental care are up to you. For one thing, bring your brush technique up to date.

Your trusty toothbrush should be firm and dry. Buy two at a time and give them a breathing spell between workouts. Choose a dentrifice that appeals in taste and texture. Just be sure the brand is one of the best, known to and recommended by dentist and druggist.

Beginning with perfect props, you must continue with the correct kind of stroke, one that will cleanse all surfaces and stimulate the gums. Here's how. Use a slightly rolling motion that starts from the base of the gums and sweeps right over the teeth. Always move the brush in the direction that your teeth grow—down over the top row, up over the bottom.

Follow through with dental floss to take out stubborn specks of food. Insert it gently between the teeth, keeping a firm grip on the floss so that it doesn't jam up against the gums and bruise or tear them. Finish off with refreshing mouthwash. Slosh it about, around and around, to carry away all those dislodged particles of debris.



Remember, your dentist twice a year or more. Your own mouth hygiene habits twice a day or oftener. The result will be perfect teeth—and a prettier you.

Lady... Attention!

For All-Out Loveliness try the New Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Whatever you're doing—in or out of uniform—you're terribly busy these days—and you want a lipstick that *really stays!* We've found that women everywhere are grateful to find a smooth, soft, flattering lipstick that clings to their lips for *extra hours.*

Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that exquisite perfection you've always wanted. Not too moist, not too dry, they make your lips glow with a satiny, lineless finish. Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks come in four exciting shades—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural. So remember to try a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. And match it with Tangee Petal-Finish Rouge, and the remarkable new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder, for all-out loveliness!

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TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

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JUN [illegible]

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The LION'S ROAR
TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP
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The greatest star of the screen!

King Vidor, who directed "The Big Parade", the first outstanding MGM picture twenty years ago, now delivers to the same company, as an Anniversary gesture, his mighty production "An American Romance".

★ ★ ★ ★

This film is the flesh and blood story of the American dream come true.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's about a guy called Steve Dangos, a young immigrant who came to this land of freedom with his bare hands and a shining hope. (Brian Donlevy gives all his sincerity to this role.)

★ ★ ★ ★

It's also about a girl called Anna O'Rourke. Who shared in the struggles, the tribulations, the dreams of her man, as he made it the hard way, from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory worker to great industrialist.

★ ★ ★ ★

While their story is intimate, personal, glowing, it is also symbolic of the fight, the love, the surge, the drama, that has made our way of life the wonder of the whole, wide world.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is the *big adventure*, told in wonderfully human and exciting terms—in a robust screen play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is dramatic fiction. It is also the truth. For this story in its scope parallels the life stories of many men who have helped to make America great.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for ever since the beginning of films. What he has done with it is magnificent.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is photographed in perfected Technicolor. Red-brown earth tones of Mesabi; fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town; the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories; the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies above, follow in storied sequence.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. Something of you, yourself, is surely in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Presented with pardonable pride by

—*Leo*

VOL. 2
NO. 7

Movieland

AUGUST, 1944

DORIS CLINE, Editor

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Cover of Sonny Tufts photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

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WORKING GIRL

NAME: Bette Davis
OCCUPATION: Actress
EMPLOYER: Warner Bros.
NATURE OF DUTIES: Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.
REMARKS: We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, "work" is the word — with a very large "W"!) But we've never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together . . . and apart. A love story? We think that even when you've seen it, you won't be sure!

But you *will* be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You'll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the *best* in entertainment!

WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE, IN **"MR. SKEFFINGTON"** with CLAUDE RAINS
RICHARD WARING
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MARJORIE RIORDAN

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G EPSTEIN · Screen Play by Julius J & Philip G. Epstein · From Story by "Elizabeth" Music by Franz Waxman Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN

There's joy ahoy for every girl and boy!...

Hop on board the show-boat for gay, exciting entertainment!...

a full cargo of romance, adventure, songs and dances, and guys and gals!

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King of the Cowboys
TRIGGER
Smartest Horse in the Movies

Yellow Rose of Texas

with DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the SONS OF THE PIONEERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

WE'LL GIVE YOU A TIP

Rita Hayworth, perhaps the happiest expectant mother in Hollywood, will have her baby *before* the announced November. Her studio put out the far away date so that people wouldn't think she shouldn't do another picture. Rita and Orson want a little girl, and are planning it that way.

BELYING THOSE RUMORS

Betty Grable, cooking for her husband Harry James, in a tiny kitchenette in the Hotel Astor. Harry was in New York on tour, and it was the first separation the Jameses had had since their marriage. When Betty got her household settled, and her mother to take care of little Vicky, she hied herself off quick to join him. (P. S.—Harry gained at least five pounds, which speaks well for his wife's cooking!)

FOR THE WISTFULS, HOPEFULS

You might as well give up, for they're both going to marry. Major Clark Gable (note the promotion) now openly admits that he is more than interested in the very beautiful Kay Williams, and this is the first time he's even mentioned anything serious about any woman for a long time. Meanwhile, the way is also being paved for Olivia de Havilland to marry Captain John Huston. Mrs. Huston is securing a divorce. The couple had been separated before Livvy met the dashing captain, but the settlement had not been made. Now it has, and Livvy will be a bride at last—much to the sorrow of every bachelor in movieland.

COMES IT NOW, AT LAST

Dave Rose has finally consented to Judy Garland's getting a divorce. Ever since their separation Judy has wanted to be legally free, but Dave wouldn't give the necessary approval. Some say Gloria de Haven has something to do with his changing his mind—in which case, you'd call it "a change of heart"?

YOU CAN COUNT ON

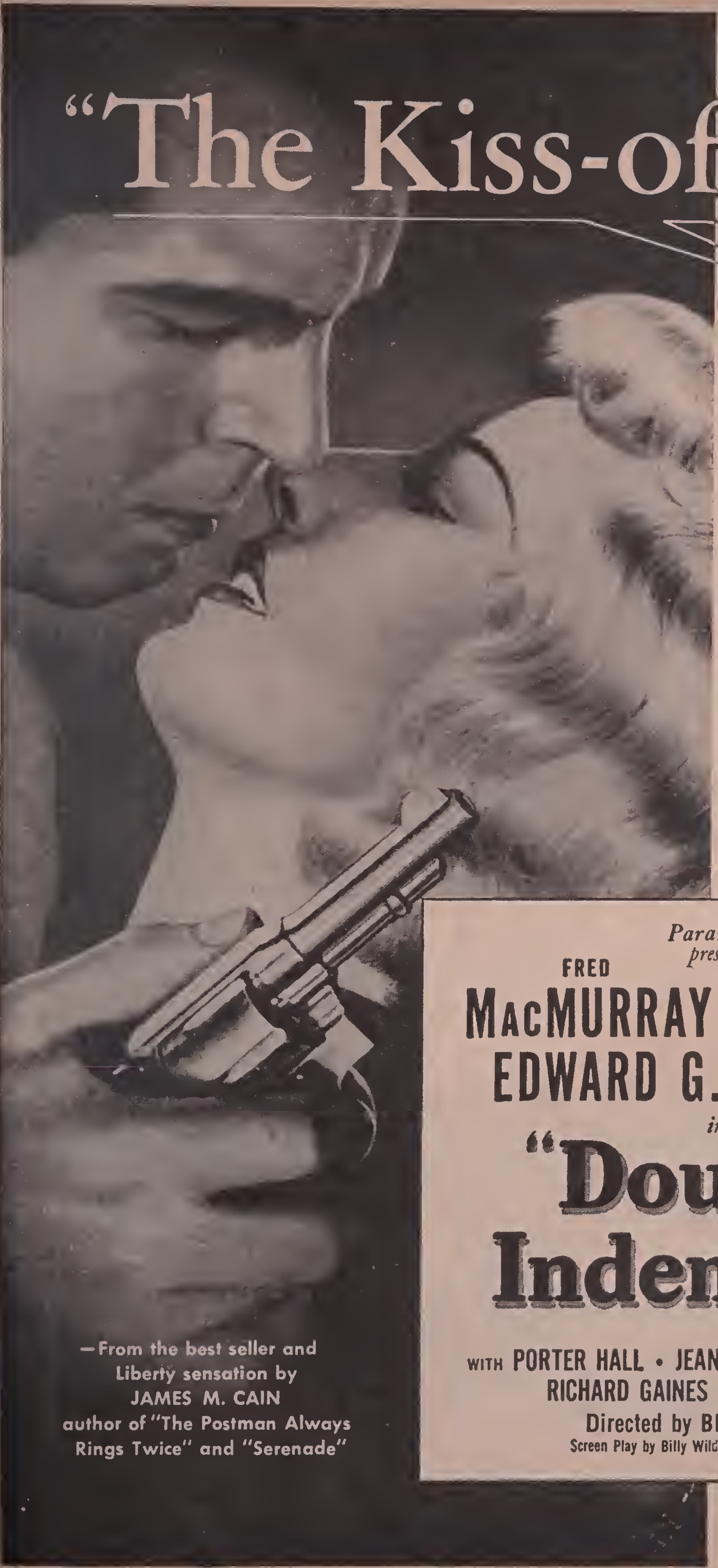
Ann Sheridan's marrying Steve Hanagan, when she returns from her trip overseas. Ann stopped off in New York before she left the country, and authoritative circles report that two plain gold bands were chosen at that time. . . . The continuation of the Lupe Velez and Arturo de Cordova romance. They plan to be married as soon as Arturo can secure some release from his marriage in Mexico. . . . Marlene Dietrich's usually getting what she's after. When she went overseas to entertain the troops, she wanted to see Jean Gabin. And she did—in Africa.

(*Continued on page* 8)

Marjorie Reynolds is lucky that way! Her service man husband, Capt. Jack Reynolds, happens to be stationed near Hollywood.

Script-studying and too busy to eat. At home, when not working, Carey and Barbara like meals served in their upstairs bed-sitting room.

"The Kiss-off!"



"Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn't get away from me!"

Paramount
presents
FRED MACMURRAY · BARBARA STANWYCK
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
in

"Double Indemnity"

WITH PORTER HALL · JEAN HEATHER · BYRON BARR
RICHARD GAINES · JOHN PHILLIBER
Directed by BILLY WILDER
Screen Play by Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler

—From the best seller and
Liberty sensation by
JAMES M. CAIN
author of "The Postman Always
Rings Twice" and "Serenade"

Lovely Make-Up

WHILE ACTIVE OUTDOORS

Stadium Girl Cake Make-up . . . the new enchanting outdoor complexion make-up . . . remains lovely even though you engage in active sports.

The real test of any make-up is its ability to appear fresh and natural under all conditions. Not only does Stadium Girl Cake Make-up remain captivatingly smooth for hours . . . but . . . you actually can depend upon your complexion make-up being fascinating and lovely while boating, golfing, riding or swimming. Four flattering shades: Natural, Rachel, Brunette and Golden Tan.

You'll adore the gorgeous modern plastic Stadium Girl case. It will be the envy of your friends.

Fashion Note: *Stadium Girl Cake Make-up is the ideal leg make up for summer time use. Its even color and texture are reminiscent of sheer hosiery.*

Wherever you find Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, you'll find these other equally fine cosmetics . . . Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up.

Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, full ounce, 25c
Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, six shades, 10c-25c
Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up, four shades, 10c-25c

Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores

Stadium Girl

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

IT'S SURE TO HAPPEN

☆ No matter what they say, Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton will get a divorce, almost before this is printed. Her studio will heave a big sigh of relief when this is finally settled, for they have been more than understanding in the Sheltons' marital mixup. However, when it finally happens, Metro will start to build Kathryn in the big roles they think she can handle. Heretofore, although they knew they had a valuable property in the little singer, they never knew from one minute to the next what was going to happen in her private life—and that isn't the way movie stars are made.

SO SORRY, MISS STANWYCK?

☆ **Barbara Stanwyck, who is not readily recognized when she goes out in public, called on the manager of an apartment house to try to locate living quarters for some friends arriving from the East. The manager gave her the usual third-degree.**

"Have you any children, dogs, other pets—such as a canary?"

"No," said Stany, strictly straight-pan, "but I have a pair of shoes which squeak a little!"

YOU'LL SEE A DIFFERENCE

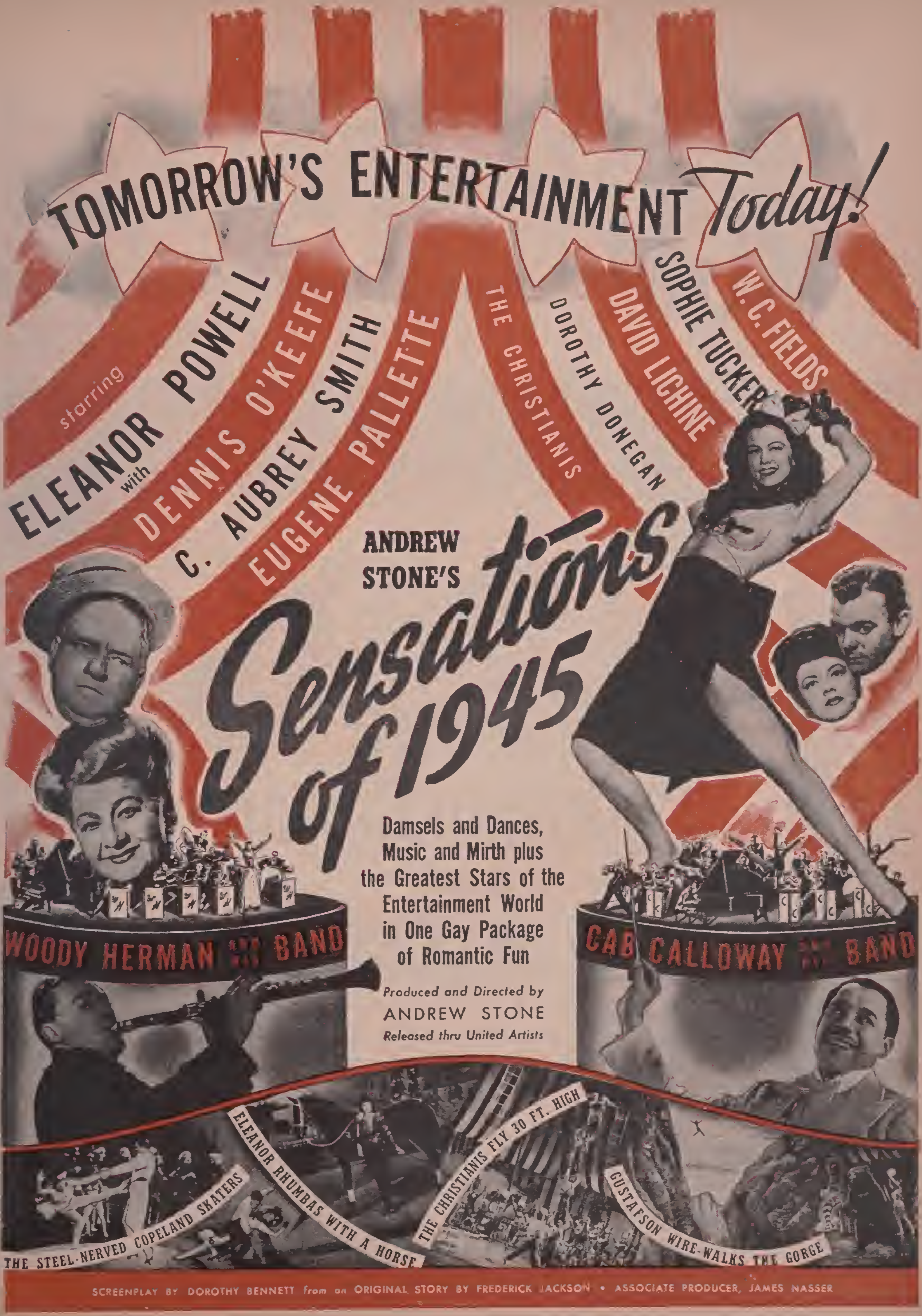
☆ Watch for an improvement in Veronica Lake. Someone has finally taken Miss One-eye and read the riot act to her, and she is beginning to behave. Ronnie has never been one of the easiest people to handle, and for a couple of months gave her bosses lots of trouble. But a certain executive finally told her off—or else—and she listened. Now she can begin to see the light of day from beneath that peek-a-boo bang again.

WHERE TO FIND THE STARS

☆ **Frank Sinatra, driven by his gentleman's gentleman, can be caught each day in the early morning and early evening, driving over Cahuenga pass to and from his Toluca Lake home. Frankie bought a charming farmhouse set right on Toluca Lake, and has lots of movie stars as his neighbors. . . . Walter Pidgeon, going to Finlandia Baths about three times a week, about four-thirty in the afternoon. . . . Dennis Morgan, shopping at least once a week for gardening equipment. . . . Hedy Lamarr and John Loder, at the Hollywood Canteen EVERY Friday night, without fail. . . . Dick Arlen, in a gas station on Sunset Blvd. and Clark Street, tinkering with his station wagon. . . . The Robert Youngs, with their little daughters, at the Cock and Bull on Tuesdays for lunch. . . . Brian Donlevy, at Malibu Beach mending the fence around his house and doing general chores. . . . Alan Ladd and his Susie, at the first table at the Hollywood Brown Derby, entertaining about twice a week. . . . Errol Flynn, at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, winning practically every set from the professional.**

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 60

Director Eddie Sutherland and his missus, the Bob Hopes and Anita Colby. Anita came to movieland as a cover girl and was snapped up by the Selznick studio for a big publicity job.



TOMORROW'S ENTERTAINMENT *Today!*

starring
ELEANOR POWELL
with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
C. AUBREY SMITH
EUGENE PALLETTE
THE CHRISTIANIS
DOROTHY DONEGAN
DAVID LICHINE
SOPHIE TUCKER
W. C. FIELDS

ANDREW STONE'S

Sensations of 1945

Damsels and Dances,
Music and Mirth plus
the Greatest Stars of the
Entertainment World
in One Gay Package
of Romantic Fun

Produced and Directed by
ANDREW STONE
Released thru United Artists

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS BAND

CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS BAND

THE STEEL-NERVED COPELAND SKATERS

ELEANOR RHUMBAS WITH A HORSE

THE CHRISTIANIS FLY 30 FT. HIGH

GUSTAFSON WIRE-WALKS THE GORGE

SCREENPLAY BY DOROTHY BENNETT *from an* ORIGINAL STORY BY FREDERICK JACKSON • ASSOCIATE PRODUCER, JAMES NASSER

TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP
1924-1944
MGM

And now the gala that began with continues with these

KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION

AN American Romance

IN TECHNICOLOR

starring **BRIAN DONLEVY**

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve... and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!

with ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY • Photographed in perfected Technicolor
Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
☆ LISTEN IN: "M-G-M SCREEN TEST" ON THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY, 9:15 P. M., EWT ☆

Anniversary Celebration
The White Cliffs of Dover
Magnificent M·G·M Triumphs...

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Walter **Huston** · Aline **MacMahon** · Akim **Tamiroff** · Turhan **Bey**

Not since "The Good Earth"... a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love... flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD · J. CARROL NAISH · AGNES MOOREHEAD · HENRY TRAVERS · ROBERT BICE · ROBERT LEWIS · FRANCES RAFFERTY · JACQUELINE de WIT
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin · Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck · Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

How to have
A FIGURE
You're Proud of!

"The DuBarry Success Course has all the answers!"

—says Mrs. Helen Davis of Ann Arbor, Mich.

Time and again Helen Davis had tried to reduce—lost a few pounds only to put them back on. After her baby came, she found she weighed 143. Something had to be done, so she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course. "I lost 23 pounds, gained a figure I'm proud of," says Mrs. Davis. "My skin was dry and coarse-looking; now it is soft, fine-textured and clear. I want to rush up to every overweight girl I see and tell her about the Course."

Before After

Mrs. Davis looks years younger since she began this new way of living.

140,000 Women Can Tell You!

More than 140,000 women have found the DuBarry Success Course the way to new beauty and vitality. You get an analysis of your skin, hair, figure, posture, weight—then a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. The coupon below will quickly bring you full information. Just paste it on a penny postal.

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

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New York, N. Y.
Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Mrs.

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Movieland's NEW PICTURE

COMING SOON—
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY—

David O. Selznick's "all star cast" production.

But Previewed Too Late To Be Reviewed in This Issue

Originally ran four hours, but was pared down to three by the time it came out of the cutting room. Release delayed by some last-minute rewriting of scenes, but promises to be gloriously sterrific!

OH, WHAT A NIGHT (Monogram) seems a fitting title, in that the story of the fabulous Kimberley King diamond really takes place all "of an evening," at what started out to be merely a dinner party. The scene, the fashionable California Hotel; the cast, a lot of international jewel thieves; and the action—plenty! Jean Parker, Edmund Lowe and Marjorie Rambeau are all very much involved in the whole situation, which turns out to be that after much competition among the thieves as to who's going to steal the precious bauble, it's returned to its rightful owner.

SUMMER STORM (Angelus-UA) is Producer Seymour Nebenzal's adaptation of the stage drama Anton Chekov originally titled "The Shooting Party." As Russian as Chekov himself would have been able to make it, but making no attempt to propagandize for the U.S.S.R. That in itself is enough to recommend the picture, in the opinions of some.

But better yet, it's a masterpiece of good casting, excellent photography, and effective psychological climaxes—of which there are several. George Sanders gives one of the finest performances of his career, and there could have been no better choice as the judge, who's torn between the code of his class and a mad desire for a girl (Linda Darnell). Anna Lee is Sanders' fiancee, loving him but not able to understand the spell which is destined to bring about his destruction. Edward Everett Horton is the decadent nobleman on whose estate the story takes place, and Hugo Haas is the patiently put-upon overseer.

THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox) Maxwell Anderson's play, turned into 96 minutes of waiting for something to happen. William Eythe being the nice young Private Quizz West, in love with Janet Feller (Anne Baxter), the neighbor girl he leaves behind when he goes off to war. His furlough visits back to the farm, and tender welcoming by his family—his mother, Ruth Nelson, his father, Ray Collins, and his kid brothers, Dicky Moore and Jimmy Clark.

But it's all so "too typical." Life in the army, the other fellahs in the outfit. Mike O'Shea does and says all the things you'd expect of an Irish soldier from Brooklyn, Vincent Price quotes poetry and sage comments, as the observing, rather cynical intellectual.

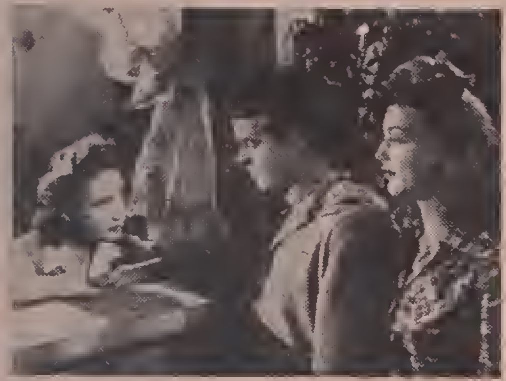
But whatever's the motive — a cross section; a simple selecting of a few people to show what war is, how it's changed the lives of so many and how they react to those changes —the nearly forgotten comment of "too little, and too late" sums up the net result. There's too little in the story that we don't already know, and it's come too late to make any very vivid impression. For all that it's an artfully done thing, and has it's intensely real moments, it's not as moving as you'd hope it to be.

WATERFRONT (PRC) A story about spies, Nazis and anti-Nazis, all mixed up in the fog of San Francisco's dock districts. John Carradine gives one of his finest performances, and J. Carrol Naish, as always, is excellent.

Better than the plot itself, is the mood injected by the film, beginning with the opening scene and sustained faithfully throughout. It is sordid, menacing and packed with suspense. Full of intrigue, throat-slitting and shooting, it's guaranteed to give you a super case of spinal chills—all very enjoyable, if that's what you like.

5 BEST
PICTURES OF
THE MONTH
ON PAGE 56

GUIDE



SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD (United Artists) A picture with the accent strictly on youth, it's a story woven around the youngsters who go from farm to ranch during the summer, harvesting crops and staying at the youth hostels.

It introduces Jane Powell, fourteen-year-old newcomer with an amazing voice, who promises to out-Durbin Deanna. Jane portrays a child movie star who, after having made a government short with a crowd of the young harvesters, decides to run away and join them. It ends with Jane's saving an orange crop, through putting on a show for volunteer pickers. And her show includes such talent as Edgar Bergen and Charlie, W. C. Fields, and Sammy Kaye's orchestra.

The whole story is unfeasible and weak, but there is some good entertainment, with Jane's songs enough to make the whole thing worthwhile.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN (Columbia) An extremely faithful film version of the Kressman Taylor story, which caused such a sensation about two years ago.

Aryan Paul Lukas, in Berlin on business, becomes innoculated with the Nazi creed, breaks off relationship with his partner back in America, who is a Jew. When Lukas refuses to aid his partner's daughter, an actress in Germany, the Nazis execute her. His partner brings about revenge in a subtle and terrifying way.

The musical background is much too loud, and the photography gives the impression of trying too hard to be effective, but the performances of the cast make up for these defects. The film introduces K. T. Stevens, who portrays the daughter exceptionally well. Lukas is excellent, as always.

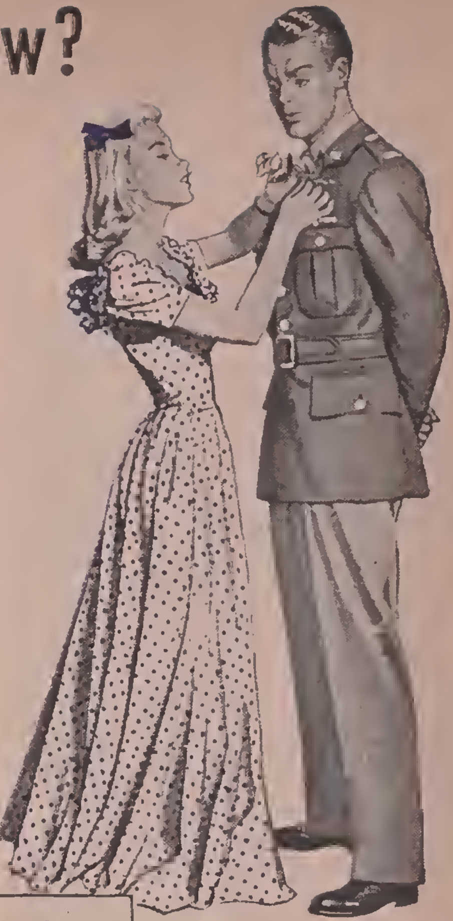
The picture seems to come a year too late, adding nothing to our knowledge of Nazism. But maybe you won't think so.

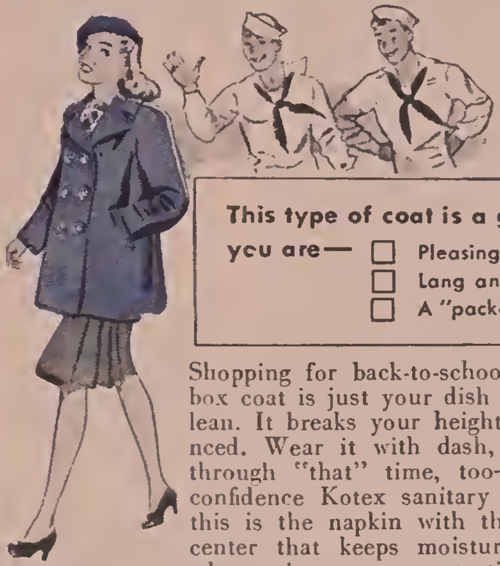
(Continued on page 83)

Are You in the Know?

What's wrong with this picture?
☐ The rose is on the wrong lapel
☐ The Lieutenant is allergic to roses
☐ He's forbidden to wear non-military ornaments

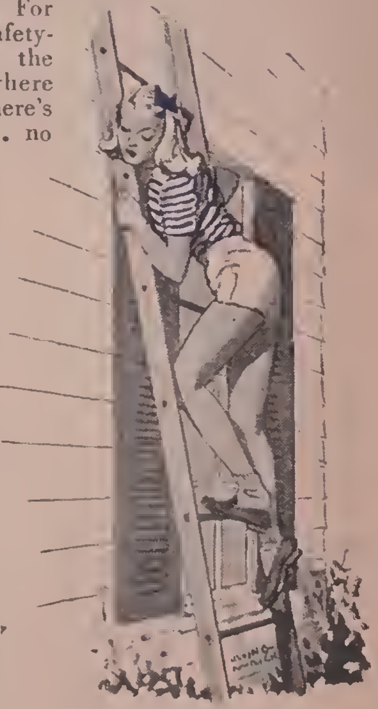
Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer's uniform. Be *sure* about military etiquette! And to be sure of *yourself*, on "trying days" choose the napkin that doesn't show even under your filmiest formal. With Kotex, you needn't fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are *pressed flat*—different from other napkins because they're not thick, not stubby. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you'll pass inspection always!





This type of coat is a good bet if you are—
☐ Pleasingly plump
☐ Long and lean
☐ A "pocket edition"

Shopping for back-to-school togs? The short box coat is just your dish if you're long and lean. It breaks your height, adds "heft" you need. Wear it with dash, any time. Breeze through "that" time, too—with the special confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give. For this is the napkin with the patented safety-center that keeps moisture away from the edges, gives extra protection exactly where you need it *most*. And with Kotex, there's no wrong side to cause accidents . . . no chance to make a mistake!



Would you say she was—
☐ Planning an elopement
☐ Practising fire drill
☐ Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is *good* for you on "problem days." And you'll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins . . . far more comfortable. For rather than just "feel" soft, at first touch—Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.

Know your napkins

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure.*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD!

"MISS-MATES"

SLACKS AND BLOUSE..BORN FOR EACH OTHER!

MARJORIE WEAVER
STARRING IN
Paramount's
"You Can't Ration Love"

Slacks—Trimly, slimly tailored of rich, lustrous rayon material Figure-flattering pleats—gorgeous drape—hand-stitched seams! **Navy, Pilot Blue, Tan, Aqua, Beige, Brown. Sizes 10 to 18. $5.98,** plus postage.

Blouse—Smartest, snappiest sport shirt ever! Long, full sleeves...slit pockets. Wonderfully tailored of heavy rayon **Gabardine. Red, Beige, Powder, Gold, Brown, Navy. Sizes 10 to 18. $3.98,** plus postage.

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If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.

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Please send "Miss Mate" Slacks, at $5.98, plus postage
Navy☐ Pilot Blue☐ Tan☐ Aqua☐ Beige☐ Brown☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size)
Send "Miss Mate" Blouse, at $3.98, plus postage
Red☐ Beige☐ Powder☐ Gold☐ Brown☐ Navy☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size)
(Please print name, etc., plainly)
Name____________
Street____________
City____________ Zone________
State____________

Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 68

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

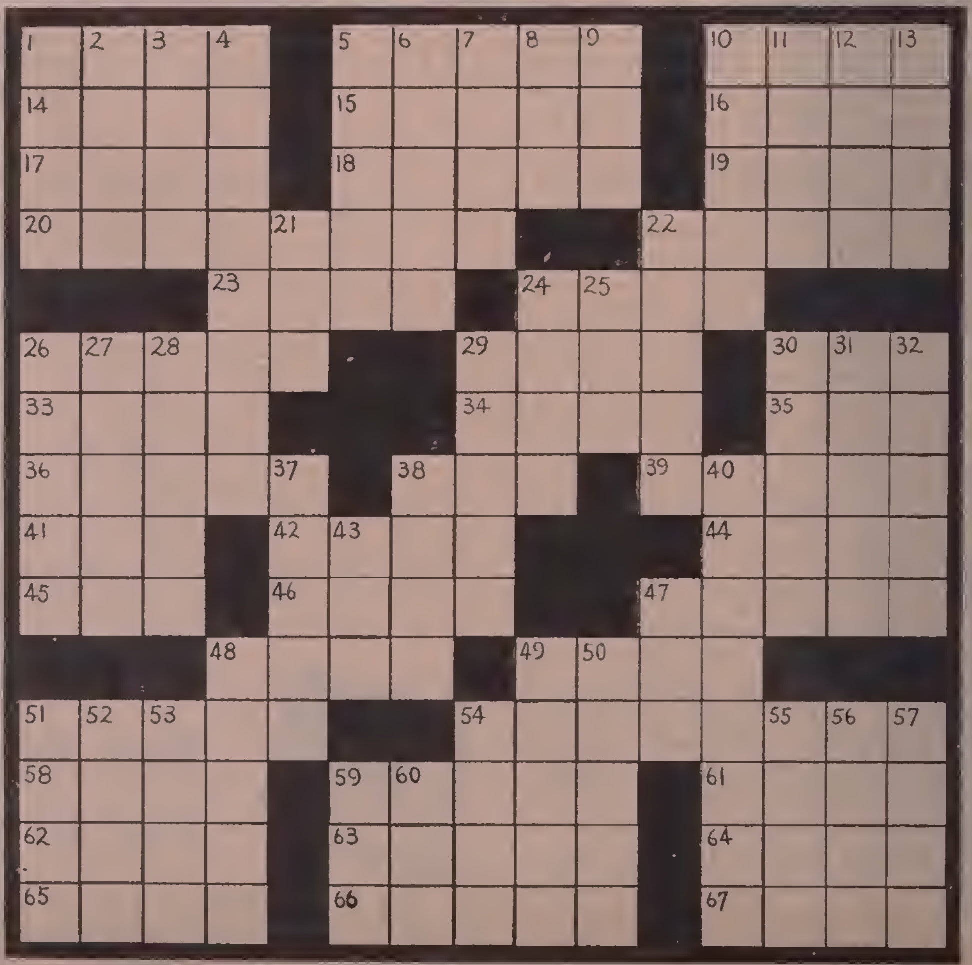
ACROSS

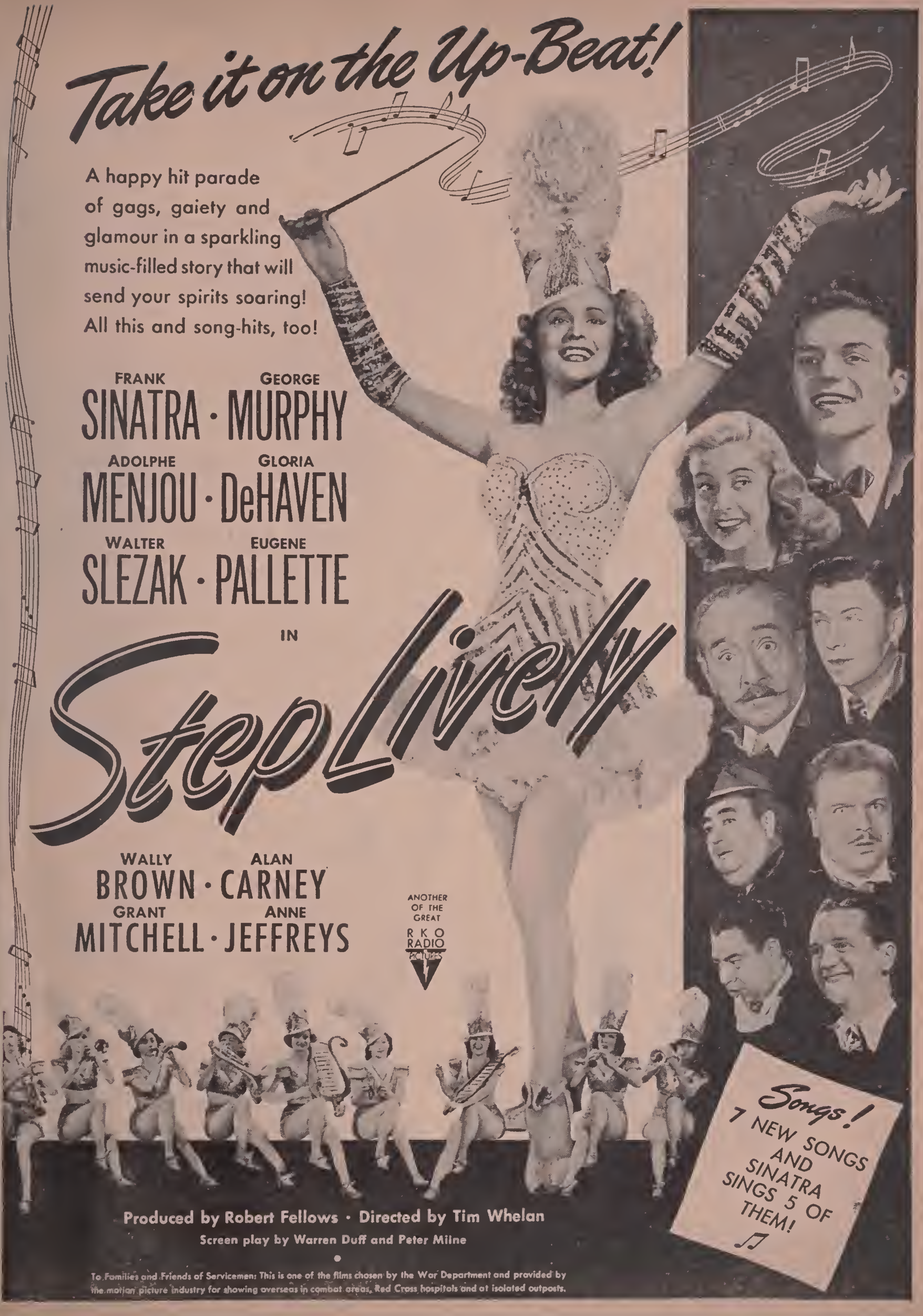
1. "Follow the - - - -"
5. Screen impersonator
10. Opera singer in "Hi Diddle Diddle"
14. Plant of the lily family
15. "Virginia" in "Up in Arms"
16. "The - - - - Major"
17. Innuendo
18. Pronged
19. "Peggy Evans" in "Slightly Dangerous"
20. Robert Walker
22. "Col. Wm. Jones" in "Thousands Cheer"
23. Joan Fontaine
24. Prominent prop in "Lifeboat"
26. "Armand Tesla" is - - - - - role in "Return of the Vampire"
29. "Alfred Monroe" in "Happy Go Lucky"
30. City ways (abbr.)
33. He is in "Phantom Lady"
34. Opposite of aweather
35. Cerebral membrane
36. Narrow openings
38. The sheriff in "Riding High"
39. She sings in "Broadway Rhythm"
41. Suffix denoting agency
42. The golden - - - -
44. "- - - - Matrimony"
45. "Dead - - - -"
46. "Gee Gee Graham" in "Lady of Burlesque"
47. A hit movie is sometimes a star - - - - -
48. And others (L. abbr.)
49. Ole and Chic are a - - - - of zanies in "Crazy House"
51. He is in "Voice in the Wind"
54. Paul's mother in "In Our Time"
58. "Glory Marlow 3d" is - - - - role in "Chip Off the Old Block"
59. "Uncertain - - - - -"
61. Arrow poison
62. Refined
63. Revoke a legacy
64. Genus of the maples
65. Beverages
66. One of the "Nine Girls"
67. Roman emperor

DOWN

1. Strike heavily (slang)
2. - - - - podrida
3. "Swing - - - - Partner"
4. Peter Lorre is "- - - - Berger" in "The Cross of Lorraine"
5. "Hyllary Jones" in "Thousands Cheer"
6. Plant allied to the onion
7. "Chas. Gerard" in "His Butler's Sister"
8. Metallic rock
9. "Wally Benton" in "Whistling in Brooklyn"
10. Loretta is one in "Ladies Courageous"
11. Spoken
12. Solitary
13. Collections of anecdotes
21. Common carriers (abbr.)
22. Ann Sheridan in "Shine On Harvest Moon"
24. A Disney movie actor
25. Poem
26. He leads in "Crazy House"
27. She is in "The Impostor"
28. "Mr. Slade" in "The Lodger"
29. "Capt. Freycinet" in "Passage to Marseille"
30. One of "The Uninvited"
31. Paul has one in "In Our Time"
32. Sylvan deity
37. "John Hill" in "Three Russian Girls"
38. "Stella" in "The Uninvited"
40. Susan Hayward in "Jack London"
43. Period
47. 1002
48. Alphabetic symbols
49. Apparel (obs.)
50. Paschal loaves
51. "Mrs. Mulvaney" in "Princess O'Rourke"
52. Indigo
53. Old-time movie director
54. Lee Bowman in "Cover Girl"
55. "- - - - Upon a Honeymoon"
56. Change direction
57. Go by aircraft
59. Herd of whales
60. 451

(For Solution See Page 81)





Take it on the Up-Beat!

A happy hit parade
of gags, gaiety and
glamour in a sparkling
music-filled story that will
send your spirits soaring!
All this and song-hits, too!

FRANK SINATRA · GEORGE MURPHY
ADOLPHE MENJOU · GLORIA DeHAVEN
WALTER SLEZAK · EUGENE PALLETTE

IN

Step Lively

WALLY BROWN · ALAN CARNEY
GRANT MITCHELL · ANNE JEFFREYS

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Songs!
7 NEW SONGS
AND
SINATRA
SINGS 5 OF
THEM!

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen play by Warren Duff and Peter Milne

●

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

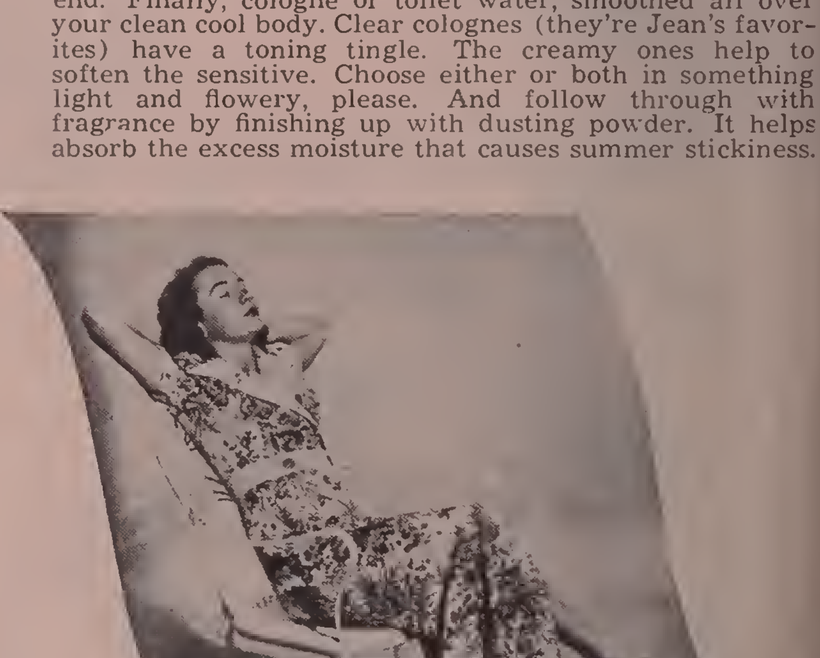
IT MAKES *Scents* IN SUMMER

BY SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

to bathe for beauty: to rest and revive in the refreshing depths of a tepid tub. If you do as Jean Sullivan, Warner Bros. starlet does, you'll toss in a handful of scented salts for that sweet-smelling sensation. Maybe a bit of beneficial bath oil would be your choice. Or perhaps you'd rather be a bubble-bather and do your lolling in a froth of foam. Whatever the preference, the point is this. Twenty peaceful minutes in perfumed water, followed by a lavish lathering, will leave you feeling fresh and feminine, even at the end of a hot, hard day.

to acquire a second, scented skin. The bath is the beginning. A reliable deodorant or antiperspirant the second step that preserves your daintiness for hours on end. Finally, cologne or toilet water, smoothed all over your clean cool body. Clear colognes (they're Jean's favorites) have a toning tingle. The creamy ones help to soften the sensitive. Choose either or both in something light and flowery, please. And follow through with fragrance by finishing up with dusting powder. It helps absorb the excess moisture that causes summer stickiness.

to face the heat with a smile. It's a "pretty" easy habit, Jean Sullivan tells us, if you make the most of make-up and supplement it with skin freshener. Jean likes to pat her face lightly with a cotton pad that's been saturated in freshener before she applies her basic cake make-up. She always uses powder, whatever the base beneath, to add a film of flattery and make for a sheenless surface. To keep it clinging, she takes another cotton pad, moistened with ice water, and presses it gently over her finished face. This is the way to stave off shine!



to relax for restoration, whenever you can. Especially after the cooling comfort of your luxurious cleansing. So, if it's "too hot to sleep," lie back in a chair, shut your eyes, and let the drifting waves of your own faint fragrance soothe and satisfy you. Half an hour of such nighttime day dreaming, and off to bed. The bed that's made for rest is made with crisp, clean sheets, scented, too, with summery sachet. Then, a drop of perfume on your pillow, and you're ready for the sweetest possible slumber—the kind of sleep that keeps a starlet starry-eyed.

DAVID O. SELZNICK

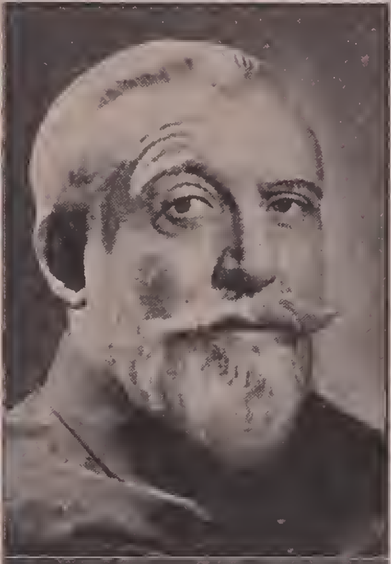
presents:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

JENNIFER JONES

JOSEPH COTTEN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE



MONTY WOOLLEY

LIONEL BARRYMORE

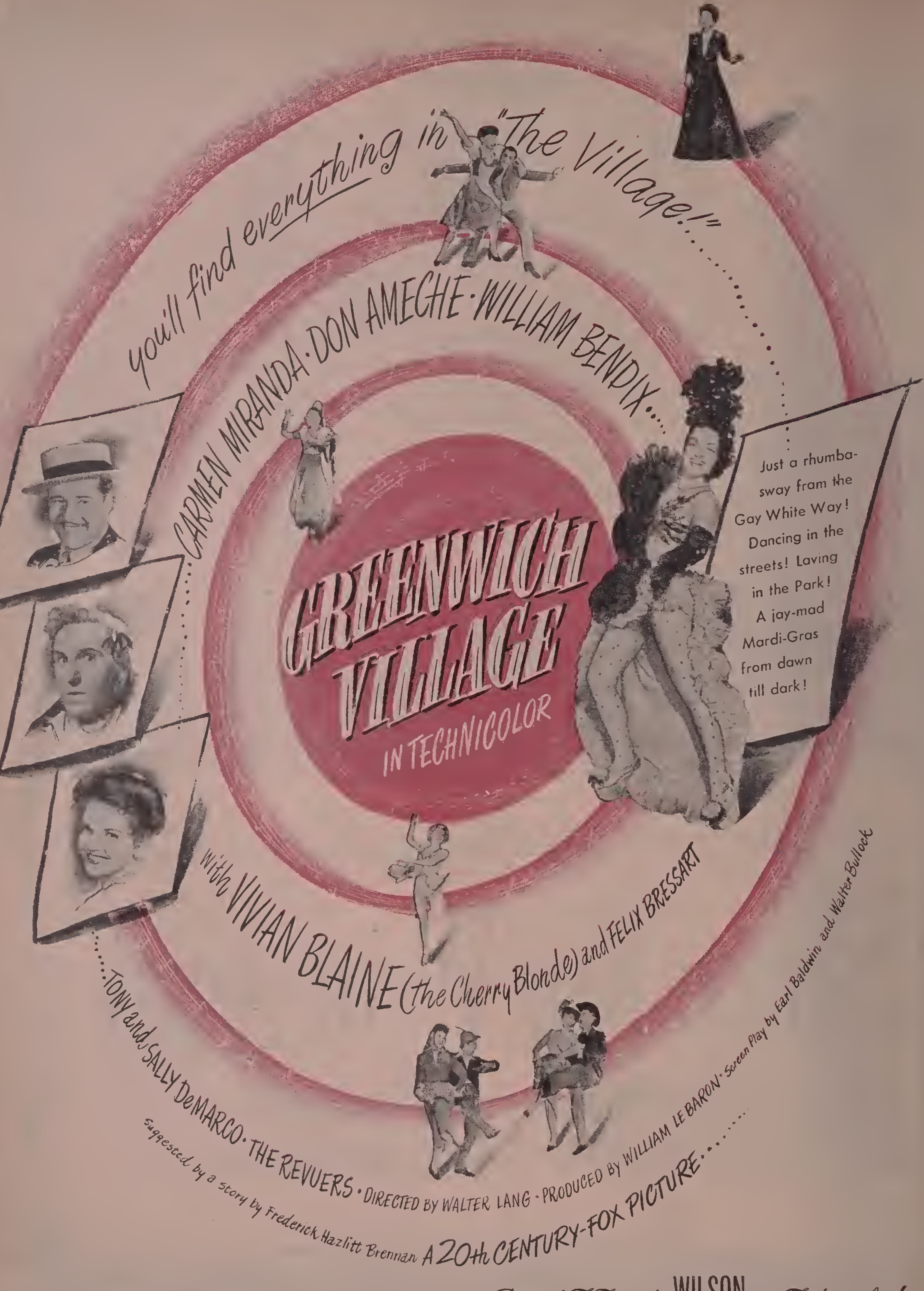
ROBERT WALKER

The screen's most distinguished cast in

"Since You Went Away"

The producer's first picture since
"Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca"

DIRECTED BY JOHN CROMWELL ... RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS



you'll find *everything* in "The Village!"

CARMEN MIRANDA · DON AMECHE · WILLIAM BENDIX....

GREENWICH VILLAGE

IN TECHNICOLOR

Just a rhumba-sway from the Gay White Way! Dancing in the streets! Loving in the Park! A joy-mad Mardi-Gras from dawn till dark!

with VIVIAN BLAINE (the Cherry Blonde) and FELIX BRESSART

TONY and SALLY DeMARCO · THE REVUERS · DIRECTED BY WALTER LANG · PRODUCED BY WILLIAM LE BARON · Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Walter Bullock

Suggested by a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE.......

WATCH FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT... *Darryl F. Zanuck's* WILSON *in Technicolor!*

COMEDY FOR COLMAN

From tweeds in "Random Harvest" to turban in "Kismet". We admit the get-up doesn't look very funny, but it is Mr. Colman's costume for a comedy role, that of Hajj, the crafty beggar-magician in the Technicolor film version of Edwin Knoblock's famous stage play.

After more than twenty years in motion pictures, Ronald Colman retains a top spot in the affections of his public, who will be charmed by his uniquely colorful role in "Kismet". Right now, he's spending anxious days at home with his lovely wife Benita Hume, awaiting the arrival of his first child.

"I, Burgess, take thee Paulette..."

BY MARCIA DAUGHTREY

Married on Sunday, back to work Monday. There was no time for a honeymoon, because busy Paulette had commitments to do three radio shows, the week following her wedding to Burgess Meredith.

When they applied for marriage license, Paulette took the pen and started to sign first. The clerk said, "No, the man's name first." And said Meredith, "Probably the last time I'll get top billing in this marriage!"

FOUR years ago, on the set of "Second Chorus," Miss Goddard was having a wonderful time rehearsing dance routines with Fred Astaire. At one side of the stage, draped comfortably in a canvas chair, was another member of the cast—reading. Once in awhile he joined in the general hijinks. When he perpetrated a wise crack, it was likely to be the best of the day; when he perfected a rib, it was likely to be the best of the week.

"That Burgess Meredith," observed Paulette, "is a deep one. I'm not sure that I get his message. How can so intellectual a guy be so witty?"

One day Paulette strolled over to find out what he was reading. Neither of them remembers the title of the book at this remote period, but it was a serious work: one of those heavy volumes with narrow side margins, fine print and no pictures. "I read that about a month ago and liked it," volunteered Paulette with complete nonchalance.

Mr. Meredith glanced up with a quiet accusation of perjury in his eyes. He asked several questions and received swiftly glib answers. His expression changed, first to belief, then to respect. Afterward he observed, "That licks me. How do you suppose that a beautiful chassis like that ever got attached to a 24-carat brain?"

And so they became, not sweethearts, but friends. It may be that they had read, somewhere, the best of all definitions of love: "A friendship caught on fire." However, it is extremely doubtful that either of them gave it much serious thought.

When they met occasionally at Hollywood parties they had a wonderful time, both in banter and in sincere conversation. Then came the war, and Burgess was among the first to go. As landed gentry, he had a problem. Some time earlier he had acquired a farm in Spring Valley, New York. Now, with his future uncertain and with the responsibility of the farm heavy on his mind, he turned to the one person in whose business ability he had the greatest confidence. "It's never amounted to anything but a deficit, this farm of mine," he explained. "But maybe you could do a favor for me and keep an eye on it, whenever you happen to be in the East."

"Sell it to me and I'll show you!" said the girl who would doubtless win the (*Continued on page* 84)

It's almost too good to be true! That Paulette's next picture should be titled "I Love A Soldier," and now it turns out she really does! Captain Burgess Meredith is the co-star in this romantic real story.

Love in bloom, in the garden of Paulette's Coldwater Canyon home. They've also a farm in Spring Valley, New York, which Burgess sold to Paulette, not realizing that he'd be "keeping it in the family."

Exclusive photos by Bill Dudas

BY
MARION
COOPER

At his Hollywood headquarters, which he calls Mulholland Farm, Errol goes in for raising wallabies. (Small kangaroos, to them as don't know.) This knotty pine room is the very masculine den of Errol Flynn's home there.

Flynn, at the bar—his very own bar it is too. Decorated with a Henry Clive mural depicting a Mexican bullfight.

So many things are always happening to Errol. But heck, maybe he's just a fall guy

IS IT *Fate* WITH FLYNN?

ERROL FLYNN was out on location, doing a jungle scene for "Objective Burma." Loaded down with standard army equipment, and wading hip deep in a river, he looked hot and dusty and unshaven. Not at all what you'd expect of the dashing young Romeo as he's described so frequently in the news headlines.

Well, to be quite fair, maybe he isn't.

They say you can never really know a guy—know what he's *really* like, that is—till you pry into his past. What are the things he remembers? His most unforgettable moments—happy, dangerous, amusing or just plain human?

One experience Errol says he'll never forget dates way back to the first time he left home. He was ten at the time, living with his family in Antrim, Ireland. Deciding it was high time he saw something of the world, he ran away. He got a job at a dairy, milking cows. Meanwhile, the whole countryside was combed, looking for him. But it was two days before they found him.

"My mother was in tears when I got home," Errol says. "And all the neighbors made such a fuss over me. I was flabbergasted, that I'd been missed at all. Why all the excitement? I just couldn't understand it."

Then comes that slow teasing smile, and he adds, "Naturally, I milked the scene to the bitter end, once I realized they were so glad to have me back. Nothing terrible was going to happen to me. The sensation was definitely pleasant."

The prodigal son in the Flynn family, Errol thinks of home only as a nice place to come back to. He was born in Ireland, lived six adventurous years in New Guinea, and has managed since to "see the world."

Errol back in Hollywood with the blue fox presented to him by the soldiers at Amchitka, Alaska.

Eight years in pictures, and Errol Flynn has been cast in most every role possible. He's been loved, hated, poked in the nose. "Uncertain Glory" makes him a hero.

He's not even bored, but hunting boars is his specialty. Errol likes the excitement of the hunt and the final kill. The thrill of anything that involves a certain amount of danger, that's for this adventurous man of world.

IS IT *Fate* WITH FLYNN?

CONTINUED

Skipper Errol Flynn aboard his yacht, "The Sirocco," which took the sportsman on many a glorious pre-war vacation cruise.

Provisioning his boat for cruises, Errol has always stored away fresh fruit and vegetables.

The sequel to that story, though, came many years later—when, as a grown man, the prodigal son again returned to Antrim, after six years in New Guinea. That childhood memory of his being missed still vivid in his mind, he burst in on family and friends unannounced, expecting to take them all by surprise. And perhaps he did. "But they acted as though I'd only been away for the weekend," Errol says, in telling about it now. "The best I got from them was 'Well, hello—you're looking well'."

So far, you see, the Flynn boyhood fits in pretty much as what you'd expect. Ask him if he remembers any outstanding "puppy love" romances, however, and the answer is "No." It seems that, in those days, Errol had no interest in girls. He went in for hero worship, instead. And his particular hero was a man who lived at the end of his street.

He had a glass eye, which he would remove upon request. "I used to bring the kids from school, to watch him do it," Errol says, "and became something of a hero myself, basking in his reflected glory."

But to cite another experience, in which he was anything *but* a hero—his first Hollywood party. What's not generally known, and something rather hard to believe unless you know him, is that Errol is shy. That to him there's no worse fate in the world than to find himself surrounded by a lot of strange people.

"I hadn't been in Hollywood very long," he explains, "and I knew very few people. I didn't know a soul at the party, except the young lady who had asked me to escort her there. I found myself alone for long periods during the evening, and I was much too reticent to force my way into any of the little groups that had formed. It was torture. I wandered around, trying to look as though I were having fun. But believe me, the unhappiest wallflower had nothing on me that night!

"Finally, when I was standing alone in a corner, a waiter came by. I practically trapped him there, trying to engage him in 'old pal' conversation. But he was busy. He'd have no part of me, and escaped in no time flat. I spent the rest of the evening wishing I could escape, too!"

Errol has since learned to cover up his shyness, so that now few people ever suspect it. There was a time, however, when his manner toward strangers was mistaken for snubbing. When he had an unmerited reputation for being "high-hat."

Yet, surprisingly enough, the things that would embarrass other people don't faze Errol in the slightest.

There was the time, for instance, when he was an actor on the London stage, before coming to Hollywood.

"I was a spear carrier in 'Macbeth,'" he'll tell you, "and I came on to announce the news of defeat. I had exactly two lines to say in the whole play, but I managed to blow up. I said one line, and then stopped—completely at a loss. Finally, after thinking hard for a moment, I gave up, turned to the audience and shrugged. 'I've run out of words,' I explained. Everyone was delighted, I'd say—except the very famous actor playing Macbeth. He had me fired!"

They say you can know a man best by the company he keeps, by the books he reads—or by his dog. Some of the most pleasant memories in Errol's life have to do with his schnauzer, named Arno. (*Continued on page 66*)

A true sportsman who thinks ocean fishing is about the greatest fun of all, Errol has cast out many a line and lure in water off the coast of Mexico. He also likes to "hunt fish," using bow and arrow.

No etchings, but Flynn is a collector of rare paintings. Has several Van Gogh and Gaugin originals, also valuable firearms of all vintages, and miniature boats.

①

Her Heart Is Young and Gay

She's been everybody's kid sister. But at seventeen, Diana Lynn is ready to start sending it solid with real honest-to-goodness drama

By DORA ALBERT

REMEMBER the sophisticated, knowing brat in "The Major and the Minor"? Remember Betty Hutton's cocky younger sister in the slightly loony house of the Kockenlockers, in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek"?

Yes, the girl who's been playing the younger sister of almost everybody on the Paramount lot—she's fresh-faced, slim-curved, blue-eyed, blonde-haired (by special request of Preston Sturges) Diana Lynn.

Seventeen years old she is now, and graduated from

②

high school all of a month ago. "Oh, but I'm trying desperately to grow up!" she'll tell you. "I've been playing fourteen-year-old girls for so long that sometimes I myself can hardly believe that I'm really seventeen."

Actually, Diana *is* gay and young. Being a member of the bobby sock brigade, she swoons (but not literally) at Frank Sinatra. She also swoons at Brahms, modern Russian composers, good jive played on a good piano, Charles Boyer sometimes, Helen Hayes always, chocolate cake and chocolate ice cream. "I go on ice cream binges at every excuse—when I have lost a part, when I have been given a part, because I'm blue, because I'm happy."

She loves to bake chocolate cake. At eight-thirty at night she will often get a yen to bake a cake, get to work immediately—and at midnight she'll be eating the frosting.

Because she plays fourteen-year-old kids so convincingly she is always getting letters from fourteen and fifteen-year-olds who think that she's the Beatrice Fairfax of the slick chicks.

"Dear Diana," they say, *"I am afraid no boy will ever take me out. No one has even asked yet. I'm not bad looking, but the boys just pass me by. How can I become more popular?"*

"I know just how they feel about it," Diana, who is today completely in the groove, confesses. "When I was fourteen years old, I felt exactly the same way. Gee, fourteen was an awful age for me. I thought no boy would ever want to take me out.

"Actually, I started having dates just after I was fifteen. Oh, I went to parties before that, of course. But I had no actual dates. I'm glad I didn't date till I was fifteen. I think that's young enough. It's not such a good idea to start any younger, because then by the time you're sixteen or seventeen, you've been everywhere and nothing gives you a thrill any more. Me, I get an enormous kick out of everything."

In spite of the man shortage in Hollywood, Diana has as many dates as she knows what to do with. Usually on Saturday nights. She doesn't have any one special boy friend, but dates different ones on different Saturday nights—with special preference to a favored two or three.

"I like a boy to be good-looking, of course, have brains, and be able to talk about something besides Woody Herman and moving pictures. Although I adore movies, and would like to go to them five times a week. I like a boy to have

(1) This was Diana Lynn as the perennial fourteen-year-old, the smart-alec, wise kid with a grand flair for sparkling comedy.

(2) Portals of the Loehr home, and the Loehr's daughter, Dolly. She was renamed Diana Lynn—because it sounds more dramatic.

(3) Suppose to be on a diet, is she? But there are still these occasional secret secret treks to the icebox, all the same.

(4) Could be Diana's being talked into a Saturday night date. But she's still looking for that creature on the white horse.

(5) Despite her longhair stuff at the piano, Diana's hep to the jive, cuts a mean rug, and is a great fan for Frank Sinatra.

Exclusive photos by Bill Dudas

consideration—to show intelligence and courtesy, but not in the sense of giving in to a girl all the time, like a pup. I wouldn't like that. I'm still looking for that creature on a white horse."

There is a kind of gentleness about Diana that you don't expect from the brat you see in pictures who tells people to "go suck a lemon." Diana isn't brazen. She isn't knowing, she isn't cocky. The truth is that she's a bobby socks kid set to Brahms music. Still, she isn't a square—nor is she strictly a cat. She can play boogie woogie, but she plays classical music better. She hasn't always been on the jive.

Time was when she couldn't jitterbug. She used to go down to the Hollywood Canteen and a jitter-mad kid would take her in his arms. She would try to scream above the music, "I can't jitter!" But the bands played so loudly that the boys she danced with couldn't hear a word she was saying. They swung her madly across the room, while she wondered just which ear she was going to land on. Above the music once her jive partner shouted, "Gee, you're the cutest reed I've seen in a long time!"

As of the present, Diana can classify as an alligator from way back. She learned at Big Bear. "If you weren't able to jitterbug there, you just weren't there." And today she can cut a rug with any kitten, and swing to all the riffs and licks.

In "Out of This World," one of her forthcoming pictures, she'll play boogie woogie like mad. But she'll also play classical, longhair stuff. She's glad of that. She thinks she doesn't play boogie woogie well enough to be introduced as just a boogie woogie piano player—not after all the years she's given to practicing the long underwear stuff.

Diana, who is definitely on the upbeat over at Paramount, was born Dolly Loehr, in Los Angeles. Louis Loehr was an executive with a Los Angeles oil supply company. and Mrs. Loehr could make music on anybody's piano. She taught piano, too; and Dolly learned to play in the days when people would have thought that smoky joe was the name of a cigarette, and barrel-house jive the name of a dive. Dolly practiced five or six hours a day. Of course, she didn't groove it. Who *did*, way back then?

But even though it was all long underwear stuff, Dolly's playing was out of this world. Dolly herself was a shy, mousy kid who always took a back chair—except when someone shoved her in front of the piano.

"I did read a lot of books," she says. "There's no use pretending I was ever a brain child, but when I went to grade school I had hay fever and sinus, and that restricted me a lot. I'd have liked to go out with the other kids. You know you feel as if you're going to die at that age, if you can't do everything everyone else does. But when the hay fever got bad, Mother insisted on my staying in bed. Then what was there to do—but read?

All this time, though, Dolly was studying piano like mad. And it looked like a career on the concert stage for her. She was good enough so that her fame began to spread among other musicians. When she was eleven, the Los Angeles Junior Symphony was started, and she became pianist with the group. At twelve, she got the thrill of her life when Leopold Stokowski visited the kids and let them play for him.

Other child musicians began to think a lot of Dolly's playing. The juvenile violinists noticed that when Dolly accompanied them on the piano, they always rated a lot more applause. So when they had to go on musical tours, they'd often ask her to play for them.

And that's what took Dolly to Paramount! She was thirteen then. It was when the Paramount nabobs got what they hoped was the bright idea of building a picture around child musicians. A thing to be called "The Hard Boiled Canary" (title later changed to "There's Magic in Music"), which was to be all about the Interlochen, Michigan Summer Camp for juvenile musicians. The news spread, and drew all the child

She bleached her hair to play Betty Hutton's sister, and Diana Lynn is still somewhat startled when she sees herself "looking so very different."

Dreamy-eyed, Diana goes in for a bit of Chopin. And it's true that she played her way into her first picture role.

Rarest of the species, a California native! Also she's a sun-worshipper; thinks any girl looks better with a tan.

musicians for miles around. Among them was a rather sweet young girl violinist. She'd asked Dolly to accompany her on the piano, and Dolly did.

Dolly never expected to get a chance to do anything else. For though there was a spot for a violinist in the picture, there was none for a pianist. Still, when she'd finished accompanying the other girl, she was asked to play a solo. She did—and then forgot all about it.

Time passed, and the powers-that-be at Paramount decided that maybe there ought to be a spot in the picture for a pianist as good as Dolly. So they called her up and said, "Do you think you could play the Grieg Concerto?" Dolly thought that with a little practice she could.

"But that's too difficult a piece for a child," protested Mrs. Loehr. "Dolly, don't you think you'd better get out of it? That's a piece for grown-ups."

But Dolly went to work. And within a week, she knew the Grieg Concerto by heart.

Eventually "There's Magic in Music" was released upon what Paramount hoped would be a waiting world. Unfortunately, the picture wasn't what the world was waiting for. It was a flop.

But as a public-winning attempt, the studio sent little Dolly out on a cross-country tour. Dolly and Susanna Foster—they went together.

When they got back to Paramount, the girls found that the bad news had preceded them—their picture hadn't clicked. Previously everyone had been making a fuss over the two girls. But Hollywood is one place in the world where it's awful not to be B. O. (Box Office).

(*Continued on page* 75)

Penalty for being a movie actress, even of seventeen years. To bed at nine, on accounto she's up early every morning.

Honest, this is really as it happened! Dick had just rushed his wife to the hospital, and was the anxious father frantically trying to locate the family doctor. Baby Helen was born, three hours later.

The Haymes family three—and now they are four. Joanne, Dick and little Skipper. As of exactly three days later, Skipper has a little baby sister, Helen Lane Haymes.

THAT HAYMES

By JILL WARREN

WHEN Twentieth Century-Fox signed Dick Haymes, a few months ago, they thought they were lucky in getting one of the country's top singers on their contract list. The crooner craze was the thing, and Dick had ridden in on the crest of the wave—with a little help from the juke boxes. The bigwigs figured he'd be a good bet for a couple of songs in their musical, "Four Jills and a Jeep." They didn't count on his being an actor, however—at least not such a *good* actor that they would be starring him in his second picture.

But he was, and they did—with the result that one Richard Haymes is now the fair-haired boy on the Fox lot, with a big, bright future (*Continued on page* 77)

Point and counterpoint! The two Richards, Senior and Junior, go in for a little serious home study on the piano.

Bill Burton, Dick's manager, gives out with vocalizing. Joanne accompanies him. Dick indicates that being their audience—it ain't good!

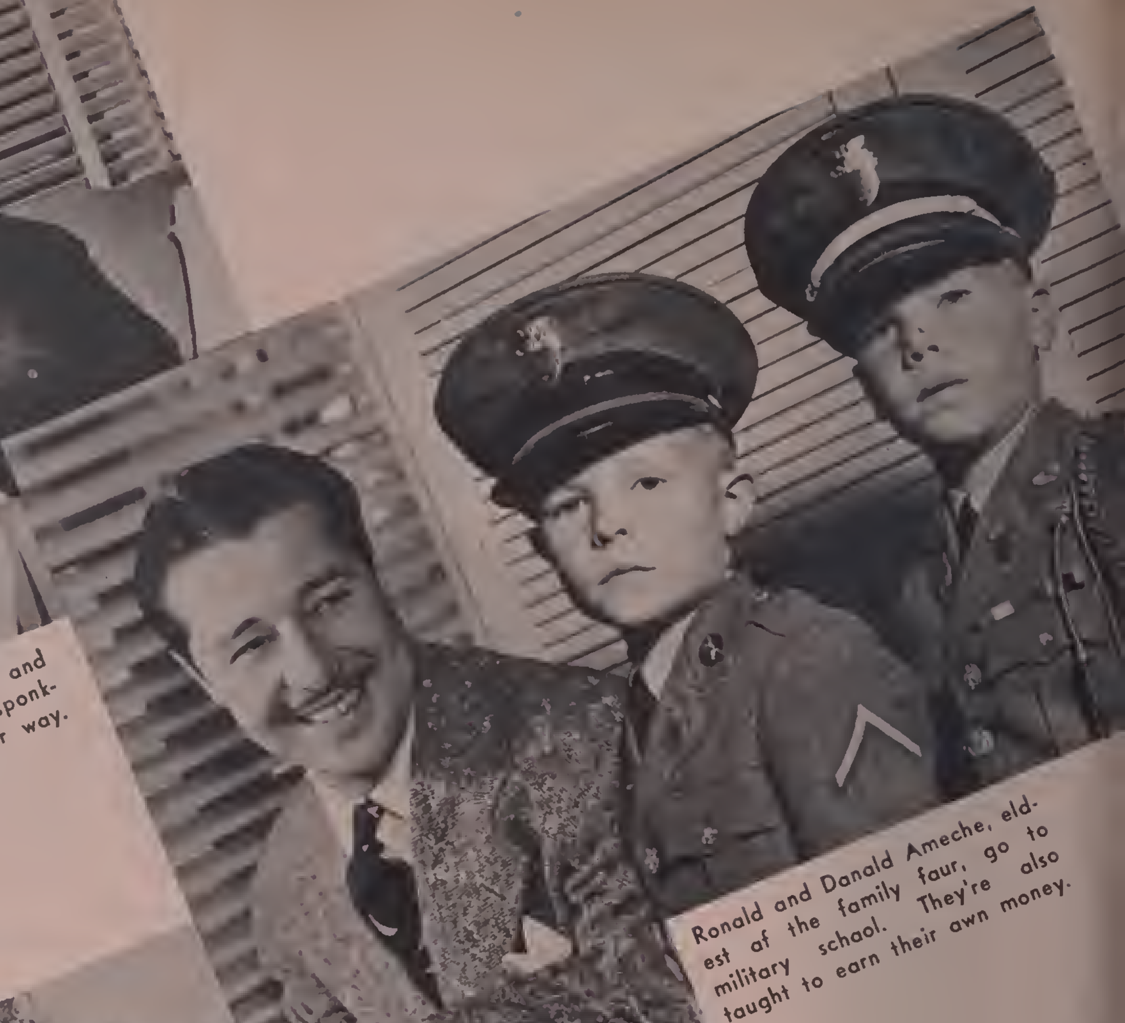
BOY

Rover Boy Richard—crooner by chance, adventurer by choice and favored by fans for a big rosy future

Dick's favorite indoor sport—playing with his son. They've a schooner cruise planned—for after the war.

Skipper tries on his pint-sized life preserver, in preparation for his first swimming lesson. Papa Dick knows a lot about such things, and he'll take over in the instruction department for the little Skipper.

Vanna Gay, wee daughter of Lt. Van and Frances Heflin, need never fear spankings. She'll be disciplined another way.



Ronald and Donald Ameche, eldest of the family four, go to military school. They're also taught to earn their own money.

John Garfield tries to treat his children as contemporaries. When he goes bicycling, daughter Catherine Anne goes, too.

An independent miss, the Dana Andrews' pint-sized Kathy. Papa has theory his children should be made self-reliant.

BRINGING UP *Baby*

By ALICE LESLIE

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris and Alice Faye Harris, Jr. It's hoped that their second daughter, Baby Phyllis, will be a companion and not a rival.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry James and new daughter, Victoria Elizabeth. Whatever the child's future, it will be one of her own choosing.

The Dennis Morgans have very definite "dos and don'ts" for the rearing of their two sons Jim and Stanley, and their daughter Kristen.

Meet the proud parents of Hollywood; their children, and their theories for rearing same

IT WASN'T until Betty Grable arrived at the hospital for the advent of her daughter that it occurred to her to worry about the infant's future.

What did our number one Pin-Up-Girl know about bringing up a baby? Practically nothing! She spent her recumbent ten days devouring books on child psychology. The more she read, the more it seemed that authorities differed, and the more puzzled Betty became. She learned about diet and infant regimen, but she still has no theories about rearing children.

"Except," she emphasizes carefully, "I'll never make her take singing or dancing lessons, unless she asks for them. I had enough of that sort of thing when I was a kid. My daughter won't be dragged from one dancing school to another, forced to give up her playtime to rehearsals and amateur shows. She'll not be a prodigy if *I* can help it!"

The present crop of babies is the biggest in a quarter of a century, so there are thousands of young parents now soberly considering the problems of Junior's guidance. Hollywood's fathers and mothers are no exceptions.

"Children are not animals," asserts Dennis Morgan. "You can't say: 'Don't touch that!' and 'Stop that at once!' without giving reasons. If my children are to obey me, I expect them to (*Continued on page* 87)

The *New* VAN JOHNSON

Boyish as ever, but there's been a change. Something you can't quite put into words, but there's a reason for it

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

"BETWEEN the twelve of us," as Van Johnson likes to say, Van seems the same ebullient boy who arrived in Hollywood three years ago. He's changed outwardly less than any man who ever made a smash hit in the film city.

If he knew you then, he knows you now. He hasn't affected an accent, become a glamour boy, or gone Hollywood. He's almost appallingly modest for being one of the hottest young names in pictures. Except for the faint and ragged scar on his forehead, easily covered with make-up, he looks the same: sturdy six-foot-two, topped with tousled hair that's fair in the shade and red in the sun, bright blue eyes that regard you with shining interest, a dynamo of energy and enthusiasm.

But he's not quite the same.

"He's matured since his accident of a year ago," observes Director Mervyn LeRoy. "Naturally he knows his business better and is a finer actor, but he has acquired assurance without losing any of his boyish verve. There's nothing selfish or mean about Van. There never was. But now he's thoughtful and considerate, too."

Everyone remembers the tragic accident that struck Van down a year ago, just as

(*Continued on page* 67)

The tidy type, he keeps kitchen spotless, slinging a mean dishtowel over his one cup, saucer, and pan.

He's been working steadily at M-G-M. But when he can grab a few minutes, he answers fan mail.

Van claims he gets along fine in his single state, confines culinary efforts to can opener and stove.

Van lives alone—and likes it—in an apartment near his studio. He really goes for those Western shirts.

VITAMIN V—
Van, the kid who earned his first dollars as a stenographer, has joined the ranks of the top stars. His boyish verve—and that grin—have won him an almost fanatical fan following. You'll see him next in "Two Girls and a Sailor."

Van Johnson

DONNA REED didn't choose the movies; the movies chose her.

She's done eleven pictures in her two years at MGM; "Dorian Gray" is her twelfth. She's a star-in-the-making, but what do you really know about her?

She's an Iowa farm girl who knows how to milk a cow and bake a fine batch of bread. She's not superstitious about anything — but, whenever she wants something very good to happen to her, she wears a Bundles-for-Britain pin given her by her agent and says it's "for luck."

She likes people and the world in general—with the exception of long telephone conversations, chain-smokers, nightclubs, table-hoppers, glitter, insincerity, bridge and four-flush.

Born and brought up on a farm in the Iowa cornbelt, near Denison, Donna's real name is Mullenger. And she's the wife of William Tuttle, assistant to the head of Metro's makeup department.

From farm to fame, with her feet still firmly on the ground, Remember Donna Reed as Private Hargrove's best girl? Her next is "Dorian Gray."

They live in an apartment in Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, and as Mrs. Tuttle, Donna does the cooking. Not because she likes it, but because they don't enjoy eating out, and their apartment is too small to accommodate keeping a maid.

Donna thinks her mother, who is still on the farm in Iowa, makes the best apple pie in the world.

Her favorite color is aquamarine, and she likes serious books best. Has just finished Upton Sinclair's quaternion—"World's End," (*Continued on page* 79)

The FARMER'S Daughter

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Donna Reed, Iowa farm girl. Sixty dollars brought her to California, and her picture in a Los Angeles paper brought three offers for movie tests

Nice gal, nice autobuggy. But what's wrong with this picture? No gasoline! And that kayos Donna's driving to the beach.

The Tuttles at home, in their Westwood apartment. With a note about the portrait—which was a little something Bill painted for Donna.

Ramance at MGM! He was a studio make-up expert, she was a talent find, there for her first screen test. They met and were married. May the story end—"And they lived happily ever after."

A LITTLE FROM LOTS

Candidly "on set" and putting you production-wise with what's new and cooking on the studio lots

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens (engaged and maybe Mr. and Mrs. by time you read this). They're on same lot, lunch together, working on same picture.

Blonde and beautiful Virginia Mayo. Samuel Goldwyn discovered her a year ago at Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe." Now comes her big chance—she's featured feminine lead in "Sylvester the Great."

Foye Emerson, script studying with Done Clark for their roles in "The Very Thought of You." (Warner's.) Believe it or not Done wos wearing uniform when his IA notice arrived.

Virginio Potton ond Bob Hutton examine a doily shooting schedule, on "Jonie" set. It's Bob's first important role. He has lood opposite Joyce Reynolds. Remember him in Destination Tokyo?

One sock very much under discussion, and three Warner "Doughgirls" relaxing between scenes. Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith, Annie Sheridan—you know which!

SOME call it "the luck of the Irish." That Jimmy Dunn should be getting the coveted role of Johnny Nolan in the 20th Century-Fox "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Remember? He zoomed quickly to stardom on the wings of a lucky break—playing opposite Sally Eilers in "Bad Girl." And now, after years of being practically off the screen, he's done it again!

* * *

They met on the set of a thing called "Steel Against the Sky" (which was hardly a *good* thing, speaking critically of the picture). Now Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are together again, in "The Doughgirls." (Craig's first picture, since his release from the Air Corps.) And what's more, they're romancing—on the screen, as in real-life.

* * *

"You'll be all right," they told Bob Hutton at Warner's, "*if* you never learn to *act!*" And that, believe it or not, was the condition on which he was given a contract.

* * *

Faye Emerson, in Hollywood three years since she was discovered in the San Diego Little Theater, and doing little or nothing, may very well credit her sudden good breaks to an accident. Feeling depressed one day, she took Ann Sheridan's advice and had her hair bleached. It was defying a studio rule, which says "don't bleach without permission." But it's taken her off the inactive list—but definitely!

From "Early To Bed" on New York stage to "Cinderella Jones" on screen. That's Angela Green's story. The sleep-before-midnight title indications are simply a funny coincidence.

By EVELYN KALM

Bill Bendix came to Hollywood with a determination to make good and a mug that made it almost certa he wouldn't. But just look at him now

BOX OFFICE BILL

Aha, this is more like it! Bill complains that he never gets kissed except on the forehead. Surrounded by a bevy of cuties, it looks like better luck for Bendix.

With his wife and daughter at the "Up In Arms" premiere. Bill doesn't go much for this sort of thing, so it's a rare occasion.

Some like 'em handsome, some like 'em romantic. Bill Bendix is hot box office without being either! He's just a good guy.

Armed for love, and courting blonde Helen Walker in Edward Small's new comedy, "Abroad With Two Yonks." He knows he's no glamour boy, but Bill thinks he should get the girl just once!

Besides his own radio show every Sunday, Bendix frequently guests on other programs. Here we see him at the mike with Victor Moore, doing a skit for drive to get voters to register.

IT *is* a face—isn't it?

Yes, it's a face. It may not be the kind of face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium—but it's the face of an actor who's a big name in Hollywood right now.

Writers are revising their pet plots with William Bendix in mind. Producers are looking with gimlet eyes for a story suitable for the very solid talents of this simple, tough guy, who, in three years in Hollywood, quietly and unobtrusively rose from a part so small that nobody remembers it, to a spot in the Hollywood hierarchy where his weekly salary exceeds even that of the king of the soft-hearted tough guys, Humphrey Bogart. The experts are even talking about his getting the Academy Award for his work in "The Hairy Ape," when that picture is released.

For a new star, Bill gets an amazing amount of fan mail—around two thousand (*Continued on page 63*)

AUGUST 1944

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Marilyn Maxwell

Marilyn Maxwell

1944 BRINGS Marilyn Maxwell, born under the sign Leo, the opportunity to solidify her growing popularity and prove beyond doubt that she has a right to a permanent place among the stars.

Jupiter and Saturn, planets which give and yet restrict, placed side by side at her birth and in difficult relationship to her natal Venus, brought their share of trouble, which she can now count as definitely in the past.

She will now have more freedom than has ever been hers before.

It may be a bit heady at first, especially since some personal duty will also be lightened, but her great sense of dignity will protect her from the usual errors. She has a keenly sensitive and affectionate nature which demands certain approval. Her planets give her discrimination to daring, endless patience, and a wisdom in avoiding the pitfalls of vanity and insincerity.

As much time as possible should be spent out of doors, and rest is essential. For though her energies seem boundless, there is a nervous tension at times, due to her capacity for driving herself. Riding is a sport she should enjoy, though it is suggested her mounts be chosen for dependable dispositions rather than for spirited action or high breeding.

Since her Venus relationship to Mercury adds great charm and an apparently superficial fondness for amusement, few understand the intelligence and fundamental honesty which place her beyond the reach of any who might try to take advantage of her. No one may come between her and her ambitions, which are high.

1944 is kind to her, and, through a difficult role inherited at a moment's notice, the end of the year may find her established as its most outstanding discovery among the younger stars. Hers tends to be a long and steadily mounting career—if she so wills it; and she will honestly earn every success which comes her way.

For persons born between July 23 and August 23

This is a bright year for Leo—especially after spring has cleared up the confusion and difficulties. If you have discovered that patience is necessary, and you have learned to be quiet and let things take their natural courses, the year is bright for you.

Yes, this is a year of great opportunities. While they begin to appear as rewards earned, don't for a minute stop being on the alert for ways of improving your talents. Don't be shy about letting it be known that you have talents, and, above all, scrap all fear, and follow your chances, no matter where they seem to lead you.

Much that has been almost too hard to bear will be released, but don't let the sudden independence make you shortsighted. Expand channels of education, for learning will be much easier than ever before since you are now keenly responsive. Family matters are emphasized, either by a closer drawing together, or by a complete separation, which may be brought about by travel. Very helpful offers come to you, and friendships expand to include interesting people. You may benefit through the legal loss of another.

Partners will work with you and share their gains, and their advice is in general good. Your own generosity and understanding will set you very solidly on the road to future security. Whatever your career, or whatever new career you choose, you should aim at its greatest heights this year. Achievement is in your grasp and success, if you do not overlook your own shortcomings, yours to take and hold.

OH, for the life of a Hollywood cameraman! Snooping for the glamour, spotting the celebs. Where the stars go, he goes — and his "night out" is every night. Every time the stars appear—at the premieres, at movieland parties, from night clubs to the show "openings." He covers everything that happens in Hollywood. Is there *when* it happens, and takes the picture. And the pictures tell the story—and here you have it. Click that shutter, flash that bulb—that's "shooting the stars."

Connie Moore and Dennis O'Keefe talking across their respective spouses, Johnny Maschia and Steffi Duna, at the Brown Derby.

Judy Garland lending an ear to Peter Lawford, one of the newest and most promising actors at M-G-M. You saw him in "White Cliffs of Dover."

SHOOTING the STARS

WITH BILL DUDAS

Jennifer Jones dining at the La Rue restaurant. The gold braid bending over the soup is Lt. Robert Taplinger, former publicity man at Columbia.

Tenth radio anniversary party for Fibber McGee and Molly, given at the Trocadero. Jack Haley, Joan Davis, Bob Hope, Jim and Marion Jordan (F and M), Harold Perry and Red Skelton.

an with the voice is eternally hungry!
r shores her sandwich with Frankie, who
ung for his supper at Hollywood Canteen.

Jean Parker, whom you haven't seen for a while, and Robert Lowery, whom you'll be seeing for first time in "Dark Mountain."

"Boys! Boys!" screams the lady. It's Dorothy Lamour and Alan Ladd and Chester Morris, on the Lux radio show of "Coney Island"—and they're only kidding.

Johnny Payne, back in town on a short furlough from the Army Air Forces, spent long hours with daughter Julie Anne, then took the ex-Mrs. Payne out dancing.

Adept at most anything he cares to attempt, Sonny Tufts was a good skier—till he slipped over a sixty-foot cliff, struck a large tree and broke his pelvis.

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SONNY TUFTS

The Tufts don't go much for family portraits, so this 1934 snapshot is doubtless one of the few pictures you'll ever see of Sonny Tufts with his mother and Dad.

At home with the family at Indian Ridge (near Boston), and with his two dogs. Sonny's next ambition is to start an aviary and raise a lot of rare tropical birds.

There's never been another guy like him in Hollywood. Discovered by the public in "So Proudly We Hail" Movieland fans may know him better as "Kansas."

Sonny, all six-foot-four of him, when he was a life guard one summer, between school terms. He's a tireless swimmer and very often stays beyond the breakers for hours, spearing fish.

"I Love A Soldier"—and confidentially, who wouldn't! Paulette Goddard plays opposite Sonny in the new and exciting Paramount picture.

Lt. Craig Reynolds and his wife, Barbara Pepper, his "only girl in the world." The message on the picture above the mirror reads, "Tonight I leaned across 10,000 miles and kissed you!"

SO YOU'RE IN LOVE

"LET'S FACE IT," said Phyllis Brooks. "Almost every man of marriageable age is in the army. Our male population has moved out since the war started. Statisticians predict that after the war, fifteen percent of the girls now eighteen years old will have no chance to get married."

Phyllis, with Una Merkle and Gary Cooper, had just returned from a thirteen weeks entertainment tour of the army bases in Australia and New Guinea.

"Most of our service men in Australia have been there for from two to three years. Long enough, in many instances, for the girls they left behind to have become vague memories. Why, some of these young

Phyllis Brooks (second from the right) and Una Merkel, photographed "somewhere in the South Pacific" when on their soldier entertainment tour. "Out of This World" is Phyllis' current picture, made by Paramount.

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

Attention all waiting wives and service sweethearts! Advice from the stars on holding your man, and how to avoid having "heart trouble"

folks tied themselves up, scarcely knowing one another!

"When our boys arrived, Australia was practically manless, you know. They had been pouring men onto the European battle front since the war started. And constantly in fear of Jap invasion, the Aussie women looked upon the arrival of our soldiers as the coming of saviors.

"Nothing was too good for the Yank. 'Good on you Yank,' they all say—it's the equivalent of our 'Hiyah boys, good to see you.' And after the Aussies' first glimpse of our boys, the American gals were up against some keen competition, let me tell you.

"We American girls never pamper and baby our men; these Aussie women *do*. They shower them with praise and hero worship. What's more, the gals aren't lacking in eye-appeal; many of them are startlingly beautiful. Tall and slim, with coloring much like ours. Oh yes, let's not kid ourselves. There have been many marriages and engagements between our boys and the Aussies.

"I don't mean that every soldier falls for these gals. With the man who knows that *the only girl in the world* is waiting back home, it's different. Once they get back, there is likely to be a change of heart—at least for some.

(*Continued on page* 81)

Married, but no time for a honeymoon. Carole Landis, the bride, and Captain Thomas Wallace, the bridegroom. Goodbyes had to be said just three days after their London wedding.

A study in contrasts: Photo above shows Lt. Craig Reynolds as he appeared when fighting with the Marines on Guadalcanal for seven months. The Lieutenant is shown at the left after his return to this country from the South Sea war zone.

By FREDDA DUDLEY

the Wonderful, Wacky life of ROBERT WALKER

Robert Walker, six feet. tall, weight 145 pounds, brown-haired, blue-eyed, named by MGM as their ace screen discovery of 1943.

Some expert advice from ace director Mervyn LeRoy who outlines an important scene in "Madame Curie."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Bob Walker grew up in Salt Lake City, a gangling kid with an urge to run away from home. He satisfied this urge so often that an aunt in New York financed his being sent away to a military school. There he was encouraged to act, appearing in several school plays. His aunt, delighted that Bob had finally found an anchor in life, brought him to New York to see him through the Academy of Dramatic Arts. The first day there, Bob met Phylis Isley, the future Jennifer Jones—and also the future Mrs. Robert Walker. The story continues:

Part Two

IT was September, 1938. Robert Walker and Phylis Isley were enrolled in the same class at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. That first day each member of the class read lines. Afterward, Phylis approached Bob Walker to say that she thought he had done an excellent job. "I thought you were swell too," Bob said quickly.

That's how it started. They read hundreds of plays together; they worked out thousands of scenes. Together all day in classes, they often went on until late in the evening. One night Bob put down his script and looked at the girl who was eventually to become Jennifer Jones in Hollywood. "Do you realize that we've never had a real date?" he demanded. "I mean a terrific evening of dinner and dancing and that sort of thing?"

Jennifer smiled at him. And when she smiles, apple blossoms sprout from broomsticks. "I think just reading a play with you is a terrific date," she said.

"Tell you what. When either of us gets a big break, we'll really cover New York. We'll celebrate," Bob said. Then he told her about his chance to read for Hammerstein. "Maybe this is it. Maybe tomorrow at this time we'll be out getting acquainted with the better head waiters."

He read for the part. It was a comedy role and the view was held by the producer *(Continued on page* 71)

Liking the sunshine, Bob settles himself outside his dressing room, between scenes, and studies his script.

Bob and Jennifer had always wanted to do a picture together. They're sweethearts in "Since You Went Away." Here they're shown with Shirley Temple, Ingrid Bergman, Joe Cotton and David Selznick at Selznick party.

Walker arrives on set, ready for his first day's work in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Next he's scheduled to go into "The Clock," playing the lead role opposite Judy Garland.

Harry James and Ethel Smith, wizard of the electric organ, as they appear in M-G-M's musical, "Bathing Beauty."

A homemade hotfoot, all in fun, as Frank Sinatra relaxes with his arranger-conductor, Axel Stordahl.

Words of Music

BY JILL WARREN

GREETINGS, girls and boys. Here I am, back, in Ye Olde Hollywoode after a whirl in New York. The big city was lots of fun, but I must admit that Sunset and Vine looked pretty good. I've been the busy character picking up little tid-bits for you, so if you have nothing to do for the next few minutes, and your reading glasses are handy, you might waltz through the assembled stuff.

THE TUNEFILMS:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting better and better with their musicals. Their newest release, "Two Girls And A Sailor," has enough talent for a couple of pictures. The two girls are June Allyson and Gloria De Haven, and the sailor is Van Johnson. There's lots of good music, too. And why not? With such melody dispensers as Jose Iturbi, Lena Horne, the Xavier Cugat band and vocalists, Virginia O'Brien, Harry James and his orchestra and Helen Forrest and Buddy Moreno. Lena Horne sings "Paper Doll," Jimmy Durante sings "Inka Dinka Doo"—and all the way through for the first time—and Iturbi and his sister, Ampara, do a double piano number. But that isn't all. Harry James and June Allyson are featured with the James band in a big number, "Young Man With A Horn." And Helen

Forrest and Buddy Moreno each sing a song. Incidentally, Buddy is now stationed down in Alabama, and is assigned to the Special Service division of the Army.

Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey are both working on the Metro lot—Jimmy in the Abbott-Costello picture, "Lost In A Harem," and Tommy in "Thrill Of A Romance."

Perry Como is going to sing two ditties in his first picture, Twentieth Century-Fox' "Something For The Boys." The songs were specially written for him by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, who wrote Sinatra's tunes for "Higher and Higher" and Dick Haymes' numbers for "Four Jills And A Jeep." The composers now laughingly (*Continued on page* 73)

Jill Warren gets exclusive musical tips from musical people. Left to right, David Street, Ella Mae Morse, Jill, Harriet Hillard, Ozzie Nelson, Maestro Billy Mills.

It's his turn now! Dennis Day, in his new Ensign's uniform, puts ex-boss Jack Benny to work on the business end of a busy mop.

Cooling Hal McIntyre's heated brow after a stage show at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles. Jill Warren applies ice-cubes.

COUNTRY CARNIVAL

Annie Rutherford and Patsy Ruth Miller give out with prizes, including the inevitable cupie doll.

Virginia Grey chats with Lum and Abner, who were in their element, what with the homespun atmosphere.

Dolly Jarvis, Kim Hunter and Francis Lederer chawin' the fat and sure shootin' all dressed up fit to kill.

Mischa Auer, as barker with handlebars, tells of wondrous prizes to be won. Mrs. Auer plays Girl Friday.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz with Movieland's own Bill Dudas, the cowboy.

Van Johnson with Mrs. Keenan Wynn, in city slicker clothes, holding "Oscars" the lucky pair won tumbling milk bottles.

By cracky, it's Hollywood going rustic! Not exactly Hollywood, that is, but the stars showed up at a barn out Encino way, where the glitter and glamour of movieland have their ranches. There were games and fiddle music, booths and refreshments—all good old-fashioned corn—and the benefits went to the Birmingham General Hospital, filled with war wounded

Your Problem and Mine

BY Bonita Granville

The way we look at it, the younger generation has just as many problems as the oldsters. We think they're even more important—because when you're in your teens or twenties, you haven't much past experience to guide you in your trouble. If you are young and have a problem, write to Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California

Dear Bonita:

I am not yet fifteen and very tall for my age. I am five feet nine and a half inches tall, and very self-conscious about it, especially since all my friends are shorter and it makes me feel out of place.

Since you are a Hollywood star, I thought you might be able to give me some suggestions about overcoming this complex.

I will appreciate your advice and promise to follow it.

Thank you very much,
Carrie L.

Dear Carrie:

I am very happy to try and help you with your problem. I think the main thing to remember is your posture. Don't try to hide your height by stooped shoulders or poor carriage. You will only accent it all the more and present a careless appearance.

Do what such famous tall Hollywood girls as Bunny Waters and Helen O'Hara do: Stand up to your full height, walk proudly and correctly, forget your height, and others will do the same. These girls even wear high heels, and dress as normally as their friends of medium height. In short, think of yourself as normal, and then dress and act that way. They've succeeded, and there is no reason why you shouldn't.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am very unhappy and wish that you could help me.

You see, I am quite a pretty girl but weigh at least fifty pounds more than I should.

All my life I have suffered from being overweight, being so lonesome and never being invited to parties. Even if I were, I feel so ashamed of myself I hate to go anywhere. I've tried diets, but they seem so slow and never get me anywhere. I haven't even enough energy to get a job, and am always blue.

Please tell me something to do and give me a new lease on life.

Yours,
Alice T.

Dear Alice T.:

I have read your unhappy letter, and believe your case is both mental and physical. You must adjust yourself to the right frame of mind, and then go and consult a reputable physician.

Since you speak of a lack of energy along with the excess weight, it occurs to me that yours might be a glandular problem, and one that the great advance in medical science should be able to help. But this is only provided you have implicit faith in your doctor, and follow his instructions to the letter. If he prescribes a diet, stick to it, and determine to whip this problem of yours. In that way only will you succeed.

Cordially,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am being teased terribly by my family for something I did, and I want you to tell me if I did the right thing.

Last month I read in a Hollywood magazine that motion picture stars like to receive fan mail because it helps them to know how popular they are. So I sat right down and wrote to several of my favorite stars. But when their answers came, my friends and family just ribbed and ribbed me until I felt awful about it.

Please tell me if I did the right thing by writing letters to the stars.

Yours truly,
Lucy K.

Dear Lucy:

Of course you did the right thing in writing those letters to your favorite stars. We all get a thrill out of fan mail, and need it very much. It is your way to show your appreciation for the effort we make to please you.

As to the ribbing, I speak not only for myself, but for all my friends in pictures in saying Thank You for taking the time and effort to tell us you enjoy our work.

Cordially,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am engaged to a soldier overseas. Is it alright for me to have male companions while he is away, or shouldn't I.

(Continued on page 62)

MOVIELAND'S Five Best Pictures of the Month

(Paramount)

The STORY of DR. WASSELL

CECIL B. DeMILLE has done it again! With his "The Story of Dr. Wassell," he has overcome all the usual objections to "war pictures"—or, if not all, at any rate he's managed to sacrifice none of the drama of a war situation, in making it primarily a story of people rather than events.

Based on the true-to-fact accomplishments of Lt. Commander (now Commander) Corydon M. Wassell, it gives you the life-story highlights of an Arkansas doctor, representatively American and convincingly so; traces his career through the years of his medical research work in China, and even manages to sketch in his one great romance.

For it's more than a story, complete within itself. It is heroism, made truly glorious and depicted with a minimum of self-consciousness. While focusing attention on individuals—men wounded in Pacific area combat, whole military units caught in the escape trap of fleeing from Burma—there's sheer drama, stark and effectively real, in any number of bombing scenes, in Dr. Wassell's refusal to abandon his charges, his desperate determination to "bring 'em out alive," and the series of desperate situations which arise to defeat and discourage his every attempt.

Gary Cooper's "Dr. Wassell" is adequate all the way through, and at times transcends being just an excellent living character interpretation. One assumes that Laraine Day, as the pretty young nurse who's in love with him, is intended to give romantic-interest relief to an emotionally stricken audience, and she does—just that.

(United Artists)

THE HAIRY APE

CERTAIN to be the most discussion provoking adaptation of a play ever to come to the screen, "The Hairy Ape" will either go down in film history as something comparable to any of the best European productions, and thereby start a new trend in Hollywood—or, it will be a remarkable failure. Between those predictions, the critic must base his judgment on three quite separate analyses.

First, does it succeed as a story? Presenting Bill Bendix as the coal-stoking sailor of more brawn than brains, and Susan Hayward as the spoiled "rich girl," it might be considered to protest against social class differences. The social-consciousness conclusions, however, aren't definitely drawn, only suggested. So the picture version of the Eugene O'Neill play serves more the purpose of the honest observer than the would-be crusader.

Second, is the photography and striving for effect really as masterful as was intended? The realist might not think so, but the artist would applaud the success with which "the obvious" is so regularly avoided.

Third, what is the final impression gained as the sum-total result? Eliminating the John Loder and Dorothy Comingore performances, as being no more than contributions, one can say it's an amazing presentation of psychological conflict. The Jules Levey variations from the original beauty and the beast theme, as O'Neill created it, make for a more happy ending. They distract nothing, and add a great deal. But it's "for adults only."

(20th Century-Fox)

HOME IN INDIANA

LON McCALLISTER, the kid who made such a hit as "California" in "Stage Door Canteen," comes back to the screen for a last picture before going into service.

"Home in Indiana" is a story of sulky racing in Indiana, in which Lon plays the role of an orphan boy—a stubborn, wayward but lovable kid who's sent to live with his aunt and uncle, played by Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Brennan.

Primarily a tale of fine horses—the breeding, training and racing of them—the plot runs somewhat "according to formula," but is really only incidental as such. You have the longstanding feud between a couple of top racing stables. How the owner of one succeeded in besting and breaking the other, so that the barns on one farm are full of blue-ribbon entries, and the competing farm is run-down and the owner (Walter Brennan) left bitter with memories of past triumphs, no hope of staging a come-back.

That's the situation and "what has gone before" when Lon arrives on the scene, and sets out to do something about it. He gets into a series of difficulties, of course, all with the determined good intentions of a kid who's "crazy about horses." He also gets himself involved in a youthful love triangle, with two pretty girls (June Haver and Jeanne Crain) from the rival farm next door.

Filmed in Technicolor, the picture is scene-beautiful for all. For those who like love stories, horses, pathos, comedy with just a touch of tears, it's completely charming.

(Paramount)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

"IT'S murder!" Murder committed by the hero (Fred MacMurray), who's a super-smart insurance salesman, and the heroine (Barbara Stanwyck), the victim's wife.

But it's a far cry from the usual "whodunit." Laid in Los Angeles, it's the sort of yarn that could come from most any newspaper front page. Real people, saying real lines. A man who knew as well as the next guy that there's no such thing as "the perfect crime." A coldly calculating gal who knew she could make him fall in love with her, and that together they'd be "playing it smart."

So what you see is more than just a plot about killing a man to collect on his insurance policy, and planning it so that the claim would be for "double indemnity." It's the scheming of a shrew, the destruction of a man's conscience. No maudlin despair, no weakening, no regrets.

It's something that could happen to you, or to the people you know. And you're made aware of that, which doesn't necessarily make the experience a to-be-dreaded one, but it sends you away with plenty to think about. Fred MacMurray gives you that man. And he tells the story, as a confession. Tells every step in the development of the plot, just as it happened. Rather, as it accumulated, till he was trapped beyond escape.

Settings, timing, photography and incidental music on the sound track—everything contrives to make it more intense than the Dostoevsky "Crime and Punishment," more revolutionary than anything Hollywood has ever turned out.

(M-G-M)

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

A REALLY socko musical—and the first one in a long time that has a plausible and entertaining plot running throughout. The title is a give-away; it really *is* about two girls and a sailor. Two sisters, in fact, played by June Allyson and Gloria De Haven.

They grow up in show business and become a successful song and dance team in the swankier night clubs. Their ambition is to have a canteen for the servicemen, and that's where the sailor comes in—enter Van Johnson. The girls don't know that Van is the happy possessor of several million dollars, which accounts for their surprise and bewilderment when their canteen is bestowed on them, anonymously.

The night clubs and the canteen give opportunity for plenty of talented entertainment, and Metro has certainly taken advantage of it. Gracie Allen plays her "Concerto for Index Finger"; Jose Iturbi plays the "Ritual Fire Dance"; Jimmy Durante scored a big hit by singing "Inka Dinka Doo" (all the way through); Helen Forrest sings "In a Moment of Madness"; Virginia O'Brien gives out with her dead pan rendition of "Take It Easy"; Lena Horne sings "Paper Doll"—and there are Harry James and Xavier Cugat with their bands, plus Helen Forrest and Lina Romay.

Gloria de Haven and June Allyson loom as definite star material, and June's rendition of "Young Man With a Horn," featuring Harry James, is one of the best numbers in the show.

Sub-sixteen

Peggy Ann Garner as Movieland readers saw her in "Jane Eyre." In real life Peggy is gay and carefree and witty.

And doing very nicely thanks!

The name is Peggy—

Presenting Miss Peggy Ann Garner

To Peggy goes the coveted role of Francie in 20th Century-Fox's production of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"—perhaps the biggest and best role offered a child in 1944—so far, at least.

SHE'S twelve years old, has a prodigious appetite and a definite sense of humor.

You have seen her in many films, more recently "The Pied Piper" and "Jane Eyre." If you're the sentimental type, you were spilling tears over her portrayal of young Jane Eyre as the unwanted waif.

But Peggy Ann doesn't give the impression of being a dramatic actress, when you meet her. She's gay and carefree, and much like any other twelve-year-old girl —except for an exceptional wit, and a very mature grasp of what it's all about. (The picture industry, we mean.)

We talked to her just after she had been told she will have the part of "Francie" in the 20th Century-Fox production of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." It's perhaps the biggest role offered a child in 1944—so far, at least. But Peggy isn't showing any great excitement. Taking it all as a matter of course, is she? But we suspect that deep down inside she's in a turmoil of happiness.

Peggy Ann was born in Canton, Ohio, and since then has made eight trips across the country. She first played in summer stock, at the age of five, and has been acting ever since. Oh, and encouraged by her parents. She lives with her mother, near the studio. Her father, who came to this country from England when a young boy, is now in service as a lieutenant in the United States Army. Miss Garner is immensely proud of her dad; carries his picture in a locket around her neck, displaying it enthusiastically to anyone who shows even the slightest interest.

"I have only one boy friend," states Miss G. "My father."

But she has another love, besides acting. Five months ago she donned ice skates for the first time, and now executes figure eights and serpentines with the greatest of ease.

She dotes on: her dog, Wagsie, who's a combination of breeds unheard of; Joan Fontaine's acting ability; lamb chops (three or four); crazy hats "on other women"; marshmallow sundaes; and spelling. She plays a game with her mother, sort of a two-woman spelling bee, and informs us her mother owes her sixty cents to date.

She cannot tolerate cabbage, brussels sprouts or liver. Snails and alarm clocks also come under this category.

Peggy Ann declares she isn't afraid of anything, not even the role of Francie. That sounds like a strong minded young woman, but we add it up to courage and confidence. With her dramatic intensity, and ability to tug at your sentiments, we know she'll do a great job.

Their Names will be forever Secret—

You'll never meet them face to face. You'll never shake their hands. Their names, their homes, their families are closely guarded secrets.

But these 10,086 women went out of their way to tell you *one* special secret. Honestly and frankly they wrote why they switched to Modess.

And 8 out of 10 said "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So heavenly comfortable!"

They'd all been users of most every type of napkin. Yet they rated Modess tops! So try Modess—it costs no more! Just read what women say . . .

Are you helping feed the nation? Or filling the boss's shoes like Miss G. W.? She writes, "*Long hours mean I have greater need for Modess' dependable protection!*" And thousands of girls agree Modess is *safer*. Gives you *full-way* protection because there's a triple full-length shield at the back.

Are you up with the birds and off to the war plant like Miss L. G.? Then you'll appreciate her tip. "*Modess' downy-soft filler assures carefree comfort!*" she says. And no wonder—for Modess' special softspun filler is very different from close-packed, layer-type pads.

Are you a gay, young thing? Working and playing harder like Miss P. F.? She says, "*Modess is tailor-made to fit my body perfectly!*" So see how easily and gently Modess moulds itself to fit *you*. No outlines. No hard tab ends.

Discover the Difference! Switch to

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

REHEARSAL FOR HAVING A BABY

Gregory Peck and his wife expect the stork, come some day in August. The only hospital reservation Gregory could get for his missus was August 16th. They fervently hope the baby will oblige and arrive on that date, or shortly thereafter. Gregory is so worried about it that he made a "trial run" the other night to the hospital, figuring out the shortest way to get there, and clocking himself to the very second.

WITHOUT LOVE MAYBE

Six weeks in the East, after finishing "Dragon Seed," and Katie Hepburn is back in Hollywood. Having visited her family (the first time in nearly a year), and done a few radio shows, she's waiting now to see what will be decided about "Without Love." (Her last stage play, which MGM is considering as a next picture for her.) If the screen writers can come up with a way of bringing the "Without Love" Irish situation up to date, Katie may make the movie version. And, Spencer Tracy is nominated to play opposite—if the Greer Garson bid for wanting to do a picture with him doesn't conflict.

CARY'S FUNNY THAT WAY

Cary Grant's best "happily married" testimony is the fact that he's worse than a superstitious young bride, when it comes to removing his wedding ring. No, never! If it's not to show in a picture, he covers it over with adhesive plaster, camouflages it with make-up. And he's sentimental, too, about keeping a picture of Barbara in his dressing room—but doesn't like people to comment about it. So pull-ease!

REDSKINS ON BORDER FOR MAGGIE

Assigned to make little Margaret O'Brien's between-pictures vacation in San Francisco all cozy 'n pleasant, the St. Francis Hotel publicity manager reported Margaret's arrival with her mother. "Yes, they're here," sez he frantically, over a long distance wire. "But the kid wants Indians! And where in tha - - - am I going to find Indians? It seems she's seen "Buffalo Bill." And if you ask me, it was a mistake! Next thing, I suppose, she'll want me to round up a herd of buffalo!"

BACK FROM THE FRONT

Paulette Goddard came back from her tour overseas, greatly excited and wanting to return again as soon as possible. She traveled through India, Burma and China, getting to within five miles of the Jap lines. She brushed her teeth in grapefruit juice, but says it isn't so bad once you get used to it. The Chinese, appreciating the Goddard chassis and gams, called her "Madam Cheesecake."

WRITING HIS OWN NOTICES?

When 20th Century-Fox sent the company of "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier" to Tampa on location, they couldn't find a press agent to go with them. Hollywood was scoured thoroughly, but no one could be found who was publicity-minded, and who would consent to go to Florida. In desperation, the studio asked Bill Eythe, star of the film, if he would take over the job. .So Bill not only worked at his acting from eight to six, but composed long daily wires to the studio, filled with juicy tid-bits of gossip about the cast and crew.

CUPID NEEDED A HOSTESS

Carole Landis got a call the other day from the pilot who flew her from North Africa to Gibraltar, when she was overseas entertaining the troops. He told her that his girl was coming to Hollywood, where they were to be married. He'd tried all the hotels, but hadn't been able to get accommodations. Would Carole mind playing hostess to the girl for one night?

Miss Landis not only bedded down the prospective bride, but gave her a luncheon and swimming party the following day.

Just one of the reasons why the servicemen think Carole is so swell.

FONTAINE TAKES A DATING

Joan Fontaine has lost no time in going the rounds of the night lights, since her separation from Brian Aherne. The latest escorts have been General Mike Scanlon, Harry Crocker, John Beck and Bill Bornside.

At the "Let's Ring Doorbells" broadcast, get-out-the-vote volunteers Walter Huston and Dinah Shore, and Dinah's George Montgomery.

AMONG THE UNDRAFTABLES

Turhan Bey may see military service before the war is over. But if so, it will be with the Turkish army. He's cavalry trained, ready and willing to serve when and if the call comes. And one gets the impression that he hopes it will. He's very much concerned about Turkey's remaining "a neutral."

GAG OF THE MONTH

Peter Lorre, the chiller actor, frequents Finlandia Baths regularly, and for fun sometimes answers the phone for the proprietor. The other day he picked up the phone and a voice said, "Is this Peter?"

"Yes, it is," said Peter softly.

"When will you pick up my cleaning? Today?"

"No, not today," answered Peter.

"Why not?" asked the voice.

"Because I don't feel like it."

"Is this Peter the Cleaner?"

"No, this is Peter the Lorre."

The woman finally hung up, non-plused with the remark, "Well—this is war!"

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

That Shore-Montgomery liaison looks as if it's here to stay. Dinah and George have eyes only for each other. And to prove our point, we cite the instance of George on furlough. Take a soldier who's been dragged out of bed in the early dawn for months, and when he gets leave, what does he do—drives his wife to the studio at 7 a.m., sits and watches her while her make-up is applied, and stays on the set all day. That's George—and that's love.

THE IRONY OF IT ALL!

Errol Flynn recently donated money to sponsor a room in a local hospital. Honest, the hospital staff didn't know the identity of the beneficiary! And so it turned out that Mr. Flynn was the donor of a room—in the maternity ward.

BAD BARGAIN BY BROWN

In "National Velvet," Jackie Jenkins wears a small bottle suspended by a cord around his neck—receptacle for all sorts of the objectionable things collected by small boys.

For the sake of realism, Director Clarence Brown told Jackie he would give him a nickel for every bug collected and placed in said bottle. Jackie went to his beach home that night, and next day appeared with 180 sand fleas, safely ensconced in his bug bottle. Mr. Brown signed and handed over $9.00.

TIME OUT FOR TEA

Tea every afternoon—it's the daily ritual that makes the "Dorian Gray" set a little different from most others. And it could be that Hurd Hatfield (who has the lead in the picture) had something to do with initiating the very nice custom. He's spent "a great many years" of his young life in England, you know. Was studying over there with the famous Checkhov players, till the school was blitzed out and came to New York.

YOU KNEW THEM WHEN

For those who remember Alice Terry, it will be interesting to note that she and husband Rex Ingram, at last reported, are in Washington. Yes, all caught up in the political whirl of things. . . . And Bebe Daniels is doing great business in England with the Ethel Merman show, "Panama Hattie." Has long queues waiting to see her every performance. . . . Sylvia Sydney is in Hollywood again. Staying at the Beverly Hills hotel, making few comments on whether or not she intends to take up her picture career again, and being seen about town a lot meanwhile—at The Players, lunching at Romanoff's, etcetera. . . . Colleen Moore has had a coast-to-coast radio program since May, emanating from Chicago.

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YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

date other fellows but just sit at home?

You said it is easier to discuss problems with someone your own age, so that is why I am writing to you for advice.

Eloise S.

Dear Eloise S.:

In the first place, I believe you should have a complete understanding with your fiance on this matter. Find out what his sentiments are, and then if he doesn't object I see nothing wrong with your going out with a group of friends.

Try not to be seen with the same man too often, however, for it is not a good policy. People will talk, regardless of the circumstances, and when it eventually gets back to your fiance it will not be kind talk.

Why not occupy yourself with Red Cross work, and renew the acquaintance of former girl friends, who may be in the same plight?

Sincerely,
BG

NO LONGER A CHILD

Dear Miss Granville:

I am very unhappy, because although I am almost fourteen, my mother still treats me like a baby, and won't let me go out anyplace without her.

She says the streets are a dangerous place and so I can't ride a bike or skate, and she says I am too young to go out with my girl friends even. What does she expect me to do? I am no longer a child, and yet she treats me like one.

Please help me.

Virginia.

Dear Virginia:

I know it will sound very trite and old-fashioned for me to tell you that sometimes, and most of the time, Mother Does Know Best, but that is part of the answer to your problem.

It is very true that the streets are dangerous, and especially in big cities. I remember resenting the same advice when I wanted to skate in the streets, but I now know my mother was right in forbidding this.

Why don't you try to plan a group of your girl friends AND your mothers getting together, and perhaps making a little club out of it? You girls could skate at a rink if there is one nearby, and the mothers would enjoy watching the sport. This would be a compromise, and may be the answer.

Try it and let's see how it goes, and then write me about it. I will be anxious to know.

BG

SLIGHT ACCENT

Dear Bonita Granville:

I am in my 'teens, and have great ambition to be a dramatic actress, but have the problem of a slight accent. We have recently moved to a large city, and I wonder if you could advise me as to whether or not I should go to a dramatic school, even though they are quite expensive, I understand.

I have read that lots of Hollywood stars went to dramatic school before they came to Hollywood, and so thought that I should do so also.

Please advise me.

Sincerely yours,
Maria T.

Dear Maria:

There are all kinds of dramatic schools, and it is true that many motion picture players attended such schools.

However, I would suggest that you gain your dramatic schooling in your regular high school. Undoubtedly, there are classes or clubs in drama in your school, and these small plays and readings are an excellent method of learning dramatic work. As a matter of fact, I gained my dramatic start in the drama group of my junior high school, and that way discovered my really serious interest in this field.

Also, be sure and concentrate in your English courses for your accent trouble. If you ask the support of your English teachers, I am sure they will be glad to help you get rid of your accent.

BG

WANTS TO SERVE

Dear Bonita:

Ever since a very dear friend of mine was killed in action I have wanted to get into the service in some branch. I am sure there must be some spot for me somewhere, and of course I think the uniforms are very becoming to most girls.

What do you think I should do?

Yours truly,
Mildred R.

Dear Mildred:

I am always glad to hear someone say she would like to go into the Service, and I know there are many positions that might fit you.

First of all, however, you did not state your age, and whether or not you are still in school.

If you are in high school, you are probably too young for the WAC and WAVES and other branches of the Service, but there is still much you can do for your country. There is the Red Cross, the U.S.O., many local Defense groups, and I understand the hospitals want girls as Junior Aides, to train for real jobs as nurses. This would be something useful for your future, as well as patriotic. Also, remember that a lot of hard work goes with every attractive uniform!

BG

BUDGET

Dear Bonita:

I earn thirty dollars a week and never seem to have any money left at the end of the month. I work in an office and it is embarrassing to me to see the other girls with their pretty clothes that they buy out of their income that is no greater than mine. I pay board at home and that takes quite a bit, but I don't seem to know where the rest of my money goes. Do you know of a good budget plan that I could use to help me save money so I can buy the things I really want?

Kay H.

Dear Kay:

I am going to advise you to become a hoarder. Each week take your salary and divide it into separate piles. So much for lunch and carfare, so much for contribution at home, one pile for war bonds and savings and one pile for clothes. This is the only way you can manage. If you don't know what your money will buy, what your monetary obligations are, your money will continue to go out the window and you will continue to envy the other girls.

You must be firm with yourself about your money, if you want to save more, walk to work, or save on lunch money, but make a decided effort to save your money for what you want, and not spend too much on things you can't afford.

Bonita

BILL BENDIX

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

letters a week, which is three-quarters of the way up to the mark set by that Hollywood veteran, Shirley Temple. He spends a lot of his time personally autographing pictures requested by his fans.

"Nobody likes to get a printed autograph," he says. "I know I wouldn't."

Bill is grateful to the public and the press for the recognition he has received. And no one, try as he might, can detect anything the least bit high hat about Bill. He has created a large reservoir of good will in every studio he has been connected with, and the typical comment on him is: "Gee, Bendix is a nice guy. He's really a sweet guy."

Fame didn't come to Bill because of a cute pair of dimples, a classic profile, or a Tarzan-like physique. It took talent, plus faith, plus hard earnest work in the theatre. You wouldn't expect a guy who looks like Bill Bendix to have become interested in the theatre, yet he can't remember the time when he wasn't planning to make acting his career.

It was an uphill fight, and there were times when living became a little less than a joy. Like the times he was a grocery clerk, a singing waiter—or even worse, neither a grocery clerk, nor a singing waiter, but a man out of a job.

But he was determined, refused to be discouraged.

Bill had been acting since he was a boy. Had danced as a chorus boy in Knights of Columbus theatricals. Then the Federal Theatre took a chance on him.

He perfected his acting technique, during his seven years on the New York stage—his last appearance before coming to Hollywood being in the Saroyan hit, "The Time of Your Life."

Bill is half Irish. He was born in New York—140th Street and Edgecombe Avenue, to be exact—thirty-eight years ago. He went to Townsend Harris High School. Perhaps that's one clue to his success. Bill Bendix may play simple-minded roles on the screen, but he is no dope. Townsend Harris students had to qualify on the basis of high scholastic achievement.

He realizes, as every actor of importance should, that he is the cynosure of all eyes and ears; that his slightest remark may be magnified out of all proportion, or misconstrued out of all semblance to actuality.

He spends most of his waking hours working, and thrives on a schedule that would kill anyone less inspired.

"I love my work," he says, sincerely. "If I couldn't act, I think I would die."

He has even become reconciled, finally, to the Hollywood regime of getting up early in the morning—a particularly hard thing for people accustomed to theatre hours to get used to. On some particularly fine California mornings, he almost enjoys it.

In addition to his picture work, which takes six full days a week, he has a radio show every Sunday—"The Life of Riley," a comedy series about a defense worker and his fam-

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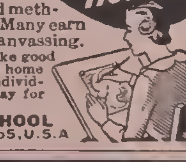

ily. He entertains at the Hollywood Canteen every Saturday night, makes guest appearances on other programs. And during the one week off he had between pictures, he made an OWI short, without pay, and gave fourteen camp shows.

But despite this constant activity, Bill never seems nervous or preoccupied, never "too busy."

A hairdresser working on his set brought over a tablecloth she was embroidering with the autographs of various stars, and asked Bill to put his name on it. After he'd signed his john-henry, she asked "What's your favorite color?"

Bill quickly noted the colors already on the cloth—red, blue, green, yellow, orange—and supplied the missing one.

"Purple," said Bill.

"Now isn't that lucky?" the woman said, bustling off to find the purple thread.

Bill is courteous but impersonal in his dealings with leading ladies. He hardly has a chance to be anything else. He never gets the girl, or hasn't thus far, and about the nearest he gets to screen affection is a fond kiss on the cheek.

His fans don't like that at all. Writes one girl: "I don't see why you never get the girl. You've got something the pretty-pretty boys haven't—sincerity. A woman could really love a man like you." Bill is saving that one to show the script writers for next time!

That sincerity is the outstanding thing about Bendix, unless he is an even better actor than Hollywood thinks he is. In an otherwise homely mug, his soft, steady eyes reflect a definite spirit of kindliness and deep courage.

He likes to do things for people, and the younger actors who get the chance to work with him are indeed fortunate.

"Nobody did it for me," says Bill, "but I try to help. The most important thing is to give the young, inexperienced player a feeling of confidence in himself just before he plays the scene."

That Bill maintained his confidence in himself, through the trials and disappointments of his career, is another example of the kind and quantity of courage it takes for a man to succeed in this business.

When the "Time Of Your Life" company played Los Angeles, Bendix was the only one who didn't get an offer of a screen test. When Metro finally did sign him to a contract, and had nothing for him after the small part in "Woman of the Year," it was Bill who had the courage to ask to be released from his contract if they didn't have a part for him. It took plenty of nerve to take that face of his from casting office to casting office, and get nothing but brusque refusals. But that's Bill. He could take it.

At the Hal Roach studio he got what looked like a slim chance. The studio was experimenting with a four-reel streamlined comedy series. The first of these, "The Brooklyn Orchid," brought Bendix recognition from the major studios, and his triumphs in "Wake Island," "China," "Guadalcanal Diary," and finally in that great hit "Lifeboat" have followed in quick succession.

Bill, as an actor, is nothing if not professional. He can do a scene ten times, while the director and the cameraman fuss about the lights, the chalk marks on the floor, or at what exact point the girl comes in to interrupt. And each time he has that apparent spontaneity, the perfection of business, down to the number of times he blinks his eyes, or gapes in amazement.

"What's so hard about that?" asks Bill. On the stage you give the same performance hundreds, maybe thousands of times, night after night."

He subscribes to the school of acting which holds that an actor who "feels" the scene he plays just isn't using his bean—Bill says that such an actor would be all burned out after a few performances.

Bill's only departure from that theory was in "Lifeboat." Whenever the director said, "You're thirsty—your tongue is swollen—you can't stand it—you're dying of thirst—" Bill had to get up and take a drink. And we all know what a swell job Bill did in "Lifeboat."

When he hears something funny, Bill responds with a hoarse little giggle that's very endearing. He has his share of those illogical masculine ideas, which may or may not be endearing, depending on how indulgent a man's wife is. Here's one good example of this.

"Oh, don't you know ashes are good for the carpet?" he said, liberally sprinkling them over the luxurious rugs in the "Abroad With Two Yanks" set, where he was working at the time. He will agree, however, with sweet reasonableness, that he has never met a woman, including his wife, who saw eye to eye with him on this little matter concerning rugs and ashes.

He's one man who enjoys paying his enormous income taxes—makes him feel important, he says—but doesn't feel that qualifies him as an authority on how the country should be run.

"The only opinion I have is that this is the most wonderful country in the world and I don't want to see it spoiled."

He feels no such hesitancy, however, about saying that he loves California, thinks it's the most beautiful state in the union, although he hasn't seen all of it yet.

That's his one post-war plan—to fill his gas tank and see California.

THE END

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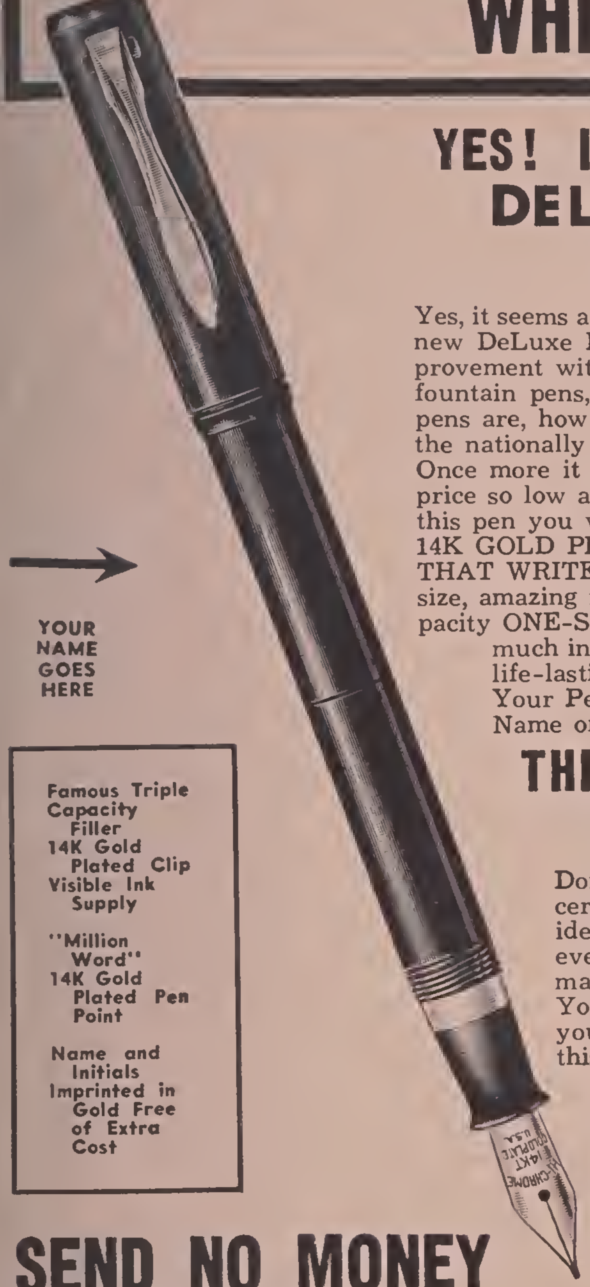
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IS IT FATE WITH FLYNN?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

"It's a funny thing, but from the moment the two set eyes on each other, Errol claims that he knew this was "his dog" and Arno knew that this was "his man."

But Arno has a gift for getting into trouble. That, as a matter of fact, is how Errol happened to get him.

"Arno belonged to a friend of mine," Errol says. "One day when he was a pup about a year old, he came across a woman carrying a small dog in her arms. Arno didn't like the pup's looks, I guess. Anyway, he jumped him, thereby knocking down the woman as well as the offending pooch. So my friend decided Arno was too great a liability, he'd have to get rid of him. He did—and I took him."

Of all the things Arno's done, all the fun they've had together, the one thing Errol likes most to tell about is the look on Arno's face when he was the victim of one of the Flynn practical jokes. It seems that Arno had buried a bone in the backyard, and then gone on about his business. Errol replaced the bone with a rubber one, and then made sure he was around when the dog came to dig it up. "And if you think Arno didn't get the joke, you're very much mistaken!"

Errol, himself, is known to have had many narrow shaves. He seems to have a talent for them. But there's one he won't forget. It happened recently, while he was in Alaska on his trip to entertain the boys in service.

Twenty minutes before he was due to put on a show, he talked a pilot into taking him piggy-back riding in a P-38. That kind of piggy-back riding, you must understand, is quite different from the kind with papa. You sit on back of the pilot's seat, and with your arms around his neck, and hold on for dear life.

"It was great while it lasted," Errol says. "He gave me the works."

They landed just in time to start the show. But before Errol could say the first words, or crack his first gag, he found himself almost in the middle of an air raid. Had the Japs come over even two minutes sooner, he'd have been up there in the sky to greet them. All of which, according to those there at the time and reporting the incident, made Mr. Flynn more than a little upset—because he'd come down too soon!

Even more by chance though, probably, was the escape he tells of in connection with the making of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"I was supposed to be shot while on horseback," Errol says. "I took the fall and then lay face down in the dirt, playing dead. So I didn't see that the horse was dancing around nervously, coming dangerously close with his hoofs. As he was about to step on my head, a horseman on the sidelines realized the danger and rode to my rescue, just in time."

But Errol isn't the kind of guy to worry too much about these near brushes with death. He's a fatalist. Or as he himself puts it, "When you believe that everything that happens to you is inevitable, you can't get very sad or worried about anything. Today is beautiful, yesterday was lovely. There's no such thing as tomorrow."

Explaining *why* he's a fatalist, he goes back to his childhood again, and tells the story of what happened to his uncle.

"The old boy had just returned from India, having resigned his commission there after years of active service. The family talked a lot about what a miracle it was that he'd never been killed, not even wounded. They said thank goodness he was safe at last. Then, the first week after his return, he fell down a flight of stairs in our nice safe house, and injured his spine so that he was never able to walk properly again.

"That made a deep impression on me," Errol admits, "and convinced me that nothing ever happens until your time comes."

That's his philosophy, and that's what you'll remember every time you hear of his taking what seem like unnecessary chances. And you *will* be hearing reports like that, because Flynn's life is just one endless series of exciting adventures.

Like the time his friend Commander Bud Morton got special permission to take him along on a trial submarine run. Flynn wanted very much to go, the boys on the sub wanted him along, and so it was arranged.

They were out at sea for three days. Part of the program was to practice dodging depth charges sent down by a destroyer cruising overhead. At the end of three days, Errol was to be transferred to the destroyer and return to San Francisco.

He spent most of the time praying for stormy weather, so that they wouldn't be able to effect the transfer and he'd have to go on to Honolulu with the sub. "The weather," he says, "stayed disgustingly clear."

Fate was against him, it would seem. As a matter of fact, Errol has often declared that he's "unlucky that way."

Take, for example, that incident at the Mocambo recently, which by now has probably been quite generally reported. (Incidents involving the Flynn name usually *are*!)

"Those girls did me a favor," Errol says, laughing, and referring to the two girls who picked the Mocambo as the scene for staging some sort of an argument, the result of which was that Errol, an innocent bystander, connected with a raw egg. "People have been coming up to me ever since that little incident to say: 'We used to think you brought these things on yourself, but now we can see you're really the fall guy.'

"There I was, minding my own business, sipping my coffee and quietly watching the two girls go to it, and what happened? Of all the people there, *I* was the one who got knocked with the raw egg! I leave it up to you—and I think you'll agree with me on this particular point—I'm just a fall guy.

"You see how it is," Errol said. "Things just naturally happen to me. In the first place—and please quote me exactly—what the hell was a raw egg doing in a place like the Mocambo? "Honestly," he concluded, "I'm just The Victim of Fate. Anyway, it's a comforting notion."

THE END

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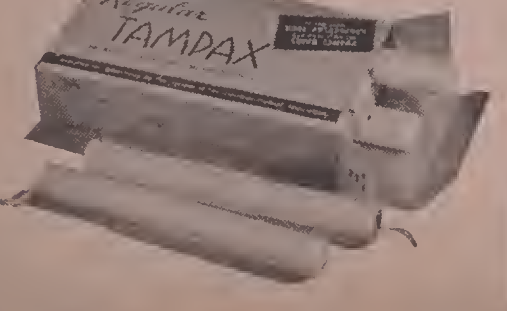

VAN JOHNSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

he'd won his first big role with Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in "A Guy Named Joe." If ever a man needed friends, Van needed them then.

And they rallied. There was Keenan Wynn, bruised in the same accident, stubbornly demanding aid for Van when he'd been pronounced beyond it; there was Whitey Hendry, MGM's chief of police, rushing to the rescue; there was Spencer Tracy, offering his own blood; Irene Dunne joining him in pleas to hold up the picture for Van's recovery. And there was Victor Fleming, his director, standing outside the operating room as they took Van in. "No use waiting—nothing you can do," said the doctor.

"I know," said Vic, "but when a man goes through a door like that one, he likes to think there's someone pulling for him on the other side."

After the operation, during the long weeks in hospital, Van was deluged with flowers, fruit, books, letters, cards, telephone messages. No one forgot him. The Keenan Wynns took him to their home for his convalescence. The picture was held up until he was ready.

"Things like that you never forget," says Van. "I'm a man with a debt to pay."

And he's paying it; in every way possible. For one thing, he contributes confidence to younger players.

"We have so many kids in Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," said Mr. LeRoy, "that it was like running a school of acting. And they were all crazy about Van. Why? Because he put them at ease. He doesn't do anything in particular. I think it's simply that he's natural, he helps them relax, makes them think it's easy. He's passing on what Tracy did for him."

The picture wasn't easy. The company was in Florida for months, living in barracks with the cadets, working hard. "Unusual weather" held up production at times. Once they found themselves working in fur pants, coats, hats, boots and gloves—and nearly froze, at that.

But Van never complains. Only his closest friend knew how he suffered from recurrent headaches. Obeying his doctor, he went to bed every night at nine, ate simple food, didn't drink, relaxed between scenes. But he never spared himself while working, or when he could help anyone.

During the big scenes when fleets of planes were taking off, one after another, the noise of engines and propellers was so great that even a casual visitor on the fringe of the set went home with a screaming headache. His friends could see that Van was almost desperate, but he made no complaint.

The Pensacola Casino invited the company to a party, after a particularly gruelling day. Van would like to have skipped the festivity, but it was for him the fans waited.

As the party wore on, came a lull. Actors were called on to entertain. But the film's cast had no stage tricks, so Van volunteered to do a song. He put everything he had into it. Got five or six encores, and might have been singing there yet, if friends hadn't carried him away.

It's not uncommon in Hollywood for ambitious actors to steal scenes

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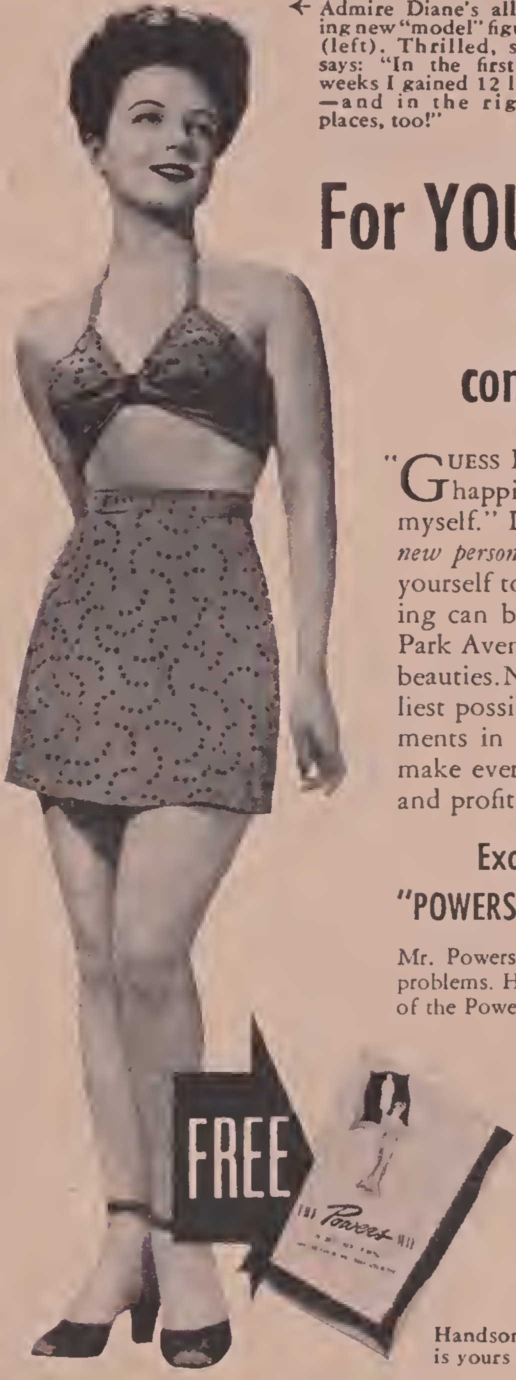
← Admire Diane's alluring new "model" figure (left). Thrilled, she says: "In the first 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs. —and in the right places, too!"



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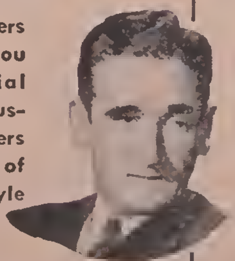

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Another Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood offering on page 14

from each other. Many a love sequence consists of an able battle to keep the back of the beloved's head to the camera. Phyllis Thaxter, new to films and playing opposite Van in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," had no such trouble.

"I made my screen test with Van," she told me. "I'd played *Claudia* for two years on the stage, and before that was with Lunt and Fontanne. But this was my first movie work and I was a little nervous. Right away, something clicked between us. I felt at ease. We gave something to each other. We always talked over our scenes. Van thought of little things for me to do. We worked them out, then went to Mr. LeRoy."

Van and Phyllis are enthusiastic about each other, but there's no romance in the offing.

Now concerning his amazing modesty. The other day, Van received an impressive piece of mail. Written on good bond paper, heavily embossed with names of officers, it was headed: JOAN CRAWFORD'S OFFICIAL FAN CLUB. The businesslike letter announced that Van was being given the opportunity of joining the club, dues fifty cents a year. He'd get a picture of Joan, autographed, plus regular bulletins detailing her doings. *"Please sign application and return,"* it ended briskly. Van signed, enclosed fifty cents, and returned as directed. He hasn't received the first bulletin yet, but intends to read it when it arrives.

He's still a fan, elated because he saw Joan pass in a long, low, important-looking black car the other day. She wore dark glasses and a brimmed hat, but he recognized her and got a cordial "Hello." He tells about it, proudly.

Van speaks fan names as a fan speaks them. There was a squib in a Hollywood paper recently, intimating that Bette Davis was interested in Van Johnson. "Imagine—Bette Davis!" he groaned, reading the item. "I've never even met her. She's probably saying, *'Who on earth is Van Johnson?'* "

Every so often when Van drives into his garage, his car's headlights fall on a note pinned to the wall.

"Dear Van Johnson: (it reads in a child's scrawl) *Irma Jones* (or somebody) *hasn't a picture of you. Can you spare one?*

Nancy."

Before he goes to bed, Van selects a photograph, signs it and slips it under his young neighbor's doorsill. "I'm flattered stiff," he confesses. "I'm a fan myself, and it's great having people want my picture. I hurry up and give it to them, before they change their minds.

"When I was in school, fan magazines were important to me. I used to cut out my favorite stars' pictures and pin them up on my walls. My father would look at them and say: 'Must you clutter up the place like this?' But I got a kick out of them. Times when things weren't going so well, I'd buy a ticket to a picture show. Maybe I'd see Tom Mix. Pretty soon I'd forget whatever bothered me. I'd be up there in the saddle with Tom, riding the range, leaping over cliffs, shooting villians, ending up *with a yah-ti-ti-tah,* and feeling swell.

"I'd go home thinking how grand it must be to make other people feel good that way. But I didn't expect to get a chance to do it. I knew I wanted to act, but I never thought I'd get to Hollywood. I went to New York, did a little of this and a little of that, and pounded the pavements looking for jobs in between."

Once he got nine dollars a week, room and board, for a summer circuit in the Catskills. Out of that he managed to pay off all his debts. Another time he and Lucille Page, an acrobatic dancer, developed some good routines and were about to accept an engagement when Lucille's husband, Buster West, closed with his show and decided to put an act together, using Van. This combination was broken up because of the stork's arrival.

Van was in the chorus of "Too Many Girls" when George Abbott called for understudies. Van volunteered and got the Dick Kollmar, Dezi Arnaz and Eddie Bracken roles to understudy. One day he ate something peculiar and felt so ill he decided to notify the stage manager that he wouldn't be on hand that night. Before his call got through, Van received a frantic call to go on for Dick Kollmar. Nobody ever recovered more quickly.

After that he did the Bracken role, and was the lead when the company reached Chicago. It was in "Pal Joey" that he caught the eye of MGM's talent scout. He turned down the offer because he felt he wasn't ready, but the conclusion of "Pal Joey" shifted him to the ranks of the unemployed. Things were tough and got tougher. Van went home to visit his father, had a telegram from Warner Brothers, and hopped on the train for Hollywood.

Van never "cultivates friends." That seems like angling for something, he thinks, and is definitely not for him. You'll never find out from Van that he does any more than receive favors.

"Ginger Rogers was the first star to invite me to her house," he tells eagerly. "Gosh, was I thrilled! I was awfully down that day, and she went out of her way to be nice to me."

He won't mention it, but it was Van who helped cheer Susan Peters when she took her turn in a hospital cot. I happened to be there when Van was given addresses he'd requested of Hollywood actors overseas who had complained of no news from home. Happy recipients tell me that Van never forgets that this one likes daffodils better than gardenias, or that one has a passion for blossoms in gold and blue. The Keenan Wynns got notice to vacate their home while Keenan was over in the Orient entertaining servicemen. Van, who considers himself the fourth member of the Wynn family group (which includes the baby, who's "getting huge in a small way"), put in his spare time looking for a new home for them, and cheered Evie on their mutual failure by assuring her: "After all, there's nothing to worry about. You all can move in with me. My apartment has high ceilings!"

Colleen Moore visited the "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" set and came away thinking Van Johnson one of the nicest people she'd ever met. Believe it or not, Van remembered every one of the silent star's pictures, and could discuss certain scenes he had admired. He said nothing ungallant about being a small schoolboy when he had seen them, and Colleen, who had come on the set shyly, went off feeling and walking like a queen—another Van Johnson fan.

Between the twelve of us—who *wouldn't* be "mad about the boy"?

THE END

SONNY TUFTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

MY FATHER:

Was a famous Boston banker, and I knew his heart was set on my joining him at the bank; in spite of everything, he expected it.

Educated me at Philips-Exeter and at Yale. But before he sent me to Exeter he made me go two years to high school. *He* went to high school, so I must go; he hated snobs and thought I'd avoid being one that way.

Wanted me to go to Harvard as three generations of Tufts had done, but he gave in when I held out for Yale.

Had theories about teaching me the value of money. I had to dig dandelions and mow lawns for pocket money, as a child; I had to work my way by tramp steamer to study in Paris, although he was more than willing to pay handsome sums for my voice lessons over there.

I USED TO:

Resent having to slave for money when I knew my father had plenty; but I understand now.

Do long distance swimming; fish off the sea wall at our home outside Boston; write two columns for the Yale Daily News; sing in the glee club and have five bands at once.

I ENJOY:

Ski-ing; swimming; Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco; listening to people who know what they are talking about; bouillabaisse; Thomas Wolfe's books, especially *Look Homeward Angel.*

I BELIEVE:

Man worships in his own image: I usually like those who resemble me—Thomas Wolfe was six foot six inches, too.

I GET A THRILL:

From the kids who wait for me outside the studio. A dozen or so are usually on hand to say hello. They all have autographs, so they wave or talk a little and then run home. When the papers were full of the *Death March* on *Bataan* those kids were concerned. The first night they asked me: "Did you get away from Corregidor?" (They meant in *So Proudly We Hail.*) I replied: "Well, there was a question about that." Then I saw they were upset at the idea, so the next night I said: "Come to think of it, boys, I *did* get away!" And the smallest boy said: "I thought you would—you look like Flash Gordon, and I *know* he'd have got away!"

I LIKE:

Flash Gordon and Joe Palooka, because I think they look something like me.

Goggle-fishing under water around Santa Monica; we go down and spear fish—I caught a sheepshead weighing fifteen to twenty pounds;

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I'M GUILTY OF:

Losing things. I keep most of my valuables in a strong box and never wear jewelry—I'd be sure to lose it.

Breaking up glasses playing on them at table. My wife is buying me a set of drums now in order to preserve our glassware.

I'D LIKE TO LIVE OVER:

Days I spent in Europe. During college summers I used to take my bands as orchestra on Mediterranean cruises. I made twenty-two crossings. We played in Naples, Rome, Florence. Now when I see pictures of Italian battlegrounds, I recognize bombed buildings, waterfronts, even little side streets where we used to have good times. I knew the territory around that monastery near Cassino.

Those five months I studied in Paris. It was such a free and easy life, yet I got so much done.

THE TURNING POINT OF MY LIFE:

Came when I made up my mind not to go into the bank. I could have gone in as vice-president, walked into a wonderful living, although I knew nothing of banking and can't even keep my own checking account straight. I decided to be an opera singer.

MY OPERATIC AMBITION:

Began when I heard Tito Schipa, opera star, sing an aria from *Rigoletto* during an Atlantic crossing. I was tired of swing, tired of knocking myself out to put over a song. I thought: "If *he* can sing opera, *I* can!"

Was the incentive for my five months' studying under Gogona in Paris. I had a small studio, did my own cooking, lived on forty-eight cents a day, concentrated on my music and learned eight roles in French operas.

Was furthered when I returned to New York and a friend got me an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House, where they sent me to study with Madame Florence Easton. I took a room in a brownstone front on 76th Street, got a piano and played my scores with one finger until I learned six French roles. They called me the Hermit because I refused to go out.

Ended when I was persuaded to sing in Elsa Maxwell's show, *Who's Who*. I meant to go on studying, but I never did. The Broadway stage led to m-c-ing at big hotels in New York and Florida, and thence to Hollywood.

I CAN'T STAND:

Stupidity, people who can't make up their minds, the life of the party if he's merely a show-off—I enjoy the *real* kind.

I LOVE:

Football, rowing crews, ski-ing and acting;

Stories of the days of the knights;

Interesting people;

Changing seasons.

I RECALL:

My father, when I smell a pipe filled with fine tobacco;

My mother, when I see a dahlia—my father named a horticultural triumph for her;

Those orchestral cruises, when I hear *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody;*

My Paris studio, when I taste vegetable stew. I didn't know how to cook meat.

ONCE IN MY LIFE:

I'd like to break the world's downhill ski record.

I'M PROUDEST OF:

My brother. He's a hero, commander of a destroyer, just back from Africa with decorations. He won't wear his decorations or talk about his exploits. I think he's wonderful.

I DON'T CARE FOR:

Gambling. The only time I tried it, I lost $80 at Monte Carlo;

Symphonic music, but

I'M MAD ABOUT:

Wagner, Art Tatum, Debussy and Louis Armstrong.

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE:

About a man is the way he wears his clothes.

About a woman is her eyes—I fall for pretty eyes! Then style, figure, and so on. It's always the eyes first.

I DON'T BELIEVE:

In Luck. Back of what's called Luck is talent, hard work, tremendous effort or long experience. I get angry when people think it was luck that gave me success in my first picture. I'd been entertaining since I was six years old, when I began to sing; I'd put in long hours—years of them—studying, working; I'd had experience on the stage, in night spots, at big hotels in New York and Palm Beach.

I WON'T:

Blame it on Luck if I'm not good in my new pictures, *I Love a Soldier* and *Bring On the Girls.* So why should Luck take the bows for my first screen appearance?

I THINK:

Snobbery is stupid. So is aloofness. I'm not above liking important people, if they're not stuffy; but my friends include anyone I find interesting; I know the less important waiters, doormen, three or four hundred extra players, picture crews. Why should I bore myself sitting aloofly in my dressing room instead of joining the gang on the stage?

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO:

Living up in Hidden Valley. My wife and I have bought a new home there—a little place with a few fruit trees, lots of chickens, and a pair of mallard ducks.

MY LIFE'S:

An open book. No one can find out anything about me that the world's not welcome to know!

ROBERT WALKER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

that a very thin boy—a qualification that Bob possessed in superlative degree—would be very, very funny. This viewpoint persisted for two days, while Bob and Jennifer kept their fingers crossed and avoided black cats. Then the news filtered through: the viewpoint had changed. Now they wanted a very, very fat boy for the part. Funnier.

The celebration was postponed.

A month or so later, Jennifer had a chance to read for Hammerstein, but nothing came of that, either. So the celebration had to be re-postponed.

Then, abruptly, it was summer time. Jennifer's plans called for her to go back to Tulsa, complete her stock company and go on a Southern States straw-hat circuit. Bob had decided to see the world. This was the summer, you may recall, when it was considered adventurous to sign up on a freighter or a tanker and rough it from port to port. Bob hadn't been feeling very well; he decided that he needed to build himself up by some rugged manual labor. Then, too, there was that acquaintanceship with the world that he wanted to make. His aunt wanted him to remain in New York and go on with his theatrical training. She said so, rather flatly.

Bob said just as flatly that he needed muscles, to be supplied by freighter work, and adventure, to be supplied at cargo loading points.

His aunt said that if he persisted in his attitude she wouldn't be responsible for any more schooling. Bob said he could look out for himself, thank you very much.

Ask Bob about life on a tanker some day. Then back away quickly. The story is likely to need asbestos binding. By the end of the summer Bob had lost all interest in the salty seven-eighths of the world. All he wanted to investigate was New York in the vicinity of the Academy of Dramatic Arts, particularly if there happened to be present a returned Oklahoman with wide blue eyes.

Before he called at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where Jennifer was living, Bob went down into the village to secure quarters for himself. He looked and he looked. He wound up in Yonkers at the Wallace Co-Operative Lodge, a frugal spot where a man living on ten bucks weekly, borrowed from his brother and duly recorded in an account to be repaid someday, could be sheltered if scarcely cradled in luxury.

The housing problem solved, Bob proceeded to the Cherry Lane Theatre—one of those very small, very arty theatres down in Greenwich Village—talked the owner into giving him a job. He was to do a little scene-shifting, a little painting, some wiring, some re-roofing, and a fat share of acting. When receipts warranted it, he was to get fifty cents per night for his pains.

Ten dollars a week and fifty cents (sometimes) a night! He was set. On his first paynight he got in touch with Jennifer. He took her to Nedick's (a spot that will be recognized by New Yorkers, or any other person who has ever frequented an open air juice-and-sandwich stand). Standing in a corner that suddenly seemed like a South Sea Island—remote, balmy, and romantic—Bob and Jennifer drank orange juice, ate hot dogs, and exchanged a breathless conversation.

"If you aren't going back to school, I'm not going either," Jennifer declared partisanly. "I'll get a job at the Cherry Lane, too."

In addition to her plushy fifty cents per day, Jennifer was getting an allowance from home. In this manner Art was advancing at a rapid rate up and down the Cherry Lane's rickety stairway, when Jennifer received a radio offer from Tulsa. The station wanted her to organize her own company. And—oh, Allah is good—to bring along her own leading

John Garfield and Phil Baker, broadcasting from the Hollywood Canteen. Just returned from a trip overseas, John was bursting with talk to anyone who would listen, telling the need for "letters to your soldier."

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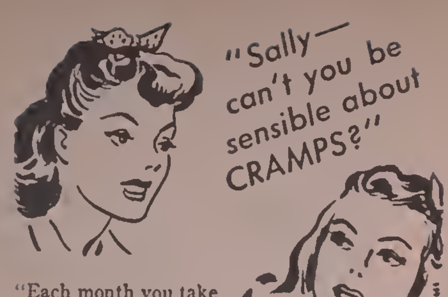
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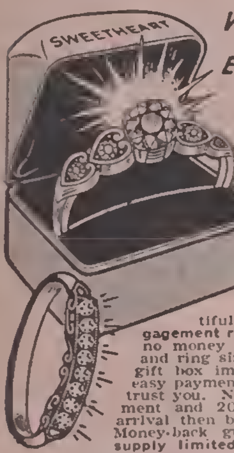

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man. You'll be astonished to know that he was a lean and able gentleman named Robert Walker.

On the way to Tulsa, Jennifer and Bob had one of those half-shouted club car conversations. To wit:

Bob: I don't ever want to settle down, do you?

Jennifer: Goodness, no. The Gypsy life for me. You know—road shows, repertory companies, summer stock. That sort of thing.

Bob: I've always said I never wanted to own property. I can't see this thing of being harnessed to a house and a load of furniture neatly embroidered with mortgages.

Jennifer: The happiest people in the world live out of suitcases.

Bob: Gosh, we think alike about everything. You're really a wonderful girl, Phyl.

And so they were married, on January 2, 1939, and set forth boldly in the resplendent red Packard Convertible Coupe that was a wedding gift from Jennifer's parents. They were headed for Hollywood—with confidence, with four suitcases, a sheaf of (they thought) persuasive letters of introduction.

In Hollywood, it soon wasn't. Several picture people took an interest in Jennifer, but they told Bob flatly that he simply wasn't the picture type. Jennifer could have signed several minor contracts, but she wouldn't have it that way.

"I don't like this town," she confided one night. "Let's go back to New York. There, you can at least get a break in radio, Bob."

They returned to New York.

At first they took an apartment in the Village. One of those deals wherein the kitchen and dining room occur simultaneously, while the living room doubles by night as bedroom.

Bob began to get a little radio work. Then a little more. Then a lot more. They bought a seventy-five dollar Ford. One day Jennifer said thoughtfully, "We're going to have to move soon, because we can't go on living in such cramped quarters, after the baby comes. Children need space and fresh air—don't you think?"

House hunting became their avocation. There were plenty of places, at plenty of price. Weeks went by, months. The situation became critical, with the distant sound of giant wings beating the air.

Eventually they located a little house, away out on Long Island, unfurnished. They went to a second hand store and bought the unavoidable items of furniture. Loading same onto the Ford, the Walkers carted the possessions they never intended to have, out to their new home.

On the last trip, Jennifer turned to Bob unsteadily. "I think we'd better dash for the hospital," she managed to say. "That . . . that road leading up to our house isn't very smooth, is it? I think I've been joggled."

Somehow Bob managed to get a taxi. (He was afraid to trust the Ford.) Somehow they got to the hospital. Somehow he lived through the aching hours until the nurse emerged to say, "It's a boy, Mr. Walker."

When young Bobbie was a year old he was joined in the nursery by Mr. Michael Walker. "Now our family is complete," Jennifer said happily, over the downy head of her youngest.

"Now you can start your career again," said Bob. "I hear that Selznick has bought 'Gone With The Wind' and is going to star an unknown as Scarlet. Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Not a chance," scoffed his wife.

Eventually she did test for the role (it was an actress' epidemic that year—nearly everyone had "Scarlet" fever). Her test was a trifle too ethereal for the requirements of the part of the headstrong southerner, but her acting was so indicative of talent that Mrs. Robert Walker, nee Phylis Isley, was placed under contract by David Selznick, and was rechristened Jennifer Jones.

Mr. Walker was doing okay, himself. He was so much in demand for radio shows that his days started with hair tonic and ended with foot powder.

By the time Jennifer had tested for "Claudia," and it was decided that the role would be screened with Dorothy McGuire, who had created the original Broadway character, the Walkers were living very comfortably in a smart bungalow in an excellent suburb.

"If they finally cast me in a picture," Jennifer asked Bob one night, "and I have to go to Hollywood, what will we do? You're doing so well here."

"If you get a picture break, you must go to Hollywood. I'll store the furniture and come out as soon as possible. I can always find something to do—probably in radio."

He had scarcely taken a deep breath before Jennifer was set for "Song Of Bernadette." He put Jennifer and the two boys on a westbound train, then went with his agent to the eastern offices of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he was tested.

Metro had bought "See Here, Private Hargrove," and a few feet of film convinced them that, in Bob Walker, they had a side-splitting Private Hargrove. He signed on the dotted line.

He didn't write, he didn't wire, he didn't telephone. First, he stored the furniture (again), then he boarded the first available Pacific-bound train. And the Walkers were reunited—in Hollywood.

Jennifer went to work at once in "Song." Metro decided to use Bob in "Bataan," before starting him in the Hargrove role, and he responded by quietly stealing the picture.

Meanwhile, both Jennifer and Bob had been quietly trying to find a way to appear in a picture together. They had struggled together, they had built two burgeoning careers, they had two chubby children. Now they wanted to do a picture together. Samuel Goldwyn announced, one morning, that he had borrowed the Walkers to play sweethearts in "Since You Went Away."

And then, just when all of Hollywood was beaming at its favorite couple, something happened. No one knows exactly what caused the difficulty, but the trouble was so great that Jennifer announced her separation from Bob Walker. Neither would talk of the tragedy, beyond the terse phrases originally released to the newspapers.

So, this chapter of the Life Of Robert Walker must end on a minor chord. That there will be subsequent chapters, no one doubts. That they will be filled with cinematic and financial success seems to be a foregone conclusion. Whether Jennifer Jones will reappear depends on so many things that no Hollywood matrimonial soothsayer has yet dared to prophesy.

THE END

WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

call themselves "The Tuners For The Crooners." Incidentally, when Carmen Miranda met Perry for the first time, she said, "He is so cute. I think they should call this picture 'Something For The Girls'."

Charlie Spivak, who was originally announced for the "Boys" production, has been switched to "Diamond Horseshoe," which will be Betty Grable's first film when she returns to the lot.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Things really jumped at the Capitol Studios the day Betty Hutton made her first recordings. The blonde human dynamo has done two tunes for her initial commercial platters, "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" and "It Had To Be You." "Rocking Horse" is from Betty's Paramount musical, "And The Angels Sing." Paul Weston is the man with the baton.

Jo Stafford's new release couples "It Could Happen To You," another tune from "And The Angels Sing," and "Someone To Love." Paul Weston's band again.

Andy Russell's first record for Capitol, "Besame Mucho," was such a success that he has chosen another Latin song for his second offering. It's "Amor," backed up by "The Day After Forever," with Al Sack's orchestra.

Martha Tilton is back among us, and high time. I could listen to her every day in the week. Her newest Capitol release is "I'll Walk Alone," from the picture "Follow The Boys," paired with a rhythmic novelty, "Texas Polka." The tenor saxophone solos are by Eddie Miller, who is now Private Miller of the U.S.A.

Swinging over to Victor, we find a couple of goodies by Duke Ellington. "Someone" and "My Little Brown Book," with a vocal refrain by Herb Jeffries — though for some strange reason the label does not name Jeffries. There's good solo work by Rex Stewart and Johnny Hodges. Both these sides were recorded some time ago, but have not been released before.

There's a Glenn Miller platter of "Basket Weaver," a waltz, which was recorded a long time ago, coupled with a reissue, "On A Little Street In Singapore." Ray Eberle does both vocals. Victor is also issuing a Miller Album of eight sides, six swing and two sweet, including some of Glenn's biggest hits: "Stardust," "Little Brown Jug," "Pennsylvania 6-5000," "Tuxedo Junction," "American Patrol," "In The Mood," "Volga Boatman," and "Moonlight Serenade." Incidentally, Miller has signed a seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, to start the minute the war ends.

Decca has a goodly number of releases this time. Bing Crosby, with John Scott Trotter's orchestra, sings "The Day After Forever," the hit tune from his picture "Going My Way," and "It Could Happen To You."

The Mills Brothers have a new record, their first since "Paper Doll." It's "You Always Hurt The One You Love" and "Till Then."

Helen Forrest's first solo release is

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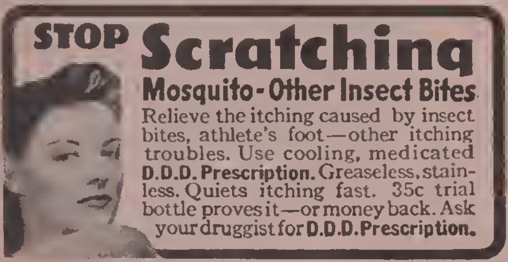

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Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

"Time Waits For No One" and "In A Moment of Madness." The latter tune is the one she sings in "Two Girls And A Sailor." Helen's record with Dick Haymes of "Long Ago and Far Away" and "Look For The Silver Lining" was a big seller.

Here's "Time Waits For No One" again, this time with Johnny Long's orchestra. The reverse side is a ditty called "Featherhead." Patti Dugan is the songstress for both tunes.

Kitty Carlisle, one of Decca's new artists, gives us "I'll Get By" and "I'll Remember April." The "April" tune is a beautiful thing which has been a long while becoming popular.

Charlie Barnet's Negro discovery, Gwen Tynes, is featured on both sides of Barnet's latest Decca disc, "My Heart Isn't In It" and "Salting Away My Sweet Dreams" (Until My Sugar Comes Home To Me).

The Hoosier Hotshots, that rooty-tooty bunch, offer two amusing novelties, "Don't Change Horses" and "She Broke My Heart In Three Places" (Seattle, Chicago and New York). The Hotshots, by the way, have been signed to do a series of eight pictures for Columbia.

JAM NOTES:

Jess Stacy, who had planned to organize a band of his own with several musicians from the folded Benny Goodman outfit, changed his mind and joined Horace Heidt . . . Mrs. Clifford Smith, Helen O'Connell to you, is expecting a baby sometime in July . . . When Jan Garber opened at the Hollywood Palladium, he was billed as the "New and Exciting Jan Garber." I must say you'd never recognize the Garber band—at least I didn't. His aggregation now jumps with the best of them. He doesn't have one old arrangement left . . . Kitty Kallen has joined Harry James. She was to have gone on the Kraft Program with Bing Crosby, but a switch in plans finds her in Helen Ward's place with "The Horn."

Yvette, the little singer with the French accent who was injured in that Clipper crash in Lisbon a year or so ago, has been staging a comeback in Hollywood. She played a successful engagement at the Clover Club, and did several air guest shots, and has been signed by Universal on one one-picture deal to appear in "See My Lawyer," the next Olson and Johnson pic . . . Artie Shaw has purchased a home in Beverly Hills. At this writing nothing definite is known about his orchestra plans. Personally, I think he will stay in California and do movies and radio, rather than undertake the headache of organizing a band. But he is an unpredictable guy, so I wouldn't be surprised if he did get an outfit together all of a sudden . . . Red Dorris, Stan Kenton's saxophonist and singer, went into the service, and Gene Howard, former Teddy Powell crooner, replaced him. Anita O'Day is also now with Kenton.

Jack Owens took over the vocal chores on the Blue Network's Breakfast Club show, when Jack Baker went into the Navy . . . Trudy Erwin, Bing Crosby's former singing partner on the Kraft Music Hall, and her husband, Murdo McKenzie, ex-NBC engineer, recently became the parents of a baby girl, which they have named Karen Lee. . . .

Decca Records have signed Virginia O'Brien, Metro's dead-pan singer, and Eileen Farrell, the popular radio soprano heard on numerous CBS programs . . . Dennis Day went into the Navy with an Ensign's commission and is now stationed at the Naval Indoctrination School in Tuscon, Arizona . . . And Harry Babbitt will probably be in the Navy by the time you read this . . . Dinah Shore still hopes to go overseas to entertain the boys. She prefers the South Pacific area . . . Frank Sinatra fell for the California climate (it's really good most of the time) and purchased Mary Astor's home in Toluca Lake. He has moved Nancy and the children out from New Jersey, but he is keeping his house in Hasbrouck Heights, too. His new home is very near the Lakeside Country Club—and knowing The Voice's passion for golf, I would say he'll be spending a lot of time here knocking that little white ball around.

* * *

That's it for this time. Thanks again for all your swell letters. You ask the musical questions and I'll answer 'em. But please, not too many inquiries at a time. And don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. And hey, if you have any suggestions or ideas on what you'd like to read in the column, let me know. Just write Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

WARREN'S WAX WORKS

LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:

Barber: Overture to School For Scandal—Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen, conductor.
Strauss: Die Fledermaus: Laughing Song (Act II) (Mein Herr Marquis). (Sung in Spanish.)
Pardave: The Nightingale (Waltz). From the film, "Caballeria del Imperio". Meliza Korjus, soprano, with the Victor Concert Orchestra; Ernest Roemer conducting.
All the above are on the Victor label.

SMOOTH STUFF:

Helen Forrest singing "Time Waits For No One" and "In A Moment of Madness." Decca.
Ray Eberle singing "Basket Weaver" and "On A Little Street In Singapore," with Glenn Miller's orchestra. Victor's Bluebird label.
"It Could Happen To You" and "Someone To Love," sung by Jo Stafford with Paul Weston's orchestra. Capitol.
Kitty Carlisle, with a salon orchestra, singing "I'll Get By" and "I'll Remember April."

HEART YOUNG AND GAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Susanna alternately wept and raged. Dolly felt lost. She hated to ask anyone for a part; but worse than that, she hated sitting around idle. Gosh, wasn't she getting older by the minute? If things kept on that way, she might get to be a real old lady of sixteen or seventeen, and never have a decent part. Already, she was fourteen.

Maybe she could get a part as an ingenue. She put on her highest heels and almost tripped into William Meiklejohn's office. (He's supervisor of talent and casting at Paramount.)

"I was at the awful age then," says Diana. "I hated to talk to anyone. It almost killed me, but I begged Meiklejohn to put me in something." He smiled gently, said, "Don't worry about it," and kept dismissing her.

Another year went by. Then finally Bobby Mayo, the casting director, said to her one day, "Put on your youngest clothes and wear no make-up. I know of a part you can play, if you look young enough."

The part was that of the kid sister in "The Major and the Minor." On the Paramount lot, they were all very much excited about the possibilities of that picture. Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, who were to write the script, had written "Ball of Fire" for Barbara Stanwyck, and it was a sensation. They were the men of the moment, the day, the week, the month, the year. They could have anything they wanted. One of the things they wanted was a fresh-faced kid of twelve for the role of Rita Johnson's younger sister.

By this time, Dolly was fifteen.

"They'll never take you if they know how old you are," warned Bobby Mayo. "I'll tell them you're fourteen. At least they'll look at you then. Remember, put on your youngest outfit."

"Don't you think that maybe if I told them the truth, they'd give me a chance anyway?" she said. Bobby Mayo shook his head. "For heaven's sake, youngster, didn't you ever tell a lie?"

Dolly walked limply into the sacred presence of those two masters of the box-office, Wilder and Brackett. With her marched Bobby Mayo. "How old did you say she was?" they asked. "Fourteen," said Mayo firmly.

"I thought you said thirteen," said Wilder. "Fourteen is kind of old for the part."

"Anyway," said Charles Brackett, surveying Dolly approvingly, "she certainly holds her age well."

And because she did, she got the role. When she went into "The Major and the Minor" Paramount changed Dolly's name to Diana Lynn. They said they hoped she'd become a dramatic actress some day—and Dolly was no name for a dramatic actress.

"The Major and the Minor" was gloriously box-office. Diana was so perfect for the role that the next time a kid sister part was called for in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," Preston Sturges was sure no one would do but Diana.

When "And the Angels Sing" was cast, there was a part in it for a kid sister. Guess who got it? By this time Diana was getting a little tired of playing kid sisters.

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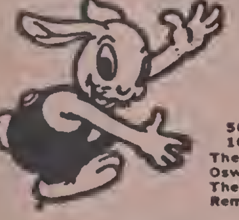

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"I play the *youngest* sister in a group of four girls. That hurt me terribly, but it is my first musical and I wore evening clothes with gold sequin trimming. That helped."

When Diana heard that "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" was going to be cast, her own heart almost did a flip-flop.

She told Jim Davies, the masseur on the Paramount lot, how much she wanted the part.

Jim Davies looked her over sympathetically. He noticed the fresh, appealing heart-shaped face; the slim figure, the dreamy blue eyes, the charming gamin smile. "Cornelia Otis Skinner, Emily Kimbrough and Sheridan Gibney, the producer, come to me every week for massages," he said. "I'll talk to them about you."

He was as good as his word.

Finally Sheridan Gibney surrendered. "All right tell her to come to my office tomorrow."

She came. She knew that for this part she was expected to look about twenty. "So I got all dressed up and wore my hair on top of my head to look as old as possible. But it didn't make me look nearly as old as I had hoped it would. Because when Mr. Gibney saw me, he said, "I guess you can look older than that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, this is a young outfit."

She racked her brains trying to figure out how to look older. But she got the part.

After playing: "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Diana heard she was being considered for an even older role—the orchestra leader in "Out of This World." This time the wardrobe department helped her. "They gave me a blue suit of Claudette Colbert's, with a string of sables and a diamond clip. They gave me a hat out of 'Lady in the Dark'—it couldn't have come from anything else, it had ostrich feathers over one eye, and a veil. The hairdresser gave me buns with false hair. Then I went to see Sam Coslow and Buddy De Sylvia. Mr. De Sylva took one look at me and said, 'Ye gods, you look forty-five! All right, you're in!'"

So Diana Lynn is no longer chanting those "I'm either too young or too old" blues. She is a happy fugitive from kid sister roles, and loving it!

THE END

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THAT HAYMES BOY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

ahead of him.

Most actors have some sort of formula to which they can attribute their success, some plan of action which they've followed — dramatic school training, little theatre work, summer stock, something or other. But not Dick. He didn't set out ambitiously with a big goal in mind, full of determination and drive. He just *set out*—period. To see the world.

And such adventure as he's packed into his twenty-seven years! Experiences, thrills—enough to make a movie plot, all by himself. All just things that have actually happened to him.

Dick started batting about the earth at a tender age. Most life stories *do* "start young," you will say. But that doesn't account for a childhood spread around so all over the whole geography book—New York, Paris, Switzerland, Cannes, Spain, Madeira. And it means that there's a story here, which must be started at the beginning.

Dick was born in Buenos Aires. His father was an Englishman who'd gone to Argentina, with his bride. The bride (whom we introduce now as Dick's mother) was an Irish girl, brought up in the United States. Under her maiden name of Marguerite Wilson, she'd been a musical comedy artist, singing in such New York productions as "Blossom Time" and "The Merry Widow."

Professional people usually return to Broadway, once they've been there. And so it was with Mrs. Haymes. Separating from her husband, and with young Richard in tow, she exchanged life on an Argentine cattle ranch to return to the bright lights.

But in deciding to resume her career, she thought of the concert field, as a change from musicals. And that meant going to Europe, and taking Dick with her . . . and leads up to the next chapter of our story.

"I went to school for awhile in Lausanne, Switzerland," Dick says, "and later in Paris. They really make you study over there—they don't miss a trick. Besides my regular subjects, I learned French and Spanish." (He still speaks both languages fluently.) "Sports aren't neglected, either. I was taught to skii, to play tennis, swim and sail."

Swimming, however, was his favorite sport. And one summer in Cannes, he entered the matches and won the Mediterranean championship, which he held for two years.

Mrs. Haymes, meanwhile, was touring all over Europe on her singing engagements, and during vacations and holidays, Dick traveled with her. He went skiing in the Alps, sailing off the coast of France, and saw the bull fights in Spain.

"Paris was sort of our headquarters," he tells now, "because Mother had invested in a dress shop there. But whenever she had a few months between appearances, we came back to the States. Usually to Santa Barbara. Mother's people lived there."

Losing most of her money in the 1929 crash, Mrs. Haymes decided she'd had enough of Europe and returned to this country for keeps.

Dick went to school in Tarrytown, New York. But having been so thoroughly bitten by the travel bug, his first post-graduation move was to get a job as a stoker on a ship. And off he was again.

"I loved the ocean," he says, "and couldn't seem to stay away from it long. I got into all kinds of mischief on these trips. One time I went ashore at Madeira and met a kid whose father owned a winery. He showed me all around the place, and getting interested in testing all the different wines, I forgot all about the boat—which sailed without me. Stranded there, without any money, I worked at the winery then for three weeks, and waited until the next boat came by.

"On another voyage, I decided to try to make some extra money. I could play the guitar a little bit—enough to strum out a fair accompaniment—so I used to go up to the lounge every night and sing at the tables for tips."

But did he think then of singing seriously, making a living at it? No, he was "having too much fun tearing around the world."

"Counting the times I went with Mother," Dick says, "I think I made about twenty trips across the Atlantic, on everything from a tramp freighter to the Leviathan! Mother didn't worry about my getting into any serious trouble, because I knew my way around. But I'll never forget my last visit to Spain.

"I'd gone across the Basque border from Biarritz to San Sebastian, to see the bull fights. While I was there, the Spanish revolution broke out, and I had a heck of a time getting back to France. I literally had to crawl along a wall to escape the gunfire."

Back in America again then, Dick decided to come out to Hollywood. And he all but starved to death.

"Then I had an idea of contacting bandleaders, directly. I met Harry James and sang my tunes for him. He didn't like the tunes, but he did like my voice—and hired me as vocalist for his orchestra."

That was the beginning. Dick caught on with the James band, and stayed with the outfit almost three years. He's quite sentimental, too, about his association with Harry, because it was while they were playing the Paramount Theatre in New York that he met the gal he was to marry.

Joanne Marshall, her name was then. A dancer who was appearing in a revue on the same bill. They met, and it was a case of love at first sight for both of them.

"But I didn't have any money," Dick says. "I'd drawn way ahead of my salary, and I owed a lot. Harry gave me five hundred dollars on loan, to pay for my wedding—and was also my best man."

Dick left Harry a few months later, however, because the band was going on the road. Mrs. Haymes was expecting a baby, and Dick didn't want her to travel. So instead, he joined Benny Goodman's band, and stayed in New York until after their son "Skipper" was born.

In 1942, that was. Then, wanting to return to California with his family, Dick accepted an offer from Tommy Dorsey to replace Frank Sinatra, when Frank hit out on his own. Frank, by

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the way, had previously replaced Dick with Harry James!

"Frank stayed on with Tommy for a couple weeks after I joined," Dick says, "and we shared the same dressing room. We've been good friends ever since. Every time I bump into him now we rush out and eat spaghetti together."

After Dorsey finished his engagement at the Hollywood Palladium, Dick left the band. "Joanne and I figured I'd gone about as far as I could go, singing with dance orchestras, and that it was time for me to strike out for myself."

So he tried to get engagements in Hollywood as a feature singer. But no luck. His money was running out, so he sent Joanne and the baby back to New York, where they lived in a furnished room.

Helen O'Connell (the singer) was a good friend of Dick's and Joanne's. Knowing that Dick was having such a tough time, she talked her manager, Bill Burton, into handling him.

"Bill was wonderful," Dick says. "He moved Joanne and Skipper into an apartment in New York, and wired me a hundred and seventy-five dollars to go east. And he didn't even have my signature on a contract yet! I owed several thousand dollars to all kinds of people—strangers, tailors, stores, everybody. And Bill paid off all my debts. I just never had any sense of money at all. I *still* haven't. But now Bill takes care of everything and it's all right."

When Dick arrived in New York, things began to happen—and fast. Burton booked him into the La Martinique club, and he was an overnight click. Then he signed to record for Decca. All quite by accident, you might say. Jack Kapp, president of the Decca company, was listening to the radio one night and heard Dick on a record he'd made when he was with Harry James. Kapp called the radio station to find out the name of the vocalist. Next day, he got in touch with Burton, and signed a deal.

The first platter Dick made for Decca was "You'll Never Know"—which he sang with a vocal background, because the recording ban was on. The record became "number one" in the juke boxes, and sold over a million copies.

When an artist who isn't too well known makes a hit recording, radio and pictures usually follow. And Dick was no exception. Within a few days, he landed a coast-to-coast radio show. Then he was tested by Twentieth Century-Fox, and a long-term contract was the result.

So that's the story, past to present. The Haymes family lives in "the valley," in a rambling house with a pool. "I can't be very far away from the water," Dick laughs. "After the war I want to buy a schooner and get a couple of guys and go around the world again, I've already got Joanne's permission."

Skipper is a cherubic, tow-headed tot of two. His real name is Richard Ralph.

Now Skipper has a baby sister, Helen Lane, not yet two months old.

And there you have Dick Haymes. It took him twenty-seven years to get from Buenos Aires to a star-berth in Hollywood's heaven. But you can't say he's had a dull time, doing it. He's the "Rover Boy" that's made good. And how!

THE END

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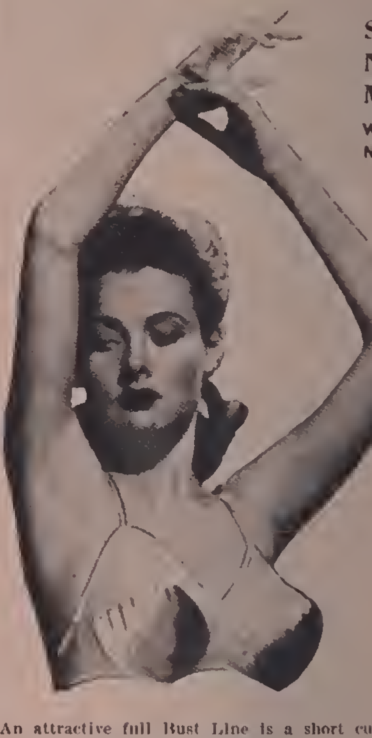

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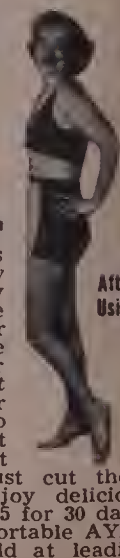
Betty Reynolds, Brooklyn



Just think, once 156 lbs., Miss Reynolds lost weight weekly with AYDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan until now she has a model-like figure. Your experience may or may not be the same but try this easier reducing plan yourself. *First Box Must Show Results* or money back. No exercise. No laxatives. No drugs. You eat plenty. You don't cut out meals, potatoes, etc., you just cut them down. Simple when you enjoy delicious AYDS before meals. Only $2.25 for 30 days' supply. Now—enjoy the comfortable AYDS way to a lovelier figure. Sold at leading department and drug stores.
Carlay Co., 160 East Illinois, Chicago 11, Ill.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

““Between Two Worlds,” “Dragons' Teeth” and “Wide Is the Gate”—which is a monumental reading-stint, in any man's language.

Donna's taste in literature, however, is widely varied. Book-of-the-Month Club selections, Ernie Pyle's “This Is Your War,” and Louella Parsons' “Gay Illiterate” are all grist for her mill. Just in the last couple of years she has become interested in art as a study, and is following a prescribed course of reading—ancient art, the masters, straight through to the moderns.

But besides reading, she likes to play records. She and her husband have a complete collection of symphonies and operas, as well as many piano concertos. For exercise, Donna likes bowling, playing badminton and sailing a boat.

Her conception of a perfect day begins with getting up at exactly eight in the morning, no earlier, no later. The alarm goes off at six, though, when she's working in a picture—just as it did when she lived on the farm. So eight o'clock is an hour of luxury.

The next step in her perfect day is her favorite breakfast. Strawberries and waffles. Then comes a long drive down to Laguna Beach. But that, too, is on the luxury list now, what with gas-rationing. It's been a long time since she's actually been there, but she thinks of it longingly. “I'm sure there can't be anyplace, anywhere, as beautiful,” she'll tell you. “Not even in the south of France, or in Italy, could there conceivably be a shore line as lovely, or a beach as beautiful, or water that wonderful color!”

Then next, on that happy, hypothetical day, there'd be a picnic lunch on the beach, a short sail, and a long drive home up the coast in the sunset.

It would be a good day, for anyone. And particularly for Donna Reed, for she's a fine girl, level-headed, normal and sincere.

As a child, Donna's parents would never allow her to go to movies. Until she was fifteen, she'd never been inside a movie theater. But she and her sister used to pretend they were stars, all the same. And for the week Donna was Jean Harlow, her sister was Nancy Carroll. They used to call each other “Jean” and “Nancy,” in all seriousness, and act out their “parts” in a game of make-believe that at times became thoroughly convincing.

The only star to whom Donna ever wrote requesting an autograph and picture was Anne Shirley, because she loved her so in “Anne of Green Gables.” Miss Shirley sent her the picture, too. And Donna thanked her in person, just a week or two ago, when they met for the first time at a Hollywood party.

Donna Reed is a hard worker, efficient about everything she does. She came to California with only sixty dollars to her name, registering for a secretarial course at Los Angeles City College. At first, she lived across town with an aunt, moving later into a furnished room, nearer the college. She put herself through school by working afternoons and Saturdays as a stenographer, paying her tuition as well as her room and board.

“The pickings were pretty slim, those two years,” she says. “Sometimes I didn't have any money at all. I couldn't ask them at home to send me any, because there'd been several seasons of drouth and there just weren't any crops.”

In Denison High School she had been elected Campus Queen in her senior year, and she appeared in the class play, “The Night of January 16th.” At Los Angeles City College, she was chosen Campus Queen in December, 1940, and was cast in two plays there, “The Intruder” and “Happy Journey.”

Less than twenty-four hours after her picture as Campus Queen appeared in the Los Angeles newspapers, three studios had called, offering her screen tests. But Donna refused them all, politely but firmly, saying it would be a lot safer to graduate from school first. Can you imagine such a thing? A chance at a movie career, and Donna turned it down. She'd rather make sure of knowing how to be a good secretary!

It was the wise girl keeping her feet on the ground. Why, she practiced her pot-hooks even after she'd received her diploma and been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Even with her name on the dotted line of a contract, she was keeping a weather-eye on the eventuality that she might not make good in pictures.

But she *did* make good, and rose to quick success in “The Courtship of Andy Hardy.” The greatest thrill she's ever had in her life came when, by chance, she drove past Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood and saw her name out in front, in letters ten feet high.

But she's had disappointments, too, since starting her screen career. Probably the greatest let-down feeling she's ever had was the first time she saw herself on the screen.

It was in “The Getaway,” a B-picture, quickly made and not too well done. “I don't know what I expected,” Donna comments now, “but I certainly didn't expect what I saw! I knew it was Donna, all right—but yet it wasn't. I hope I don't feel as miserable and wretched again for a long, long time!”

Surprisingly enough, though, the local reviews next morning pulled her out of those depths of despair and had her walking on air. “The picture's only excuse for being,” commented the critics, “was the introduction of Donna Reed—who has the charm and appeal of a Janet Gaynor.”

This picture, too, was to prove more important in her life than she knew—for another reason. She'd had Bill Tuttle assigned to put on her first make-up—and she married the man, not quite two years later!

Unlike many Hollywood actresses, Donna has no ambitions to go on the stage. She things her work in pictures is enough. She wants to give her career five more years. And after that, she'd like to settle down in a comfortable home to a happy family life with plenty of children.

Maybe she will, maybe she won't. But if she changes her mind, or decides to extend the time limit on being a Hollywood career girl, you can bet she'll have a very good reason for it. Because Donna's like that—a determined little girl with plenty of good Iowa farm sense, keeping her feet on the ground and never counting unhatched chickens.

THE END

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18 Inch Chain

This illustration shows the locket in actual size as it comes in beautiful gift box.

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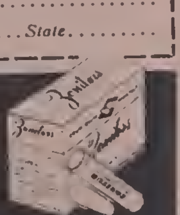

Those Glamorous NEWCOMERS

Wishing on a star? Parfait Powder Puff Company offers a more positive plan for prettifying. Their lush lipsticks take a bow in a choice of three shades — *Starlite* (light) *Starbrite* (medium) and *Starnite* (dark) Ivory tinted plastic sticks are $1 each and you can have creme rouge to match.

Dorothy Gray's *Baby Box*. Contains four scientific baby products; oil, skin softening cream, powder and anti-chafing ointment. $3.50 a set.

Prescription for the pale pale blonde! Dana suggests *Platine*, a fabulous new perfume created for the fairest of the feminine. The bottle is sleek and slim, sizzling with shining fake platinum dust. Priced at $22.50 an ounce.

Another innovation from the Hollywood House of Tayton. Since nothing can be more personal than daintiness, *Tayton's Deodorant* now comes in individualized jars, clearly marked like so—"Mrs. Guest, Senorita" and on down the Roll Call. 25c for your own labelled jar, or $1 choice of four.

Make midsummer magic, says Yardley. Like tinting your skin with rosy-tan tones. Their new *Rose Rachel* powder was made to compliment all sun-kissed complexions and prove a dramatic contrast for pretty pastels or our snowy white playclothes. The powder come in a Bond Street box. Costs $1.

Addition — to Lentheric's *Soft-Focus* line. This time it's a cake make-up, offered in three popular skin shades, light, medium, and tan, all touched with rosy overtones. Its formula is the non-drying kind for a non-masking but lasting kind of finish. $1.50.

Shulton brings us news of a new dress. It's the charming Stiegel type bottle currently clothing *Early American Old Spice* perfume in fresh finery. Three sizes of the scent make their appearance in decorative daytime-evening design packages. $2.50 up.

Something sensational in paint! It's Schiaparelli's Radiance Lipstick, decked in Dali decor for special distinction. Pretty plastic, priced at $2.

Tayglo from Tayton. A departure in deception, this oily liquid base helps to cover and conceal. In four shades, Moonbeam (natural) Coquette (pinkish rachel) Conquest (warm-hued tan) Carribean (suntan) $1 each. Smaller sies are 25c and 50c.

Cutex cops honorable mention with a new shade of polish. Called *Honor Bright*, it's a potent, rosy red. Right for slick chicks, say they, with its gayety and glitter. 10c.

SO YOU'RE IN LOVE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

"You can always tell the boys who are in love, when the mail arrives. The way their eyes light up when their names are called, the way they steal off by themselves to read their letters—it's a dead give-away.

"I want to say something, though, to the girl who writes her soldier a DEAR JOHN letter. These letters all follow the same pattern, and go something like this: *I don't know quite how to tell you. I hope it won't hurt you too much. But you have been gone so long. I was so lonely, and I have found someone else.*

"This happens all too often. When she's the only girl in the world for him, it's pretty awful. It's tougher to take than bullets or malaria. If she could only see how the heart has been scooped out of the man—well, at least she might have waited until he got home.

"The women at home who think they're having a tough time should have been with us behind the front lines, or seen a jungle army base. And if they could know how their men worry about them. Hear them saying: 'I wonder if she is well? Has she enough money? I hope she is having a good time.' While they themselves are living in hell holes and putting up with every imaginable discomfort and disease!

"The girls' letters would contain nothing but good cheer, if they really saw the whole picture. Yes, if they only knew. There would never be any DEAR JOHN messages to tear the heart out of a soldier."

Carole Landis, too, has some sound advice to give her American sisters. Carole, who's seen how the English, Scotch and Irish girls fell for our soldiers.

Enroute to North Africa, three days after her London marriage to Captain Thomas Wallace of the U. S. Air Corps, Carole had plenty to think about. ("Four Jills and a Jeep," 20th Century-Fox, is a movie version of the story based on her African experiences.)

"When I found myself headed back home, before Tommy and I had time for a honeymoon, I knew the fear that comes to all women who deeply love a man who may be killed in battle. And the thought of my handsome Tommy surrounded by those attractive London girls during his hours of leave—well, it wasn't too comforting.

"It is a well-known fact that American girls have the reputation of being spoiled darlings, as far as their men are concerned. I had seen how these overseas gals went for a little of this spoiling!

"But what to do about it? Away from your man, letters are the only connecting link you have. Unless you work hard at it, he can forget everything about you that once enchanted him.

"Don't pester him with little troubles. Believe me, your worries look darned little to him, from where he sits.

"After leaving Tommy, I tried to make my letters so personal that they brought him right to my side. I always described where I was, while writing to him. The studio, my dressing room, or at home. Since he had never seen my home at Santa Monica, I made a rough sketch of the floor plan. I marked in the windows, the chairs, the fireplace. I described the books and flowers and intimate things around the house. Later, I had interior photographs taken for him.

"And in writing to him, it was always the future—the time when we would be together. I made it seem that it was only that I planned for, that everything meanwhile was just 'marking time.' You see, the future is the only thing a soldier has to go on.

"Most of our letters were full of plans for our ranch that we expect to buy as soon as the war is over. It must be near an airport so Tommy can have his plane. We have figured out the number of stock, right down to the last horse and cow. The house plans will never be finished, I guess. We are always revising them.

"And we never tire of writing about the honeymoon trip we didn't get—to Ipswitch, England. The one we intend to take, after the war.

"Always I enclose a few snapshots. Tommy has pictures of me at home, at

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LIPS LOOK LOVELIER

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14

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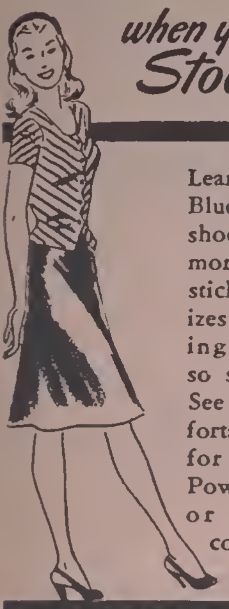

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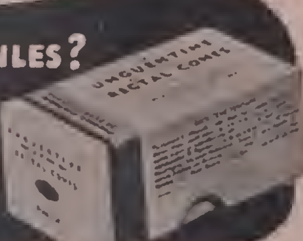

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the studio, at the beach and with friends. I have a fetish for knowing about all the places he goes, too. It's like going along with him.

"All through my letters, I make crazy little sketches—of my dog, my friends, my radio, the book I'm reading, the dinner I'm eating—anything and everything that will show what I'm up to.

"And always remember, I LOVE YOU is the best news of all to your man, just as it is the most important part of his letter to you. He likes to read it just as much as you do.

"There is something about a letter from your sweetheart that makes everything worthwhile, whether you're in a front line trench or on your back in a hospital."

Yes, Carole, and you've Lieutenant Craig Reynolds backing you up on that point.

After ten months in Iceland, seven months in Guadalcanal and endless months in New Zealand, Lt. Craig says: "Letters from Barbara (he speaks of Barbara Pepper, who is now Mrs. Craig Reynolds), telling me of her love and that she was waiting for me to come home, made me ready for anything."

And that's from a man who's not usually one to say much about himself. You can't get him to talk about the fact that he was one of the battalion of Marines sent onto Guadalcanal for thirty-six hours, and staying seven months.

"I got too close to a bomb," he says, accounting for the brace he wears on one leg. And that's all. Nor does he talk about the months in New Zealand, when he managed to get around as an acting officer, having to throw his paralyzed leg ahead of him and just hoping it would hold him up. When it gave way, as it often did, he picked himself up, lighted a cigarette and went on about his business.

"It was the little intimate things in Barbara's letters that meant so much to me," Lieutenant Reynolds explains. "Although I never received a complaining letter, I knew plenty who did, poor devils. The boys in every unit know everything of importance that touches their buddies. Sleeping, eating, fighting and even dying as we do, side by side, we have few secrets from one another.

"When a buddy gets a DEAR JOHN letter, just as when he gets a bullet in his hide, we try not to make too much of it. 'What's the matter,' we rib, 'are you getting soft? Can't you take it?' When all the time we know how it is, and what others are thinking.

"Say, though, after months away from all civilization, I'll never forget how good the band sounded, and how fascinating the girls looked, the day we landed in New Zealand! Although many of our battalion were still sick from the ravages of dysentery and malaria, and others on the injured list with wounds. Private homes were opened to us, and let me tell you there were few of the boys who didn't take advantage of those invitations.

"The New Zealand girls reminded me a lot of the British. Same accent, same good looks and charm. Several boys in our unit were married over there. There were quite a number who came home engaged."

But Lieutenant Reynolds came home to his Barbara. "She's the only girl in the world for me," he says. She waited for her soldier to come home.

THE END

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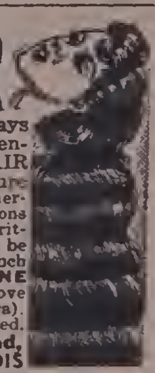

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

ALLERGIC TO LOVE (Universal) is about a situation that shouldn't happen to a dog. Martha O'Driscoll and Noah Beery, Jr., make the trip to the altar, and the bride discovers upon her first kiss that she is allergic to her husband. He gives her hay fever, and every kiss causes a spasm of sneezing.

The couple honeymoon in South America, and their unusual problem is added to by their doctor friend, who keeps reappearing as a rival to the bridegroom. Miss O'Driscoll, it should be added, is definitely *not allergic* to the medico!

The fun moves a little slowly at times, but on the whole you'll find it a nice way to spend an evening.

THREE MEN IN WHITE (MGM) The newest "Dr. Gillespie" film is a departure from the usual formula. Lionel Barrymore turns into a lovable old cupid, and instead of bending his efforts exclusively toward medicine, devotes himself to smoothing out relationships between Van Johnson and Marilyn Maxwell. Whether or not the Gillespie series fans will like the injection of this new note, we don't know. But "change is progress," and any such series is usually benefited by a new twist every now and then.

At any rate, it's refreshing, if not feasible, to find a cheery new note of romance and gaiety floating through the halls of Blair General Hospital.

THIS IS THE LIFE (Universal) marks the twelfth time Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan have appeared together on the screen, and the second with this pair for Susanna Foster. It's a young comedy-romance, with lots of music and a jump or two of jive. Donald loves Susanna, but she's struck with an "I'm a big girl now" complex and finds an older man more romantic. (Said candidate being Patric Knowles.) Louise Allbritton, as the sophisticated fem photographer, and poor little Peggy — they're threatened, till a happy-ending unraveling in a last scene finale, of being the "also rans." But you're never really very worried, because you're almost certain the whole thing will come out all right. And it does.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED (Warner's) is strictly slapstick fare, for those who like their comedy dealt them straight between the eyes. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are the couple who, wanting to solve a big crime mystery so that they can start marriage with a bank account, hire themselves to the Whirtles (Alan Hale and Irene Manning) as a cook and butler combination. Carson can't "buttle" and Jane makes no pretense of knowing how to cook—but that's where the fun comes in. Another "servant problem" story, with a few Nazi agents thrown in just to keep the plot boiling in just the right way.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

GOING MY WAY *(Paramount)* inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby draws a superbly honest character of a Roman Catholic priest.

GASLIGHT *(MGM)* Charles Boyer portrays a villain, trying to drive his wife to suicide by psychological suggestion. Ingrid Bergman plays the wife, which is all you should need to send you off to see it.

THE WHITE CLIFFS *(MGM)* stirring emotional drama that warns England and America to fight on for a good peace. Sensitive portrayal by Irene Dunne.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN *(Warners)* humanized biography of America's beloved humorist who left a heritage of fun for all mankind. A great picture.

THE HITLER GANG *(Paramount)* The authentic and shocking story of Hitler, his beginnings, his rise to power and his henchmen. No American can miss this.

ONCE UPON A TIME *(Columbia)* Cary Grant in a delightfully whimsical story about a hard-boiled producer and a small boy with a pet caterpillar. If you have an imagination, you'll love this fantasy.

DAYS OF GLORY *(RKO-Radio)* a realistic story of the Russian guerrillas fighting in defense of their homeland. Introducing Gregory Peck and Toumanova.

COVER GIRL *(Columbia)* one of the best filmusicals ever made. A gay, lilting extravaganza with wonderful music and excellent dancing by Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly.

UP IN ARMS *(Goldwyn-RKO)* for its musical comedy introduction to Danny Kaye, a terrific entertainer. Between Danny and Dinah Shore, it's a great show.

SONG OF BERNADETTE *(20th Century-Fox)* a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones won her Oscar for her portrayal of Bernadette.

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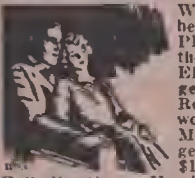

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I TAKE THEE PAULETTE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

nomination for the personality who least reminded people of a farmer's daughter.

The suggestion was too good to pass up, so the deal was made and Paulette (by long distance contact with her friend, Constance Collier, who took up residence on the farm) began to grow potatoes and other vegetables. Also, a thousand chickens were imported and dutifully set about creating an egg record.

Each development necessitated letters that flew from Hollywood to England, where Captain Meredith was then stationed, attached to the European Theatre of Air Corps Operations. At first, he kidded Paulette about her flier in horticulture and animal husbandry. But after the first balance sheets arrived, he began to evince a proper admiration.

In addition to conveying news of the farm in which both were interested, the letters accomplished something else. They revealed to each the mind, the spirit, the ambitions, the beliefs, and the sense of values of the other.

One day Paulette came home from the studio dead tired and fed to the teeth with drama. She flung into the house and stopped short. Lifting scarlet heads from a tall crystal vase were two dozen long-stemmed roses. On the table there was a card reading simply, *"Burgess."*

And after that, each week brought the same bouquet from the same man.

At Christmas time the romance hadn't clearly defined itself as that. Paulette, instead of planning, starry-eyed, on a gift for Burgess, wrote him a practical letter asking what she could send that would be of use to him. His answer was that he really had everything he could carry around, considering the army's idea of adequate equipment, although he thanked her sincerely for her thoughtfulness.

Miss Goddard, suppressing a grin, got busy. From her almost vanished stock of nylons, she selected three precious pairs and packed them into a slim box. To these she added half a dozen lipsticks of assorted shades. As there was space for one more small item, she added a box of vitamin tablets and a card reading, *"To improve your social life."*

Captain Meredith's shout of laughter almost echoed across the Atlantic.

The shout, a few weeks later, became hoarse and rasping; Captain Meredith came down with a fearful case of pneumonia. He had written to Paulette, complaining of sniffles and a sore throat, and when she didn't hear from him, she knew that something must be wrong. Days passed without word; weeks. The girl who had always been noted for leaving Providence to its own devices abruptly developed a worry complex that would have done justice to a school of mourning doves.

Eventually a letter arrived—postmarked "New York." He explained, in a rather wobbly script, that he had licked a goliath attack of pneumonia, and was now on detached duty in The States. There was an excellent chance that he would be sent to the west coast for some special service. Meanwhile, however, Paulette had com-

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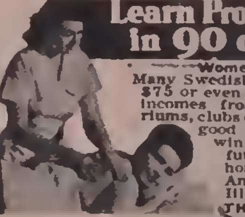

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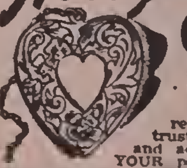

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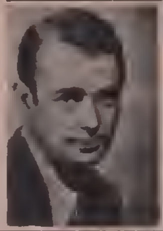

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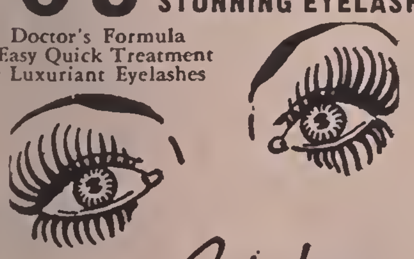

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pleted arrangements to go on an overseas entertainment tour, and was to leave from the east coast. She made a date to see Captain Meredith, while there.

That date turned out to be even more interesting than she had imagined it could be. They talked about books they had both read, about the new music, about art. "By the way," Captain Meredith said offhandedly, "I picked up something the other day I thought you would like. Sort of big, but I'll have it packed and shipped to Hollywood."

It was a cànvas by Covarrubias, one of the big three of Mexican painting. (Rivera, Covarrubias and Montenegro.) Paulette was overwhelmed. "But how did you know exactly what I would like? How did you know what would fit perfectly into my house?"

"Your letters are pretty clear. You have great descriptive powers.," Burgess said. Later in the evening he gave her copious advice about how to take care of herself while overseas. He mentioned certain ways he had learned to be as comfortable as possible.

Paulette grinned at him. "You're fussing over me," she said.

Burgess wagged his head. "When a man has asked a girl to marry him as often as I've asked you, he begins to have a proprietary feeling, I guess," he explained.

"Going to ask me again?" the lady teased.

"I'll wait to see if you're as good-looking when you get back from this tour as you are now," he laughed.

So she went overseas and the newspapers began to carry glowing accounts of Miss Goddard's trouping. One dazzled correspondent observed that she slogged through mud and performed in rain, but still managed to be glamorous and beautiful. Captain Meredith cut that one out and sent it to Paulete with the marginal notation that he was encouraged.

And then, after a delay for hospitalization due to complete exhaustion, Paulette was back in New York. She telephoned Burgess the instant she arrived. "I'll be right over," he said.

"Wait for an hour," sighed the traveler. "I'm going to get into a beautiful white bathtub, in beautiful hot water, with plenty of beautiful bubble bath—and I'm going to sit there and look at the beautiful big bath towels for at least an hour."

Eventually, this beautiful bath taken, Paulette joined Burgess for dinner.

"I'm going to be hungry all the rest of my life," she announced. "The army gave me the best it had—but oh boy, am I hungry!" They had a steak. And broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce. And potatoes (possibly from Paulette's farm) au gratin. She gazed admiringly at the filet mignon, then lifted her eyes to Burgess' face. "I'm trying to make up my mind which looks best to me: a bathtub, a steak, or your funny face," she wisecracked. Then she looked down quickly to deny the momentary hot surge of tears. She had seen, remember, a great deal: men in mud, men in rain, men beneath the blistering sun, men always lonely. Men in hospitals aware of pain, and men beyond the touch of pain. Human tenderness and the unguarded warmth of a man's eyes had become very important to her.

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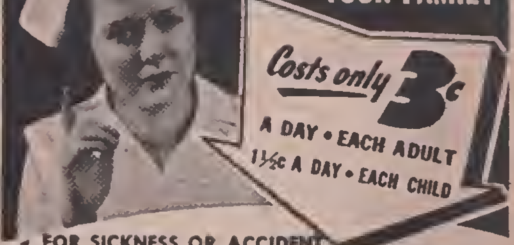

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"Tomorrow I have to start telephoning wives and mothers and sweethearts of men who gave me their addresses and telephone numbers while I was over," she said. "Want to help?"

So the next day they set to work. Paulette had over five hundred women to call in the New York area alone. Burgess handled the notebook in which the information was written. He would call out a number, Paulette would dial, then explain her call. "Are you the mother of Corporal Pat O'Malley?" she would ask. Sometimes the affirmative quivered in quick apprehension, so Paulette always explained hurriedly, "He's alive and well. This is Paulette Goddard, and Pat asked me to tell you . . ."

Burgess, sitting a few feet away, was an intimate part of this sentimental drama. When the mother or wife who had received the message suddenly burst into tears, Paulette's eyes swam, too. And Captain Meredith, sensing the reaction on the other end of the wire, swallowed hard.

Sometimes the person who answered the telephone, and was told that Miss Goddard was calling, simply couldn't believe it.

It took almost three weeks of fairly steady work to finish the list. When the task was done, Paulette and Burgess went shopping. She had returned to New York with just one item of outer clothing—her uniform. Starting out with six dresses (some Hattie Carnegie models, some Valentina), she had given all of them away.

One day Burgess pointed to a bit of finery with the remark, "That would be nice for a trousseau, wouldn't it?"

Paulette smiled into his eyes. "Yes," she said. Perhaps that wasn't all that was said between them—after all, that is *their* secret. But when Paulette left New York, it was with the knowledge that, on May 21, 1944, she was to become Mrs. Burgess Meredith.

For the five o'clock ceremony performed in the garden of the David O. Selznicks' home, Paulette wore a long, empire-style dress of natural linen. About the neck and the sleeves were bands of gold embroidery that she'd purchased in Palestine. Her slippers were matching natural linen. In her hair she wore a flat gold chain, and on her left arm she wore a bracelet to match. Her ring (the single ring ceremony was used) was a circlet of diamonds with two outer bands of rubies.

Mrs. Alta Goddard (the bride's mother), wore a striking Hattie Carnegie suit that Paulette brought her from New York. The background was black, and upon this were embroidered sequin plums. She wore a large black hat.

Mrs. David Selznick was matron of honor and Mr. Lewis Milestone was best man. Chaplain Capt. O. Stanley Brown, U.S. Army Air Force, made the man-and-wife pronouncement, and the wedding party guests (only truly intimate friends) were Mrs. Lewis Milestone, Mr. Selznick and the Selznick children.

Captain and Mrs. Meredith have settled down in the home formerly occupied by Miss Paulette Goddard. They took no time for a honeymoon because the bride had agreed, in the week following her wedding, to do three radio shows for the army.

And so this story ends, as all love stories should . . . "They lived happily ever after."

THE END

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BRINGING UP BABY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

know why. I expect them to do it."

Dennis believes a child should find his goal in life early. He didn't, and feels he wasted much precious time floundering around trying this and that. He was resolved to help his sons decide early and give them the kind of education necessary to further the ambition. Already, Stanley has confided that he wants to be a pianist. Dennis is giving him piano lessons. "Maybe Stanley won't be a musician," says Dennis, "but he may as well be given the chance to find out."

Brenda Marshall agrees with Dennis' premise there, but sagely remarks that you never know how long a child's enthusiasm will last. Her six-year-old daughter, Virginia, also expressed an interest in music. But Brenda *rented* a piano for her daughter's lessons. If, after a reasonable time, Virginia continues her interest and shows aptitude, Brenda will buy her a piano; if she loses interest and doesn't keep up her practicing, the piano will be returned and lessons discontinued.

Education in music isn't Brenda's only child problem, for she has a three-months-old son, Peter, who seems a determined young man. He tries all the baby tricks, demanding constant attention.

"But after I've examined him to see if he has any reason for crying, I go away and let him scream like mad, until he stops of his own accord," Brenda comments. "I simply will not have a spoiled child on my hands!"

The brunette star has been amazed at meeting young children in Hollywood who are very rude and bad-tempered. She thinks a disagreeable child is no ornament to any home. Virginia has very pretty manners, and Peter will learn to acquire them—or else!

In Ruth Hussey's eyes, the most important thing any parent can give her child is a sense of stability and security in the home. What Ruth remembers most about her own childhood is the feeling that her family was there whenever she needed them. Thus she had confidence in herself; the knowledge of their affectionate support banished nervousness and fear. This is what she most wants for her child.

Everyone must be disciplined until he learns to discipline himself, is Ingrid Bergman's conviction.

"Whenever my daughter Pia does something wrong, I punish her for it. But first we talk it over and I make sure she knows *why* she is being punished. I seldom have to worry about her making the same mistake."

Dana Andrews' chief idea is that children should be self-reliant. "My daughter Kathy is eighteen months old. She has been taught to dress herself, feed herself and wait on herself as much as possible. She recently went to a child's birthday party where she was the youngest guest and the only one present who could feed herself," he boasts with proper parental pride.

When Kathy falls down or collides with some object, her parents pay no attention, and the baby has learned to take bruises in her stride. One day at Jack Oakie's, Kathy was playing around the swimming pool when she tripped over something and came down with such a whack it seemed she must have cracked her head open on the cement. Dana and his wife held themselves firmly back. Kathy lay stunned for a moment, then raised her head, looked around inquiringly, shook herself a bit and went on playing. It was a terrible temptation to run to her and see if she was hurt, but the Andrews never make a fuss and their daughter doesn't expect it.

"She gets things for herself, if they are within her reach, and every day she learns to do something new. It's much harder to teach a baby to do things for herself. It's easier to do it for her. But in the end, both child and parent benefit," Dana believes.

Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, young co-stars of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" asked D. W. Griffith the $64 question when all three turned out for Phil Baker's CBS broadcast from Hollywood Canteen.

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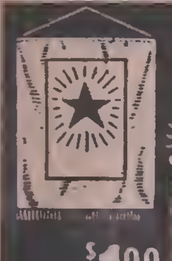
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Alice Faye agrees with Dana about teaching a child self-reliance, and thinks a child should be disciplined but not inhibited. She never says, "don't" without explaining why not, never threatens a punishment without carrying it through.

"As I've said before, I hope Alice junior will grow up to be an actress, but I certainly shan't force her," asserts the blonde star. "However, it seems she's a born mimic—she can take off both her father and me, perfectly. It got so that Alice junior insisted on taking over the mike when Phil began to rehearse his numbers at home. In the beginning, we thought that very funny. But presently the baby took the center of the stage, as a matter of course. Now Phil shuts her out of the room. I explain that Daddy is working and daughter must be quiet, that when we have free time we'll be happy to listen to Alice junior, *not* now. She wasn't very happy about this at first, but now she seems to understand and to have absorbed the lesson of give and take."

As of April 26th of this year, Alice Jr. has a small sister, Phyllis. Their mother confides that she will follow the same rules with her younger daughter that she has so far used for the elder one. "I think it is a little soon to know whether or not Phyllis will be the zestful, talented little person that Alice junior is," she says thoughtfully. "I may find that she needs greater encouragement, and if so I'll try to give it to her.

"The great difficulty in many families is to keep hands off in children's quarrels. I hope I'll have sense enough to let my daughters work out things for themselves and settle their own differences, once they've passed the kindergarten stage. I would like them to be companions, not rivals. I emphatically don't want one girl to be the star of the family, and the other the satellite."

Progressive education is highly favored by the John Garfields. Daughter Kathryn, now five and a half, has attended progressive nursery school since she was two.

"We'll continue our children's education in public schools rather than in private ones," says John. "We want them to associate with all kinds of children so that adjustment to different individuals will come naturally.

"Kathryn goes to bed at 7:30 P.M. David Patton, the boy, is in bed much earlier. We play with the children as much as possible. We believe you have to work with a child. It's more difficult for them to grasp reasons for doing or not doing things than it is for us. We never order Kathryn about, but we don't give her too much freedom.

"We don't make an issue of things. If Kathryn breaks a treasured bowl, she explains how it happened. She likes us well enough not to deliberately destroy something we prize, and we understand that accidents can happen. She is distressed that she has hurt us and never repeats the mistake that caused the accident.

"When we build our home after the war, we'll plan it so that the children can play safely in every room. We don't believe in isolating them. Kathryn has always been permitted to come and go as she pleases, whether we have company or not. She behaves excellently, never interrupting or distracting us. I believe the baby will do the same."

Military education is strongly favored by Don Ameche, whose two older boys are in military school.

"My sons are learning to be obedient, self-reliant, resourceful and capable," he points out. "If the boys in the present war had all had military training, things would have been much easier for them. I think at least a year of military training should be given every boy after the war—not that we expect to take on the enemy again, but for the advantage of being prepared.

"I want my four sons to grow up normal, average American kids, not pampered darlings. At home, they all have chores. Each chore rates a certain pay—the harder it is, the more money, and the longer time it takes, the higher the rate. Instead of allowances, the boys get only what they earn, and are free to save it, spend it or waste it, thus learning about money first-hand."

Frances Neal Heflin will follow the system devised by her mother, in bringing up tiny Vanna Gay. Frances was never spanked. They had an honor system whereby if Frances behaved well, she was rewarded, if she misbehaved, she was deprived of something she coveted.

"Van and I agree that a child should learn early to make his own decisions, so we hope to allow Vanna Gay freedom of choice whenever possible. She'll choose her own schools, college and career, and insofar as we are able, we'll help her. Therefore, it's up to us to teach her to make wise decisions and learn how to weigh arguments for and against each choice."

"You can't raise kids by books," is Jane Wyatt's conclusion. Before their first son was born, Jane and her husband tried to be very modern and even went so far as to take lessons in psychology. Chris was permitted to "express himself" according to progressive ideas. Presently, Chris was running the house and no one else had room for self-expression. They reverted to old-fashioned rules, entailing obedience, good manners, discipine and respect for the rights of others.

"We realize we don't know the answers to many problems of child-raising," admits Jane, "and we can only hope to meet each one as it comes along. Chris is mad about classical music and we have given him an album of recordings to which he listens by the hour. We encourage this and will see that he follows up his musical interest, if it continues. We think it is wise to educate the boys as specialists in something, giving them at least one special line to follow. But we also think they should have a general background of all-round education so that they will be well-informed."

Penny Singleton declares that war has made work essential for everyone, so every child should be educated to know how to work. Her daughter, Diji, is learning to cook and sew. She keeps her own room neat, puts away her clothes and makes all small repairs on them. When she's older, she'll choose a profession, trade or career and be trained for it so that she'll have tools at hand, if necessity demands.

Right now, Diji and Penny spend some part of each day together, reading and listening to radio programs. They follow the current news and have great maps of battle-fronts on the wall, marked with tiny flags they have made themselves, one for each warring nation. As troops move, Diji replaces flags to indicate the move-

Michele Morgan has every reason to be happy, for it's not just being out dancing with her husband, Bill Marshall—it's having him home again, medically discharged from the Air Corps.

ment wherever it may be made.

"Diji keeps a file of recipes, too, and cuts out new ones from magazines. Some of the simpler ones, she tries out herself," says Penny. "But these are things anyone can think of. I'm prouder of the fact that Diji and I are good friends, that she knows I have confidence in her and she has confidence in me. When she was tiny I began to tell her secrets, and keep it up now. Diji is delighted that I tell her some things first and trust her to keep them until I give her word. She wants to be worthy of trust. And she is."

Rita Hayworth, commenting as a mother-to-be, says she's found her own childhood training a great disadvantage. Born a Cansino, she was brought up according to the strict Latin tradition, which she complains is no fitting preparation for a girl who has to live in her own generation.

"Being so repressed," Rita says, "I had a difficult adjustment to make. It gave me an inferiority complex, almost killed all my initiative."

So if her child is a daughter, you may be sure she'll be placed under no such handicap. Not so protected, perhaps, and not so many chaperones—but modernly self-reliant, free of troublesome complexes, at ease in her own contemporary society.

And that, it would seem, is the sum-total aim of nearly all these Hollywood parents. Not that their children should be spoiled by special advantages, but that they should be normal, well-adjusted future citizens—and that it's the parents' responsibility to prepare them as such.

THE END

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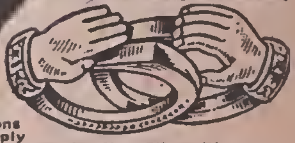

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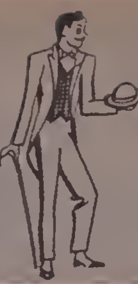

THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD

By JANE WILKIE

A YEAR AGO THIS MONTH:

Dorothy Lamour and Capt. William Howard newlyweds . . . Spencer Tracy was taking dancing lessons from Arthur Murray for "A Guy Named Joe" . . . Orson Welles found Rita Hayworth, and Vic Mature didn't like it . . . "The More The Merrier" best picture of the month . . . Betty Grable married Harry James . . . Fascinators appearing on feminine noggins from coast to coast . . . Van Johnson, recuperating from auto accident, dating Judy Garland, Pat Dane and Claire Trevor all in one week . . . Film folk betting against the Montez-Aumont dating becoming final . . . Mickey Rooney imploring Ava Gardner to remain Mrs. Rooney.

Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a scene from "Having Wonderful Time." In 1939 they were a constant twosome.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Loretta Young dating David Niven . . . Elsa Maxwell was giving those parties, with champagne, flowers, glamour and steaks . . . Ty Power married Annabella . . . Katherine Hepburn appearing in stage production of "Philadelphia Story." Van Heflin, unknown to Hollywood, played the part of the reporter . . . Hollywood question mark was twosome of Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel. Joan said, "No. Two people in this profession can't be happily married" . . . Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan made up again . . . "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" best picture of the month—and Garson was discovered . . . Frances Farmer and Lief Ericson were happily married . . . Jitterbugging was the rage (has it been *that* long?) . . . Carole Lombard became Mrs. Gable . . . Lawrence Olivier romancing with Vivien Leigh . . . Laraine Day noticed in "Tarzan Finds A Son" . . . Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow famous for their Sunday afternoon parties . . . Lana Turner adoring Greg Bautzer . . . Alice Faye had a picture on her bedroom wall of a bare patch of floor—the spot where she and Tony Martin stood to be married . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr. dating Ginger Rogers . . . Warner Brothers couldn't find Errol Flynn again . . . Deanna Durbin romancing with her assistant director, Vaughn Paul . . . Hedy Lamarr married Gene Markey, leaving Reggie Gardiner on the loose. . . .

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Mary Pickford planning to divorce Doug Fairbanks . . . Jean Parker voted as having "the most perfect figure in Hollywood" . . . best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?", with Margaret Sullavan and Douglas Montgomery . . . Hal Rosson split up with Jean Harlow . . . Lilyan Tashman died . . . Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rift . . . Gene Raymond sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor . . . Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway . . . Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk . . . Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist . . . Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian . . . George Raft started plans to divorce his wife . . . Ted Fiorito's band wowing them . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other . . . Kay Francis cooing with Maurice Chevalier . . . Joan Crawford being eyed by Francis Lederer . . . Joan Blondell (Mrs. George Barnes) blessed - eventing . . . After playing with George Raft in "Bolero," Carole Lombard sent him a slice of ham cut in the shape of a heart . . . The first "Thin Man" picture being made . . . John Gilbert and Clara Bow both unhappy because studios had no pictures lined up for them . . . Ramon Novarro left Hollywood for South America . . .

Special Part Time Work for WOMEN!....

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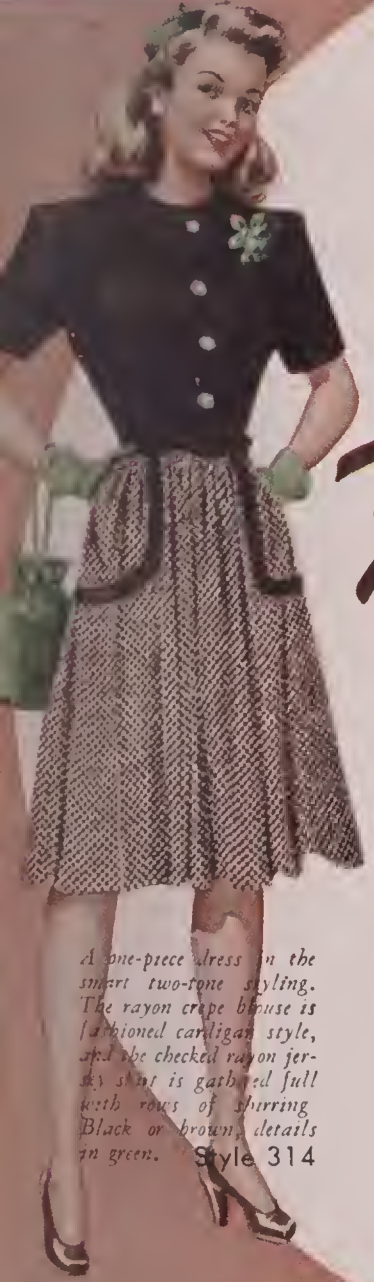

CAN you use extra money for doing special, easy, part-time work? Then write at once for this amazing opportunity. No money is required and you don't need any experience. Because the demand for Fashion Frocks is constantly increasing, we need more ambitious women for demonstrating and taking orders for these lovely dresses at remarkably low prices. We have thousands of women everywhere enjoying this special work and earning $15, $18, $20 and $25 weekly for just a few hour's work. In addition they receive their own dresses free. Now, this opportunity is yours. Just mail the coupon for complete details. There is no obligation.

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Through our national advertising, Fashion Frocks are known to and recognized by millions of women as the finest quality, popular priced dresses. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading fashion editors and other style authorities. And many prominent screen actresses—women recognized as good dressers—wear Fashion Frocks. Thus when you represent Fashion Frocks you sell dresses that are not only well known but also eagerly desired.

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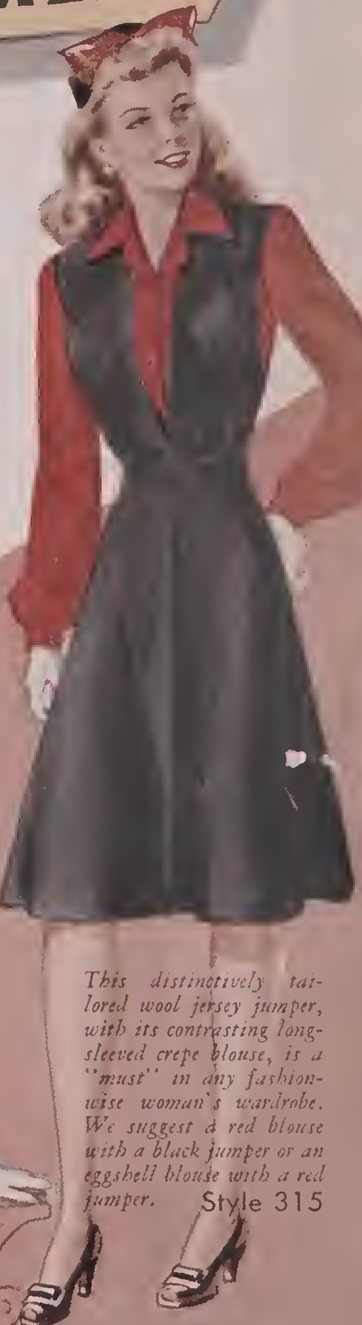
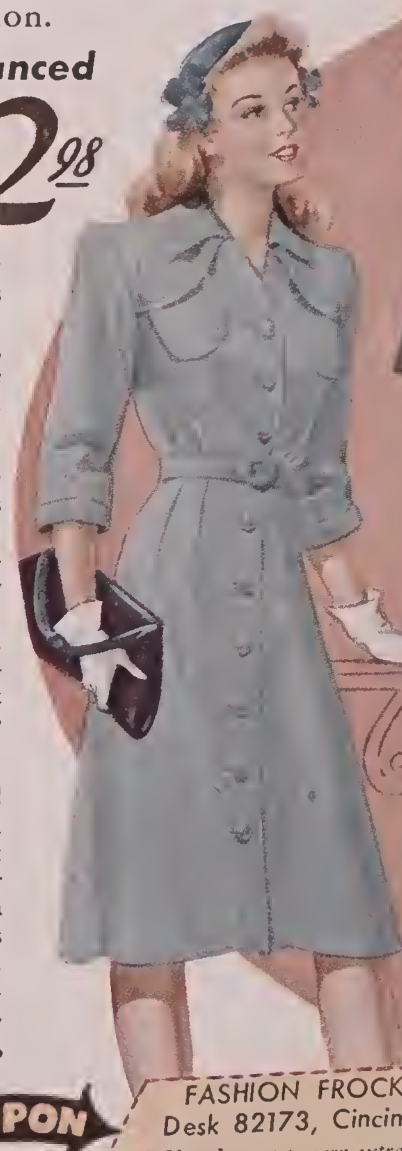
A one-piece dress in the smart two-tone styling. The rayon crepe blouse is fashioned cardigan style, and the checked rayon jersey skirt is gathered full with rows of shirring. Black or brown, details in green. Style 314



This distinctively tailored wool jersey jumper, with its contrasting long-sleeved crepe blouse, is a "must" in any fashion-wise woman's wardrobe. We suggest a red blouse with a black jumper or an eggshell blouse with a red jumper. Style 315



Flawless tailoring and ingenious details are combined in this wool-with-rayon classic! Saddle stitched edges highlight the interesting bodice details, and the trouser tucks in the skirt are new and smart. Comes in aqua or rose. Style 303

Our 36th Year in Business

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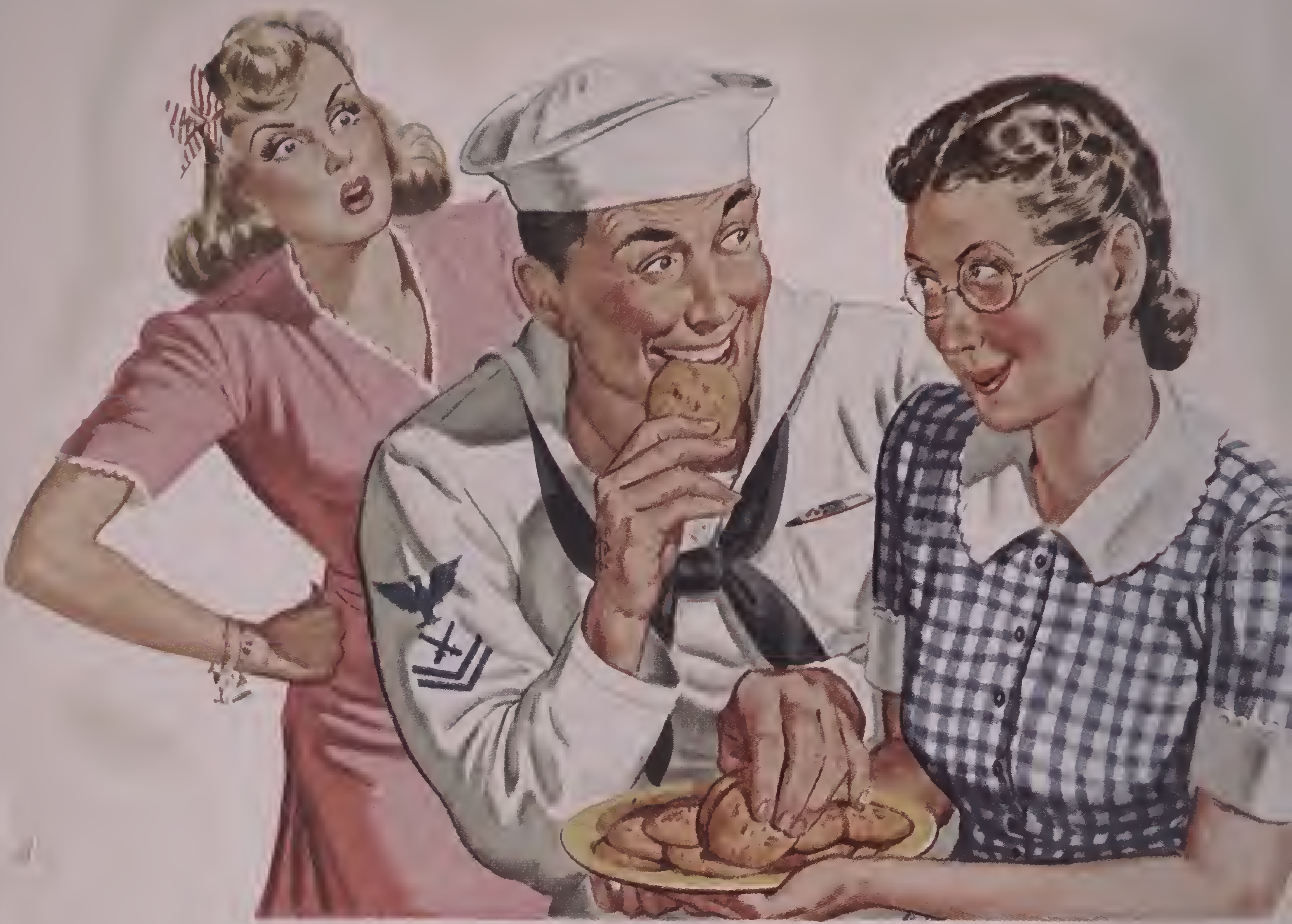

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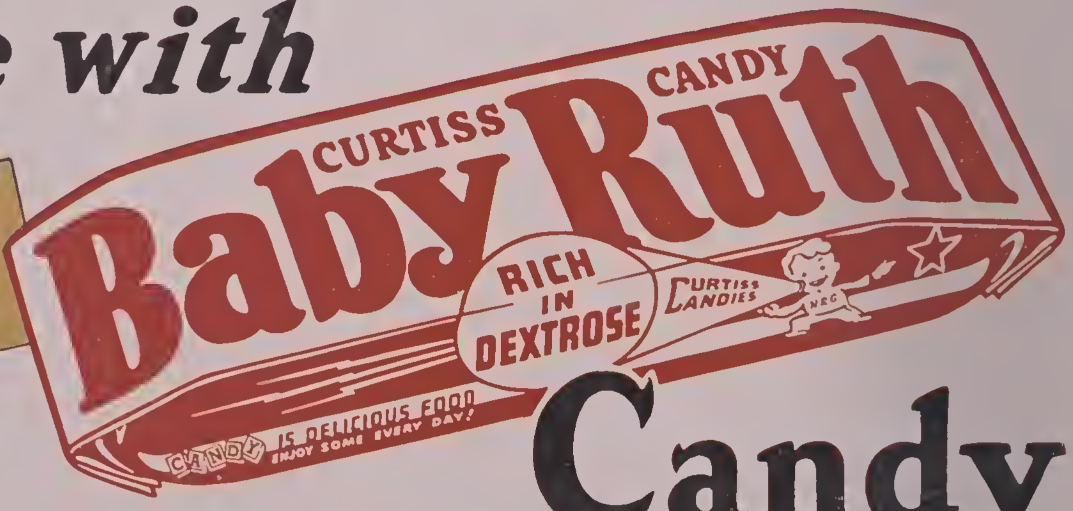
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Movieland

SEPTEMBER
15¢

[illegible]
JUL 19 1944

Little Miss Margaret

AMERICA'S
NEWEST
SWEETHEART

MARGARET O'BRIEN
BY TOM KELLEY

JUL 18

Easy Way Tints Hair

BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN • OR BLONDE

New Creme Shampoo

Instantly Imparts Lovely Color

to Hair that is Streaked, Dull, Gray, Faded, Graying, Aged, Burnt, Lifeless

This remarkable shampoo discovery TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring reconditions, lathers and washes out grease, dirt and loose dandruff as it gives your hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. If your hair is gray or graying, faded, streaked, or off-color, don't wait a minute longer. For TINTZ is easy to use—works quickly. The first application leaves your hair completely tinted, soft, colorful, lovely, easy to manage. Order TINTZ now on our easy to test, money-back offer.

Send No Money for this AMAZING HAIR COLORING

SHAMPOOING SPREADS COLOR EVENLY

It is easy to enjoy complete success with TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring. The shampooing action insures perfect distribution of color. Clip the coupon now for fresh, glowing natural-appearing tresses. Results must delight you or no cost!

Simply Mail Coupon on Guarantee that Results Must Delight You or No Cost

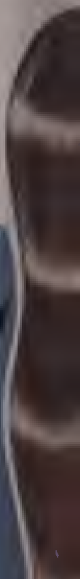
Use TINTZ' amazing new home shampoo-tint for obtaining fresh, glowing natural-appearing, colorful hair. One test will convince you that at last you have solved your hair color worries.

TINTZ contains Paraphenylene Diamine, the best hair coloring agent known! It instantly colors gray, streaked, faded hair to a natural-appearing lasting color that matches and defies detection. Won't wash off. Will not affect permanent waves. Now being introduced from coast to coast at the amazing low price of $1.20, 8 beautiful shades to choose from.

Test TINTZ now. Send no money, just clip the coupon, check your shade and mail today. On arrival, deposit $1.20 plus postage with postman; then shampoo-tint your hair right in your own home. We are sure one trial will convince you that, here at last, is the hair color of your dreams! But you are the judge. If you are not 100% satisfied, just return the empty container, and we will immediately refund your money.

Don't delay—mail today!

CHOICE OF 8 LOVELY SHADES *ranging from jet black to blonde*



LOOK YEARS YOUNGER Dull, drab, or graying hair robs you of your youthful appearance. Select your shade of TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring, now. Use at home, and look years younger. Clip the coupon now.

CAUTION: Use only as directed on label.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY SURE or Send Your Name on a Piece of Paper

TINTZ CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING

TINTZ CO. Dept. 73-D 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.
Canadian Office: Dept. 73-D. 22 College St., Toronto, Ont.

Send one full size tube Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring in shade checked below. On arrival I will deposit $1.20 plus postage charges with postman on guarantee I can return the empty tube for any reason within 7 days, and you will refund my $1.20. (If $1.20 comes with this coupon, Tintz pays the postage.)

☐ 3 for $3.00

☐ Jet Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Med. Ash Brown ☐ Auburn (Titian)
☐ Black ☐ Med. Warm Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Blonde

Name..

Address..

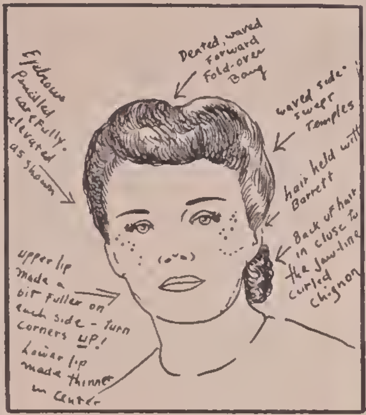
City......................... *Zone*.... *State*..............

$1.20 Includes 20% Federal Excise Tax

NOW—an easy, fascinating way to loveliness...

planned for YOU by the world-famous beauty authority, JOHN ROBERT POWERS

Before Mrs. Geo. McKnight, of Wakefield, N. Y. enrolled in the Powers Home Course, she was overweight, lacked vitality, felt discouraged about her looks.


Eyebrows pencilled carefully. elevated as shown
Dented, waved forward fold-over Bang
waved side-swept Temples
hair held with Barrett
Back of hair in close to the Jaw-line curled Chignon
upper lip made a bit fuller on each side - turn corners UP!
Lower lip made thinner in Center

Her "Photo-Revise," one of the exclusive, personalized features of the Powers Home Course, showed her the best hair arrangement, make-up "tricks" just for *her*.

(*Left*) **Seems impossible, but it's true!** The lovely, appealing person Mrs. McKnight became after her Powers training. Shining hair, beautifully arranged, clear skin, eyes (her loveliest feature) with just the right touch of make-up to bring out their full beauty.

(*Below*) **The poised, self-confident** Mrs. McKnight of today. Beautifully groomed, trim of figure, she's learned tricks of make-up, figure control. Best of all, she feels a hundred per cent *alive*, now she's the vital, attractive girl she was meant to be!

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE CAN DO FOR YOU . . .

A few of the 60 exclusive Powers Home Course features:

YOUR FIGURE: Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. Individual figure correctives. Illustrated, personalized for *your* requirements.

YOUR MAKE-UP AND HAIR-DO: Powers "Photo-Revise," individually drawn over your own picture by an expert. Shows your beauty highlights, your ideal make-up and hair-do.

YOUR DIET: No freakish, faddish diets. Sane, simple, delicious meals that help you to gain or to lose weight, according to your needs.

YOUR GROOMING: Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy shortcuts to good grooming.

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WHAT OUR GRADUATES TELL US THE POWERS HOME COURSE HAS DONE

"... My figure is now what it should be and my clothes look twice as expensive, because I've learned how to *wear* them."

"... I'm in seventh heaven—have made lots of new friends, am getting the compliments every girl wants."

"... After only 5 fascinating weeks of doing the right things, so easily, sensibly and with such fun, my figure is just right. I've lost 10 lbs.!"

(above quotations from letters in our files)

Real "Powers Girl" training—personalized for YOU—at modest cost

Here's a way to new appeal, new *happiness* for every girl who really wants it!

You've heard of the famous Powers School, where "just average" girls are transformed into beauties. Now *you* can have the exclusive advantages of Mr. Powers' training *right in your own home*. Real "Powers Girl" techniques are individually prescribed for *you*. A highly trained faculty works with Mr. Powers on *your* special problems, gives you sympathetic, personal guidance and instruction throughout the 7 weeks of the Home Course. You learn all the personal beauty technique that has given the world's most envied women such thrilling benefits.

And you'll find every step of the "Powers Way" easy, fascinating—and wonderfully *rewarding!*

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW

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247 Park Avenue, 94-EB, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I want to feel better, enjoy a lovely figure, win thrilling compliments. Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your free illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way."

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Street____________________

City__________ State__________

Occupation__________ Age______

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We made lots of promises about what to expect in this year of grace and the Number Twenty anniversary of M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the promises was "The White Cliffs of Dover". And from the success and the opinions, guess we've a right to say—promise fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed".

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the billboards. You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the express trucks. You'll read about "Dragon Seed" in your newspapers. You'll hear about "Dragon Seed" on the "M-G-M Screen Test" radio program.

★ ★ ★ ★

And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth". But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mask of Katharine Hepburn by famed W. T. Benda

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

★ ★ ★ ★

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Murfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

★ ★ ★ ★

This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

★ ★ ★ ★

Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.

—*Leo*

VOL. 2
NO. 8

Movieland

SEPTEMBER, 1944

DORIS CLINE, Editor

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Cover of Margaret O'Brien photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

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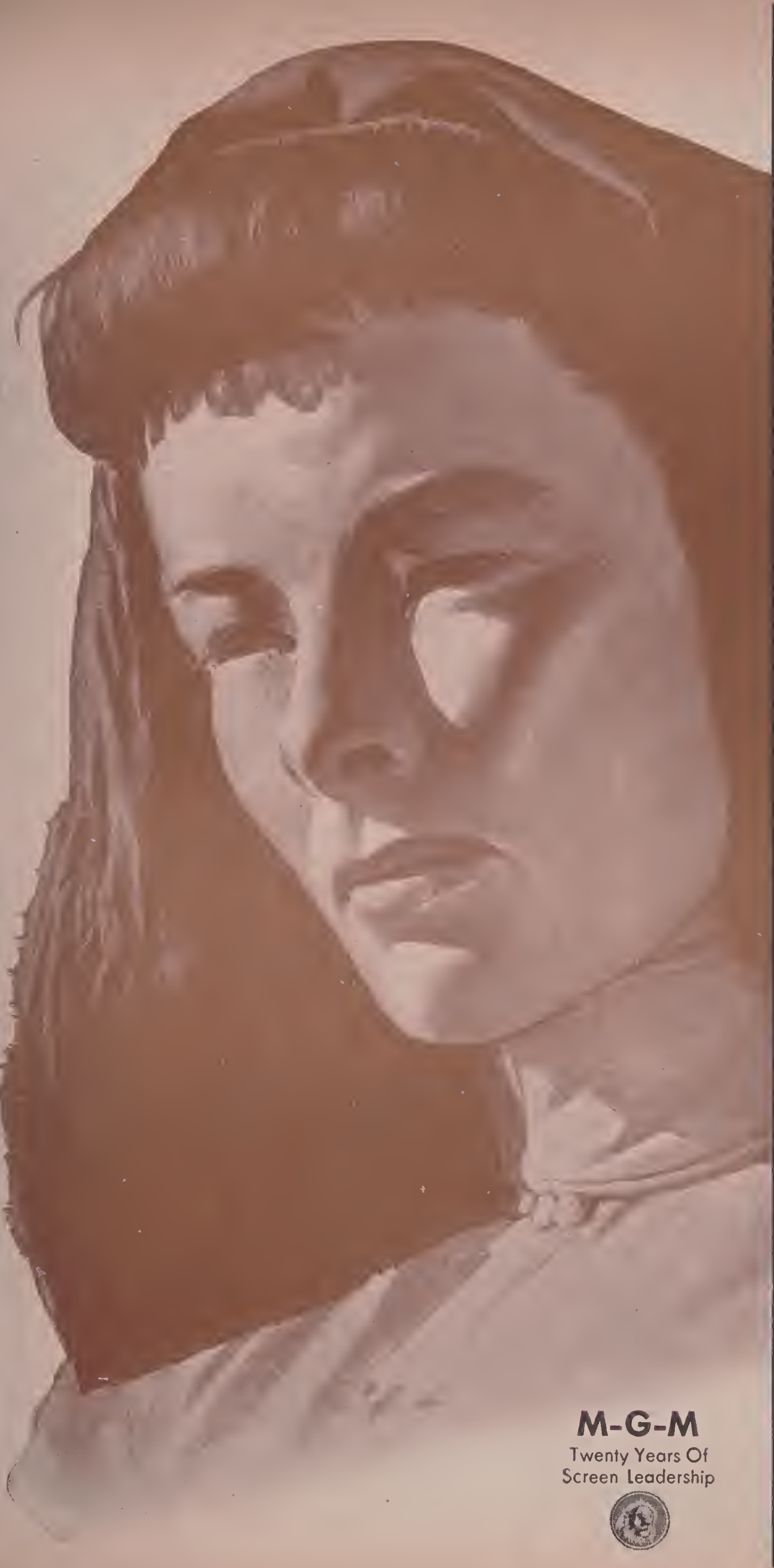
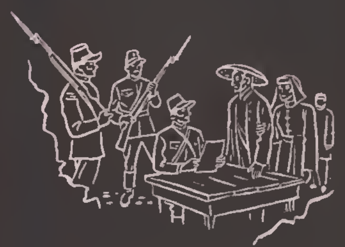


Pearl Buck's best seller has become one of the truly fine motion pictures of our time . . .

The glorious story of a girl with a fighting heart and the man who fought by her side . . .



Katharine Hepburn as the brave and lovely "Jade" gives THE performance of her career . . .

For its tremendous drama and great tenderness, a triumph that exceeds even "The Good Earth"!

M-G-M's

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty • Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet
Produced by Pandro S. Berman

M-G-M
Twenty Years Of
Screen Leadership

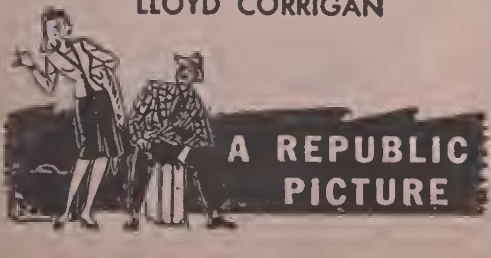
Goodnight Sweetheart

Ladies and Gentlemen—
It's a Sweetheart of a Picture!

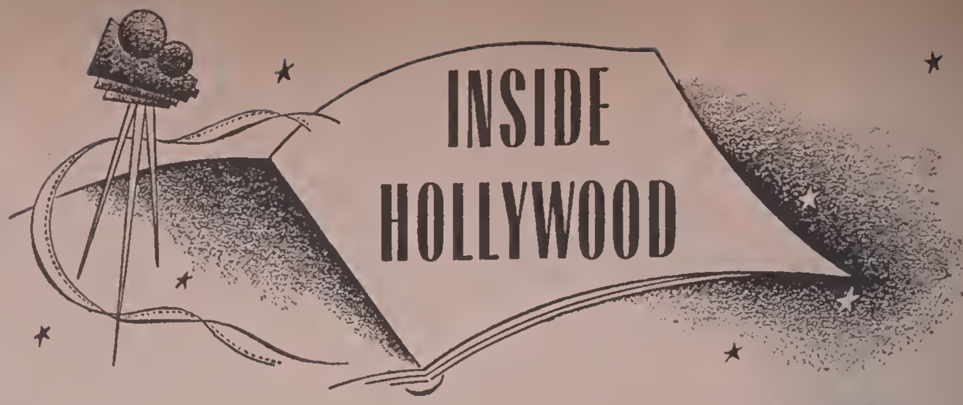
Yes! It's gay with that youthful romantic spirit! It's reckless with the kind of abandon that makes for swell fun when you join in the joy! It's a grand cast in a grand screen treat!

Starring
Robert LIVINGSTON
and RUTH TERRY

with HENRY HULL
GRANT WITHERS
THURSTON HALL
LLOYD CORRIGAN



A REPUBLIC PICTURE



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By FREDDA DUDLEY

HAPPILY MARRIEDS

Even in April, 1944, Alexis Smith and her fiance, Craig Stevens, told their friends (including writers, because everyone likes this pair very much) that they had made no wedding plans. They had met three years earlier when they worked together in an Errol Flynn opus titled "Dive Bomber," and promptly fell in love. A year after this meeting they announced their engagement. Then the delays began.

Craig joined up and went off to camp. Because of painful recurrence of old athletic-event injuries, he was given a medical discharge from the army. Even then, the pair agreed, they couldn't marry. For one thing they couldn't find a house in the length and breadth of Burbank, Glendale, Hollywood, Beverly Hills or Rabbit Burrow Gardens. Lackadaisically, they placed their names on some of the waiting lists, but they were usually forty-ninth in line so they didn't give their chances much hope.

Then one morning Craig answered the telephone, to be informed by a Beverly Hills apartment house manager that his name was next on the list.

Result, on June 18, a radiant Alexis Smith marched down the center aisle of The Church of the Recessional in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, on the arm of her father, Mr. Alexander Smith.

So now Craig and Alexis have practically everything their hearts could desire: love, marriage, good parts in the forthcoming "Hollywood Canteen" and a charming home. Everything, that is, except a telephone.

☆

CALL IT A PROPHECY?

Many weeks before June 6, Jean Pierre Aumont had made correspondence arrangements with a Hollywood florist to have dozens of roses delivered to Maria Montez on the morning of the sixth, to celebrate her birthday. In thanking him, Maria cabled that June 6—D-Day—was a date to be remembered forever by all the world, whereas previously it had been important only to them. And she added that, because Jean Pierre is French, it would be grand if Paris could be liberated as a long-distance wedding anniversary celebration on July 13. The French as a nation, she concluded, would probably find July 14 more to their liking.

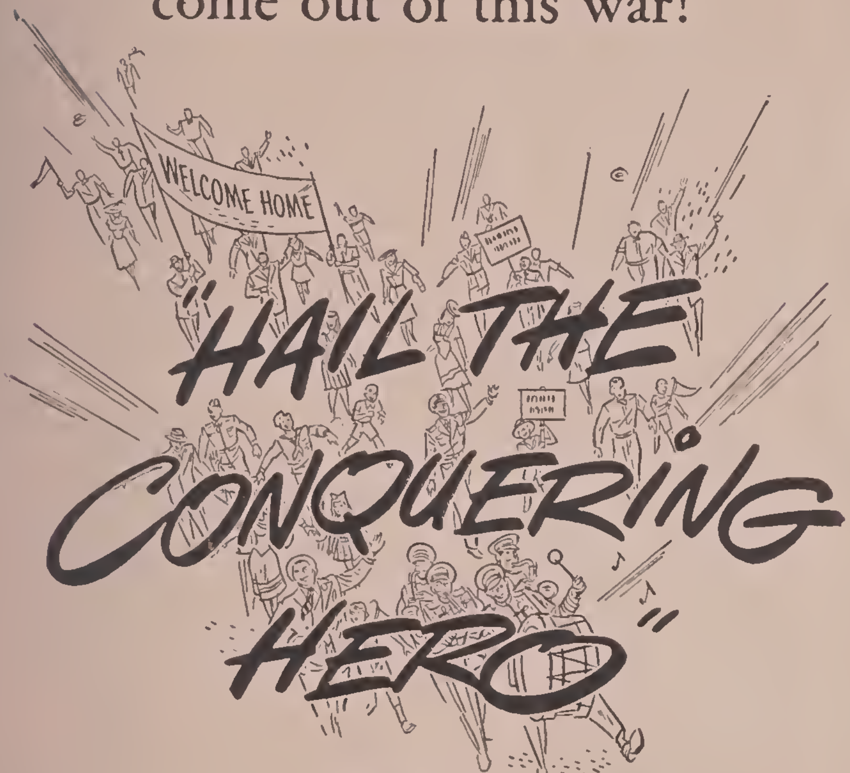
☆

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 8

Between them, Alan and Frankie have captured most of the feminine hearts in the country. Rehearsing for a broadcast, they relax for a few moments to talk over the respective merits of their offspring.

From the man
who gave you
"THE MIRACLE OF
MORGAN'S CREEK"

Preston Sturges... your favorite humorist...with LOVE and LAUGHTER gives you the greatest comedy to come out of this war!



"HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO"

Paramount's

"Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN

the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines

Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest

Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn
Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards
Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

what a riot!
what a heart!

The story of a man who didn't go to war... but became a hero to his home town!

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT

Stronger Grip

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT

Won't Slip Out

DeLong
STRONG SPRING-WON'T SLIP OUT

Try again next time if your store
is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today.
We're making more now, but still
not enough to meet the demand.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

JIVE ARRIVAL

As practically everyone knows, Miss Phyllis Harris arrived at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, California, on April 26, weighing eight pounds.

Alice, Jr. had been told some weeks before that the stork was planning to leave a baby at her house, and she promptly decided it would be a little brother. The reason for this assumption was simple: she can say "brother," but she can't manage all the sibilants in "sister."

☆

When the new baby was brought home and installed in the crib in Alice's nursery, where that young lady sleeps in a twin bed, she looked over the newcomer with ill-concealed delight. "My brother!" she observed to the nurse, beaming fatuously.

"No," corrected the nurse gently. "This is your baby sister, Phyllis. Your mother and daddy are going to call her Phyl."

"Oh," said Alice, Jr. wagging her curly head. She toddled out to the play room, laid hold of her miniature piano on rollers, and shoved it into the nursery. While the baby was enjoying its bottle, the elder Miss Harris played with one finger and sang, "Pop Goes The Weasel."

RUSH—BLUSH—HUSH!

When Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll eloped to Las Vegas, they intended to keep their marriage a secret for a few months. Great was their chagrin when they were tagged for speeding (they were exceeding the limit by only a few scant miles per hour), because they were convinced that the officers would give them away. However, the cops—the soul of gallantry—agreed, not only to keep the secret, but even offered to make hotel reservations for the newlyweds under an assumed name so that hush-hush could be maintained.

☆

The following day Kay and Georgia returned to Los Angeles. He went to his apartment and she went to hers. They were secure in their feeling of having outwitted the town. The next morning they were each awakened, in their separate living quarters, by the telephone calls of reporters who had been hepped to the situation by some mysterious, unidentified informant. Sic semper secrets in Hollywood.

BLUE NOTE IN JIVE

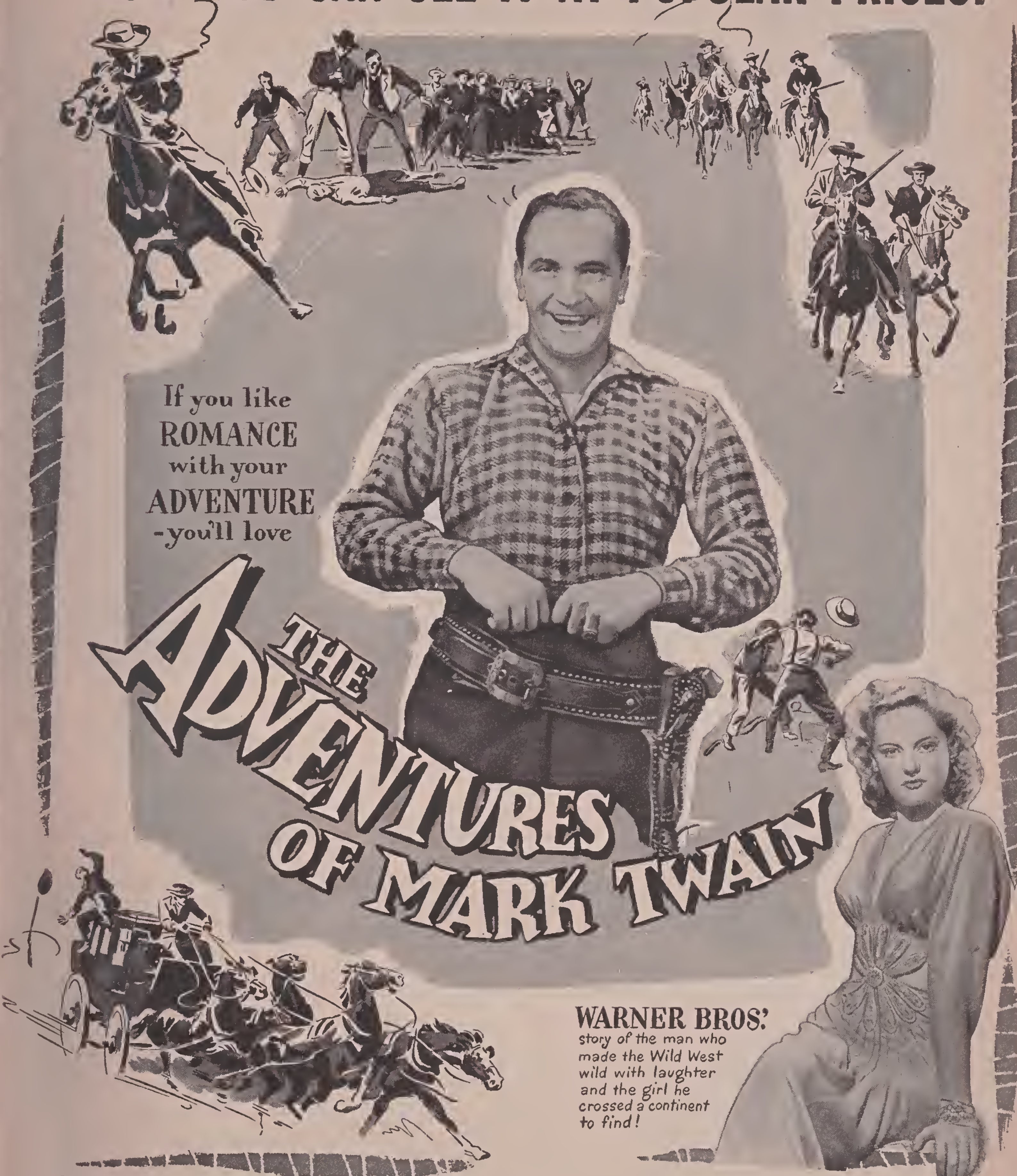
When Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter were married in Tia Juana, the nuptial ring was a dime store band, secured in the haste of the moment. However, Don had ordered a matching ring to wear with Gwen's diamond, several weeks before the trip to Tia Juana. In time for Gwen's commencement day activities, the custom-made ring, resplendent with twenty small diamonds, was delivered. This made her the utter, super envy of practically (*Continued on page* 58)

☆

La Turner, in her No. 19 hair-do, devotes her attention to Peter Lawford who has been devoting *all* his attention to Lana for months.

John Hodiak, famed for his smile, his chest measurement, and a good bit of the old S.A., takes Judy Garland to dinner. (See page 41.)

NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!



If you like
ROMANCE
with your
ADVENTURE
-you'll love

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

WARNER BROS.'
*story of the man who
made the Wild West
wild with laughter
and the girl he
crossed a continent
to find!*

Starring ·
FREDRIC MARCH · ALEXIS SMITH · DONALD CRISP · ALAN HALE · C. AUBREY SMITH · JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY · WALTER HAMPDEN · ROBERT BARRAT · JOYCE REYNOLDS · Screen Play by Alan LeMay · Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman · Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandlee · All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co., and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman · Music by Max Steiner
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer · Produced by **Jesse L. Lasky** · Directed by **IRVING RAPPER**

Don't keep it to yourself!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

When you discover a good thing like *Tampax* (for monthly sanitary protection), don't keep it to yourself! Give your friends the benefit of your experience and they will probably want to put an end to *their* pin-and-belt troubles too. For Tampax, which is worn internally, requires no supporting harness—no external pads whatever!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

This is good news especially for those office girls, nurses, war workers, saleswomen and others who feel they *must* keep going whenever there is work to be done... Millions have turned to Tampax to help them through "those days of the month" they usually dread so much. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. Quick to change—easy to dispose of—perfected by a doctor—*that's* Tampax.

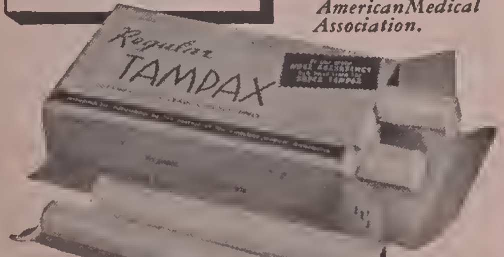
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in one-time-use applicators. Neat, handy and hygienic—your hands needn't touch the Tampax. *Three sizes* to suit early days, waning days and different individual needs. Sold at drug and notion counters. Month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



DINAH SHORE

Their Favorite Tunes

DINAH SHORE was rehearsing for a broadcast on Eddie Cantor's program at NBC when we talked to her. Her dark eyes smoldered when I asked her what her favorite song was.

"'Blues in the Night' is a favorite of mine for no reason I can put my finger on," Dinah said, "but 'Stars Fell on Alabama' is the song which brings back to me the most potent of memories.

"During my first year at Vanderbilt College, I got a chance to make my first appearance on a radio program—over station WLAC in Nashville. I was going to sing 'Stars Fell on Alabama' but I didn't get around to learning the words.

"That night was also the occasion for a first date with a fellow who was a year ahead of me at school. I had decided to make notes of the words of the song and sing from them, but he said, no, that I wouldn't make a good impression that way. So, for the entire trip to the station he had me repeating the song until I knew 'Stars Fell on Alabama' perfectly.

"From then on we were pals. After school we went our separate ways. A few years passed. He joined the Naval Air Corps.

"One day I received a letter from him, telling me he expected to get a furlough shortly, and would I save a date for him? He wrote that he heard my broadcasts from where he was stationed, so I planned to sing 'Stars Fell on Alabama', knowing he'd recognize the tune and know it was my way of saying 'yes.'

"Two days before the program went on the air, I received a wire from his mother. He had been killed at Pearl Harbor.

"And so I didn't sing 'Stars Fell on Alabama' that night. I never have since."

The McGees Un-Cap the Capital!

Fibber and Molly storm Washington to start a crusade in Congress! McGee raises voice in Senate...Senate raises McGee off the floor! Your top radio comics' funniest adventure!

Fibber McGee and Molly

IN

Heavenly Days

WITH

Eugene **PALLETTE** · Gordon **OLIVER** · Raymond **WALBURN**
Barbara **HALE** · Don **DOUGLAS** · Irving **BACON**

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Howard Estabrook

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
and Don Quinn
Original Story by Howard Estabrook

Another
of the
great
RKO
RADIO

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

BETTY CO-ED
OF HOLLYWOOD PRESENTS
"Rodeo Slacks"
PRIDE OF THE GOLDEN WEST!
DALE EVANS
Featured in "Yellow Rose of Texas" A Republic Picture

You'll adore their "Boots and Saddles" smartness—deft tailoring—figure-trimming lines! Genuine California saddle-tan leather "Criss-Cross" lacing on smooth-fitting waistband. Two deep pockets! Crush-resistant, 'year-round rayon fabric. Sizes 10 to 20. Navy, Brown, Green, Cadet Blue, Red. **$7.98,** plus postage. "Rancha-Rita" Blouse—Smart, high collar—"bow-string" tie. Square shoulders! Rich rayon fabric. Sizes 32 to 38. White only **$2.98,** plus postage.

Send No Money. We mail C. O. D.
Or save C. O. D. charges by enclosing cashier's check or money order plus 25c mailing charge.

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail-order fashion house!
IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED, WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!

PROMPT DELIVERY!

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 819
6253 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

ORDER BY MAIL DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD Dept. 819
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California
Please send "Rodeo Slacks", at $7.98, Plus postage.
Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Green ☐ Cadet Blue ☐ Red ☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size)
Send "Roncho-Rito" Blouse, at $2.98, Plus postage.
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size) White only
(Please print name, etc plainly)
Name__________
Street__________
City__________ Zone______
State__________

Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 60

Movieland's NEW PICTURE

MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.)
Bette Davis once more gives an excellent character portrayal, devoting all her boundless energy to a difficult role.

It is difficult because of its sameness; a woman who thinks of no one and nothing but herself, from the time she's a young belle of the town until she is old and unloved. Miss Davis has excelled as unpleasant women many times before this, but always heretofore they have afforded an opportunity to display a variety of moods. In "Skeffington," the heroine is frivolous and thoughtless in every scene. Special mention, however, should be made of Miss Davis' voice, controlled throughout this picture so as to be utterly devoid of emotion, and never varying from its light, metallic clink.

The film revolves around Fanny Trellis, orphaned debutante, who continues to live with her brother in a well-equipped mansion, even after the family fortune has dwindled away to mere memory. The brother swindles money from his wealthy employer, Job Skeffington. When Fanny discovers his plight, she marries Skeffington to protect her brother, and to gain access to the Skeffington bank account.

Throughout their married life, particularly after her brother is killed in the World War, Fanny ignores her patient and adoring husband and travels in her own group of socially prominent men friends. Divorce comes years later, and Skeffington goes to Germany, where eventually he is interned in a German concentration camp. Fanny contracts an illness which takes away her preserved beauty, leaving her old and haggard. In no other respect, though, is she changed—even after the forcefully dramatic scene which is the finale.

Claude Rains, as the "mister" in the story, gives a dignified interpretation, sensitive, and not without humor. Walter Abel, Richard Waring, Marjorie Riordan and Jerome Cowan support the principals.

THE GREAT MOMENT (Paramount)
Preston Sturges, noted for productions streamlined with riotous comedy, makes a departure in "Great Moment," proving his versatility.

The story deals with Dr. Morton, a dentist one hundred years ago who discovered anesthesia and gave it to the world, thereby freeing from pain his own generation and those to come. The story of Dr. Morton is interesting, not only because of the usual tribulations of a scientist seeking the answer to a problem, but also because he was not recognized as the benefactor of humanity that he was. After experimenting with ethers and finally learning to control the time element, he works doggedly to prove that his discovery can triumph over pain in the operating room. The "great moment" comes when he sacrifices all personal gain to give his discovery to the world. He died in poverty, unrecognized for his labors.

Joel McCrea gives a convincing performance as Morton, Betty Field is responsible for the frothy romance in his life, and William Demarest is fine comedy relief as the doctor's guinea pig.

The film is well done, interesting as well as educational, and is particularly timely during these months when so many of our men overseas are being wounded and benefiting from the work of this unsung hero.

5 BEST
PICTURES OF
THE MONTH
ON PAGE 56

GUIDE

MINSTREL MAN (PRC) is Benny Fields' introduction to the screen, after thirty-five years in vaudeville.

As Dixie Boy Johnson, greatest blackface artist of all time, Fields plays a mourning husband. His wife dies, in giving birth to their daughter, and Fields leaves show-business, later to be reported dead. Having been aboard the *Morro Castle*, he's among the missing and it's assumed that he went down with the ship.

Friends bring up the child, who follows in her father's stage footsteps.

Fine direction, artful camera work and considered casting with catchy songs put over in the inimitable Fields style, make it a musical that rates being called "unusual." It's a touching story, with a quota of tears; a debut performance for Judy Clark (singer from "Meet the People"), and includes your old friends Gladys George, Roscoe Karns and Alan Dinehart.

MARINE RAIDERS (RKO-Radio) Another war picture, if you can take it. Robert Ryan plays a Captain and Pat O'Brien, his senior officer, on one of the Pacific islands. When they finish off one island and go to Australia for a rest, Ryan meets Ruth Hussey—and comes love.

They are on their way to be married when Ryan is injured in an air raid, and O'Brien, thinking the love angle is the bunk, has Ryan shipped back to the States.

This leaves the girl pining away, back in Australia, and promotes no love between the two men, as you can imagine! They are "stuck" for months training Marines at a U. S. base, then eventually get back into the battle. The marriage takes place, then the men leave once more on a big scale operation.

The acting is fine, and the story moves along at a fast clip.

(*Continued on page 90*)

She must remain a Mystery!

SHE might be a sun-browned Californian or pretty Easterner. You'll never know.

For we promised never to reveal the names and faces of thousands of girls who were frank enough to write intimate letters, telling why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

And out of 10,086 letters, 8 out of 10 said "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

Mrs. M. E. wrote, "*Modess' downy softness and remarkable fit make it indispensable.*"

And thousands of letters from young marrieds, business women, and high school girls echoed hearty agreement. Users of all types of napkins—they voted Modess first place! There's extra-gentle comfort in Modess' special softspun filler. (So different from close-packed layers!) Extra, *full-way* protection, too, with Modess' triple, full-length shield at the back.

So get this wonderful luxury napkin—and discover, as thousands have, the difference it makes. It costs no more!

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess
Modess
Modess

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes over-size pads unnecessary.

In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind

. . . so I changed to FIBS* the tampon that's *easier to use!*

THIS ...
NOT THIS

I never dreamed there could be such a *difference* in tampons . . . that a tampon could be so *easy to use*—'til I tried Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for internal sanitary protection!

Compare Fibs with any leading brand and you'll see that Fibs alone have *rounded ends* . . . smooth, gently tapered ends to make insertion easy. Compare the just-right size of Fibs: not too big, not too tiny.

And only Fibs, of all tampons, are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety in internal protection!

Yes, if you're tampon-minded—try Fibs. See for yourself why so many women are changing to the tampon that's extra safe . . . more comfortable . . . easier to use!

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FIBS
THE KOTEX TAMPON
ONLY 20¢

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

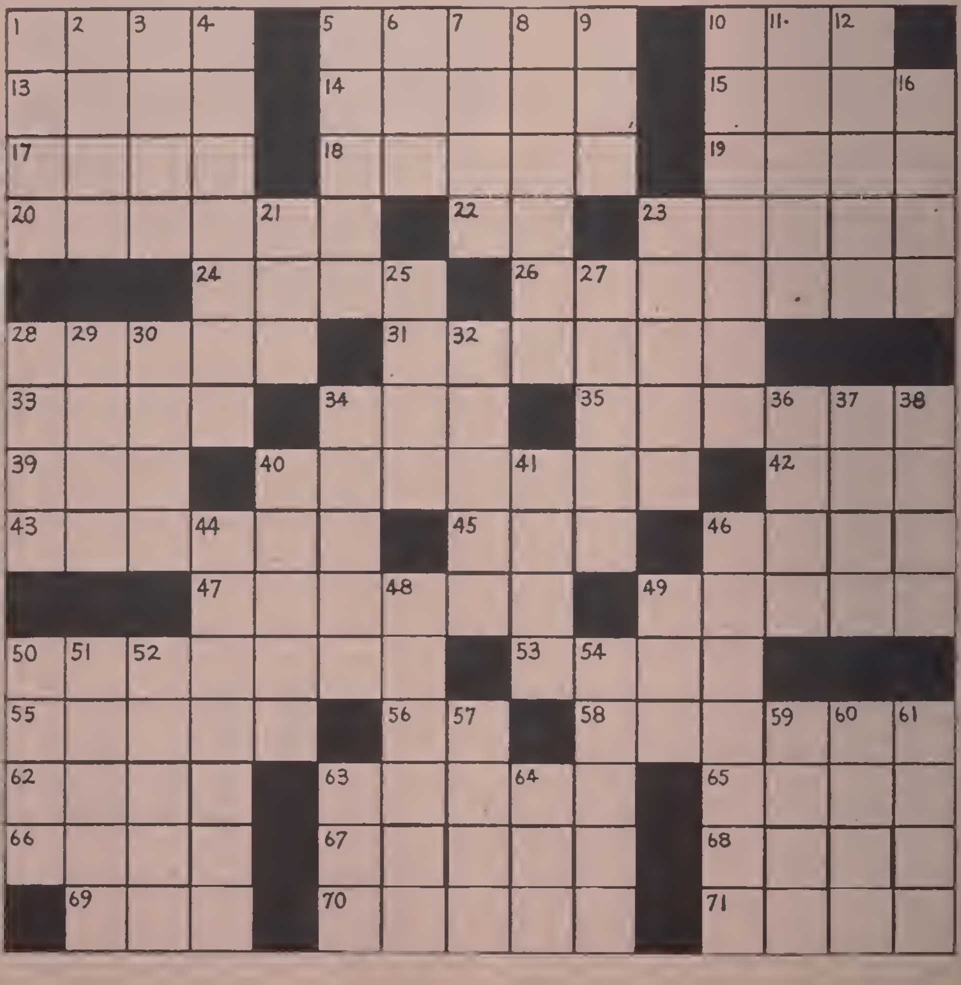
1. Glazed pottery
5. "The White Cliffs of . . . . ."
10. Bitter vetch
13. Moroccan sandarac tree
14. Efface
15. . . . . Errol
17. "Rusty Parker" in "Cover Girl"
18. She escapes from Germany in "Women in Bondage"
19. Behold (Latin)
20. "Tom Mulvehill" in "See Here, Private Hargrove"
22. Irene Dunne in 5 across (inits.)
23. Anita Louise in "Nine Girls"
24. "Flashy Logaz" in "Salute to the Marines"
26. Geo. Sanders is one in "Moon and Sixpence"
28. ". . . . . After Dark"
31. Metal decorated with black alloy
33. Plant of the lily family
34. Alan is "- - - John Ashwood" in 5 across
35. "Sylvia" is "- - - - -" wife in "It Happened Tomorrow"
39. Rhea (ref. spg.)
40. Czech pianist in "Voice in the Wind"
42. Ordnance officer's orderly (abbr.)
43. "- - - - - Comrade"
45. Not (Latin)
46. Star in "Address Unknown"
47. She is in "Phantom Lady"
49. "Marius" in "Passage to Marseille"
50. 'In Our Time" has it
53. "- - - - Business"
55. Make suitable
56. Movie capital's locale (abbr.)
58. "Sen. White" is - - - - role in "Rationing"
62. "Maria" in "Submarine Base"
63. Jennifer received one
65. Spoils
66. Chinese dynasty: 249-210 B. C.
67. "The - - - - of the Town"
68. "Riders of the Dead . . . ."
69. Actor's catchword
70. Administer extreme unction to
71. "The - - - - of the Cross"

DOWN

1. "Lady in the - - - -"
2. Penn. lake port
3. The - - - - Lynne Overman appears in "The Desert Song"
4. "The Voice" in "Higher and Higher"
5. Reginald - - - - -
6. Mouths (Latin abbr.)
7. "Sam Bennett" is - - - - role in 5 across
8. "None Shall - - - - -"
9. Alvino - - - and band are in "Jam Session"
10. She taps in "Thousands Cheer"
11. Made another slash
12. Molding at foot of column
16. Adjacent
21. Bronze (Rom. Antiq.)
23. Katina Paxinou in "FWTBT"
25. Geraint's wife in Arthurian legend
27. Star of "Love Thy Neighbor"
28. Margaret has a leading - - - - in "Los Angel"
29. Opposite of aweather
30. Yellowish-red color
32. "Blanche Mallory" in "Shine On Harvest Moon"
34. Silken
36. Bellow
37. "Where are - - - - Children?"
38. One and only
40. Rested
41. The - - - - Sisters are in "Broadway Rhythm"
44. Arranging in folds
46. Hedy is - - - - wife in "The Heavenly Body"
48. "Brom Broeck" in "Knickerbocker Holiday"
49. "Sparke Thornton" in "Home in Indiana"
50. "Tony West" in "Follow the Boys"
51. Lyric poet
52. Sicilian secret society
54. She sings in "Broadway Rhythm"
57. Culmination
59. MXI
60. "- - - - Voyage Home"
61. Kent Smith's nurse in "Three Russian Girls"
63. Many movies - - - their popularity to their stars
64. Indian mulberry

66 and 70 across can be found in Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary

(For Solution See Page 86)



UNIFORMED HITCH HIKING IN HOLLYWOOD

Bob Hope met one of those blase soldiers at his radio broadcast one night. He liked the boy and invited him home—then asked him to come to the studio to watch him work. The soldier said no. He didn't want to go to any studio lot, he explained. He knew exactly what would happen. The first movie actress he saw would throw her arms around his neck and exclaim: "Oh, isn't he cute!" to the rest of the actresses. Bob laughed at this. Motion picture actresses were just as blase as the soldier, said Mr. Hope. The soldier needn't fear.

So the boy went to the studio with Bob. When they got on the set, the first girl the soldier saw was Betty Hutton. She promptly threw her arms around the soldier's neck and yelled, "Ain't he cute!" to the rest of the gang.

The soldier turned and fled.

choose the new hollywood make-up that FLATTERS YOUR TYPE

TECHNA-TINT

TAYTON'S
Tayglo
Caribbean

CAKE: Do you go in for smooth sophistication? Then you want TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP, to give your complexion subtle color with a glamorous opaque finish. 39c, 25c, 10c.

LIQUID: Or—do you like to radiate *glowing* freshness? It's TAYTON'S TAYGLO "Liquid Cake" for you! You'll love the adorably soft, youthful effect of this new "Miracle Make-up." $1.00, 50c, 25c.

CREAM: If you prefer a foundation cream that tints the skin and makes powder cling, use TAYTON'S CREAM POWDER BASE—with TAYTON'S Silk-Sifted Powder for the exquisite finishing touch. Each, 25c, 10c.

Make your own choice . . . and for the most thrilling results, make sure it's TAYTON'S!

TAYTON'S
POWDER BASE

All Three are Movieland favorites.

All definitely veil tiny blemishes.

All are NON-DRYING to the skin.

All in lovely new shades.

All stay on hours and hours.

america's most glamorous make-up

From the Hollywood House of

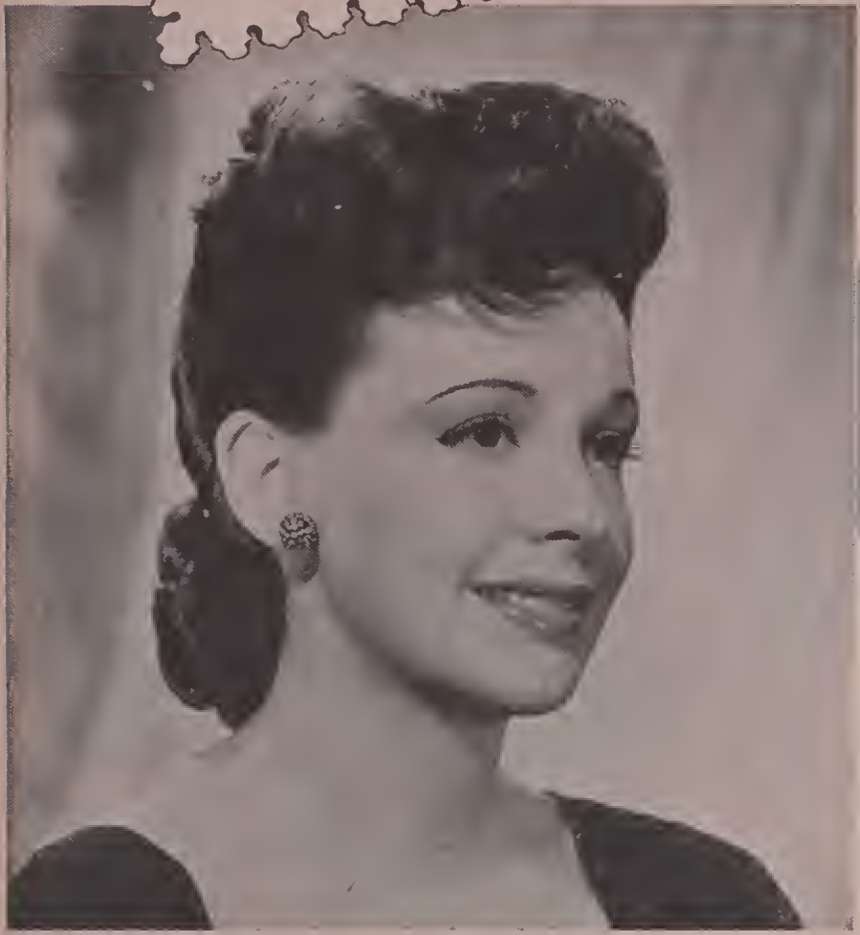
TAYTON'S

Finish your Make-Up with Tayton's Hi Lustre Sheen Lipstick

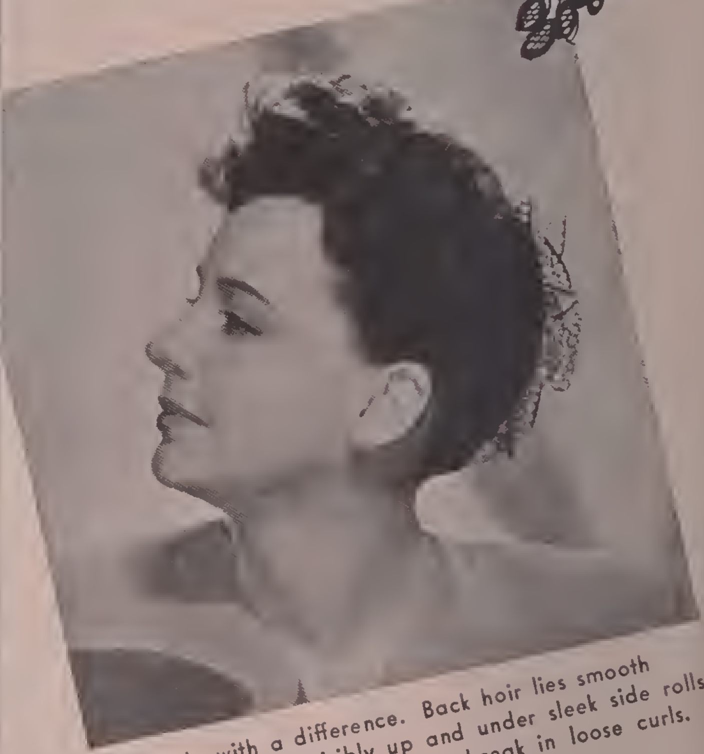
HOLLYWOOD ★ CHICAGO ★ NEW YORK

SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

YOUR *Coiffure* IS CONVERTIBLE



Formality without fripperies. That's Signe Hasso's formula for the perfect night time coiffure. Low on the nape in back, front hair swirled and swept up.



An up-do with a difference. Back hair lies smooth and flat, drawn invisibly up and under sleek side rolls. For frontal flattery, soft waves break in loose curls.

THE face you face the fall with needs a fitting frame. And it's not too soon to consider a change of coiffure. But what goes on, on your pretty head, needs careful consideration. Because this year, there's no rigid rule. It's all a matter of suit yourself, and suit yourself to the occasion.

That's why Signe Hasso, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress whom you'll see in "The Seventh Cross," takes to the convertible coiffure. The longer length back hair (about seven inches) goes up or down with equal ease. The shorter three-to-five-inch front can be worn in a froth of fluff or reversed in deep wide waves.

This is our idea, and Miss Hasso's, of a basic hairstyle for the girl with a view toward versatility.

Choosing a coiffure is only part of the picture. To make a hair-do work, your locks must have a look of lustrous luxuriance. And that, after a casual, carefree summer, is going to take some doing!

First, then, comes, conditioning. If you've never used a tonic, this is the time to begin. There are all types for all troubles, so linger over the label and find what's right for you. Then, several times a week, give yourself a "treatment."

Part the hair in inch sections and apply your tonic with fresh cotton squares. As you rub along each little part, dust and dandruff come away, leaving the scalp more flexible and, with a lubricating lotion, less dry.

Gentle massage and vigorous brushing come next—massage to stir up circulation, a bout with the brush for a prettier polish.

The healthiest hair is the very cleanest kind and weekly shampoo is the secret of more sheen. To be effective, it must be thorough. Two separate applications of shampoo are not too many; some people like to use three. However, if you choose any good cleanser that's *specifically* made for hair, and use it *exactly* according to directions, you can be sure it will remove every trace of dulling grime.

Your crisp clean curls will be easier to arrange if you use a light setting lotion; if you soften and subdue dry ends with a touch of pomade or brilliantine; if you anchor an upsweep with lacquer and invisible combs.

Finally, when your hair is back to its best and you've settled on the styling, you're ready for a fall permanent, the firm foundation for any convertible coiffure. This year, you'll probably consider a cold wave. And you'll probably find that its cool comfort results in the softest, strongest kind of curls.

For further hints on hair, turn to Page 81.

You'll have far more allure for him

With shining hair, kept smooth and trim!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

●

Men notice and remember the girl with glamorous, shining locks! So don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty of your hair.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene containing hair conditioner now leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it.

And remember! Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

NOTHING LOVELIER, nothing smarter than this simple classic hair-do—particularly if your features are regular and your face is small. It's a wonderful hair-do for a snood with a perky bow on top. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for the extra lustre and silken smoothness!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

drene
SHAMPOO
drene
SHAMPOO
with Hair Conditioner added

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

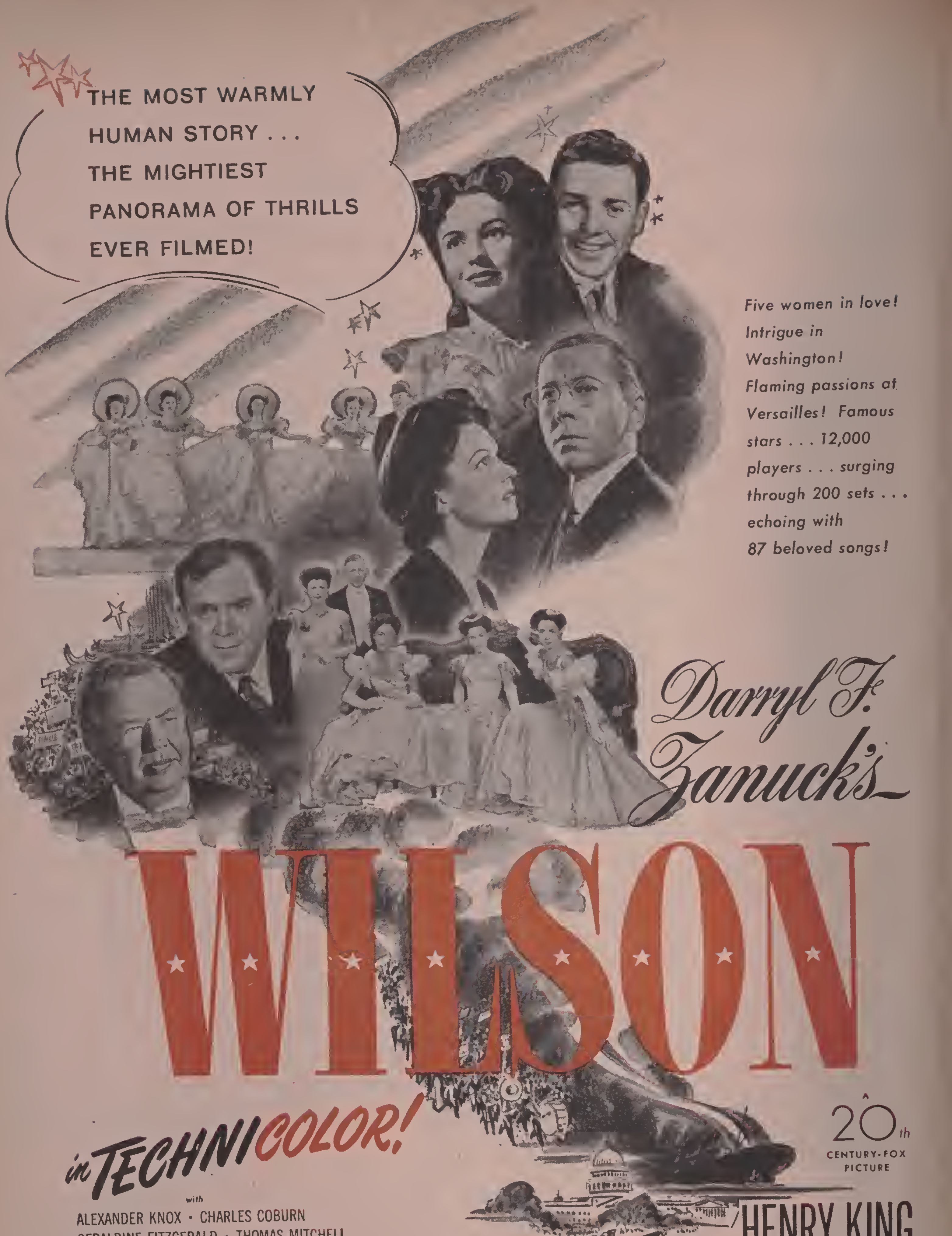
Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

●

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



THE MOST WARMLY HUMAN STORY . . . THE MIGHTIEST PANORAMA OF THRILLS EVER FILMED!

Five women in love! Intrigue in Washington! Flaming passions at Versailles! Famous stars . . . 12,000 players . . . surging through 200 sets . . . echoing with 87 beloved songs!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

in TECHNICOLOR!

with

ALEXANDER KNOX · CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD · THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON · SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE · WILLIAM EYTHE · MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by **HENRY KING**
Written for the Screen by **LAMAR TROTTI**

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50 YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

His first movie role was that of "Chicken", the kid marine who stole your heart in "Guadalcanal Diary".

Reluctant Richard, they call him—the boy who took plenty of persuading before agreeing to a film career. Having finished his second role, in "Wing and a Prayer", wherein he will charm you all over again, he joined the Merchant Marine. Dick won't say he'll come back to the screen after the war—insists on deciding that when the time comes.

RICHARD JAECKEL

Ellen (Joan's daughter) doesn't understand divorce.

Joan with citations from entertaining soldiers.

Now It Can Be Told

"YOU *can't* do this to us!" So said the letters which came in dozens to Joan Blondell when the end of her marriage to Dick Powell was announced.

For you see, the marriage of Joan and Dick was a symbol of ideal marriage. It was conceived in the public mind as something steadfast and lasting which could weather the storm of dual careers, and the shock of adulation, and the stress of living in a highly tense, emotional environment.

There were other sharp comments and admonitions. *"It's only a spat. Don't take it seriously." "Think of your children."* And by inference, that another man had usurped Dick in Joan's affections.

Because of these letters, this story which was not to be told, is given to you. Perhaps it is as well. The slate should be clear. For Joan, as a person, is entering a new, fresh life. Professionally, her picture career is sharply ascendant, with her role as Cissy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," now in the making. The truth about her personal story may lessen disillusion, reduce that sense of bewilderment in the minds of all those who comfortably accepted the marriage of these two as nothing less than a perpetual idyll.

Joan knew shortly after her marriage to Dick that it

The ideal Hollywood marriage—everyone thought.

BY SONIA LEE

"AUNT CISSY"—as portroyed by Joon Blondell in the 20th Century-Fox film version of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." This is the beginning of the new Joon Blondell, free of personol problems and beginning a new phase of her picture career.

Joan knew shortly after marriage that it was a mistake. Theirs were wholly unlike personalities and temperaments.

Refusing to follow the migration to Beverly Hills or San Fernando Valley, the Powells lived in a home just off Hollywood Boulevard.

Even Joan's sister Gloria (shown here when she visited the "Cry Havoc" set) had no idea how unhappy she was.

Now It Can Be Told

CONTINUED

was a mistake. Theirs were two wholly unlike personalities and temperaments. Their values, their attitudes, their reactions to people and situations were diametrically opposed. Small frictions grew into major differences.

Time, Joan thought at first, would bring adjustment. Instead, it increased the gulf between them. But never once by word or gesture did she betray her confusion, her desperation, and her heartbreak. She read accounts of her perfect marriage in newspapers and magazines with a stifling, trapped feeling.

Her mirror reflected her unhappiness. When a woman is content in her marriage she is alive and vigorous and forceful. There is an aura about her. She is an in-

(Left, above) At home with Norman and Ellen—when this was thought to be the perfect "happy family." (Left) When Joan and Dick were at the same studio, Metro-Goldwyn.

dividual and not a carbon copy of anyone—not even of her husband. In Joan, the spark flickered. She saw a stranger in the glass.

The years went on. Norman, who is nine now (Joan's son by a former marriage), grew from babyhood into sturdy boy self-reliance. Ellen arrived at the increasingly adorable stages of two and three and four. Joan was mad about the children. She lost herself in them, and tried to fill her life completely with them. Through them she sought compensation for whatever lack of unity there was in her marriage.

Whenever the word "divorce" entered Joan's mind, as it must have many times when their differences became more and more apparent, she violently tore herself away from the thought of such action.

But something was happening to Joan. Physically and mentally, as well as emotionally.

When her contract with Warner's was finished—that was in 1940—she was glad. That would give her more time at home. Perhaps if she gave her concentrated attention to making adjustments, perhaps if there was only one urgent career in the family, the gaps would close. They didn't.

Joan's health was beginning to suffer noticeably. That knot in her solar-plexus became a permanent resident. Her hands were not quite steady.

In 1942 she began a year-long Victory Committee tour. She entertained at army (*Continued on page* 85)

By MAUREEN WELSH

He's a comedian, he's a great romantic actor, he's a swell guy—but you sum it all up when you say . . .

There's Only One

Everybody has a good time on a Grant set, and you can see why.

CARY GRANT

Forever an Englishman! When it comes time for a spot of tea, Cary takes his in his dressing room—if he's working on a picture.

Scene from "None But the Lonely Heart." Cary's first chance to play with Ethel Barrymore, and Miss Barrymore's first picture in twelve years.

CARY GRANT was standing in the doorway of his dressing room at the studio, one morning not long ago. An electrician passed by.

"Hiya!" said Cary.

"Hiya!" said the electrician. Then he started on his way. All of a sudden he did the most beautiful doubletake you've ever seen.

"Hey . . . ! Wait a minute!" the electrician said. "You're not working today."

"Nope," said Cary.

"Then why the heck are you hanging around?" The electrician scratched his head.

"I like it here," Cary answered, with that voice that isn't still English, yet isn't quite American, and with a grin from here to there.

The electrician scratched his head again. Then he shook it and wandered on his way. Cary threw back his head and laughed.

So maybe he likes it here. So all right! Can't a guy be nuts about his work and not be nuts himself?

Do you want to know how a man behaves who's nuts about his work? All day long on the set, Cary's teeming with vitality, like a race horse champing at the bit. When the director calls him to go into a scene, he leaps onto the set, with his eyes shining, ready to act. In between shots he's everywhere, talking to everybody and deeply interested. You see what I mean? You don't? Well, come out to RKO with me and I'll show you.

You get past the gate man, if you're lucky, and wander up the studio street. You pass some Aussie soldiers, but that's another picture. You near the dog wagon where some technicians and actors are ordering hot dogs and cokes. Then suddenly you are almost hurtled off your feet by a figure zooming by on a bike. You are about to hurl back a few choice words, when the bike stops, a guy gets off, and the air is filled with apologies. So you grin. After all, the bike didn't really touch you, and you really weren't hurt, only startled. And after all, what can you do in the face of apologies from Cary Grant? Not with that grin staring in your puss!

Then off he goes down the street again, yelling back that there're shooting on stage fifteen and he'll be back in a second, after he makes a telephone all. By the time you've vaguely caught the last (*Continued on page* 64)

SINATRA'S LEADING LADY

Daughter of the Carter DeHavens, stage favorites of a generation ago, Gloria gives with the glamour.

Bandstand performance, back two years or more ago, when Gloria was getting her professional start as a singer with the Bob Crosby archestra.

George Murphy, Gloria and "The Voice" sing out the finale of "Step Lively."

Gloria and Jill Warren, giggling when the cameraman takes their picture during lunch at the Brown Derby.

(Left) Gloria and Frank being the coosome twosame for a scene in their new picture. Gloria's lucky theme song has been "Embraceable You." Meaning Sinatra?

BEFORE RKO studios started production on Frank Sinatra's starring picture, "Step Lively," they had a momentous problem. Who would be his feminine vis-a-vis?

They couldn't find the right girl for the lad with the glamorous tonsils. Practically every starlet in Hollywood was beating her brains out trying to get the part, and RKO was testing dozens of aspiring beauties in their search for a lass with looks, voice, personality and charm enough to share honors with "The Voice." It was beginning to look like another "Gone With The Wind" routine, when the studio master minds scratched their collective heads and came up with an unanimous decision and a "Why didn't we think of her before" expression—Gloria De Haven!

Gloria didn't come from any great distance—just across town from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where during the past year she has been rapidly climbing the star ladder. She jumped from a bandstand to one of the leading roles in "Best Foot Forward"—and, a seven-year contract! Her subsequent appearances in "As Thousands Cheer," "Broadway Rhythm," and "Two Girls And A Sailor" have proved that Gloria is not just another cutie with a voice and a figure. She can act, too!

Gloria's father, Carter De Haven, was well known in the theatre, and her mother was an actress; so she naturally inherited some talent. But her success is not an inheritance; it's a culmination of much hard work, lots of ambition, and many disappointments.

She was in a reminiscent mood the day we met for lunch at The Brown Derby, and as two girls will, we sat there long after the fashionable hour and just gabbed and gabbed. I have known Gloria for about two and a half years, having met her when we both tried out for the vocalist spot with Jan Savitt's orchestra. We still laugh about the fact that we auditioned with the same song, "Embraceable You."

"My heart sank when I heard you go into the tune, Jill, but I decided I'd do it too, because I had sung 'Embraceable' when I got my first band job with Bob Crosby, and it had sort of become my lucky song."

The charm worked. Gloria won out over all the other girls, and stayed with the Savitt band until she was signed by Metro.

"How did you happen to get into the music business, anyway?" I asked Frank Sinatra's new leading lady.

"It's a funny thing, but I never had any ambitions in that direction at all. I was sixteen years old and still going to high school, with a few months to go to graduation. I attended Mar-Ken, which is a private school for kids who work in pictures and radio. I only went half days, which left my afternoons free to make the rounds of the studios. At that time I wanted more than anything to get a contract. But the best I ever got were a few small bit parts, and most of the time I got nothing.

"My brother, Carter Jr., used to play golf all the time with Bob Crosby, and one night he took me out to the Trianon ballroom where Bob was playing. Bob came over to our table and Carter introduced us. Bob told us he was auditioning girl singers that night, and all of a sudden Carter said: 'Why don't you get up and sing a song, Sis?' I had never even been on a bandstand before, and the idea was frightening.

"But they teased me into it. So I went up and sang 'Embraceable You,' and I was scared to death. I received very mild applause and Bob smiled and said 'Thank you'. But before we left he told me to come to the radio station the next day. He wanted to hear me over the speaker system.

"Mother didn't think too much of the idea, but I went down and once more started 'Embraceable.' Bob was sitting in the booth, and before I was halfway through the song he waved his hand at me to stop. I felt simply sick, and was sure that I had done terribly; so home I went, terribly dejected. But about an hour later I got a phone call from Bob's manager, asking me to start with the band that night. I was just about the most excited girl in the world. At last, I had a job—even though it wasn't in front of a camera.

"I worked with Bob three months, and during that time I graduated from high school. Pictures were still uppermost in my mind, so when I finished with Crosby I tried once more to get a break at one of the studios. And once again, no luck."

How the talent scouts ever passed up Gloria, just on looks alone, is beyond me. She has a natural, fresh beauty which doesn't need false eyelashes or a lot of goo. Her hazel eyes and blonde hair are set off by one of those peaches and cream complexions. (Gloria has that "ivory look," if you know what I (*Continued on page* 72)

Pretty miss avec pigtails, cycling across the M-G-M lot to rehearsal. When not working on a picture, Gloria studies dramatics and singing.

Alias Gloria DeHaven

A delightful dish on the Hollywood menu

By JILL WARREN

IF someone were to come up to you and ask: "What was the most important day in your life?" you'd probably have to stop and think a bit before answering. And the chances are ten to one that the day you'd select would be the last one any of your friends would have selected for you.

It's the same with movie stars. What's important to a person is purely a personal matter.

"The most important day in my life," Gene Tierney will tell you, "was the day I eloped to Las Vegas with Oleg Cassini.

"It was an exciting and romantic elopement. We wanted to keep it secret until after the ceremony, so we didn't use our real names when we bought the plane tickets. I used 'Belle Starr,' my character name in my new picture, and Oleg used an unpronounceable Russian name.

"It was fun, sitting across the aisle from each other, pretending we were strangers. Oleg was better at it than I was; I couldn't resist winking at him now and then. Once I caught the stewardess' disapproving eye on me. She definitely thought I was flirting!

"We would have gotten away with it too, if it hadn't

Years ago, Zachary Scott spent a typical holiday, not knowing that it was to be his discovery day.

Irene Dunne had to wait three weeks before she was certain which had been the most important day in her life.

Gene Tierney remembers the day when she traveled under an assumed name and was accused of flirting!

been for a taxi driver at the airport. When we descended from the plane, he rushed over and asked: 'Where to, Miss Tierney?' I was startled, but I tried to bluff it out. 'You're mistaken,' I told him, 'my name is Belle Starr.' 'Oh, no, it isn't,' he said, 'it's Gene Tierney. You see, my name's Tierney, too, so I follow you pretty closely. You can't fool me.' He pointed to Oleg, named him too. 'You're here to be married,' he said.

"So the news was out."

The day Claudette Colbert selects as the most important in her life had nothing to do with romance. Easter Sunday of last year—it was the day she went down to the Wilmington Shipyards of Consolidated Steel, to christen the U.S.S. Apling, a Naval combat transport.

"I was the first motion picture star ever to enter the shipyards," Claudette says proudly, "and the reason it meant so much to me was because being a star had nothing to do with it. I was honored that way because I'm a navy wife. My husband, Lieutenant Commander Joel Pressman, is a navy doctor. It was a wonderful feeling to get completely away from being a motion picture star, and for one day to be just a wife.

"I was nervous at first, but I soon overcame that by concentrating on the importance of what I was doing. It was one of the most thrilling days of my life."

For Janet Blair, it was Thanksgiving day of 1939. That was the day she met Lou Bush, now her husband.

To explain how it happened, we have to go back a bit, to when Janet was living with her family in Altoona, Pa.

The manager of Hal Kemp's band was a friend of the family. He had always promised Janet that some day she could sing with the band. When the band played her home town, shortly after her high school graduation, Janet tried to hold him to his promise. He urged her to wait a little while longer, said he would get her the chance.

Sure enough, she received a wire one day, telling her the band was in Pittsburgh, and she could come there and audition. It was Thanksgiving day.

"I rehearsed all day," Janet says, "so nervous I was sick. The boys invited me to join them at Thanksgiving dinner and I went along, but I was so sick I couldn't eat. They all tried to (*Continued on page 74*)

THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY IN MY LIFE

BY MARION COOPER

As selected by a representative group of Hollywood players

Janet Blair chooses Thanksgiving Day of 1939, when she had cause to be sincerely thankful.

Dana Andrews gave up an executive position and drove a bus for $10 a week, but his decision proved right.

The mirth-maker and his missus, Sylvia Fine, in the den of their home at Beverly Hills. Danny is on the phone talking over an important scene for his next picture which is titled "The Wonder Man."

DANNY KAYE

BY SYLVIA FINE *(MRS. DANNY KAYE)*

As told to LUPTON A. WILKINSON

They lived across the street from each other, as kids. Were introduced years later by a shoe-string producer. Danny, odds-job boy; Sylvia, soup demonstrator.

Ace comedian of the Broadway stage, Danny Kaye made his screen debut in Samuel Goldwyn's "Up In Arms."

AT HOME If Ever

Rations problems, and how! Danny is erratic about his eating—either nothing at all, or Mexican enchiladas at three in the morning.

The boy from Brooklyn, and crazy about baseball. Danny Kaye likes all sports, but a back injury handicaps him as a participant.

IT'S been five and a half years since I met Danny Kaye.

There I was, a child prodigy, so help me, training to be "a great concert pianist." But having no money to finance such a career—even the preparation for it—I was demonstrating soup for $12.50 a week one winter, in a Brooklyn grocery store. Came a call from a then shoestring producer, saying he'd heard I "wrote songs," and would I come over and see if any of my numbers fitted into a revue he was throwing together. Would I!

There was a supple-and-snappy blond at the theater when I arrived—a boy giving a playing-all-the-roles performance for a show that almost didn't last till opening night. No funds, no money to put up for the city license "to give a public exhibition," so the cops came and closed the doors. That night, after dress rehearsal, Danny and I rushed around town rounding up the dough, discovered we'd lived across the street from each other as kids, and—well, I guess you know the rest.

We were married about a year later, flat broke; Danny hit the jack-pot in a New York night club (La Martinique), won national fame in a three-page part in the stage play, "Lady in the Dark," starred in another stage play, "Let's Face It," and there we were—trying to make good in mankind's maddest endeavor, a Goldwyn musical revue. ("Up in Arms" was the title. Remember?)

As you can see, for part of our lives together we were rehearsing in the morning, matineeing in the afternoon, giving an evening performance (Danny was, that is), and then night club work till 3 A.M. Home managed to rear its lovely head, but with difficulty. For I was busy, too—thinking up and helping to write skits, goofy numbers, and scat and jive songs for the versatile young man who's so fast he has a reputation for making speed seem old fashioned.

Realization of the speed with which everything has happened to Danny and me came during a recent conversation about that old subject—money.

"Danny," I opened, "I want to talk to you."

He ducked, but I went right on.

"We don't need this big house," I said.

"Oh," Danny muttered, "it's not so big Kinda nice."

"It's larger than two people need," I persisted. "We're going to hunt for a smaller one."

"All right," Danny agreed, cheerfully.

"Danny," I said, "do you know what rent we're paying?"

"No." He still sounded cheerful—and uninterested.

"Danny, have you heard about taxes?"

"Well, yes," he admitted.

I was winding up then for a general lecture, but Danny cut in. "Listen, honey, three or four years ago I was making fifty dollars a week. We got along fine. I can always make a living. When I'm eighty years old I can make fifty dollars a week, singing in a saloon, if I have to. Do what you want about the house, but if we're going to worry all the time about this money

DANNY KAYE AT HOME

CONTINUED

Married four and a half years, the Kayes' career has been both business and matrimonial. Sylvia writes all Danny's material.

Danny's mother died when he was thirteen. He was a wandering boy, ran away to Florida once with a total capital of only twenty cents!

we're said to be making, I wish we were back to the fifty bucks. What does it mean? I was able to fix things so my Dad could quit work. That's swell. What else? When I earned one hundred dollars a year, I wore a suit. Now I wear a suit. What else can a guy wear *but* a suit?"

Danny flatly refuses, you see, to worry about money. Has no sense about it, whatever. As soon as we got into good income, in "Let's Face It," I made an agreement with him. We'd let our two salaries be paid in to our lawyer. We'd each draw an allowance of fifty dollars a week. I'd pay household expenses, except rent, and buy my clothes; he'd have his allowance to buy meals out, gas for the car, gifts for the "touch-boys" he can never refuse, and his clothes. Plenty for both of us, I thought. (And we live on that basis, now.)

But there was something wrong with the system I'd worked out. I soon found out that Danny thought signing checks didn't count. He'd take three or four fellows to lunch or dinner, and sign the check. The bill would go to the lawyer. He'd buy gas for his car, sign the check, and *that* bill would go to the lawyer. As for clothes, when Danny says, "All a guy can wear is a suit," he isn't kidding. He buys one outfit, wears it till it's almost shiny, then buys another. He'll never change that habit, any more than he'll substitute "prosperity" friends for his old buddies back in Brooklyn.

Yet he was always broke—not a nickel in his pocket come Saturday night. What was he doing with his money?

"Danny," I said, "I don't care what you do with your allowance. I don't want to know. But *you* should know. If you spend something for stamps, you should know it. If you buy a fancy necktie, you should know you've done it. You're broke all the time, yet you've no idea where your money has gone."

He'd just stand there, looking like a very good-natured puppy who's being scolded, and say, "I know, Hon, I know." Never any defense.

One day I came home, finding Danny there before me, and he said, "Hon, where have you been?"

"Oh," I said, a little wearily, "just batting around Greenwich Village with a girl friend, looking into antique places and old bookshops."

"What did you see?"

Enthusiasm conquered my basic worries, for the moment. "Danny," I told him, "I saw the most beautiful old fashioned garnet necklace. Really, it's beautiful!"

He turned on his heel without a word and went, light-footed, upstairs. When he returned he had an old pair of shoes in his hand. Taking the trees out of the shoes, he began to pull out fifty-dollar bills. "I've been saving this," he said, "to buy you something when I sort of found out something special you wanted. I guess this is it . . . this garnet necklace you saw today."

What would you do about a guy like that?

What people quarrel about is always fun to know, and really tears the veil—Salome's No. 7. In Danny's case there's one delightful feature: he never gets angry about anything important, but little things cause all that flexed coordination and energy of his to explode.

He can't stand to see things done wrong, or sloppily. If you say, "I don't know how to do this, but I'm going to try," he'll be patient. But if you start out with conceited complacency or nonchalance, and then it turns out you don't know what you're doing, heaven help the neighbors' ears.

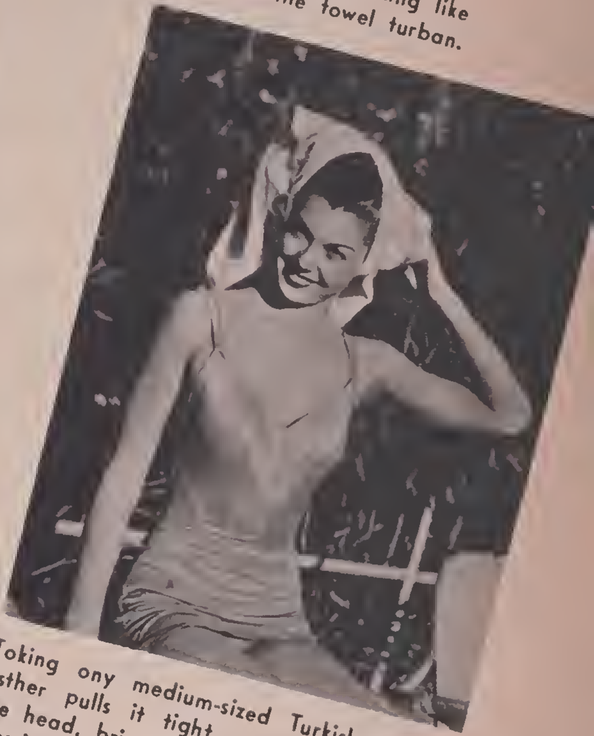
The long distince record for a Danny-to-Sylvia yell was set over an event simple enough to seem silly: I pulled down a Venetian blind. All the way down. (You get very little training about Venetian blinds, in Brooklyn.) "Blank, blank, blank!" yelled Danny, who seldom swears. "When you don't know how to do something, why don't you ask someone to do it *for* you!"

I understand Danny pretty well now, and his tempers merely amuse me—though I hope I stay too smart to laugh while he's mad. (*Continued on page 83*)

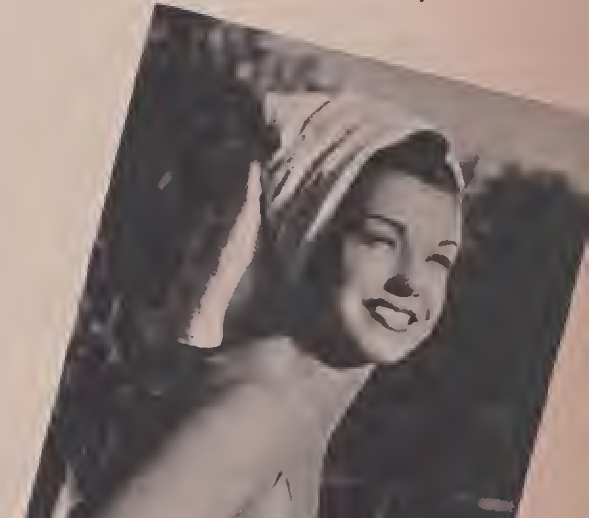
A GIRL can look like a limp lean when she comes out of the water, her favorite hair-do sacrificed to the fun of the swim. Unless she's smart, like the ingenious Esther Williams, who knows a thing or three about solving the problem—and does. Magic for the mermaids, you can call it. A clever little trick, and all so easy—with the knowing how, as Esther demonstrates it.

MAKING YOURSELF A *Sand Witch*

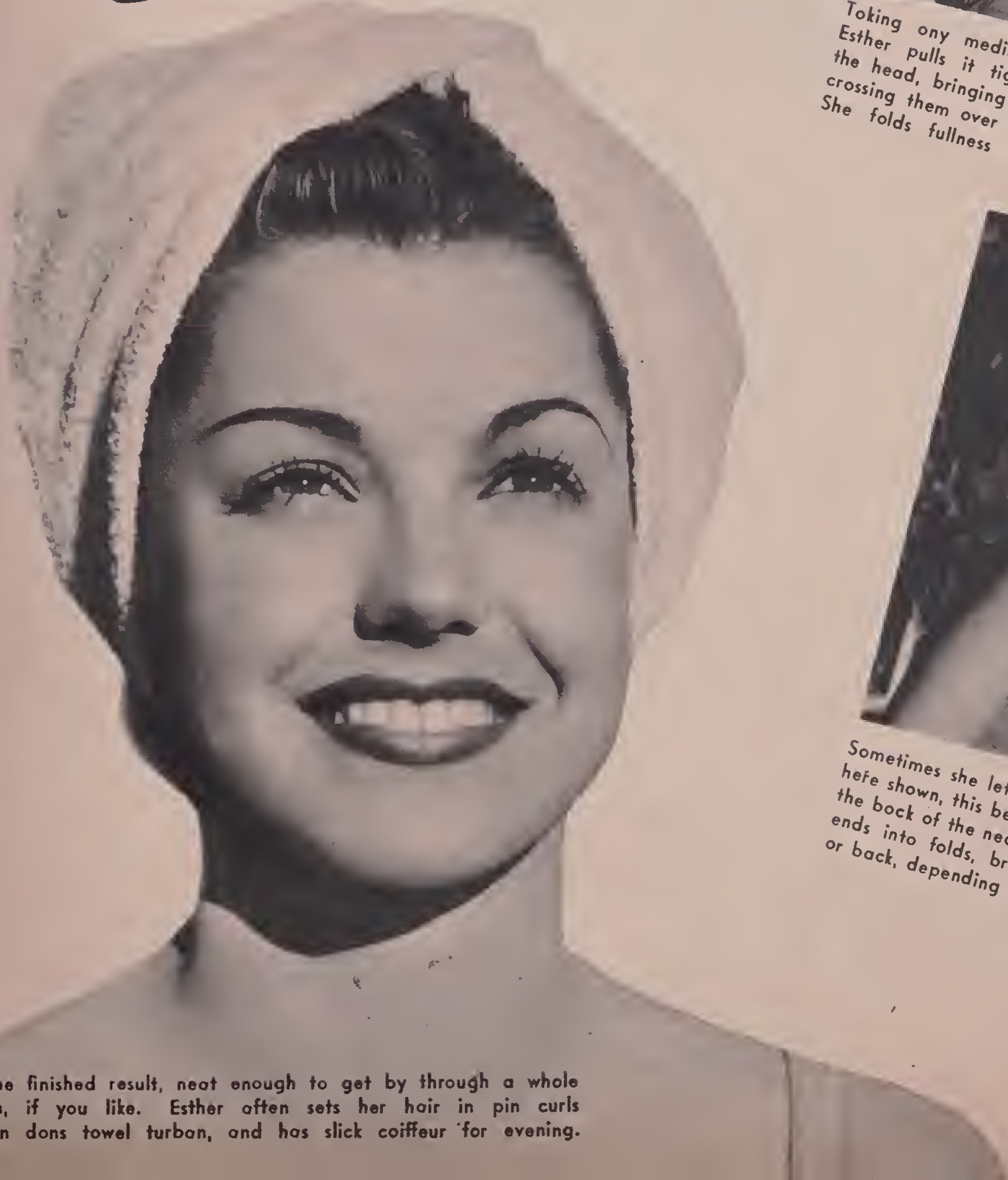
Now the co-star of "Bathing Beauty," beautiful Esther once was star of Billy Rose's Aquacade. As such she had her lovely tresses soaked two or three times a day. There wasn't time for hairdressing, but Esther wasn't going looking like a goon. She invented the towel turban.



Taking any medium-sized Turkish number, Esther pulls it tight across the back of the head, bringing the ends forward, then crossing them over the crown of the head. She folds fullness flat across the sides.



Sometimes she lets the ends hang down, as here shown, this being a good way to shade the back of the neck. Other times she tucks ends into folds, bringing the line forward or back, depending upon what is becoming.



Here's the finished result, neat enough to get by through a whole afternoon, if you like. Esther often sets her hair in pin curls first, then dons towel turban, and has slick coiffeur for evening.

(Left) A close-up of the wedding gown—white brocaded faille, with satin ball buttons trimming full length sleeves. (Above) Taking the pledge. The Ring of Aldyth is symbol of happiness; lovers clasp hands through ring, pledge devotion.

Wedding of the Month

CAST as sweethearts in "Doughgirls," Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens became happily married in real life before starting their next picture ("Hollywood Canteen," Warner Bros.). Reverend Stuart P. MacLennan performed the ceremony; Mrs. Virginia Agnello, school friend of the bride, was matron of honor in the wedding party. Captain John E. Horton, from Kansas City, Missouri, served as best man for the happy bridegroom. There were no bridesmaids.

As late as last April, the couple told friends they anticipated a long engagement. The advancing of the wedding date had to do with their being able to find an apartment, which was more than they'd dared to hope, what with living conditions in Southern California being what they are in these twentieth century war times!

The Greatest
Romantic Comedy
of All Time

If you think
Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

International Pictures, Inc.,
presents

GARY COOPER · TERESA WRIGHT

in

Casanova Brown

"A great lover in spite of himself"

Directed by SAM WOOD

A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production

with FRANK MORGAN · Anita Louise

PATRICIA COLLINGE · Edmond Breon · Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson · From a play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell · Presented by International Pictures, Inc. · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

"GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IS INTERNATIONAL"

Living up to her name, "Character" Emerson demonstrates how not to dive if you want to avoid an all-points landing.

HERE COMES CHARACTER!

You've seen the face, but it's different every time you see it. Whether in the role of a native girl in "The Desert Song" or in "Between Two Worlds" with John Garfield (below) the girl movieland calls "Character" is in character.

By VIRGINIA KING

WHEN Ralph Waldo Emerson penned his immortal classic, "Essay On Character," little did he think that one hundred and forty years later his grand-niece would garnish the simple but powerful Hollywood title, "Character."

She is not just Faye or Miss Emerson; she's "Character." Directors and fellow players who have worked with her in many of her film successes hail her with:

"Here comes 'Character!' "

And rightly so.

One day she'll show up in pigtails and no make-up. Another day she's a sophisticated lady with long, drooping lashes and carefully painted lips. She may round a corner on the studio lot astride a messenger's bike, ki-yiing and hell-bent for election. Or she'll be the Grand Dame and inveigle a studio driver into taking her from one stage to the next in his big black limousine. She usually shows up in a shorts outfit and play sandals when she's to make portraits. But doggoned if she isn't rigged up like the first lady of the screen meeting the President, when she's assigned to make leg art. Day in and day out she's something new, something different.

At Warner Brothers studio they have cast her, among other things, as an axe killer, a slinky Nazi female spy, a gal gone wrong and a gal that has been wronged. She played the role of a native girl—plenty easy on the eyes—in "The Desert Song." She waited on tables in "The Hard Way" and was one tough dame that could take it as well as dish it out. She's been the charming wife who awaits the return of her submarine commander husband from his Tokyo destination. (And who wouldn't, when that guy is none other than Cary Grant!)

In "Mask of Dimitrios," Faye plays a double edged role—that of a good girl who winds up as a woman of few virtues. While in "Between Two Worlds" she reaches the heights of dramatic acting.

No wonder, then, that she has developed the habit of automatically autographing her photographs for her host of friends and fans as "Character" rather than just plain Faye.

"Character" was born Faye Margaret Emerson, in the little deep-south town of Elizabeth, Louisiana.

Just as she reached the toddling age, her parents trotted her off to Chicago. And then in rapid succession the Emersons moved to El Paso, to Beaumont, and then on to Houston. Tiring of the Lone-Star state, the nomadic family trekked next to Torreon, New Mexico, later to Carlsbad. From there they wandered to San Diego, and thence to Hollywood.

In all of these various states Faye attended the public schools. She wound up her scholastic efforts at Point Loma school near San Diego, and at the San Diego State College.

"My brightest moment in my hop-skip-and-a-jump days of schooling," she recalls, "was being selected by the senior class in high school as the most vivacious freshman. That, for some unknown reason (maybe because I was showing evidence then of being a character), gave me the enviable role of the school cheer leader."

In college Faye grabbed off another honor. She became the school's song leader.

As for acting experience gained from her schooling, however, it may be told in one terse sentence of two words. "Yell leader." It left her, she explains, with a "good strong voice, emphasis on the strong." Funny thing, though, if "Character" is being interviewed in the studio Green Room (where the Stars and Press lunch on the Warner cuff), her voice is so softly modulated that she is suspected of being shy.

In commenting on the start of her acting career, Faye pays high tribute to (*Continued on page* 87)

Faye Emerson

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

BEHIND THE SCENES of every motion-picture are the hundred and one invaluable people who contribute their talents, knowledge and immeasurable experience toward making that picture a success.

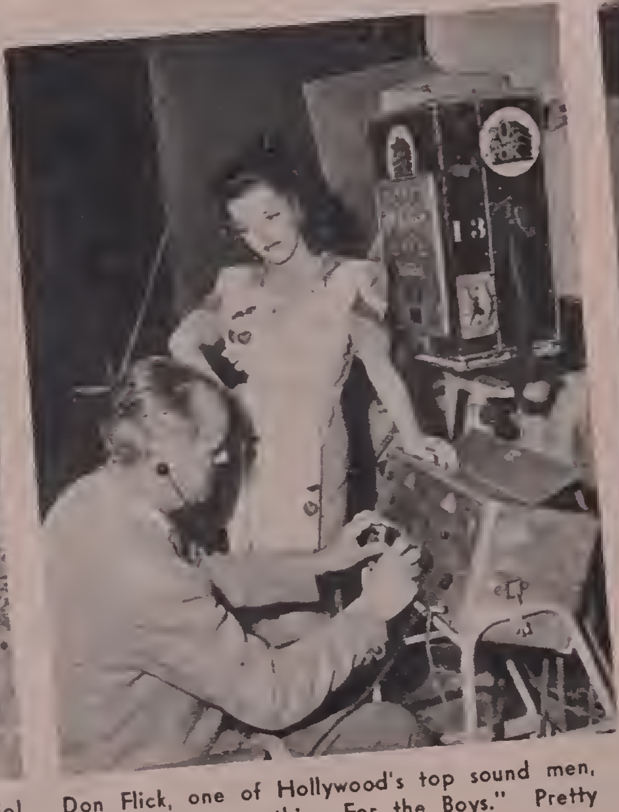
Some of them get screen credit, most of them don't. They are that large and for the most part unknown family, each contributing importantly to your movie entertainment, each with a part to play, and all working toward that one goal: the saving of temper, time and money. Neglect of any of the three can cause havoc.

You think of a movie as being the star, the story, the director and the producer who brought them all together. You forget the assistant director. It's his job to maintain complete coordination throughout the set, while a picture's in production. Arriving before the director, he sees that everything is in place, knows every extra by his first name, helps in the casting of the minor characters, and often handles units of his own.

Probably you didn't know that the sound man, with volume control at his fingertips, can accentuate the perfections of a voice, or erase the weaknesses. Many a star has the sound man to thank for dis- (*Continued on page* 89) covering his right voice

Kathleen Fagan, script girl, tells Michael O'Shea of change in scene. It's her job to catch production errors, keep record of props.

Lou Witte, in charge of special effects, sets up explosion bomb for use in "Keys of the Kingdom."

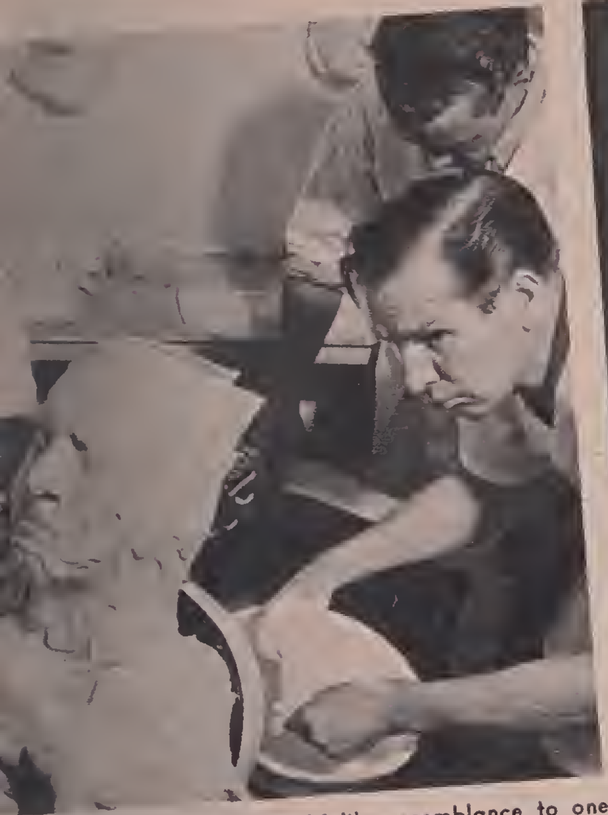


Don Flick, one of Hollywood's top sound men, at work on "Something For the Boys." Pretty miss looking on in silence is Vivian Blaine.

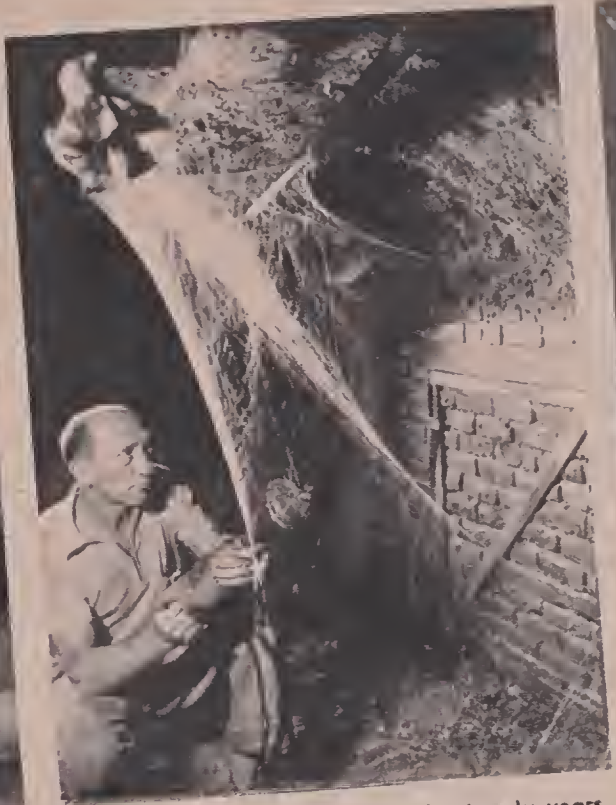
Over 100,000 small jewelry items in this collection at 20th Century Fox, and rarely is anything lost. Si Shelley's stock is valued at thousands of dollars.

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

How movies are made. A Production-eye view of Hollywood, or who's behind the man who's behind the studio camera



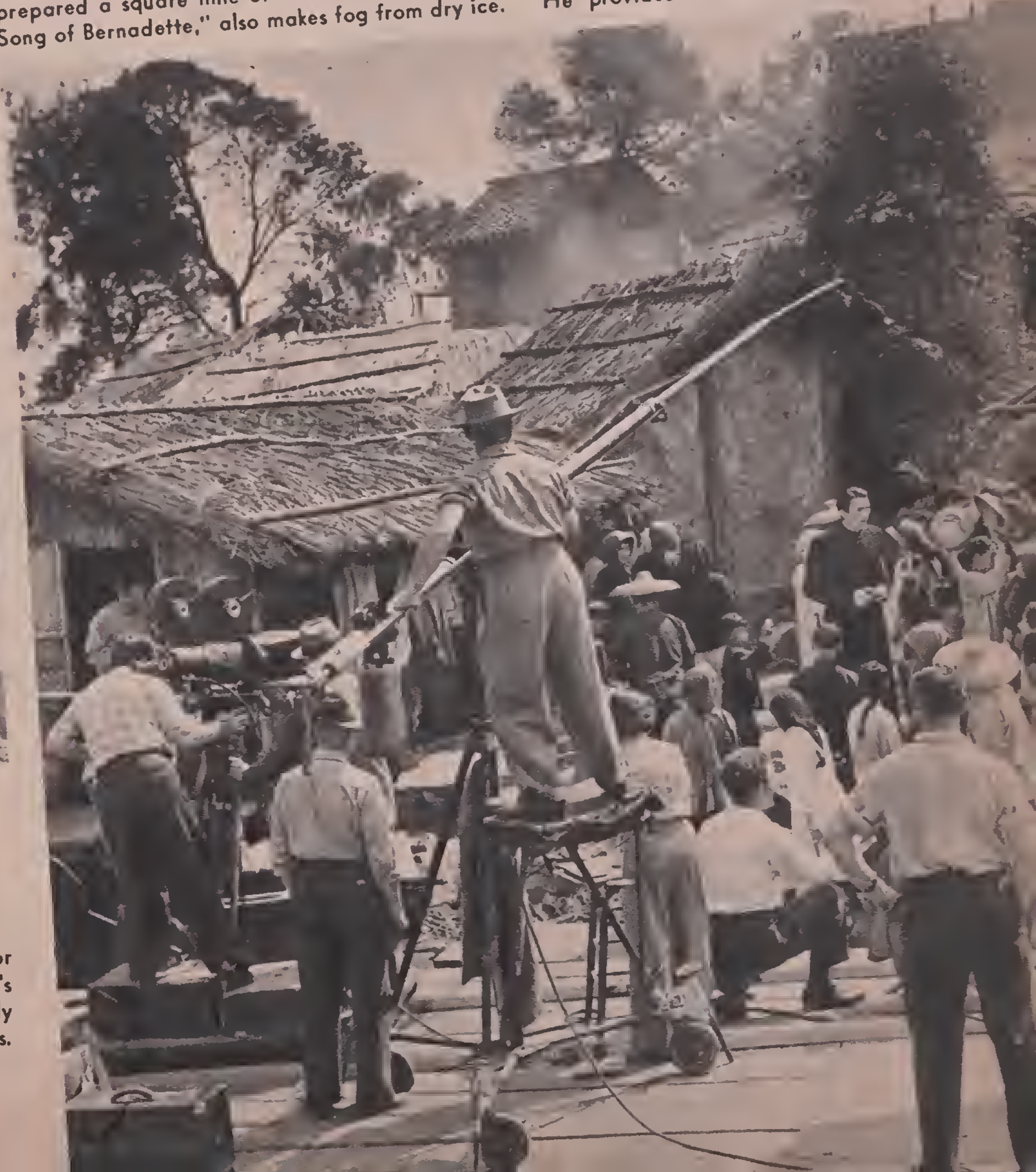
First step in making lifelike resemblance to one of "Wilson" politicians. Guy Pearce, head 20th Century Fox make-up man, makes plaster cast.



Jess Wolf, special effects man for twenty years, prepared a square mile of cobwebs used in "The Song of Bernadette," also makes fog from dry ice.

Charles Perrin, master of the studio mint, is 20th Century Mr. Morgenthau. He provides currency of any nation.

Nurse Ruby McLaughlin administers first aid to a Chinese extra, injured on the set. Her first aid kit comprises everything from iodine to cold pills.



Let 'em roll! And cameras start shooting scene for "Keys of the Kingdom." Gregory Peck (in priest's uniform is star. Asst. Director Johnny Johnson (curly head seated in the foreground) supervises all the extras.

John Hodiak

The new sensation of the M-G-M lot, Hodiak rarely has a chance to amble down a studio street, without admiring femmes trailing.

Producer Joe Pasternak has a role for Hodiak in his next picture. Who doesn't! Writers are even creating characters for him to play.

Who is HODIAK?

The handsome hunk o' Hollywood who promises to be the most stariffic find since Clark Gable

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IT ALL happened quite unexpectedly, as so many Hollywood events do. The audience settled itself, half-curious, half-belligerent, to see Director Alfred Hitchcock's new picture, "Lifeboat," starring Tallulah Bankhead. Shortly after the film began to unreel, a tall, brown young man with a big mouth, a white grin and a terrific torso became noticeably present in the story. By the time the picture was half over, the feminine half of the audience was obviously gasping every time he appeared on the screen. And by the time the picture was finished, a new male star had been born. For those women came stumbling out of the theater dreamy-eyed, with a thousand questions to ask.

"Who is this John Hodiak? Where did he come from? What's he like?"

You women had discovered what Hollywood hadn't suspected—that John Hodiak is potential box-office dynamite. It goes under the heading "Sex Appeal." You can count on five fingers the male stars who have it, beginning with Gable; because it almost never happens. There are plenty of attractive men on the screen, and "cute" ones, and interesting ones. But those with that "certain something" are rare gems, indeed.

So—presto! Mr. Hodiak shook hands with stardom, thanks to you women. Thanks to you, after a Hollywood past full of bit parts in "Stranger in Town," "I Dood It," and "Song of Russia," he is now playing the lead opposite Lana Turner in "Marriage is a Private Affair." Thanks to you, John is a coming star of gigantic magnitude.

But you still don't know anything about him, do you?

John is a tall young man with green-yellow eyes, dark brown hair, and a wide mouth set above a square chin. When he's standing still, he supports his six-foot length on spread-eagled legs, with his feet gripping the floor. He has long, sensitive fingers and a deep voice—and he carries with him an air of simplicity and sincerity. You'd be willing to leave any problem to him, sure that he'd solve it. He wears casual sports clothes, but dresses conservatively. He wears shoes that are shoes, not a few leather straps in search of a sole. And his skin has the healthy glow that (*Continued on page* 69)

Barbara Britton

1944 SEPTEMBER 1944

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	⑳	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

BARBARA BRITTON

UP until now, this has been a very exacting year for Miss Britton. Uranus, which brings its gifts in devious and unusual ways, has squared her Natal Uranus and Natal Mars until the middle of June. This alone would create many trying and difficult situations, which she could have met more easily had not Saturn, the planet which says 'you may not pass until perfect,' also squared her Natal Sun, Natal Saturn and Natal Jupiter.

This is enough to bring bewilderment and discouragement to the most even of dispositions. But Barbara just gritted her teeth and worked twice as hard and kept her own counsel. It has been a round of hard work, denial and nervous strain. Relief is in sight, though, after the middle of August, when Saturn releases its influence and she can carry out more fully the plans laid through the last of June and during July.

If proper rest and relaxation were not taken, there was some added confusion during the latter part of July, possibly engendered by a natural wish to make that bank account grow a little faster. By August the vision is clearer, for she knows that anything begun must be finished, and that all gain does not show in a dollar sign. The gain she knows is hers is mental—having progressed greatly in her understanding of people and situations.

September might find a bit of retrenching, only to make the more secure that advancement which has come because of her sincerity and a sudden and beneficial turn of affairs. October is a time for caution, since the tension of the previous months has now relaxed, and she will be wise to avoid all criticism which might follow from motives of envy. It is a time to tie up all loose ends and, while being as generous as her heart prompts, to guard against loss. A splendid role appears in November, with financial gain.

Barbara Britton has such a steady head that she will not allow social obligations to interfere with business, and she will ride the crest of the wave on an even keel, secure in the knowledge that she has truly earned her success through hard work and sincerity of purpose. Barbara Britton is well aware that success in the difficult profession she has chosen does not come easily. Her intelligence also tells her that once gained, success is an elusive possession. With these facts in mind, Barbara can be counted on to take all necessary precautions to secure the continuance of the present course of her life. Through hard work and sincerity of purpose Barbara's future is assured.

Virgo for those persons born between August 24 and September 23.

UP until the summer months, this may have been one of the most difficult years you have known. But those Virgo people who have had the courage to accept added responsibilities, the patience to solve puzzling conditions and the wisdom to refrain from being overcritical or overworrisome, have won through to big things.

If you did not rush things or allow resentment to cloud your usual good judgment, legal and marital affairs should have settled themselves for the better by July.

The public has an eye on your talents, and even if the money seems plentifully rolling in, use that natural caution. Budget yourself and those dependent on you. Be especially wary of schemes guaranteeing you can become a millionaire overnight. Things come in twos this year, so even as you stand to double your resources, you can, by mismanagement, lose twice what you could afford to.

Because of social or financial difference of opinion, romance may be hard to understand. An old romance could ripen into real love. If married, allow your partner the liberties you yourself expect, and take. Make all decisions privately, with a canny consideration of the future, preparing for better times—for 1944 is a critical year, the watchword for which seems to be "double or nothing."

Discovered in "Journey for Margaret," starred as little Alpha in "Last Angel." They call her the child Sara Bernhardt.

HER name is Margaret O'Brien. A little girl of seven, already getting star billing, and already being described in Hollywood as "the hottest name on the MGM lot."

And she can right well take care of her interests against any and all comers, too—including such cinematic giants as the gifted Charles Laughton!

Making a picture with a child isn't easy. Assigned to "The Canterville Ghost" with little Margaret, the veteran Mr. Laughton might naturally have been expected to apply the deepest resources of a cunning mind to the problem of how best to filch a scene from a fellow player. On the contrary, she won him completely.

It all began during the first weeks of shooting. Her being a child limits Margaret's working to four hours a day. And when free of the camera, she made it a practice to hurry to her dressing room and there to engage in one of the accepted hobbies of the great: she dallies with art.

Having finished what she considered a good drawing, Margaret presented it as a gift to Mr. Laughton. The next day she gave him a second, and the following day, a third. Mr. Laughton had been very much amused by the first

Little Miss Margaret

One in a million, and millions are wishing they had one just like her

BY MARCIA DAUGHTREY

sketch, but by the time he had received three he became seriously interested. He is keeping the drawings because he believes that, as some child psychologists would be quick to agree, the key to Margaret's remarkable histrionic ability may be hidden in her art work.

She likes crayola, but she would rather use paint. As paint is likely to be tough on costumes, her work on the set is confined to non-runny materials. Her technique is early-kindergarten, with a "Lady In The Dark" influence—as she nearly always manages to insert a dream sequence with angels in the upper right hand corner of her works. She has a great fondness for architectural drawings, specializing in houses with one door, two windows and violently smoking chimney. Picket fences to keep her fantasies on the proper pages are another O'Brien tour de force.

But there is one genuinely remarkable thing about the drawings: Margaret's characters have expressive faces. It is normal for a child of her age to insert round eyes, a line nose, and a choice of straight or half-moon mouth, into the oval face of any figure. Margaret is not content with that. She sometimes looks at herself in the mirror, lifts

Paying a friendly visit to Marsha Hunt's dressing room, Margaret entertains Marsha and Bob Walker, "reading" lines from her next starring picture, "Music for Millions."

Little Miss Margaret

CONTINUED

Time out during Movieland's cover sitting, while Margaret's mother (Mrs. Gladys O'Brien) assists Tom Kelley with posing the pet spaniel, Maggie.

her eyebrows and ovals her mouth, then transfers the expression to the character she has drawn. She scowls, and her drawings get straight eyebrows, fierce little eyes, and dagger mouths.

One morning Laughton arrived on the set carrying an important package, and presented it, with great formality, to Miss O'Brien. Like any little girl, she set to with a whoop and tore the wrappings from an antique Polish statuette of the Virgin Mary. "Oh, Mr. Laughton," she sighed, "it's *so* beautiful. I'll make you a drawing every single day."

On another occasion, Margaret was answering questions directed by two newspaper women who were visiting the set. She was getting on glibly, as she obviously sees no difference between her mother's friends and her own contemporaries. Everyone is a proper person, and Margaret loves people. It is as simple as that. While she was chatting, Mr. Laughton was striding back and forth in the background—not exactly eavesdropping, you understand, but fascinated by Margaret's poise, and eager to be a non-participating witness.

Without pausing in her conversation, and without turning her head, Margaret extended a small hand upward and backward in an affectionate gesture. Mr. Laughton took the chubby paw, thereby being drawn into the circle. This presented a problem in social usage which Margaret perceived and prepared to handle. She couldn't remember the names of the two visitors, but she passed over this with aplomb. "You know Mr. Laughton, of course," she said. "He is the ghost in this picture. He goes around scaring people."

During one scene in the picture, Margaret was supposed to say to the ghost, explaining the action of some callous earthlings who had chased the poor cowardly ghost up a chimney, "But they wouldn't have done anything to you, if *you* hadn't tried to frighten *them.*"

This is an awkward bit of dialogue, as any adult will discover after saying it over several times. Margaret was having trouble with the intonations. The director wanted her to accent the second *you* and the final word, *them.* She tried, but she wasn't getting it. Finally they gave up rehearsing and decided to shoot the scene. Margaret was obviously concentrating very hard on the sentence, mulling it over to get the sense of the thing. When she spoke the words, the sequence had been changed in her analytical young mind. She said, "But if *you* hadn't tried to frighten *them,* they wouldn't have done anything to you."

That makes more graceful sense than the way the dialogue was written, which proves that being an actress involves a good deal more than parroting lines. However, the scene was cut, and the camera rolled on a second take. That time Margaret repeated the lines as they were originally written, laying stress on the proper words. She had worked it out her own way, and that done, was capable of giving it back to the mike in any form desired.

So much for her remarkability, which cannot be denied.

In the main, however, she is a perfectly normal little girl who is fortunate in having a sensible and sensitive mother. Margaret's father died four months before she was born, so she has been the entire emotional focus of her mother's existence since that time. Were Mrs. O'Brien not the calm and intelligent woman that she is, and had she not previously reared her younger sister, this fact might have created a serious "silver chord" situation. However, Mrs. O'Brien views her amazing offspring with deep affection, amusement, and frequent astonishment.

(Continued on page 78)

Your Problem and Mine

BY Bonita Granville

Do you have a problem? Are you in need of advice? Tell your story to Bonita Granville, addressed in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California

Dear Bonita:

I read in MOVIELAND about your helping out with people's problems, so I thought I'd write you about ours. I know it isn't so very important, but I thought you could tell us the solution.

I am fourteen and a freshman in high school. We all hate the fact that there is so much juvenile delinquency going on, so we are trying to fix up a place where all of the kids can go evenings so that they can keep out of trouble.

We know that a lot of kids will tell their parents they are coming to the club, just so they can get out of the house. Then they will get into trouble. We might get blamed for it and our club would be closed. Our teachers won't back us until we have all the problems solved for the future.

Could you suggest a suitable name for the club? It will be for all San Bernardino High School students.

Thank you very much for your expected kindness.

Sincerely,
Arta Mae

Dear Arta Mae:

On the contrary, I think your problem is VERY important, and you and your friends are to be commended for the wonderful idea you have, and your understanding of the juvenile problem of today.

Why not have the boys and girls sign a sort of register when they come into the club, and at that time give them a small card which is dated and bears the name of your club. A rubber stamp can be obtained for this purpose I am sure, and that way your problem would be solved, and at the same time this procedure would add a little more dignity to your club.

Good luck to you all, and keep me posted with your progress.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

My problem is a hard one to write about. But I need some advice so badly, and I think you can help me.

I was a victim of infantile paralysis when very young, and it left me lame in one leg. I am seventeen years old now, and my great ambition is to be a concert singer. I want to do this more than anything else in the world, but I feel that my physical handicap will stand in my way.

Do you think this is true, and that I should abandon the idea once and for all?

Please help me,
Helen

Dear Helen:

First of all, may I compliment you on your courageous and common-sense attitude about your handicap? Whatever you do, I am sure you will succeed because of this and the fact that you do not think of yourself as a martyr or a person with two strikes against her.

As to your ambition, I most assuredly would not let this defect stand in my way. By no means allow this to deter you from your goal. Remember that many of our greatest artists are handicapped, and far more than you. Two great examples are Marjorie Lawrence, the operatic star, and Connee Boswell, the popular singer.

Good luck, and keep up the fine spirit.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

It took a great deal of courage to write this letter, because I have never talked to anyone about my problem . . . but I feel I can discuss it with you.

You see, although I am 22, I am very short, just about as short as is possible and still be in the Army. All my life I have been kidded about this, but I have always pretended that I could joke about it. Now, though, it is hard to joke about it, when I can't get a girl friend, and people laugh at me.

Can you suggest any way I can overcome this?

Thank you in advance.

Yours truly,
George

Dear George:

If you are a jolly sort of person with the right mental outlook on life, and a good companion, people will overlook your height.

Remember that the fact that you are short is far more important to you than to others, and as such it is greatly exaggerated in your own mind. Physical appearance is no indication of character, and if ever that were true it is now. You are fortunate to be a member of the United States Army, and perhaps if you take more interest in what goes on around you, and laugh a little more, your problem may solve itself.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

I wonder if you can help me? I am only fifteen, but I have been an invalid most of my life. Recently I developed an

(*Continued on page 81*)

Life Without Father

AN OPEN LETTER TO SAM WOOD FROM HIS DAUGHTER

K. T. Stevens

DEAR DAD:

Since my twenty-fourth birthday is coming up shortly, I've decided it's high time I vanquished a few ghosts that have been haunting me. And the biggest one is you! For years now, people have been saying, *"That girl's career is a cinch—any daughter of Director Sam Wood's has it plenty soft. After all, isn't he one of Hollywood's top directors—didn't he do 'For Whom the Bell Tolls,' 'Saratoga Trunk,' 'King's Row,' 'The Devil and Miss Jones,' and any other picture you can think of? Why, his daughter could get acting jobs if she were two-headed!"*

Well, Daddy, you haven't been any more help to me than if you'd been Mr. Grocery Store or Mr. Automobile Salesman. Your being Mr. Director didn't add anything at all to my career. Oh, you helped me immeasurably with your interest, dear; and with the money you slipped me during my threadbare periods. But Mr. Grocery Store would have done as much. Do you see what I mean?

So on with my battle cry of freedom.

I always wanted to act, ever since the day Mother took me on one of your sets when I was just a tiny baby. I kept on wanting it, all through Los Angeles High School. And when I graduated—a sixteen-year-old gawky creature, with straight hair strained into a knot and big spectacles—I remember I said to you, "Now I will act!" Then do you remember what you said? You said, "Not in the movies you won't; you need too much training!"

It was then that my first secret hope that you'd throw me an acting life-line vanished. It was also then that I first began brewing what was to be my only Family Revolt . . . and that wasn't due to you at all! It was Mother. If you recall, she wanted me to be a social butterfly—I guess because she had been one herself, and because you came from a pretty snooty family in Philadelphia, years ago. She pictured me as drifting from tea-party to dinner-party in long fluffy dresses, being a debutante to end all debutantes. But I had other plans. I enjoyed reading, or going to a movie alone, more than any party ever given—and I still do! I was determined to be an actress. Yes, *determined!*

I went to the University of Southern California for one year, acting; then to Neely Dickson and the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic Schools for another (*Continued on page* 67)

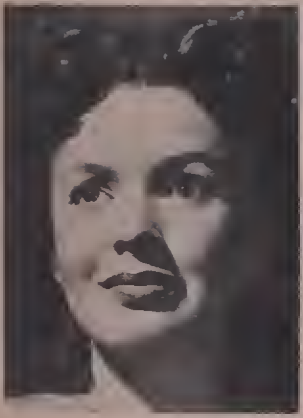
1. K. T.'s cottage at Malibu Beach is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean—but literally!

2. The gingham gal is wild about flowers, plants them herself. Sandy soil allows for only a selected few.

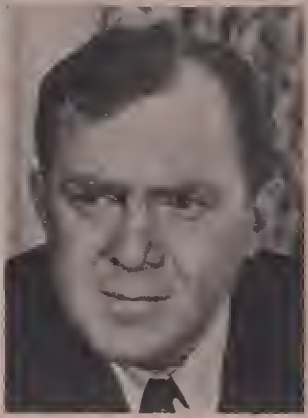
3. No social butterfly this one! K. T.'s formula includes swimming and sunning—oh, and acting!

4. K. T. goes Macambaing with Helmut Dantine—but her heart's somewhere in South Pacific, on a P.T. boat.

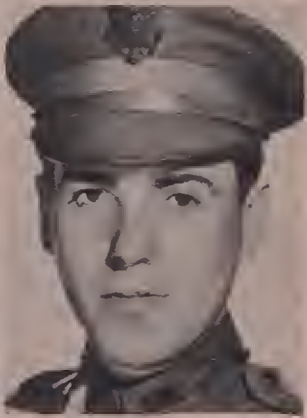
DO YOU RECOGNIZE A STAR



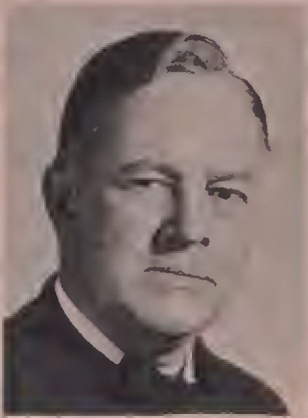
1. This ninety-nine pound bundle of Southern charm made her first appearance in "Gone With The Wind". Now cast as the youngest daughter Nell in the Darryl F. Zanuck production "Wilson." This starlet has been seen in such notable productions as "Song of Bernadette," "Lifeboat" and "The Women."



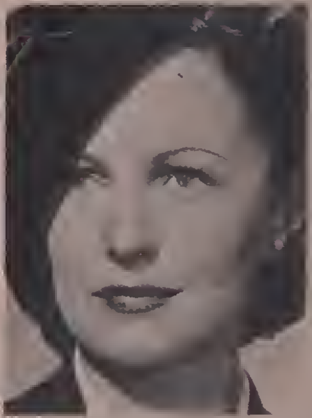
2. This veteran character actor, former Academy Award winner, plays Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's confidential secretary, in Darryl F. Zanuck's production, "Wilson." His most recent pictures have been "The Sullivans" and "Buffalo Bill." You may remember him for his roles in "The Long Voyage Home," and "Our Town."



3. He plays George Felton, Princeton student in "Wilson." He's a dashing new star and a bachelor. Five foot eleven in height. First stage appearance in "The Moon Is Down" as a young Nazi. A misdirected blow by a fellow actor punctured his eardrum. You've seen him in "The Song of Bernadette" and "The Eve of St. Mark."



4. This screen and stage actor has been seen innumerable times on the screen as "Theodore Roosevelt." His latest appearance as that character was in "Buffalo Bill." In the new Darryl Zanuck 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production, "Wilson," he portrays Josephus Daniels, famous World War I, Secretary of the Navy.



5. She was absent from the screen for some time. You last saw her in "Watch On The Rhine." She has also appeared in "Dark Victory," "The Gay Sisters" and "Flight From Destiny." This beautiful Irish girl will portray the role of "Edith Bolling Galt," the second Mrs. Wilson in Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox production, "Wilson."

Movieland's
"WILSON"
$1,125
PRIZE CONTEST

1ST PRIZE..........................$500 WAR BOND
2ND PRIZE...................$300 I. J. FOX FUR COAT
3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Prizes.....$25.00 Each in War Bonds
7th Lucky Prize.......$225 in War Stamps in packets of
$1.00 each for the next best 225 letters

$500 War Bond donated by 20th Century-Fox Films
Fur Coat donated by I. J. Fox, Fifth Ave., New York

Do you recognize a star when you see one?

Never before in the history of motion picture business have so many new top-notchers appeared on the horizon in so short a time, nor so many old-timers given Academy Award performances.

Twentieth Century-Fox Studios is proud of its casting department, is particularly proud of the job they have done in casting the Darryl F. Zanuck production "WILSON." This is one of the most spectacular and costly productions to come out of any studio since the inception of pictures. Out of the more than 13,000 actors who appear through the 88 impressive sets in "WILSON," the Editor of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE has chosen the ten (10) outstanding ones. Several of them are familiar faces to you—others are comparatively new but have given outstanding performances in other pictures.

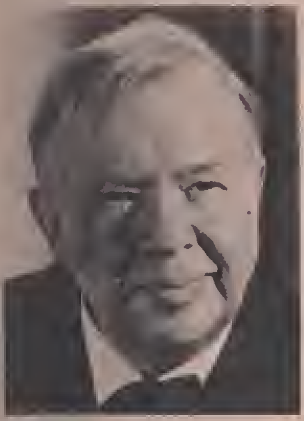
Test your movie memory and see if you can recognize all ten of these players. A thumbnail clue to the identity of the player appears under each picture. The names of the ten players appear below. Study the pictures and the captions below each one and then write the correct name opposite correct number in box provided on opposite page.

Executives of 20th Century-Fox and the Editors of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE are anxious to get your reactions and opinions of these performers. Write a letter of not more than 100 words, telling us which performer you like best and why. Also include in your letter how you would like to see this player cast in the future.

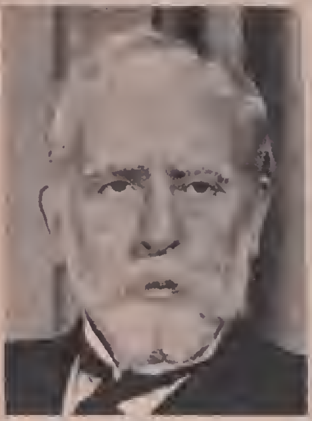
These are the players whose pictures appear above:

WILLIAM EYTHE
CHARLES COBURN
ALEXANDER KNOX
THOMAS MITCHELL
MARY ANDERSON
VINCENT PRICE
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
GERALDINE FITZGERALD
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

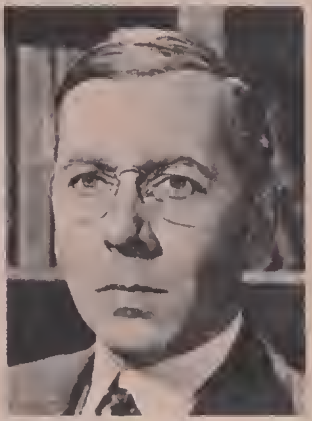
WHEN YOU SEE ONE?



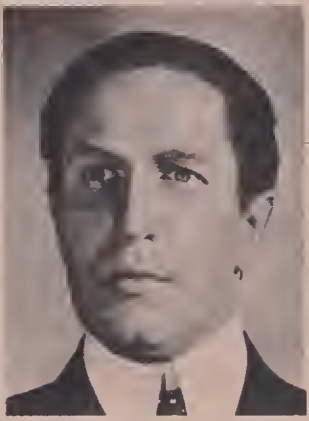
6. He won an Academy Oscar for his support of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." One of his latest outstanding roles was in "Heaven Can Wait." He is scheduled to appear in Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox production, "Wilson," in which he portrays *Professor Henry Holmes*, a life-long colleague.



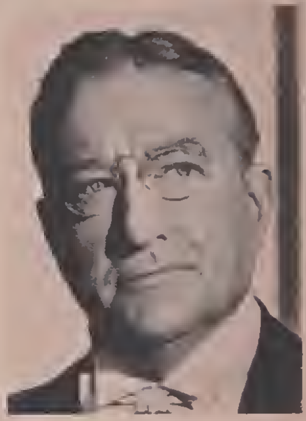
7. He went to France as a lieutenant; before World War I was finished, he was a captain and the last British officer to leave France. You've seen him recently in "The Moon Is Down" and "The Lodger." This versatile actor will portray *Senator Henry Cabot Lodge* in Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox production, "Wilson."



8. His voice is literally his fortune, for it was from a recording of his voice played back with numerous others that he was given the plum role of the year—that of Woodrow Wilson. Achieved first stage success in London, then New York. Had memorable part in "This Above All" and was the Nazi schoolmaster in "None Shall Escape."



9. A Yale graduate, this actor has had a colorful career on Broadway, played opposite Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina." Among his most memorable screen roles was that of "Dutour" in "The Song of Bernadette." Is married and has one child. Watch for him as *William Gibbs McAdoo* in the forthcoming production, "Wilson."



10. This once famous "pin-up" boy of a generation ago has returned to the screen to play Bernard Baruch, celebrated philanthropist and Presidential adviser of the production "Wilson." Teamed with his former wife Beverly Bayne back in silent days he was known to millions of fans as the "handsomest man in the world"

To the lucky 2nd Prize Winner goes this beautiful I. J. Fox natural skunk greatcoat lustrous with highlights! This outstanding Movieland prize is smartly styled with flattering L-shaped front and wide sleeves.

RULES:

1. Study the ten pictures at the top of these pages and the identification information below each picture. You will note that each picture has a number. Write the correct name opposite the correct number in box provided at the bottom of this page.
2. Write a letter of not more than 100 words telling which performer you like best and why. Include in your letter how you would like to see this player cast in the future. Attach this letter to the coupon containing checked names.
3. Submit one entry only.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employes of 20th Century-Fox Pictures and Hillman Periodicals, Inc., publishers of Movieland Magazine.
5. Entries must be sent to Contest Editor, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif., postmarked not later than midnight, September 5th, 1944.
6. In cases of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and readability will be considered in selecting winners.
7. All letters become the property of Movieland, Inc.
8. The contest will be judged by the contest Editors of Movieland Decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S "WILSON" CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME

STREET ....

CITY STATE

1. .... 6. ....

2. .... 7. ....

3. .... 8. ....

4. .... 9. ....

5. .... 10. ....

(Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter)

Born Lester Alvin, nicknamed Smiley when he was a kid, and tagged inelegantly as "The Frog" by adoring Western fans

Smiley celebrates his tenth year in films with his current starring feature, "Barder Tawn Trails." Has made nearly a hundred pictures, always wearing same ald black hat.

The cawbay af San Fernanda Valley, his wife and kiddies. Dark-haired Linda, red-headed Stephen, and baby Caraline.

Smiley can make music an mare than fifty instruments. Likes the navachard best af all because it's all in ane.

BY NINA NICOL

Smiley Burnette

ACCORDING to the Motion Picture Poll, he's America's Number Two Cowboy. But you've never seen him wearing a ninety-dollar shirt slashed with embroidery, tottering about in elaborately embellished boots, and pants seven sizes too tight.

You've come to know Smiley Burnette as the friendly face grinning over an accordion, or cuddling a banjo while he sings twangy cowboy ballads in a smooth, whimsical voice. You know him as the big guy who's always the lovable comic, stringing along with the handsome hero—and the handsome hero's horse.

But after ten years with Republic Studios—years as second lead and being the funny man with his best friend, Gene Autry—get ready, you lovers of Hitching Post Hoss Opera, to welcome him in his new role. For here comes our newest Western star—our oldest cowboy friend—Smiley Burnette.

He's rated today as the highest salaried star on the Republic lot—and all because he loves to see people laugh. He started making them laugh when he sold hotdogs on the campus of the University of Illinois, as a sixteen-year-old kid in his hometown. He clowned and sang to his customers, and they forgot that his name was Lester Alvin Burnette and christened him "Smiley."

When the second oldest radio station in the United States (WDZ) opened in Tuscola, Illinois, they needed a janitor and handyman. Smiley went to work, broom in one hand and window-washing bucket in the other. He loved it—and kept right on smiling and singing and making people like him. And it wasn't long before he was station manager, announcing and filling in whenever necessary, and his salary raised to the fabulous sum of $12.50 a week.

One night he was called to the telephone for a long distance call from Chicago. "This is Gene Autry," came the voice at the other end of the wire. "I want you to come to Chicago to be on the WLS Barn Dance."

Smiley laughed. "If you're Gene Autry," he said, "I'm Annie Laurie! I'm going to call Gene Autry and check."

Which is exactly what he did. The same voice answered, asking him how much he was making at WDZ. "Twelve bucks-fifty a week," Smiley said proudly. "And it's there every week, like clockwork!"

"I'll raise it to thirty-five a week," Autry told him, "and it will be there *also* like clockwork."

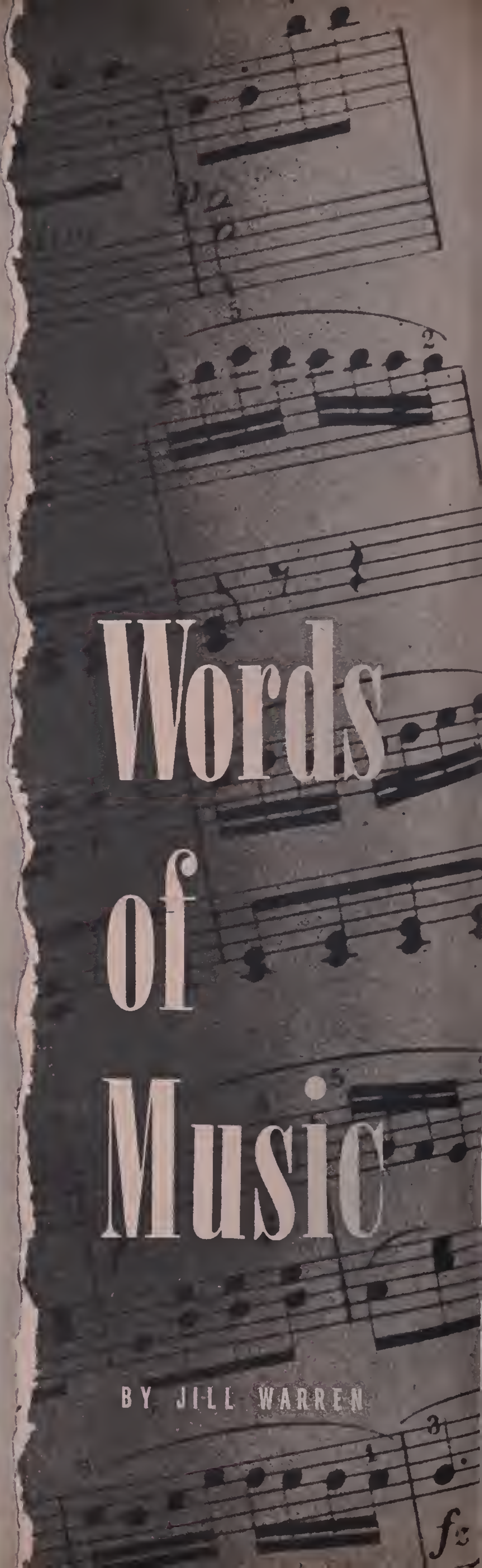
Smiley gasped, and yelled into the phone: "Look around, pal—that fat boy standing in the doorway will be me!"

For three years on the WLS Barn Dance in Chicago, Smiley was Gene's right-hand man. He endeared himself to a public wanting cowboy music. He gave it to them—the cowboy musician who plays more than fifty instruments, and still can't read a note of music. Asked how he learned to play, he just shrugs and grins and says, "Oh, I shoved my older sister off the piano stool when I was four, and just sorta picked it up."

He never found time to "learn" music—never needed to. All the same, he can write it. Smiley writes all the songs used in his pictures—over three hundred of them, to date, with several published song books thrown in for good measure. Among what he's written are such favorites as "Mamma Don't 'Low No Music Playin' Here," "Riding Down (*Continued on page 66*)

His mother and father were both ministers of the gospel. Smiley, at the moment, is playing stand-in for a horse. Any resemblance to Blackeyed Nellie is only a coincidence.

Being a hillbilly comic is only one of his jobs. Smiley's also a handy man with tools, spends hours in his workshop making toys for his own kiddies and tots in the orphanage he helps support.



Words of Music

BY JILL WARREN

1st ANNIVERSARY

WELL, Kiddies, it doesn't seem possible, but I've been throwing "Words of Music" at you for a whole year. It's been wonderful fun and I hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have. Your letters have been swell and I've loved receiving them. Your suggestions and ideas have been a real help in putting the column together each month. I won't bore you, being sentimental about the whole thing. I'll just say a big "thank you," throw a ribbon on the typewriter, and get going.

THE TUNEFILMS: "Bathing Beauty" (formerly titled "Mr. Co-Ed") is another one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's super-extravaganzas, this time in technicolor. The picture stars Red Skelton, now Private Skelton of the Army, and for the first time you'll see him in a semi-serious role. Not that there aren't plenty of laughs. The film is full of exciting stuff—Harry James and Xavier Cugat and their bands; Ethel Smith, the "Hit Parade" organist; and a lavish water ballet with Esther Williams, the swimming star, and dozens of mermaids. In the tonsil department we have Carlos Ramirez, Helen Forrest and Lina Romay. Helen sings "I Cried For You" as only she can, and Lina cavorts with the Cugat band. Incidentally, it was her appearance in this picture that landed Lina a long term contract with Metro. She has been given the lead in a forthcoming rhythm flicker, "The Kissing Bandit." (They can do better than that for a title).

Marion Hutton, who has been appearing in theatres and clubs since the Glenn Miller band broke up, has been signed by Universal. After her debut in "Babes On Swing Street," she was given the romantic lead in "Abbott and Costello in Society." I wonder how long it will be before someone gets the bright idea of putting Marion into a picture with sister Betty.

Martha Tilton, who, for my money, is one of the best of the girl singers, finally got a swell break as an actress. She has the lead in "Swing Hostess," which will be released by P. R. C. When she finished the picture, Martha went overseas with the Jack Benny troupe.

Over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot everyone is raving about the new team of Dick Haymes and June Haver in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." After seeing them together, Darryl Zanuck ordered two weeks of additional scenes on the picture.

Paramount has signed five bands for their forthcoming musical revue, "Out Of This World." Ray Noble, Henry King, Ted Fio Rito, Carmen Cavallero, and Joe Reichman. The boys will be featured in a piano number in addition to appearing with their orchestras. Paramount also grabbed Stan Kenton and his band for "Duffy's Tavern."

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Before telling you about the records—just a reminder. Some of them will have already been released in your community and others you may not be able to purchase for a few weeks. Because of the terrific labor shortage, factory difficulties and transportation problems, it is not possible for the recording companies to adhere strictly to schedule, as they did before the war. So don't get hysterical if you can't get a record the very minute you want it.

COLUMBIA:

First off we have an album by Count Basie—"Blues By Basie." Eight sides of the (*Continued on page 76*)

Marion Hutton has been signed by Universal, and does her stuff in a "take" for the movie cameras.

Buddy Rich, out of the Marines and back at the drums for his old boss, Tommy Dorsey.

Helen Forrest (she's a blonde now!) relaxing in her Hollywood apartment.

Perry Como and Jill Warren, taking a stroll on the 20th Century-Fox lot, where Perry's working.

The King Sisters get a new addition to their quartet, namely Jerry Lester. 'Twos for a recent show at Slapsy Maxie's in Hollywood.

(Universal)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

IT'S Deanna Durbin's fourteenth picture, and marks a climactic turning point in her career.

As the sweet, unspoiled young girl who becomes a hardboiled hostess in a New Orleans roadhouse, Deanna makes her first bid as a dramatic actress.

The W. Somerset Maugham novel, from which the picture is adapted, is a story-within-a-story. Opening with an Officers' Candidate School graduation, and giving you Dean Harens as the young officer who receives his commission, then a wire from his fiancée telling him that she has married another man, the primary plot doesn't start to develop till several reels later.

It's Christmas Eve. The young officer has boarded a plane, intending to spend his holiday furlough in San Francisco, but the plane was grounded—in New Orleans. And there he meets Jackie LaMonte, and Jackie tells him that her real name is Abigail Manette. How she met, and married Robert Manette (Gene Kelly).

And then comes the stark melodrama, in review, of Manette's having committed murder, the vain attempts made by his young wife and his mother (Gale Sondergaard) to prevent a conviction.

The tragedy of the story takes an unexpected twist, stemming more from the characters themselves than from the actual happenings in which they're involved.

All the same, good direction and excellent performances can't be denied, in rendering a sum-total verdict.

Five Best Pictures MOVIELAND'S of the Month

(Warner Bros.)

THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS

SUSPENSEFUL drama covering the period from 1922 to 1938 and five different countries, with Peter Lorre playing a writer of mystery stories and finding himself involved in a plot, the complications of which make it not just one crime, but a whole series.

Lorre's adventures start in Istanbul, Turkey, in 1938, with the reported discovery of a stabbed body that has been washed ashore on a beach of the Bosphorus. Routine investigation by the Turkish police identifies the body as that of Dimitrios Makropoulos (Zachary Scott), a Greek fig packer when first known to the police 16 years before, but subsequently a political assassin, jewel smuggler and French boulevardier—until last heard of, in 1929.

Scenting a story, the writer takes up the trail of Dimitrios. It leads him to strange places (Smyrna, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Paris), catches him up in a web of intrigues, and leaves him confused after his meetings with a big Englishman (Sydney Greenstreet) who calls himself Mr. Peters, a beautiful woman turned middle-aged cafe-owner (Faye Emerson), and Grodek (Victor Françen), a scheming internationalist.

The Eric Ambler best-selling mystery novel, "A Coffin for Dimitrios" (from which this Warner Bros. screenplay is adapted) drops clues which weave in the conclusion, without giving it away.

Adult fare, but masterfully done. And definitely more than "just another mystery."

(Paramount)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

THE problem: what to do when you're the son of a Marine hero, wanting nothing so much as to serve the same motto and march to the same song and give your life, if need be, for the same cause—but you're turned down, because of hayfever?

The victim of this sad predicament: Eddie Bracken. And what's more, he's the guy things keep happening to; embarrassing situations, a well-intentioned deception that makes him the perpetrator of the most disgraceful sort of fraud.

Rather than admit his disqualification, he has sent letters to his mother, leading her to believe that he's a Marine, seeing active service over in the Pacific. "It's not right," decide a sextette of would-be good Marine samaritans. So they forcefully persuaded him to don uniform, notify his mother that he's a war hero returned and on his way home—and there starts trouble!

Home town trouble, with bands welcoming their boy who made good in the service, a mob of enthusiastic smalltown citizenry at the station to greet him—including the girl he left behind (Ella Raines), who's engaged to marry another man.

Catapulted through a series of predicaments, not the least of which is the campaign nominating him for mayor of the city, Bracken is given no chance to explain. All of which makes for a lot of fun, a lot of laughs, and sympathetic tears.

(Paramount)

I LOVE A SOLDIER

NOT only faithfully representative, but vividly so—"I Love A Soldier," perhaps more than any other picture made since Pearl Harbor, rates the All-American award. For being, just that.

It's the American scene, the contemporary American homefront. A girl (Paulette Goddard) who works as a welder in a shipyard, by day; and very patriotically does her bit, as do a lot of other girls, dancing every night with men in uniform.

Set in San Francisco, it's a story that's taking place all over the country. There are the romance-starved schoolteachers like Paulette's rooming house friend (Mary Treen), who are meeting their men and marrying them. There are girls waiting for their young husbands to come back, and praying they will.

To Paulette, kissing the boys goodbye was a "for the duration" assignment. And she was determined to keep it at that, believing that to fall in love with any of these handsome soldiers would be just plain silly.

Which is her contention, even after the right man comes along. But which was not taking into account that the right man would be Sonny Tufts, a personable, persistently persuasive corporal back from many months of active service in the South Pacific!

Gives comedy, gives some heartwarming love scenes, gives some situations that are outrageously funny. But all so real, so convincing, so completely delightful.

(RKO)

STEP LIVELY

STRICTLY speaking "Step Lively" classifies as most any other musical, with comedy running at a fast and furious pace. But seen through the eyes of the hep cats and jive trade it's an out of the world hummer sending all that's expected.

Songs there are, and Frank Sinatra to sing them. What's more the swoon kid latches on to his first starring role and comes off at his best. In this version of the "Room Service" story, Sinatra plays the bewildered but good natured young playwright from Oswego who comes to New York, tangles with Producer George Murphy and manages to hold down the series of slapstick situations which follow to a pitch of boundary line credibility.

It's a story about twenty-two starving actors rehearsing a show that needs financing and a dithering hotel manager (Walter Slezak) worrying all the way through about who's going to pay the bill. Assisting ably on the melody side is Gloria De Haven, main queen for Sinatra and as sweet a little canary as you'd ever hope to see. Add Anne Jeffreys for the chirp department (which means she sings, and it's good); Adolphe Menjou as the heavy and Eugene Paulette as the angel's agent.

Set decorations are lavish, and the musical numbers fall splendiferously into being "Hollywood productions." Dancing girls, dazzling effects, trick arrangements galore.

Good fun all the way, though it's slightly off the cobb if you're judging critically.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page* 8)

everyone in school, of course, but for Gwen there was a blue note in the jive. Don was recuperating in an army hospital from what appeared to be a breakdown as a result of too violent devotion to his G.I. duties.

RANK PRANK:

Ella Raines owns a dog, surname of Nugget. This animal's ancestry may be dubious, but his intelligence, obedience, and general utility as a pet can never be questioned. It has long been Ella's habit to call him by the rank of her husband. It was Lieutenant Nugget for some time, then it was Captain Nugget. Recently the pooch was given a third boost. He is now Major Nugget in honor of Major Kenneth Trout.

BEY DISMAY:

This is a story of practical devotion and dates in the 1944 manner. Susanna Foster lives in a penthouse on the very summit of one of Hollywood's highest hills. Halfway up to this aerie the pavement ends, and the subsequent dirt road is circuitous, rutted, and cliff-hanging.

Whenever she has had a date with Turhan Bey, she has issued an ultimatum: her tires are good and she knows the road very well even in the night blacker than a song written exclusively in flats, so she has driven her car down to the pavement-end, and there has parked. When Turhan arrived, she transferred into his car and away they went. At the end of the evening, she would leave Turhan, drive up the precipitous highway, then—having reached home safely—she would signal with a flashing of house lights that all was well. Romantic, huh?

One night a suspiciously long time elapsed between the time Susanna left Turhan and the time her car should have appeared on the hairpin turn just above, so Turhan set out hotfoot up the road. He found Susanna still sitting in her car, too afraid of disturbing the delicate balance of her car to move. Somehow she had killed her engine (bad gas) on a grade, and the car had almost backed off the highway into the canyon below. Turhan steadied the front of the car, gave Susanna a hand, then checked the situation: both rear wheels were spinning over space, but the differential was firmly snagged by undergrowth.

From now on, bad tires or no, Turhan is chauffeuring Susanna to her very door . . . it's much easier on his nerves.

RIB OF THE YEAR:

Much of the picture "Having Wonderful Crime" was shot at Del Monte Lodge, a magical spot on the Monterey peninsula. Pat O'Brien, Carole Landis, and George Murphy are the stars, and Eddie Sutherland directed, and reported in all verity below, is one of the highlights of the location trip

Living at Del Monte Lodge is that entre preneur of soft watches, peripatetic crutches and insect-covered landscapes, Salvador Dali. When Pat arrived, he was domiciled in half of a double bungalow, the other hal of which was permanently occupied by Sen and Senora Dali. Pat, as everyone knows is convivial; Del Monte is filled with officers many of whom have returned from foreig service, so Pat set up a local Officer's Clu and held open house at all hours, much t the consternation of painter Dali.

Senor Dali complained to the management, which apologetically transferred Pat to another, distant, bungalow. That night, afte Pat had told everyone how bitterly he had annoyed genius at work, it occurred t George Murphy and Eddie Sutherland (wh were roommates) that they could have a littl fun with Pat.

George, a mimic of all-American stature, asked the hotel telephone operator to ring Pat's bungalow.

Pat answered somewhat foggily, as he had been asleep, and George—in a ric pseudo-Spanish accent—said that he wa Senor Dali and that it was with extreme r gret that he had learned of Pat's removal t other quarters because of complaints abou the noise.

Pat was courteous. He said it was okay. No harm done. Sorry he had been a bothe in the first place.

On the other end of the wire George's eye brows went to *here* and he winked at Eddi to let him know that Pat wasn't hep to th gag. Playing the role of Dali to the hil George said that—how do you say—sinc he had caused Senor O'Brien so much troubl would it be possible to earn his forgiveness perhaps, by joining Senor Dali the following afternoon for an aperitif—how you say cocktail?

The next morning Pat was in the hotel dining room when Eddie Sutherland arrived. "Y'know," Pat said warmly, "that fellow Dal is all right. He telephoned me last night and apologized—he really did—for his beet-

As "the gay divorcee" Joan Fontaine's personality has changed over night. She is jitterbugging here, at Hollywood Canteen with Flight Commander Peter Thomas.

Betty Hutton reverses the usual courtesy, lighting up for her brother-in-law, Jack Philbin.

Dinah Shore sang for her supper and ate it with husband George Montgomery. Loretta Young was there too. Her baby may be born by the time you read this.

ing to the management about my officers' parties. Asked me to have cocktails with him this afternoon. Pretty swell, huh?"

At that moment Dali entered the dining room.

"There he is now," beamed Pat. "Think I'll hop over for a word with him."

He leaned over Senor Dali's table and said heartily, "Good morning! Say, it was really swell of you to call last night. I appreciate that."

Now the fiction is that Dali speaks no English. French he speaks fluently. German, yes. Italian, somewhat. Spanish, like a machine gun. But English—no. He stared at Pat. He tossed out a few rapid French sentences.

Pat swallowed hard and explained that he didn't speak French.

Dali answered again in French.

Slowly, the crimson of embarrassment crept over Pat's open and honest countenance. "I beg your pardon," he said, bowing away. "I strongly suspect that there's been a misunderstanding."

When he returned to his own table, he gave Mr. Sutherland's extreme devotion to his cereal a searching glance. Said Mr. O'Brien, "Some blankety-blank so-and-so has just pulled the rib of the year on me, and I can guess what two so-and-sos are responsible." Then he leaned back and laughed until the dining room rafters rang.

FAVORITE ITEM:

Hattie McDaniel, Academy Award winner and superb actress of many a difficult role, will become—at 46—a mother early this fall.

TIME'S SIGNS:

Being a public personality has never been an assignment to be carried off lightly. Being a man in uniform, hence invested with a certain dash and glamour, has complicated the problems of many a man.

Soooo, Captain Burgess Meredith returned to the home he was sharing with his new wife, Paulette Goddard, and was admitted by the maid. "Could I have a private word with you?" said the maid to the bridegroom of two days.

Mr. Meredith, being both captain and public personality, said with a smile that she certainly could.

The maid straightened her shoulders and assumed the expression of Labor Militant. "Sir, I should like an advance in salary," she said.

Afterward, Burgess told his wife, "That clearly establishes me as the head of the household, my dear." Incidentally, his wedding gift to Paulette was the commissioning of celebrated portraitist Paul Clemens to preserve her in oils, the picture to be hung above the mantel. And a second gift was a huge globe. "You're going to be talking about your overseas trip for a long time," he opined with a twinkle, "so you might as well make it an illustrated lecture."

They were married, as you probably know, by an army chaplain who employed a ceremony devised for members of the Air Corps. Paulette secured a copy of the text and has placed it in her wedding book, which should prove that the girl who has been called Hollywood's most sophisticated also has her sentimental side.

(Continued on next page)

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Never dries your skin!

Mickey's out with Ava again! First it was divorce, then dancing dates as shown in photo above—but now Mickey's in the Army.

The Sterlings down two handsome slices of prime ribs. Two reasons to celebrate: one, Bob's home on furlough; two, Ann's announced expected arrival of baby in November.

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 12

John Golden and Eddie Cantor discuss show business at Stork Club in New York. Eddie is entertaining wounded soldiers returned from overseas and now interned in hospitals in East.

Two weeks after Ann Sothern announced that she and Air Corps Lieutenant Bob Sterling would parent an infant in November, she received a set of *napkin rings* for the anticipated heir, the gift of a foresighted fan.

FIRST BIRTHDAY

The tabulation is finally complete. Miss Alana Ladd, in honor of her first birthday, received 2706 birthday greeting cards. She now has her own stationery, her name printed thereon beside her most recent photograph, and her own secretary to answer the fan letters which pour in to Paramount Studios in numbers to exceed the amount of mail received by some of the stars of the lot.

TOOTH MYSTERY:

All during the filming of MGM's "National Velvet" 6-year-old Jackie Jenkins had a loose front tooth, but his mother, Doris Dudley, devoted a good deal of time and persuasion to keep him from shedding it. She might have succeeded except for the interference of a financial crisis.

Junior-wolf Jackie has a 10-year-old girl friend whose smiles fall most softly on our hero after he has purchased an ice cream bar for her. In order to earn the dime which this courtship costs, Jackie has long been assigned certain household duties, one of which is the periodic raking of leaves from the yard.

After having raked leaves for five minutes, he retired to the hammock and gave the entire situation some solemn thought. He had just remembered that when his older brother, Skipper, lost a baby tooth, he used to place it under his pillow. The next morning the elves would have put the snatch on the tooth (what elves wanted of a shed baby tooth Butch couldn't fathom), but they would have been gentlemen enough to have left a dime in payment.

That night, after Doris Dudley had put the children to bed, she went next door for a brief call on a neighbor. When she returned, she glanced into the boys' bedroom to check their welfare, only to be horrified by the great crimson blotch on Jackie's pillow. Frantically she awakened him, asking him what had happened.

"If you'll look *under* the pillow," mumbled an annoyed Jackie, "you'll find my tooth. In the morning it will be gone and a dime will be there."

Doris examined her son's dental condition. "But, darling, you pulled the wrong tooth," she protested, having caught sight of a pair of pliers at the side of the bed. "Your baby tooth on the other side wasn't even loose. This one," touching it lightly, "was the one that has been bothering you."

Butch closed his eyes and sighed in the manner of man sorely tried by the obtuseness of womankind. "I'm saving that one," he explained, "for a dime on Saturday."

CHILDREN'S HOUR:

Early this summer Edgar Bergen appeared at the J. Walter Thompson office to say a temporary goodbye to his friends there. He was going to Mexico on vacation.

"What about the children?" someone asked. "Are they all ready to go?"

"I'm not taking them," said Mr. Bergen. "I'm going on this trip because I need the rest. Any harried mother will tell you that there's no rest for a parent who takes youngsters traveling. My pair, particularly, would want to go to *this* party and *that* dinner. They would be showing off all the time and I'd have to spend most of my vacation sightseeing with them. No, this time they have to stay at home."

The "children": Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd.

DENNY MURPHY DEPT:

Many children are beautiful; most children have charm. But occasionally a child abundantly gifted of the gods is granted to astonished parents and eventually finds his way to a radio show. Such a character is Dennis Murphy, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy. He is an entire Quizz Kid show without assistance; now six, he is the author of comments so adult, delivered with such sang froid, that—until further notice—he is

Myrna Loy, back in movieland to do a Thin Man picture with Bill Powell, has been spending a bunch of evenings with Helmut Dantine.

entitled to a department of his own in this column.

Item: His mother recently acquired a hat best described as ultra chic. When she was modeling it at home, the night of purchase, her son turned grave eyes to his father. "She should have tried that bonnet on *before* she bought it," he observed. "Even on Melissa (aged 11 months) it would be more head than hat."

Item: When he broke his arm by falling off the moderately-sized dog house in the back yard, his father asked Denny, "What are you going to tell the kids at school?"

Denny chewed his lower lip judiciously. Then he shook his head in renunciation. "Nope," he said, "I guess I couldn't get away with that old one about being in a fight with a bear."

WOLF CALL:

As overseas entertainers must travel exceedingly light, Ann Sheridan had Milo Anderson, witty Warner Brothers designer, prepare a series of costumes made of thin, non-crushable, easily cleaned materials. As everyone knows, Annie is the relaxed type; probably no actress in Hollywood causes less furore and confusion in the wardrobe department than she. She always likes the clothes designed for her, never fusses nor feels that her "personality has not been properly expressed." She tells Milo what she needs, and doesn't even return for a fitting. A dressmaker's form suffices.

So Milo, devoted to Annie as most of her fellow-workers are, really went to town on his designing job. He dreamed up a series of bra-sarong numbers featuring bare midriffs and v-necklines. The colors were luscious, the tailoring impeccable, the result devastating. Then, after a telephone conference with Ann, Milo packed the clothes. She didn't see them until she unpacked for her first camp appearance, at which time she sent Mr. Anderson a one-line v-letter of appreciation expressed in terse Sheridan-ese: "Wolf calls all the way to Africa."

(*Continued on next page*)

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Try Countess Lydia Grey—the facial tissue with the "doe-skin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!

BOBBY SOX BULLETIN:

Nancy, Jr. and Frank, Jr., the two Sinatra children, are now the ecstatic owners of a black cocker spaniel properly called Mr. Buzz. Frank and his secretary, Jerry O'Shea, were admiring the puppy when Jerry said thoughtfully, "I'll never be able to call that winning creature 'Mr. Buzz.' When I look into his gorgeous, expressive dark eyes, all I can think of is Duke Ellington."

But—whisper this behind closed doors—Mr. Duke Buzz is a heretic! When Frankie practices, Buzz howls. And Nancy, Jr. clutches her chubby sides and howls, too—with laughter.

FORECAST:

Write it down in your Coming Events file that Barry Fitzgerald, who plays the aging priest in "Going My Way," will win the 1944 Academy Award Oscar for the best performance in a supporting role.

HOW SWEET THE SOUR NOTES:

When Leon Gordon, currently the producer of the Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon picture, "Mrs. Parkington," and famed writer of "White Cargo" was in Italy several years ago, he was constantly irritated by the piano pounding that persisted in the hotel room adjoining his own. Early every morning, the conscientious musician next door began to run scales, despoiling Mr. Gordon's sleep.

Finally he could endure it no longer, so sent for the manager. "That drumming must be stopped," he stated flatly. "The constant thumping on that piano has become a shameful imposition on the patience of every guest on this side of the building."

The manager was properly contrite. "But I don't know exactly what to do about it," he explained apologetically. "You see, the man playing scales is Paderewski."

After a lax moment Mr. Gordon's lower jaw snapped into position. "That's quite different," he agreed promptly; thereafter he burnished his own prestige by inviting a favored few of his friends in occasionally "to hear a genius at an informal concert."

POST OFFICE:

Eddie Salven, assistant-director for C. B. de Mille, recently received a letter from Fred Allen, saying in part: "I may see you this summer but not unless you come close to me because my eyes are rather weak due to the local glare caused by the size of Bing Crosby's name in lights on the Paramount Theatre, in 'Going My Way.' A smart local man is renting Seeing Eye dogs to people who have to pass the theatre."

LETTER FROM DIETRICH:

Marlene Dietrich wrote to a friend, from somewhere in the European Theatre, "I have had pneumonia, but penicillin brought me out of it in a few days. I ran into Jean Pierre Aumont who is looking very well and who is doing fine work. Can you believe it—everywhere I went I saw that picture from Life Magazine showing me in the 'Kismet' costume with my gold legs! The boys seemed to like it. And now that the invasion has started perhaps I will have the great honor of following the troops into France and putting on shows as near the front lines as possible."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$5.00 LETTER

I'm just a happy buck private expressing my thanks to John Garfield and the Ritz Brothers whom I've had the pleasure of meeting after both their performances.

When I first saw John Garfield on the screen, I really liked his acting more than some actors I have seen. Whenever I saw him, I'd get a feeling as if I had known him all my life, and you can imagine the thrill I received when I actually started talking with him after his performance. He wasn't at all independent as I expected him to be; it seemed as if I were talking with an old friend. He's a wonderful man, both on the screen and off. If there is any one who can build up a soldier's hope as well as he can, I think he's a wonderful and good soldier, and I hope to see him again before I leave for battle.

As for the Ritz Brothers, there is no limit to my appreciation for their remarkable performance. When they arrived at my camp, I went to see them the first night the show opened up, and I enjoyed them so much that I saw the show four times in the two days they were there. The Ritz Brothers and many other fine actors like them are part of America's morale, and they certainly live up to it.

So, I give my thanks and devotion to the Ritz Brothers and John Garfield and also to the actors and actresses on stage and screen who are helping to make this world a better place to live in.

Pvt. Johnny Russo
Co. "A"-311th Inf.
Camp Butner, N. C.

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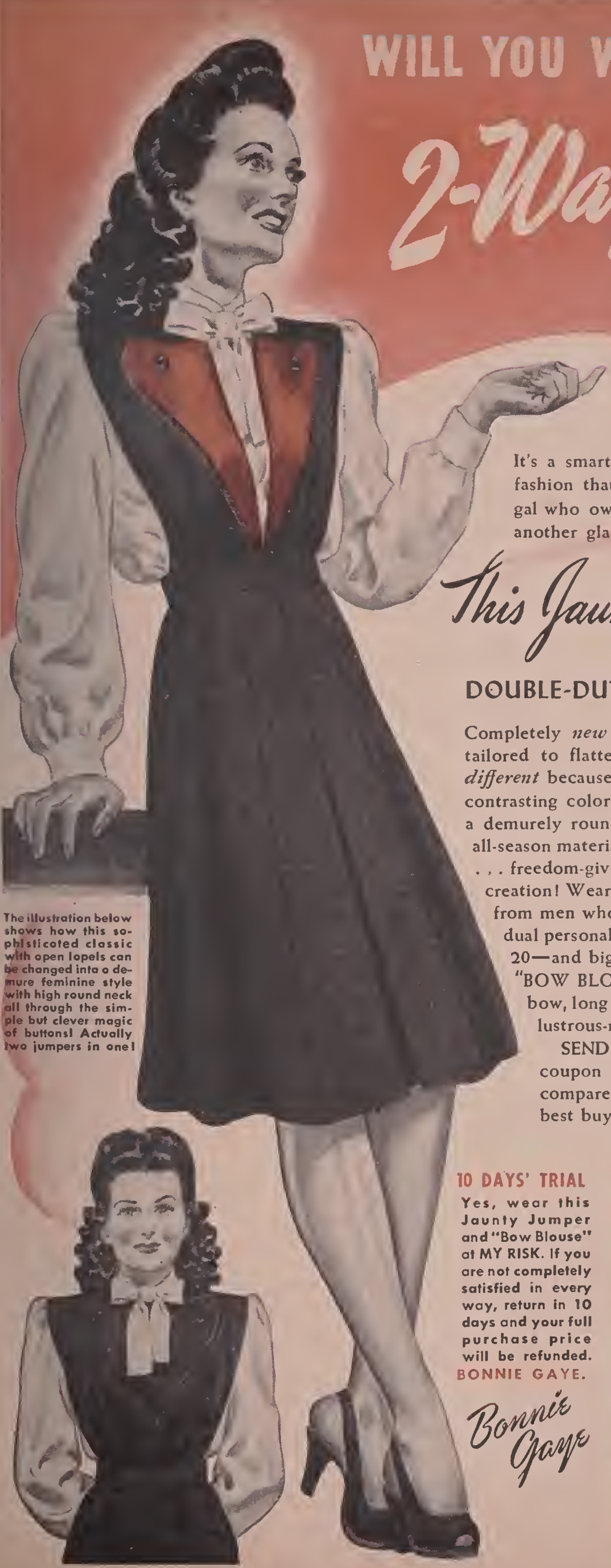

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THERE'S ONLY ONE CARY GRANT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

word, he's disappeared into a whirling cloud of dust.

So you reach stage fifteen and step out of the California sunshine, and into the cavernous depths of a sound stage.

Suddenly you find yourself standing in a dirty, dingy street in the heart of London Town. Not that you've ever been in London, but you know now once and for all exactly what it's like. A deep fog settles over everything. You feel that any moment Cockney Englishmen will step from the shops and go about their work. At your right is a newspaper and magazine shop. A fish and chips stall is there across the street, and down the road a ways, a grocery store, with a tank of live gold fish swimming behind the window. The cobblestones are worn down by the traffic of centuries. Oh, it must be that way—they couldn't be made so real! Then you come to the focal point of the street, and peer through the dense fog up at the sign above the shop: "Motts—Old Furniture and New."

"Hey!" a voice pops up to startle you again. And again, it's Cary.

"Did you make your telephone call?" you ask.

"Yes," he replies.

Knowing Cary's dislike of talking about his private affairs, you fancy yourself as being enormously subtle when you say: "I understand your wife's out of town."

"And am I lonely!" Cary explodes, and he grins at you sort of wistfully and your heart does a couple of nip-ups all by itself.

"But say, isn't this fog terrific!" The wistful note has left his voice and he's all teeming enthusiasm for the work at hand.

"Yeah," you answer with a grim voice, because by this time the fog is beginning to seep into your skin and hair and clothes, and you feel grimy and your eyes burn.

"It's just like the real thing," says Cary, "Hey, Jack!"

Another figure floats into your vision out of the mists. It's Jack Lannon, one of the best special effects men in Hollywood—and that's *something*, in a town full of experts. Cary is impressed, too, because he's the kind of a guy who's impressed by anyone who does his job well.

"Tell her about it," says Cary, and then listens himself, fascinated, as Mr. Lannon explains that the fog is made of Nujol, an oil he insists will do wonders for the complexion. You rather doubtfully take his word for that.

Then Cary leads you over cables and through a London side street to behind the set, where the crew is fixing the lights for the next shot. Clifford Odets is there conferring with the cameraman, George Barnes. Odets is the famous playwright, author of "Golden Boy" and "Awake and Sing" and many other Broadway hits.

"Cliff wrote the scenario of 'None But the Lonely Heart'," Cary says. "It's a beautiful job. Now he's directing it."

Then you remember about that. David Hempstead, the producer, couldn't get just the right director for the story. He and Cary were talking one day and wondering what to do. Suddenly Cary remembered Odets.

"Listen, Odets knows how the script should be done," Cary said. "Why not try him?" So Hempstead said, "Why not?" And Odets said, "I'll try it." So that's the story.

"We won't want you right away, Cary," says Odets. "There's a shot first with Miss Barrymore alone."

"Miss Barrymore," murmurs Cary. "Have you seen Miss Barrymore?" There's a hushed, awed note in his voice. "What an actress!"

Odets is walking to the door of Miss Barrymore's portable dressing room. He knocks. "Miss Barrymore, we're ready," he says. Cary whispers, "Wait till you see her!"

The great lady appears. A silence falls upon the entire gathering. Odets offers his arm and leads her onto the stage. Ethel Barrymore, the First Lady of the American theater, walks like a queen to her work, with a golden radiance of charm and personality shining about her; while Cary Grant stands watching like a school boy, humble and solemn all at once. For Cary is an actor who knows what it means when another actor has greatness that has been acquired through fifty years.

So in this atmosphere of theatrical magic, you go with Cary into his cool, green dressing room, where the sound of your voices won't be picked up by the microphone.

"It's one of the great experiences of my life, to work with an actress like that," Cary says, still deep in the mood of reverence.

You look at Cary's thoughtful face and realize again what a deeply serious worker he is. In Hollywood they call him an "Actor's Actor." That means the actors themselves are crazy about his work. They go to see his pictures again and again, to study what he does and to try to figure out how he got that way.

It took the work of years to teach him, too. Not as many as Ethel Barrymore, but plenty—in innumerable kinds of theater jobs, which is the best way to learn. Every bit of it has been important, back to the days when he was Archie Leach, acrobat and stilt walker extraordinary.

"Now I can learn still more, working with Ethel Barrymore," he tells you. "I think she likes working with us. I hope so."

At that moment you hear the sound of a "sweet potato" playing. You're slightly startled. Cary is suddenly a bundle of vitality again. He leaps up, saying, "That's for me!" He grabs your hand, says, "Come on. Watch the scene." And all in a brief wild second you find yourself catapulted out of the dressing room and practically on the set. Your head is in a whirl all over again. They talk about Betty Hutton! Listen, she's got nothing on Cary Grant! He's the *real* tornado of the screen, if you want to know the truth.

You look around to see where the "sweet potato" came from and begin to think maybe you didn't hear it at all. But no. Perched high behind the camera is the assistant cameraman, who at this moment puts the "sweet potato" to his mouth and toots the Marine Hymn. Cary goes into a time step—and it's good, too. Ethel

Kim Hunter and Susanna Foster lunching at Brown Derby. Both girls are rising fast on the horizon of stardom. Susanna has been seen lately with that Turkish triple threat, Turhan Bey.

Barrymore, sitting in a canvas chair, puts back her head and laughs a lusty, full-throated laugh that reminds you of all the Barrymores rolled into one.

"Cary sure is an entertainer," says one of the stage hands. "Say, they tell me the show he puts on for the soldiers when he tours the camps is tops. He's got a hypnotist act that'll kill you. Hey, Cary!" he yells. "Don't the soldiers like your show?"

"Well, I have a good time, anyway," Cary grins evasively.

You feel the warmth and friendliness of the set surrounding you. It's a good feeling. It must make a swell atmosphere in which to work.

"Something happened the other day that was sure typical of Cary," your friend the stage hand continues. "A couple of servicemen came onto the set. They were standing off in a corner, and I sort of got to talking to them. I asked them, didn't they want to meet Cary. One of the soldiers acted kind of funny about it. Finally he broke down and said he used to work with Cary years ago on Coney Island. When Cary was a stilt walker this guy was a barker. The soldier was afraid Cary wouldn't remember him. Or that maybe, if he did remember, he'd be embarrassed."

After all, why shouldn't Cary forget? It was a heck of a long time ago, and Cary had made a big name in the meantime, and married Barbara Hutton, and a lot of things had happened.

Just then Cary saw them across the stage. He made a running dive, yelling out the soldier's name and grabbing his arm. The scene was held up ten minutes while Cary and the soldier hashed over the happy old days they'd spent working for peanuts on Coney Island.

"Maybe it was just peanuts, at that," the stage hand laughs.

Just then Odets calls everyone to work. The scene is the back dining room-kitchen of Ma Mott's shop, and Ethel Barrymore is serving Cary his supper.

Hanging on the wall beyond the table is a picture of a man in the costume of another year. "Did you love my old man?" asks Cary, as they start the first rehearsal. "Love's not for the poor, son," Miss Barrymore answers, and she looks up at the picture. Then Cary bursts out laughing. You're kind of surprised by that. It doesn't seem to belong to the scene they're playing. Cary says, "Hiya, Pop!" And that seems stranger still.

You look more closely at the picture. The man is tremendously handsome, much more so than Cary, if truth must be told. Cary turns and sees your troubled expression.

"Meet my Dad," he says. "Mr. Leach, Senior."

"Whaaat?" you mutter, really confused by this time.

"They couldn't find anything they thought looked like me, so I brought Pop down to play in the scene," Cary explains.

"Silence!" yells the assistant director. "Roll 'em!" yells the second assistant. A pause. Cary and Miss Barrymore are ready to begin.

When it's over, a deeply tragic scene, the people on the set are quiet. Cary walks away, and seems lost in his own thoughts. Odets gives Miss Barrymore his arm again, and leads her down from the stage back to her dressing room. She pauses in the doorway and looks towards Cary. "There," she says, nodding her head in his direction, "there is a *real actor.*"

Cary looks up. He has overheard what she's said. A big grin spreads over his face as she goes into the room and closes the door behind her.

There's one more thing, however, before we leave. About this business of Cary's standing in the doorway of his dressing room, that day he wasn't working. Remember?

Business is booming these days over at RKO. They're making a raft of pictures, which means a lot of actors working. There's a shortage of building materials and carpenters, as you all know. Well, put two and two together and what do you get? Right! A shortage of dressing rooms.

So what happens? Well, you don't think they can let a dressing room stand idle when an actor isn't working, do you? And these actors are funny people. They're superstitious about having strangers in their dressing rooms.

So . . . I don't mean anything really. But after all, possession is nine points of the law—*isn't* it, Cary?

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SMILEY BURNETTE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

the Canyon," and many others you've heard Autry, Bing Crosby and other favorites singing.

In 1933, Mascot Productions (now Republic) plucked Autry from his hillbilly band to star in a Western serial called "The Phantom Empire." Smiley naturally came along. They made the picture, saw the rushes, and one Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette became 'Phantoms' themselves—but fast! Leaving Hollywood with flaming faces, vowing 'never again'. Louisville, Kentucky, and more Barn Dances, was their refuge.

But "The Phantom Empire" was released, and swept the country like a prairie fire It opened a new era for Westerns—for the roughriding cowhands, hardbitten sheriffs and silver-spurred heroes carried on their chores with a background of music. Western music.

Autry and Smiley were hastily recalled and placed under contract. For ten long years then, the Westerns continued, with ever-growing popularity. Hitching-post theaters sprang up and there were not enough good Westerns to fill the demand. Smiley went right on playing lead comic to the star, his pal Gene; writing songs for Gene to sing, and just being himself—the smalltown boy who kept his head and liked making people laugh. Acquiring the screen name of "Frog," he wore it like a medal on his broad chest. He should care what the kids called him, as long as they liked him!

When Autry joined the Army, Republic had Roy Rogers ready to take over the cowboy star spot. And Smiley, being Smiley, still went right on playing lead comic.

He took the perennial tours, made the bond drive appearances. And since he'd acquired a wife and a growing family, from whom he hated to be separated, he took them right along on the tours with him—in a big car with a trailer attached. (Until gas rationing.) To see Smiley really enthusiastic, to make him smile that infectious grin, just ask him about his family. His six-year-old daughter, little Linda! Stephen of the red hair, who is the in-between; and Baby Caroline who can't quite talk yet, except with her eyes.

In his professionally equipped workshop, Smiley makes teeter-totters and toys for the children's private playing yard. A born mechanic and "fixer," he's always busy making things for his friends—things made of metal and leather and beads, or whatever else happens to be handy. Usually what he turns out, if not for his own youngsters, are toys for his special kid-pals; cowboy belts are his specialty.

And besides his workshop, Smiley has an "office"—a combination recording and projection room, where he goes into seclusion when he feels a new song "coming on." There's no telling when that will be. Likely as not, he'll be in the midst of tending one of his famous barbecues, and have to leave just when the special sauce is most needing his attention. But grabbing the nearest handy instrument, he starts working out the new tune, singing it into his recording machine, and another hit is born. The studio musicians orchestrate the record he's made, and when Smiley sees the results on paper he looks at the notes with his big round eyes and marvels—"Gosh, it must be wonderful to be able to write music down like that!"

"And believe it or not, the guy means it. He's that awed; full of admiration, sincerely humble.

He's the number-one pin-up boy with the G.I.'s. And why? Because most of the boys he entertains are kids who grew up watching him on the screen. He knows what they wanted as kids, so he knows what they want in lonely camps, in foxholes and hospitals. They want to laugh. They want a few minutes of fun and happiness. Smiley gives it to them.

And that's the secret of his success, which he claims is no secret at all. The magic of Smiley's self-taught fingers, the spell of his haunting, lilting songs, the charm of his honest, simple, cheery personality and the enchantment of watching him recreate the old Wild West—that's his box-office value, that's what makes him Smiley Burnette.

THE END

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LIFE WITHOUT FATHER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

year, acting; then I determined to head for a summer of stock in the East—and then Broadway. To my horror, Mother downright refused. I'll never forget that evening. I was insisting on going on with my career; Mother was refusing; and you sat twitching uneasily over a book you were holding upside down, and saying nothing at all. But I could read your mind. You were thinking, "Better leave the women alone—it'll all blow over!"

But it didn't blow over. How I got the will-power I'll never know, but the next morning I quietly packed my clothes, sneaked out of the house, and drove away without a word to anyone. I drove to my married sister's home, of course; but I wouldn't let her tell either of you—and for a week neither of you knew where I was. At the end of that time I was as much of a wreck as I later discovered both of you were, for I adored both of you; so I called Mother up. You know the rest—how she cried, and I cried, and I came home again. But you were the one I'd injured the most. I'll never forget how you looked—haggard and worn, and you'd stopped shooting in the middle of a picture, out of worry over me. I don't know how you ever forgave me for that scare. (Except that you'd run away from home yourself once, when you were a boy!)

But you did, and Mother had not only forgiven, but given up. So a few days later I left triumphantly for a dramatic school in Poughkeepsie, New York, where I spent the Summer doing mad things like acting out "A tree being eaten by worms," or "A piece of ice melting in a glass." Mad enough, but ridiculous enough, too, to make any shy actress lose all traces of shyness on the stage. If you could do those things in front of a student audience, you could do anything in front of a professional audience, I thought; and I headed instantly for Broadway.

This time, you were ready to offer all the help you could. You sent me a batch of letters introducing me to half the producers in New York, and I happily took them with me because again I was foolishly thinking, *"Being Director Sam Wood's daughter should give me some kind of an acting break!"*

Well, just let me show you what happened when I delivered each letter—whether it was to George Kaufmann, Sam Harris, Jed Harris, Max Gordon, or whomever. It was always the same. I came tripping brightly in, proffering the letter. The producer read it beamingly and then promptly said this (the dialogue never changed): *"So you're Sam Wood's daughter! Well, well! How's your dad, anyway?"*

Period. Full stop. Nobody ever added, *"We've got a part for you in our next!"* And so you very well know, the only way I got a part was behind your friends' backs!

It was in the road show of "You Can't Take It With You." Your good friend George Kaufmann, who wrote and directed the play, turned me down cold—but the stage manager hired me. Remember what Kaufmann said when he came to the first rehearsal? He gasped, and then grinned, and said, "Tell your father I gave you the job, eh, K. T.?"

For by this time I was K. T. Stevens. I'd dropped the name Gloria Wood, which I'd been wearing all these twenty years, because it hadn't seemed to help me much—if you'll forgive me saying so, Daddy dear! So I took the name of K. T. Stevens—because it was different for a girl to have initials, and because I didn't want people to think I was using you to get ahead (I'd tried it, I'll admit, but it certainly hadn't worked!)—and because K stood for Katherine Hepburn, whom I thought one of the finest actresses on the stage. Stevens had been my middle name all along, of course.

So in spite of your friends and your pull, not because of it, I went on acting in plays. In the road shows of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "My Sister Eileen," and in New York in "The Land Is Bright," and "Yankee Point" and "Nine Girls."

And how I loved New York! Remember the small apartment I had there, where I cooked all my meals (I love cooking second only to acting)? You saw it—you always saw me in every city I came to; because you faithfully came to every opening night I had, no matter where it was. And it always helped me to know you were out front, always. Which reminds me! Maybe you didn't help my business career, Daddy, but you certainly helped my romantic one! For it was through one of your dozens of friends that I met Afred Vanderbilt.

It was in Chicago, when I was doing "My Sister Eileen." Your friend telephoned me backstage and arranged a blind date for the same night, after the show. He took me, I remember, to the Chez Paris night club and the Pump Room; and as you know, he's been part of my life for the two and a half years since.

But you met him almost as soon as I did. You and Mother came to Chicago to be with me at Christmas time. Being an incurable cook, I had bought an enormous turkey to roast in my small apartment . . . and Al Vanderbilt and his friend, Ronald Brogan, volunteered to sit over it all during my matinee performance and see that it was basted correctly. Remember? Then I came dashing home, and tossed the rest of Christmas dinner together—and we all sat down to the best holiday meal I think I've ever had!

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

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Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

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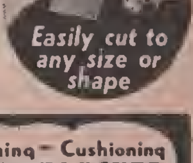

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

New — **Hair Rinse**
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and . . . **Removes this dull film**

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing — your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

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2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

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GOLDEN GLINT

Scoldy Lox says:

Whenever breezes
Blow your hair
Don't throw your arms up
In despair . . .
Scoldy Lox Bob Pins
Never let your hair down

Scoldy Lox
EXTRA FINE QUALITY

- The pin with a permanent grip
- Smooth finish inside and out treats your hair with care

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Yes, you met Al over food; and it seems to me you said goodbye to him (when he left for Naval duty) over food, too! Remember how thin he was when he applied for the Navy? He was under 130 pounds, which is pretty skinny for a young man almost six feet tall. And I fed him bananas and milk six times a day out at the Wood beach house in California, until he finally weighed 134 pounds and got admitted!

By that time I was in Hollywood and the movies, at last. I was in "Kitty Foyle," and then "The Great Man's Lady," and then "Address Unknown." And I was being as unglamour-girlish as I liked. (Which you thoroughly approved of and Mother was resigned to!) I mean, I was still staying away from parties; and I still wore no make-up except lipstick and mascara, and no nail polish, and no hats. Of course I was as mad about clothes as I'll always be —shoes and bags and gloves in particular—and any odd color from dusty pink to purple, and chartreuse. But I certainly shied away from parties, in favor of four movies a week. And I still preferred hamburgers and malted milks in drive-ins to the fanciest dinner-party in the world—and soda pop to hard liquor of any kind. And lying on the beach all day all Summer, instead of going to the tea-parties Mother turned up—getting brown as Boston beans, and never wearing a cap in swimming. Braids did just as well.

Maybe it was because of my gingham-girl tastes that you gave me the small beach house next to your big one. You couldn't have delighted me more! I immediately went color-mad on my new bedroom—it's a mass (or mess?) of the dubonnet, dusty pink and chartreuse. I also went kitchen-ware mad; and after I'd done the bedroom in colors, and the kitchen in pots and pans, I happily made my living room into the most comfortable, feet-on-everything room in the West. It's all in green, chartreuse and cherry red, with a bamboo bar and windows and bookcases everywhere, and a fireplace that my friends sit over half the night. But you made it complete with those seven color portraits from "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

My friends work hard when they're my guests on week-ends. I'll never forget your astonished expression when you walked in once and found Victor Mature washing dishes, while Al Vanderbilt and Sheila Ryan and Julie Warren and Johnny Forsythe and Barry Sullivan and John Hambleton all dried together! Anyway, you must know how I love that house —more even than steak (my favorite dish) or "Tabu" perfume (the only kind I've ever had on my dresser). In it, when I'm there alone, I read of an evening. Then I take my black poodle, Satin, for a walk. And then I come back and make myself Ovaltine and fall into bed for nine or ten hours. And just before I go to sleep every night, I think again that I want to be acting up until the day I step into my grave. And I also think of you, and the unique place you've had in my life, and . . .

Daddy, you know what? I just read this Declaration of Independence over, and I discovered that maybe my career has been Without Father. But you were around it, and behind it, and over it the whole long time! Without your friends, I'd never have met the man I will probably marry; and without your backing, I'd never have been able to go to all those dramatic schools that helped me so much; and without your thoughtfulness, I wouldn't even have the beach house roof over my head! And without your constant advice to "be natural in acting," maybe I wouldn't be acting at all!

I guess, after all, I should call this "Life With Father." And I should thank my lucky stars, at that!

All my love to you.

K. T.

Comedian Milton Berle and his wife Joyce Mathews dine at Sherman Billingsley Stork Club. Between performances the star of the Ziegfeld Follies has been entertaining in army camps near New York.

WHO IS HODIAK?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

comes from swimming, golf, tennis and fishing. There is nothing artificial about this brown young actor. He's just a man—just as you suspected, just as you hoped!

But despite the fact that he was discovered by you women, you play a very small part in his life right now. He is a bachelor, and the kind of a bachelor any mother craves for her daughter. He has no heart-interests of any kind—unless you can count Roberta Bailey, whom he dates most steadily. She is three years old, and the daughter of his best friends, the Robert Baileys. And their dates, the tiny girl and tall young actor, are invariably at ice-cream parlors!

Otherwise, John looks like a ready mark for any determined huntress. He lives alone, in a two-room apartment in Beverly Hills for which he pays seventy dollars a month, and which he keeps so shipshape that the daily maid mutters happily, "He makes his bed so neatly I'd hardly know he slept in it!" In this tidy apartment John stays hibernating far more than any sensational bachelor should. Evening after evening, if you peeked through the windows, you could see him sitting there over books (detective, fiction, biography), while the air vibrates with symphonic and gut-bucket music from the radio. And if you waited at the doorstep, you would often see him starting on a three-hour tramp—provided the night was rainy. Walking in the rain is the only time to walk, according to John.

Often, too, he takes out his three-year-old gray convertible, in which he arrived in Hollywood, and drives to a Beverly Hills movie house to sit alone, concentrating on a picture, studying it. Of course, some nights he takes out grown-up girls—but not movie stars. They're radio friends he knew in the East. Usually he takes them to the Brown Derby or Romanoff's for dinner. And then, naturally, to a movie. Never a night club. Night clubs leave him cold.

But if you're interested in understanding John, the better to land him, you'd better know his history.

He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, thirty years ago. His father and mother were Ukrainian peasants who came to this country just before John's birth—Walter and Anna Pogorzeliec Hodiak. Walter Hodiak got a job at once in the coal mines, and they lived in Pittsburgh until they had four children—first John, then Walter Jr., then Ann and Mary. Eight years had passed when they moved to Hamtramck, the foreign section of Detroit where all the factory workers and farmers live. Here, in a world made up of Poles, Slavs, Greeks and Italians, John grew up.

It was the happiest of worlds to him. Every morning Father Hodiak went to work on the assembly lines of the Ford Motor Factory, swinging his dinner pail, and his four children went off to grammar schools with their smaller dinner pails. They came home at night to find Mother Hodiak singing Ukrainian songs in her immaculate kitchen, while she stirred Ukrainian food on the stove. Shashlik, and meat and rice wrapped

Are You in the Know?

In WAVE slanguage, she's —
☐ A destroyer
☐ On see duty
☐ Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a *destroyer* (pretty WAVE)—and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for *protection* in sanitary napkins. That special *4-ply* safety-center gives extra protection where you need it *most.* And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

HAMBURGER
FRENCH FRIES
E MADE PIES

Is she headed for—
☐ "Heart" trouble
☐ A high date quota
☐ Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit telltale lines—for those patented Kotex ends are *pressed flat*—they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like *some* napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting...smoother!

Which is most likely to get the job?
☐ The girl on the left
☐ On the right
☐ In the center

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and *look* it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, *every* working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has *enduring* softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape . . . actually *stays soft while wearing!*

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex

Know your napkins —

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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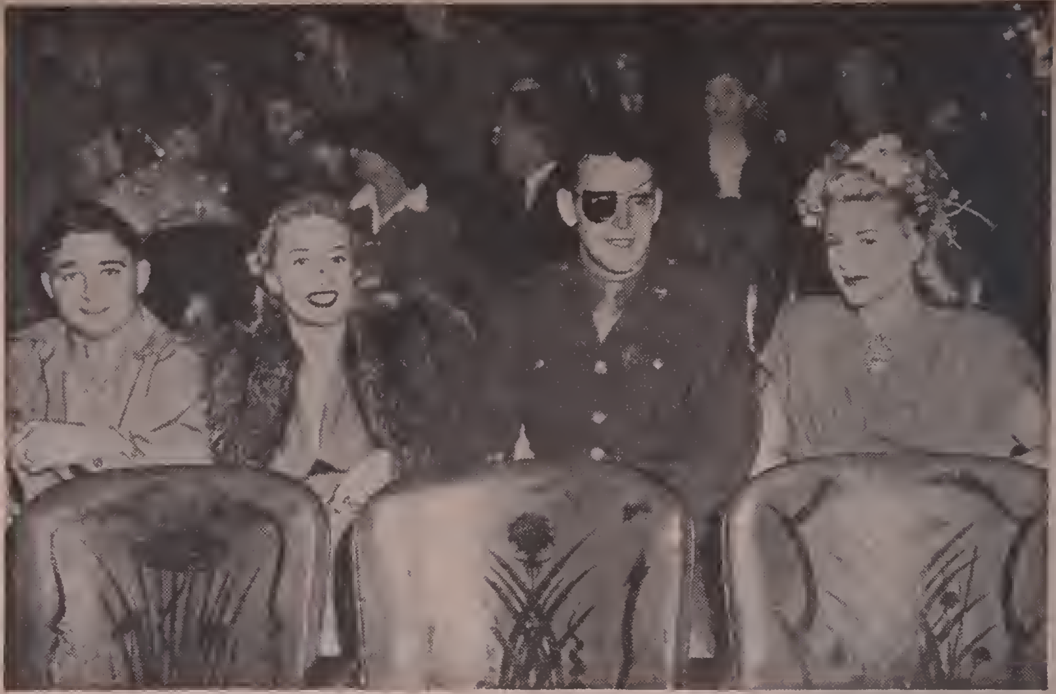
2110 W. Madison St., Chicago 12, Ill.
I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.
Check shades: ☐ Black ☐ Brown
Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....



For "Show Business" premiere at Grauman's Chinese many movie stars were escorted by service men from Birmingham Hospital. Shown above are Bonita Granville with Sgt. Glen Black; and Claire Trevor with Pfc. Frank Graves.

in hot cabbage leaves, and a huge kettle of thick soup which simmered on the back of the stove all day and all night. The whole family rotated around her brisk gingham-clad figure. All summer she went bare-footed, and all winter she wore slippers and a sweater. And always the family spoke Ukrainian at home.

They owned their own house, a white frame one, which Father Hodiak bought for very little during the Depression. He also bought the lot next door. And the whole family pitched in to work on their home and make it livable. The six of them painted it, inside and out. And dug the ground up for a big vegetable garden, and made a chicken coop, and adopted three stray dogs who adopted them. Nighttimes, Father Hodiak acted in Ukrainian and Russian plays put on by the parish. And when his eldest son, John, was eleven, he too became an amateur actor.

He enjoyed it. But more than anything else, he enjoyed movies. Every Friday afternoon he ditched school to see the movies. Some films he saw over and over again. He saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" thirty-four times and "Robin Hood" twenty-one.

Then he was going to Hamtramck High School, and trying to make up his mind what to do in the world. He thought of the priesthood for awhile, but dismissed that. Then professional baseball, since he was offered a job by the St. Louis Cardinals after they saw him in action as a third baseman. Then Northwestern University offered him a dramatics scholarship, based on his acting in the high school and parish plays. But he turned that down, too, in favor of an appointment to West Point.

For he had decided at last; he would be an Army man. On this he based all his dreams and plans. And when his appointment fell through, he was heartbroken. He was also determined never to grieve again over what he wasn't intended to have. He graduated from Hamtramck High, and walked promptly into a Detroit radio station, an eighteen-year-old fatalist.

"I want a job acting," said he. "We'd suggest plumbing," said they, after listening to his fumbling diction. So then the fatalist walked out again, shrugging, and landed a job caddying at a nearby country club. The Depression was in full swing, and apparently all his great plans had degenerated into carrying some one's else golf clubs over the green.

But it all depended on whose clubs he was carrying, as it turned out. Several Sundays he toted the clubs of a businessman who was the budget director of the Chevrolet Motor Company. And one day the director asked John how he'd like a job in the office there. Now to a citizen of Hamtramck, a white-collar job was on a par with being president. An office man was a man of great stature. John snapped at the job. And for the next three years he left home in the morning dressed in a business suit, with a white shirt and a conservative tie, and went to work with his pride high within him. For all the neighbors said to Mrs. Hodiak, "You have a great boy there, Anna. A boy who can work at a desk, without having gone to college!"

His pay was forty-five dollars a week, and he was in their central business office. All day long he read aloud figures—expense sheets and production schedules. And unbeknownst to himself, all this reading aloud was steadily improving his diction. His fellow office workers knew that he was an amateur actor, and one morning one of them was waiting at the door for John, flapping a newspaper excitedly. "It says here there's an amateur radio audition, John. Why don't you try for it? Tonight?"

John did. He played a senator being interviewed on politics—and he won the audition. In his triumph, he rushed back home that midnight and rapped out a letter to the radio station which had turned him down, three and a half years before. It was quite a jeering letter, and the burden of its tune was, "In spite of you, I have succeeded!" He got a smashing letter back in the next mail. The manager of WXYZ called him a boastful upstart, and a number of other things—but he also challenged John to come in and show off his great improvement as an actor.

John was there after work that

night, with the letter smoking in his hand, and was told to keep coming back. Because after all, he had promise. Not enough to be on pay, of course, but enough to learn the radio game by watching broadcasts in his spare time.

John's spare time was after five in the afternoon, when he finished work at the office. For the next six months, he spent every evening at the radio station. At the end of that time, he'd been a few voices in a few mob scenes, and he was offered a radio acting job at thirty-five dollars a week. It meant a ten-dollar weekly loss, but he accepted. And promptly!

Then he went home and broke the news at the family dinner table. "But, John, then you'll no longer be a white collar worker!" they said. They were distraught. They were funereal.

But John stuck to his guns, and for the next two years he played gravel-voiced villains in Detroit. Then, thinking he'd gone as far as he could in Detroit, he decided to push on to bigger radio things. Again, he went home to break his news to the family.

"I have decided to go to Chicago and try my lot in radio there. The radio station here offered me seventy-five dollars a week to stay, but I'm going. I have made up my mind."

Pandemonium again—the Hodiak family was horrified! In Hamtramck, nobody ever left town. If a man married, he moved a few houses away; but certainly nobody ever left town. "What will the neighbors think when you leave us?" said members of the family. "Whatever they will think," said John firmly, not too concerned.

So he took a bus to Chicago the next day. And his mother clung to him, and gave him only one piece of advice: "Always be well fed." He didn't tell her that he would reach Chicago with only enough money to be well fed at one meal. But fortunately, right after that meal (lunch), he got his first radio job in this strange, noisy metropolis full of towering buildings.

From then on, he did all right. He was desperately lonely, of course. But he made money—enough to buy himself that gray convertible he still has. And better yet, enough to send money home for a new frigidaire, a new radio, a new stove. Mrs. Hodiak wrote him about it. "All the neighbors have been in to look at the new things," she wrote. "They are wild with happiness for us."

Clustered around the new radio, the Hodiaks listened to John's voice coming from Chicago. They heard him originate the character of Li'l Abner on the air; they heard him in dozens of soap operas, and they heard him playing devious villains in "The Lone Ranger." Then, too, they heard his voice on the telephone—he called them faithfully once a week, just to say hello.

One week he called, terribly excited. "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is sending me to New York to make a screen test," said he. The next week he called from New York. "MGM has signed me—I'm going to Hollywood," he told them.

The next week—and every week since that—he has called them from Hollywood.

Which has been almost two years now. Two years of oblivion, until "Lifeboat" soared him into the starry heavens. And two years of readjustment for the Hodiak family back in Hamtramck—who are slavishly attending movies now, and feverishly reading the Ukrainian newspapers in the United States and Canada, which are wild with triumph over their native son.

But so far he's always been able to elude you women. Not two of you, of course; two who disillusioned him so that he swore he'd never believe in you again. But with those two in the past, he no longer wants to elude you. He very much wants to be happily married. So do his parents. "Only you, the eldest, is still single," they write him mournfully. "And we want so much to see you settled!"

Well, John's busily trying to find the girl who'll be the right Mrs. Hodiak. He even has his specifications. "She must be five feet two, lovely to look at, very intelligent, fond of music, a wonderful housekeeper—and the future mother of dozens of children!" says he, just as if these dream-girls are standing on every street-corner.

Meanwhile, he's keeping busy. He sees his friends, the Baileys, and their sub-debutante daughter, and film-cutter Watson Webb, and business manager Louis Melcher. He learns his lines in the hellzapoppin confusion of movie sets, and reads the newspapers when the lines are learned, thumbing mainly through the sports pages and the two comic strips, "Terry and the Pirates" and "Li'l Abner." And he's very happy. Happier than he's ever been in his life, even though he's still too nervous in his new success to eat more than one good meal a day. Coffee he calls breakfast, a wolfed sandwich is lunch, and only at dinner does he put away all the correct courses. At night he's too wound up to sleep more than four hours. The rest of the night he dreams, wide awake.

He has plenty of dreams, you see. One is of the fishing lodge he wants to own some day in the wettest part of Michigan. Another is of the day, after the war, when he can make a few Russian and South American movies. Another deals with the time, years from now, when he can combine acting with a complete study of music and history. But mostly he plans the house he will build in Hollywood for his parents, so that they can spend their winters in California. And for the day when there is a Mrs. John Hodiak. After all, you women discovered him—and he'd like to discover one of you, in exchange!

THE END

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SINATRA'S LEADING LADY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

mean.) As for her figure, she's on the petite side, being five feet two and weighing one hundred and eight pounds. And her curves, shall we say, are in the right places. I could go on and on, but you get the general idea.

Gloria continued. "When I had a chance to go with Jan Savitt, I took it. We opened at the Hollywood Casino, which was sort of a miniature Palladium. In a short while Jan told me the band was going on the road. I didn't want to leave Hollywood, so I gave my two-weeks notice. But Jan finally talked me into going. He said he'd pay my mother's expenses so she could go along, too, and he offered me such a wonderful deal that I just couldn't turn it down. My agent promised to let me know if anything came up at a studio. So off we went on a tour of one-nighters, ending in New Orleans.

"While we were playing at the Roosevelt Hotel there, I got a wire from my agent saying he had lined me up an audition for one of the leads in 'Best Foot Forward' at Metro. He stressed the fact that it was *only* an audition, and though it looked good, I should realize I'd be just taking a chance if I came back. I didn't know what to do. The band was heading for the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, and I thought that maybe I could get into a musical show or something, once we hit Broadway. Mother and I talked it over with Jan. He knew how much I had wanted a break in pictures and told me to go home and try for it. He said if I didn't, I'd always feel I'd missed something. I'll never forget Jan for being so wonderful to me. He even held my job so if I didn't get the part I could rejoin the band. Mother and I took the next train to Hollywood.

"When I went out to Metro I was really scared. There were so many girls there who had had so much picture experience. But none of them wanted the part any more than I did. So with my trusty 'Embraceable You,' my fingers crossed, and a huge prayer, I auditioned. Luck was certainly with me, because I got the part and a seven-year contract, too. And without a test, which still amazes me.

"During the shooting of 'Best Foot' I realized that I had a lot to learn about a lot of things. So when the picture was finished I took dramatic coaching and singing lessons at the studio. And I still go regularly, when I'm not working."

Gloria had never made a picture anywhere but at Metro until she was loaned to R.K.O. to cavort with Frank Sinatra in "Step Lively." Thinking that singing, dancing and acting with Frank would be more fun than work, I asked her about it.

"I was thrilled to death when I learned I was being loaned," she answered. And I butt right in with, "You don't mean that you, too, are a Sinatra fan!"

Without a second's hesitation she said, "I've always liked his singing. I used to go to the Paladium all the time to hear him when he was with Tommy Dorsey. My boy friends got mad because I wanted to stand in front of the band instead of dance. But I didn't meet Frank until just before we started production. I was called to R.K.O. to rehearse with Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne, who wrote the songs for the picture. It happened to be on the day of Frank's broadcast, so after rehearsing they took me down to meet him. He was very nice to me and told me how happy he was that I was going to work opposite him. When it was time to go on the air, I asked Frank if I could sit in the audience instead of in the booth. I had heard the kids sigh and carry on over the air so I thought it would be fun to watch them. A couple of little girls sitting next to me asked if I were Gloria De Haven and I said yes. After the broadcast one of them looked at me very sternly and in an angry voice said, 'Well! You weren't very enthusiastic!' I didn't get it at first, but she went on, 'All *you* did was *applaud!* You shouldn't sit in the front row if you don't enjoy it any more than *that!*' And indignantly she turned and stomped away.

"Sammy and Julie took me home and I didn't see Frank again until we started recording the tunes we did together. I was nervous as anything in the beginning, but Frank was simply wonderful to me. And he helped me so much, especially with my breathing. You know how he can hold out those long notes—sometimes they seem to last for an hour. He taught me little tricks of sustaining tones, and he even had me singing two notes higher than I ever have before. And when I thought I couldn't do something, he'd threaten me into it. Like the time we did 'The Gay Divorcée' on the Screen Guild broadcast.

"In the script, Frank did all the songs alone. But after the dress rehearsal the producer told us we were about three minutes short, so he had inserted 'The Continental' and he wanted Frank and me to do it as a duet. It was ten minutes before we were to go on the air. Axel Stordahl, Frank's conductor, marked the music where I was to come in and where Frank was to come in, and there was a fast scramble of passing out the parts to the band. I looked up at the clock, saw the second hand ticking away, and got absolutely petrified. Radio was an old thing to Frank, but it was practically new to me. Especially having to do something I wasn't familiar with. 'Frank, I just can't do it, that's all. You sing it alone, please!'

"'Don't be silly,' he said. 'Come on, we're going to run through it once in a hurry, and before you know it we'll be on the air. You won't have time even to think about being scared.'

"'But the key,' I pleaded. 'It's in your key and some of those high notes . . .'

"Frank stopped dead still and looked me right in the eye with, 'Gloria, you're supposed to be a trouper. You're not going to let me down, are you? After all, you're surely enough of a performer to do this—it's not *that* hard.'"

"Well, I guess that kind of talk was exactly what I needed. I didn't say a word. Frank signaled to Axel and we rehearsed the number. I got through it okay. A few seconds later the program began. Frank was right. I didn't think about being scared, and the show went off fine. Yes, you can call me a Sinatra fan, all right." (Incidentally, I think Sinatra likes the De Haven delivery, too. At the end of the picture he gifted her with a beautiful diamond and ruby ring.)

In case you people are lost, we are still in the Brown Derby. Ronald Colman entered and sat down just a few booths away from us. Gloria raised up to get a good look at him. "You may quote me, Jill," she laughed. "I have just swooned! Isn't he wonderful?"

"By the way, Gloria," I said, "speaking of swooning—just who *is* your dream boy? And what about these romance rumors concerning you and David Rose?"

"Well, they shouldn't be romance rumors, because we are only very good friends. Dave is one of my favorite people and we see a lot of each other because we like each other. He's a brilliant musician and composer, and naturally I'm interested in music.

"He's a sergeant in the Air Force, you know, and did the music for 'Winged Victory.' Since he has been stationed in California he has been coaching me in the fine art of driving a car. But I go out with other boys, too."

At this point some fans came over to our table and asked for Gloria's autograph. When they left, I said, "That's a sure sign of success, Gloria. How does it feel?"

Ramsay Ames, Macamba-dancing with Major Alan Martini, war hero with a recard far having dawned twenty-seven Jap airplanes.

"You know," she said honestly, "I get the biggest kick out of it. I think I always will."

"Let's get back to romance a minute," I prodded. "Now that your career is going along so smoothly, do you ever think about getting married?"

"I certainly do," she replied. "What young girl doesn't? But I don't think you can have both. A career and marriage, I mean. It didn't work out in my parents' case. They were both in the theatre, but they divorced when I was practically a baby. I've made up my mind that when I find the right boy I'll settle down and just be a wife. Because I want everything that goes with marriage—a home and children and all that. And you can't very well be on a sound stage and home with a baby at the same time.

"But right now I'm in no hurry. I know that when the right person comes along—well, he'll just come along, and I'll just marry him. I'm a bit of a fatalist, I guess. Why, I might even walk right out of the Brown Derby and meet him! Who knows?"

"Which reminds me," I hinted. "It might not be a bad idea if we left, anyway—whether we find your Prince Charming or not. The waiters must be beginning to think we're here for the night!"

As we left the Derby and walked up Vine Street, the lane where so many careers have had their start and finish, I couldn't help thinking that here was one kid who would do all right—whether it be leading lady to Frank Sinatra, or just plain Mrs. to some lucky guy. She's okay by me.

THE END

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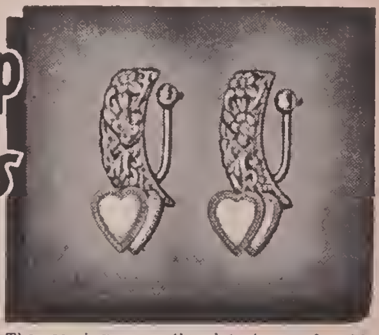

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MOST IMPORTANT DAY IN MY LIFE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

cheer me up, especially the piano player, Lou Bush. Just the same, I wasn't able to sing the first show. The second one, I did, and later joined the band. That was important, too—but not nearly so important as the fact that Lou and I became friends that day."

For Irene Dunne, it was the day she met Dr. Francis Griffin, who is now her husband. It happened at a penthouse party in New York. Irene was the star of "Sweetheart Time," Dr. Griffin was a dentist from New England who prefered not to fall in love with an actress. He weakened enough at the party to ask someone to introduce him to Irene and to ask her for her telephone number. Then he changed his mind again, and didn't call her for three weeks.

"I was furious," Irene said, "because I liked him from the start. I made up my mind that I'd really tell him off, when he finally did call. Then when he did, I found myself suddenly saying very meekly: 'Yes, I'll be happy to go out with you'."

The most important day in Dana Andrews' life was one back in 1931, when he decided on a theatrical career:

"I was chief accountant for a firm in Austin, Texas," Dana tells, "and not too pleased with the progress I was making. I began to think seriously of giving up my job and trying for a theatrical career. I'd been studying singing for some time. Then one day a wonderful chance came my way. A rival oil company offered me a job with them, at a large increase in salary and with unlimited opportunities for advancement.

"It seemed like a wonderful break, and I knew I'd be giving up a sure thing to take a gamble, if I decided not to accept. I weighed one prospect against the other—should it be business excutive or a problematical future as an actor? Finally I decided to take a chance—and with $25 in my pocket, set out for Hollywood.

"For a while it certainly looked as though I'd guessed wrong. The first job I had out here was as a bus driver for $10 a week."

With Eve Arden, as with Gene Tierney, her wedding day was the most important in her life.

"The year previous to my mariage was a tough one for me to weather," Eve says. "I lost my mother, my grandmother, and my favorite aunt. It turned my particular world topsy-turvy and left me with the most frightening feeling of being lost, of not belonging. I suddenly didn't care what happened to me. I was beholden to no one. I felt that no one would shed a tear or raise an eyebrow at anything I did or said.

"Then one day I met Ned Berman, a successful New York insurance broker. Something electric happened between us the minute we met. We fought like cats and dogs every day for five months, until I woke up one morning with the realization that my part in the bickering had been a confused sort of release, a kind of metamorphosis. I realized my personality was trying to readjust itself to the fact that after a year of complete indifference and independence, I was suddenly accountable to someone who sincerely cared what I made of myself, and what I did with my life. The next day Ned and I drove to Reno, where everyone else was being divorced, and were married."

For Gail Russsell, it was a day at Technical High School in Santa Monica, when she found a note on her desk: *"Please telephone Milton Lewis of Paramount Studios, regarding screen test."*

"I thought it was a practical joke," Gail says, "and threw the note into the wastebasket. They weren't going to catch me with any gag as fantastic as that.

It was the Hollywood party of the month. Sam Goldwyn was the host, entertaining on the "Belle of the Yukon" set. Gypsy Rose Lee (the belle) was wide-eyed for Gary Cooper.

Former Hollywood star, now in the Coast Guard, Victor Mature stopped in at Sylvio Annenberg's florist shop on Madison Avenue in New York City to buy roses for his best girl (name undisclosed) and found the shop's employees in the process of binding up bales of paper to contribute to waste paper salvage drive. So Victor pitched in to help.

"But after school, my teacher called me over. 'Did you make the phone call?' she asked. I explained that it was just a gag. Then she told me that she herself had put the note on my desk.

"I waited until all the other kids had left," Gail confesses, "and then sneaked back to get the note."

Gail found out later that Paramount's talent scout had picked up two schoolboy hitchikers one day, who had raved so much about Gail he had decided to send for her.

But even after she had found out the offer of a screen test was on the level, the day was not one of unmitigated joy for Gail. She spent the next hour or so crying, because the dress she wanted to wear had been washed that morning, and was too wet to iron. She finally went in her school dress.

Zachary Scott's most important day, he declares, was "the day I put my best foot forward on the path that led to Broadway, and ultimately to Hollywood. (He has a lead role in "The Mask of Dimitrios.")

"On that day, ten years ago, I was on a brief holiday in Bath, England, and I met the famous British stage director, Gerard Neville. Neville was a charming, intelligent man. He, the mutual friend who introduced us, and I spent the day chatting about books, plays, and actors, walking through the countryside and finally, having dinner.

"I didn't know, at the time, that my friend had already told Neville of my theatrical aspirations, nor did I know that during the entire day I spent with him, Neville was sizing me up—that I was on "try-out" for a specific stage role he had in mind.

"The next day he phoned me at my hotel to tell me he had decided to give me the juvenile lead in his next play, 'The Outsider', which was to open at Bath's Theatre Royale, one of the oldest theatres in England.

"It proved to be the springboard for Broadway, and later Hollywood."

THE END

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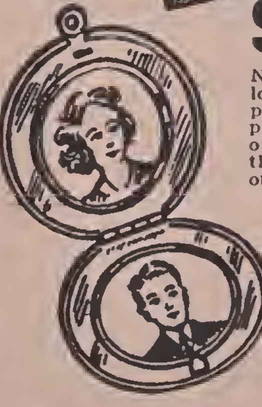

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WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

great Basie piano accompanied by his rhythm section: bass, guitar and drums. The tunes are all in the indigo mood, including his famous "How Long Blues" and "Sugar Blues." During the recording of this album Basie requested the Columbia boys to turn off all the lights in the studio. He had always appeared with a full band and he felt lost in the large room. So they agreed. And the good Count played all his numbers in the dark. But the engineer has to see his control board, so some poor character stood by and struck thirty-five packs of matches during the session. The result was a burned finger or two, and a heck of a good Basie album.

Xavier Cugat is in again, with a single record of "Amor" and "No Te Importe Saber." This disc was cut way back in August of 1942, but Cugat, who knows his Latin ditties, prophesied that "Amor" would one day be on the hit parade. And he was right.

Here's Harry James with "Memphis Blues" and "Sleepy Time Gal," both instrumentals and both heavily featuring the James horn. This was also made a couple of years back. I recently heard an amusing story about this record. When some of the hot jazz collectors found out it was going to be released they put in advance orders, offering as much as five dollars for the platter. And some of them actually paid that much, not knowing that the O.P.A. ceiling price was a mere fifty cents plus tax.

DECCA:

We have another show album, this time the Cole Porter score from the New York hit show, "Mexican Hayride." The artists are June Havoc, Corinna Mura, Wilbur Evans and the original chorus and orchestra. . . .

Morton Downey, a new addition to the Decca Company, is heard on his first record in a long time. It's "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year" and "Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers." "Spring" is the beautiful Frank Loesser tune from Deanna Durbin's picture, "Christmas Holiday". . . .

If you're a Dick Haymes fan, you'll want his new pressing of "How Blue The Night" and "How Many Times Do I Have To Tell You?" These are two of the tunes Dick sang in his first picture, "Four Jills And A Jeep."

Decca has issued another album in its Collectors' Series—"Ellingtonia," Volume II. There are eight sides in all, including such old Ellington favorites as "Tiger Rag," "Yellow Dog Blues," and "Awful Sad." All the tunes were originally recorded on the Brunswick label. There are some fine solos by Johnny Hodges and Cootie Williams, and plenty of the Duke's piano. . . .

The Andrews Sisters' newest swingeroo is "Straighten Up And Fly Right" and "Tico-Tico," with Vic Schoen's orchestra. The girls decided not to re-sign with Universal when their recent contract expired. Practically every major studio in Hollywood would like to nab them because of their solid position at the box office.

As far as the country's record dealers are concerned, Bing Crosby can do no wrong. He sold seven million platters in 1943. And this year they expect the figure to jump to ten. His new waxing of "Long Ago and Far Away" and "Amor" should do about a million all by itself.

Mary Martin, who has bid the movies goodbye in favor of the New York stage, has taken time out from her duties in "One Touch Of Venus" to make "Goodnight, Wherever You Are" and "I'll Walk Alone." Toots Camarata's orchestra.

Ella Fitzgerald is present and accounted for in a swell new coupling, "Once Too Often" and "Time Alone Will Tell." Both tunes are from the movie "Pin-Up Girl."

VICTOR:

As a tribute to the late Fats Waller, Victor is releasing a memorial album, "Fats Waller Favorites." Eight representative sides of the biggest Waller hits: "Honeysuckle Rose," "Your Feets Too Big," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Hold Tight," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "The Joint Is Jumpin'," "Two Sleepy People" and "The Minor Drag." "Honeysuckle" has never been released before in this version. On "The Minor Drag" you will hear some banjo work by the now famous jazz guitarist, Eddie Condon. This tune was recorded years ago, when Fats was billed as "Fats Waller And His Buddies." . . .

Here's a wonderful re-issue you'll want if you don't already own it. The famous Coleman Hawkins tenor saxophone record of "Body and Soul." Many jazz critics consider this to be the greatest tenor sax solo ever recorded. Until this re-issue, this platter has been a collector's item and practically impossible to get except at a fantastic price. On the reverse side is another old tune, which has recently enjoyed a popular revival, "It Had To Be You," by Earl "Father" Hines and his orchestra. . . .

Many of the biggest names of the music business rode to fame on the Tommy Dorsey bandwagon. So Victor has made up a Tommy Dorsey "Star Maker" album of eight sides, featuring some of the graduates of the T. D. orchestra. Included are Trumpeter Ziggy Elman, now in the army, playing "Swing High," "Little Man With A Candy Cigar" with Jo Stafford; Connie Haines on "Will You Still Be Mine"; Frank Sinatra, the most famous Dorsey alumnus, singing "Everything Happens To Me"; and Connie, Frank and the Pied Pipers together, doing "Oh, Look At Me Now."

CAPITOL:

"New American Jazz." That's the title of The Capitol Company's first album. And it's a set that you'll want for many reasons. Some of the nation's most famous exponents of jazz are featured, including Joe Sullivan, Jack Teagarden, Eddie Miller, Pete Johnson, the boogie-woogie man; the late Jimmie Noone, Zutty Singleton and others. Eight sides with such tunes as "Sugar," "In My Solitude" and "Someday Sweetheart."

Peggy Lee, who was so popular with

Steve Crane (he's doing "Tonight and Every Night" at Columbia, with Rita Hayworth), on his first date since separating from Lana. The gal? She's Virginia Hill.

Benny Goodman a few years ago, is in for two vocals, "That Old Feeling" and "Ain't Goin' No Place." The latter tune was specially written for her by Dick Larkin, and she sings it in her very best "Why Don't You Do Right?" style. I happened to be present the day she recorded this one and the first thing I did was to ask her what everyone has wanted to know—why she gave up singing. She told me that after her baby was born she felt she just wanted to stay home and be Mrs. Dave Barbour. (Dave is a fine guitarist and also plays on this album.)

JAM NOTES:

Capt. Glenn Miller spent his furlough on his ranch in California. Rumors still persist that Miller will be retired to inactive duty. But his intimates say that Glenn would like to go overseas with his band . . . Lt. Vallee may be back in civilian life by the time you read this. If he does leave the Navy, he will have a radio show in the fall . . . Still more news of music men leaving the service. Dean Hudson was discharged from the Marines and helped Tommy Dorsey reorganize his present band. Then he got together an outfit of his own . . . Buddy Rich is also out of the Marines and at the present time is back with his old boss, T. D. 'Tis said that Buddy is receiving seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. Not bad!

Gene Krupa has been rehearsing a new band in New York. And according to the gossip columnists, he has a big romance with Carol Bruce . . . Keep your eye on Boyd Raeburn. His band is coming up very fast . . . Bonnie Lou Williams, new chirper with Tommy Dorsey, is a Johnny Mercer discovery . . . Betty Brewer is now playing the lead in the road company revival of "Let's Face It." . . . Harry James is dickering for the purchase of a West Coast ballroom so he won't have to leave home and Betty to travel around the country. . . .

Helen Forrest is Hollywood's newest glamour girl. I never would have imagined her as a blonde, but she's much more attractive than she was as a brunette.

Nice having Dick Haymes back on the air with his "Everything For The Boys" program over NBC. Dick recently bought a furnished house with swimming pool and badminton court. He could use the pool and court but had no use for a billiard table he found in the play room. So he sent it to his pal, Joe Venuti, who is a billiard fiend. A few days later Dick received a note from Mrs. Venuti, thanking him profusely. "Dick, you've changed my whole life," she wrote. "Now Joe stays home to play and I do see him once in a while, if only between shots." . . .

Ginnie Powell, Jerry Wald's pretty vocalist, will be screen tested by both Warner's and Paramount . . . Elizabeth Tilton remained in Los Angeles when the Garber band went on the road. She wanted to be near her soldier-husband, who is stationed in California . . . After several false starts from his draft board, Vido Musso finally left Woody Herman and was inducted into the Marines . . .

Kay Armen is the center of discussion when it comes to new singers. Her Decca disc of "You're The Dream" sold close to a million copies. Kay got her start demonstrating songs for music publishers in Chicago. One publisher thought her voice was so wonderful he got her a job on a sustaining network show in Nashville, Tennessee. The Decca people heard her, signed her to come to N. Y.

Jimmy Van Heusen, who wrote the score for the picture, "Going My Way," recently wrote a tune called "Nancy, With The Laughing Face" which he dedicated to Frank Sinatra's four-year-old daughter. The tune has been published and all the royalties will be put into a trust fund for Nancy.

* * *

That's it for this month, my good friends. If you have any musical questions, send them along, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, and I'll do my best to answer them. Address Jill Warren, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

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LITTLE MISS MARGARET

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

Her current problem is calling to Margaret's attention that fantasy is very useful in its place, but its place is in the studio. Margaret went to a party recently. And, when Mrs. O'Brien called for her daughter, the hostess said, "Well, goodbye, Margaret. I'm so sorry you weren't hungry. I'm sure you would have liked the ice cream and cake."

Mrs. O'Brien asked in some surprise, "Weren't you hungry, Margaret?"

Smilingly, the hostess interposed, "She said she had eaten two bowls of tomato soup just before she came to the party, so I imagine that was the reason she wasn't hungry."

Margaret stared virtuously into the middle distance.

In the car, on the way home, Mrs. O'Brien asked severely about the fictitious tomato soup. "You hadn't had a bit of luncheon, so that was a story. Why did say say such a thing?"

The mendacious one couldn't think of a good reason, but agreed that she mustn't dream up a quart of soup simply for purposes of drama hereafter.

Once Margaret's contemporaries get accustomed to the idea that, despite her cinematic career, she is just like any other little girl, they accept her wholeheartedly and with the loud iconoclasm of childhood. She gets kidded, shoved around, and called down along with the rest of the gang.

But before this free masonry is established, Margaret sometimes goes through a few bad moments. Last winter, when she was in New York, she was allowed to go "skating" in Central Park. She simply joined the other kids on the juvenile ice pond and slid around in galoshes that had grown pleasantly slick from dampness. The other skaters looked her over, and accepted her; they pushed her around, included her in crack-the-whip, and laughed when she took a spill.

Then one afternoon two of the children approached her with a question. "Is your name really Margaret O'Brien?"

"Yes," she said, in a meek, wishing-she-could-deny-it little voice.

"We went to a movie yesterday and saw 'Lost Angel.' Was that little girl really, truly you?"

Margaret, still more uneasily, admitted the charge.

"Oh," said the kids. They passed the news around. After that she was treated with great formality. She wasn't pushed nor shoved nor included in the rougher games. She had become something strange and rare and fragile. It puzzled Margaret and made her uncomfortable. Skating ceased to be fun because she had to do it alone, before the staring eyes of her erstwhile friends. She was glad when she boarded the train headed for Hollywood, where even big people play games with her.

Margaret adores Jimmie Craig who played opposite her in "Lost Angel." Jimmie has a son of his own, somewhat younger than Margaret, who is the very core of his being. He understands children. On the set he used to tell Margaret stories about Bub, his own little boy, and about Texas

Let these guys start it!

There's a day coming when you'll want to stand up and cheer the greatest victory in history.

But let's not start cheering yet.

In fact, let's not start it at all—over here. Let's leave it to the fellows who are *doing* the job—to begin the celebrating.

Our leaders have told us that smashing the Axis will be a slow, dangerous, bloody job.

If we at home start throwing our hats in the air and easing up before the job's completely done, it will be slower, more dangerous, bloodier.

Right now, it's up to us to *keep* on buying War Bonds until this war is won.

Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battleline.

If we do that, we'll have the *right* to join the cheering when the time comes.

Keep backing 'em up with War Bonds

MOVIELAND

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

It's nice work if you can get it and comic Lou Costello is getting it. In addition to having bankrolled Biltmore Production's "A WAVE, a WAC and a Marine," which gives him this opportunity to be surrounded by screen lovelies, Costello is also surrounded by gorgeous femininity in "Lost In A Harem."

where Jimmie grew up.

They went into a huddle on the hopscotch situation and purloined some chalk to draw a course on the cement ramp just outside the stage. Instead of the flat stones that most children use for markers, Margaret used the backs of cigarette matchbooks, courtesy of J. Craig.

In addition to being the hopscotch champion of Culver City, Margaret is probably the only female featherweight collector of guns in the state. Mrs. O'Brien has never approved of children owning guns of any sort, but her young daughter cherished other ideas. She became engrossed in the history of Belle Starr and went around telling people about it. Well, you know how eager adults are to frequent toy departments. Margaret's hobby gave them an excuse to look into the gun situation. So Miss O'Brien now owns seven, and can play Belle Starr with everything from a water pistol to a wooden machine gun.

Some of her dramas are borrowed from the comic strips, although she doesn't take the doting interest in such books that many children do. She is likely to ask her mother, when they are shopping, for *one* comic book rather than the half a dozen which is par for most juvenile demands.

When they have reached home, she will seat herself quietly in a corner and look over the book, page by page, very carefully. That done, she is through with the book forever.

She is just learning to read, but she seems to have a space sense of sentence structure already. She likes to have her mother read stories from current periodicals. So, before complying with this request, Mrs. O'Brien usually scans the stories to be sure that she will know where any statement or passage that Margaret might not understand, occurs. Then, when reading, Mrs. O'Brien calmly skips the paragraph. But this system is no longer in good working order. Lately, Margaret has interrupted coolly to

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Carlay Co., 160 East Illinois, Chicago 11, Ill

Rarest shot of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni. These two aren't seen very often in the social-whirl, but they came out of hiding to attend "Story of Dr. Wassell" premiere.

observe, "You skipped something right there. Go back and read that, too."

She learns her dialogue for motion pictures by having the lines read to her. She repeats them once or twice and they are hers for the duration of the shooting. Sometimes, when confronted afterward by an actual situation approximating one she has acted in a picture, she will produce a half-forgotten line of dialogue in true theatrical tradition. She knows what she is doing, too, and gets a kick out of it.

There is every chance that she will one day be the best-dressed woman on the screen, because she has a well-developed clothes sense even at this early date. Her bright hazel eyes scan every big girl she sees on the Metro lot. Recently she has been swiping her mother's precious bobby pins to fasten her beret to the crown of her head. She is crazy about sweaters—sloppy joes—and, if Mrs. O'Brien doesn't see her when she is dressing, she will wear her sweaters *over* her jumper straps to hide them. Or she will tuck the straps inside her skirt and pin the band tight.

She fell in love with the "Brownie" shoes (Brownies are the junior branch of the British Girl Guides), that she wears in "The Canterville Ghost," and bedeviled her mother into buying a pair for the O'Brien personal wardrobe . . . a typical star stunt.

Perhaps her greatest charm is her naturalness, combined with an ingratiating intelligence. She is the epitome of childhood as every adult sentimentally thinks it should be. As one woman stated it, "Margaret's great claim upon the affection of the world lies in the fact that she causes every man or woman in the audience to wish for a child exactly like her." She makes concrete the ambition of each average adult to have—not breathlessly beautiful nor frighteningly precocious children—but healthy, normal, interesting offspring.

THE END

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YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

interest in drawing, and people say I am pretty good for an amateur.

Because I want to do something for myself, I would like very much to get a few lessons in art, and wondered if you knew any way that I could get some through the mail from some place.

I will appreciate your help very much.

Yours truly,
Michael

Dear Michael:

Good for you! Your interest in art is a grand thing, for not only will it become a hobby for you, but it may develop into something even better.

I am sure that if you write to the Art Department of your local High School or College, the director in charge there would be only too glad to make arrangements of some kind whereby a sort of "correspondence course" could be mailed to you.

You might also try writing to the local Y.M.C.A. on this problem. Good luck to you.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am twenty-one and have such a terrible inferiority complex that it makes me most unhappy and moody. I am ill at ease around people, and am sure that they all pity me. Perhaps it is because of my appearance. I am 5′ 6″ tall and weigh 130 lbs., and this makes me feel awkward in front of people, although dieting does me no good at all.

Can you suggest some way that I can overcome this feeling of inferiority? I work in a defense plant, but would like to have some fun once in a while.

Sincerely yours,
Mildred

Dear Mildred:

I don't understand your reference to your height and weight as "a problem." There are many stars in Hollywood whose measurements are the same as yours.

You are the only one who can solve this problem of an inferiority complex, because apparently you are self-centered. Force yourself out of this. Get out among people, whether in company, sports activities or social functions, or church groups or just at lunch time. And remember that your imagination is working overtime if you think people are always looking at you and pitying you.

Augment your good work in the defense plant with such outside interests as sports, Red Cross work, etc., and you will be surprised how your problem will diminish in importance, until there will be nothing left of it. Why not try this?

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

My problem is that I have nothing to do at night. I am in High School and my mother works until late and won't let me go out for fear I will get into trouble. I don't know what I am supposed to do with myself. What would you do?

Sincerely yours,
Dorothy

Dear Dorothy:

Don't you think you are being selfish?

With everything that is being done for the war effort, and with your mother working, isn't it time for you to think of yourself in terms of accepting a little responsibility and doing something about it?

How about inviting some of your friends to form a knitting group for the Red Cross, or getting your mother's dinner and trying to make her working day a little easier for her when she comes home?

Personally, I was certainly not allowed to go out when I was your age, but I managed to have a lot of friends, and the best friend was my mother.

Accept this responsibility and see if you can make both your mother and yourself happier by it.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

My parents do not allow me to go out with boys, and that is pretty hard to take. But now they even want me to discontinue writing to the boys I know who are overseas, for they feel this might make the boys like me too much.

They were just impersonal, friendly letters, and don't you think that is all right?

Please answer me, so that I can tell my parents about this.

Sincerely yours,
Jean

Dear Jean:

Your parents are perfectly justified in questioning your letters to the boys in the services, because it would be decidedly unfair if you did write intimate letters to boys who are "only friends."

However, perhaps if you point out to your parents the vital importance of mail to the boys in the service, and share your letters with them, they will not only approve of your correspondence, but even encourage it. Mail Call is the most important event in the life of the soldier, as any one of them will attest. And the right kind of chatty, impersonal letter is a vital help to the war effort.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

I know this sounds very childish and silly, but my problem is that I am afraid of dogs. Whenever I enter a place where there is a dog, whatever the size or kind of dog, I nearly go into hysterics. I can't help myself and don't know what to do about this, because many of my friends have dogs and so I cannot visit them. But I don't want to tell them why, silly as it sounds, and so this becomes a very embarrassing problem.

Please help me if you can,
Doris

Dear Doris:

No, your problem is not silly—and I will tell you a secret: For many years I had the same kind of fear, so I can sympathize with you. I could not go near a dog, and when I had to act in the same room with two Great Danes in a picture, it took all the control I could muster to face the working day. Then my mother bought me a tiny baby Peke, and as I watched this puppy grow up, my fear gradually disappeared—so that today there is not a trace of it left. I am now a firm dog-lover.

Why not try this method, and see if you, too, can overcome your fear? The problem is within yourself, and you must cure it as I did—by yourself.

Good luck.

Sincerely,
BG

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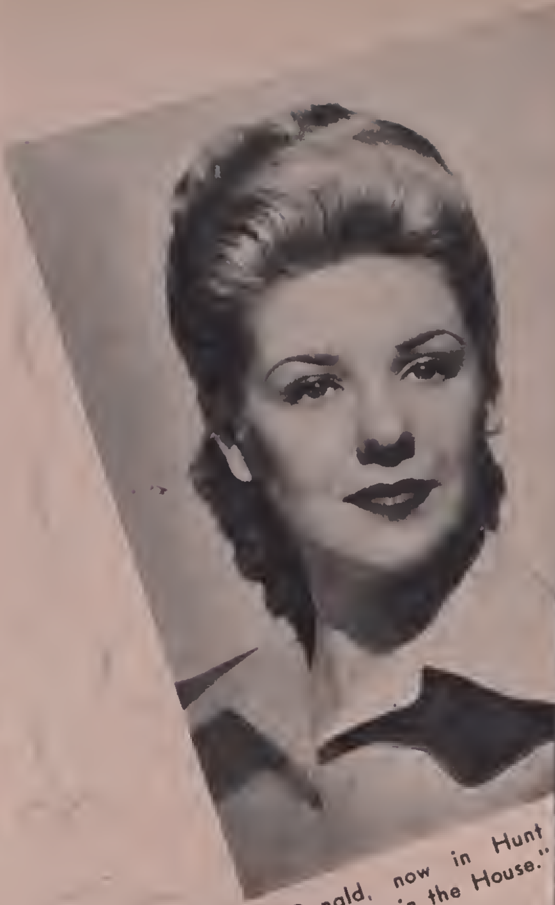
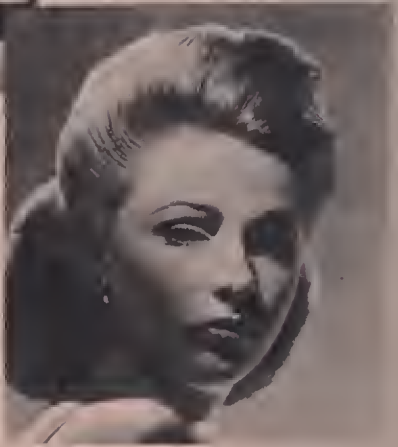
The Long View



Marie McDonald, now in Hunt Stromberg's "Guest in the House."



Vicki Styles, appearing in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away."

THE Hollywood glamour bob has, at last, been really glamourized. No more unmanageable manes for the movies. Instead, a new look that's both chic and sleek.

If you've been clinging to longer locks (and I'll bet you have!) why not try one of the attractive hair styles which Marie McDonald and Vicki Styles wear so well?

Both girls prefer a pompadour, but not the towering type. In the face of flat tops and feather cuts, such modified height is still good. And frequently more flattering.

For the same effect, part your hair across the crown and set the long front ends in loose pin curls. Make at least two rows, preferably three, and turn the rows in opposite directions to each other.

When the curls are dry, form your wave by holding the hair close to the roots and brushing up and back. Flip the ends under and fasten them invisibly with bob pins. Better still, brush the waved section over a regular pompadour roll to give it extra body and security.

To complement this smooth front hairline, you must settle for a simple, well-controlled back view. You'll notice that while Marie wears curls at the nape of her neck, they are closely clustered—neither casual nor untidy. Vicki's super-size chignon is another neat and knowing solution. Her shoulder length tresses have been ruffed a bit, then brushed over a filler of wool crepe. A thin net, over all, holds this big bun firmly in place.

Suppose, though, your hair *isn't* quite as plentiful as it might be. There's still a way to make it *look* more luxurious. The trick, in case you don't know, is to "layer-brush" it. Part your locks in one long sweep, from back to front. Then wield a hairbrush briskly, lifting the hair up at the ends for an effect of fluffy fullness. Continue parting, brushing, parting until you have finished both sides. When you re-arrange your hair-do, you'll seem to have twice as much and three times better-behaved hair.

However, you can't fake length without some assistance. What you can do is add on and fill out with matching pieces. These are made of natural hair, exactly the same shade as your own and come in lovely chignon effects, coiled or twisted to simulate full-length luxuriance. Such hair pieces are as easy to put on as a bow or a flower. They are simply attached with invisible, non-slipping combs to hug your head in a sturdy, steadfast way.

DANNY KAYE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

Kaye's a many-sided sort of guy, come to think of it. And probably that's what makes him so interesting and fascinating. There's, for instance, Kaye the Athlete. As most people know, he's baseball mad. Greatest Dodger fan in the world, he's a bosom pal of Leo the Lip Durocher, the Brooklyn manager. Once Leo asked him to work out with the team, in uniform! (Even the Goldwyn kiss of fortune couldn't mean as much to Danny.)

Almost everywhere that Danny goes he takes two gloves and a baseball. (They barred those weapons from backstage of "Let's Face It," after casualties.) Danny invites everybody to play catch. And if he doesn't work off his *baseballitis* elsewhere, he brings it home. There's a 60-by-60 plot behind our house (Danny insists on calling it "the backyard"). On the little strip of green between the pint-sized swimming pool and the kitchen door, Mrs. Kaye, when Danny has time off, plays catch with him. Though I weigh only 111 pounds, I've learned to catch all Mr. Steelmuscled Kaye can send.

An English airman, son of a famous London publisher, was asked by reporters, as he sailed home from New York, "What do you remember best that you saw in America?" He answered, "Danny Kaye's muscle." It was a good gag, because if Danny knows you thirty minutes he's likely to say, "Feel my muscle!"

He is whipcord and steel from head to foot. His pride in that, and in his perfect coordination (he achieved "form" almost at once in the little golf and tennis he has had time to play—and he sleeps in Ballet Position No. 3) stems from a very human reason. When he was fifteen, he was injured seriously in an automobile accident. Then later, working in summer-camp shows for bare eating-money, another injury.

I'd handed him two new numbers, one night, both of which required violent and lightning-like contortions. During the first, at the show's very opening, Danny took an unscheduled fall—*hard*. The audience howled, thinking it was funny, and the rest of us didn't pay much attention. But an hour and a half later, when Danny didn't come out for the final curtain calls, we found him backstage, passed out cold.

He had fractured a vertebra in that fall, gone through the long show afterward on sheer nerve. As a matter of fact, he still requires frequent back massages when undergoing a heavy schedule, and doesn't always work without pain.

But Athlete Kaye isn't the only one of Danny's personalities that overflows into the home. There's Frustrated Actor Kaye! Not that he wants to play Hamlet, but he has a wild passion to do character parts. Is so sure that he could, and to prove his point . . .

Danny worked sixty-four days in "Up in Arms," with a total of only four days off. Once, though, he was unexpectedly let go for the afternoon at 3 o'clock. After spending an hour with the make-up expert of "The North Star," Danny arrived home, set to test his powers.

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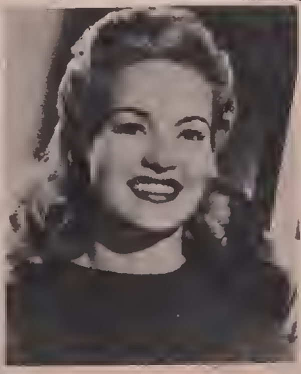

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Unfortunately, I heard his steps on the stairs, and no one could disguise from me that bouyant and rhythmic stride. So when the maid phoned me frantically from downstairs that "a terrible looking old man" had come in and was on the way up, I answered, "Don't worry!"

Then Danny appeared, a white-haired Russian peasant. And not one thing about the way he stood, the slope of his shoulders, his face or his voice betrayed Danny Kaye!

We learned next day of an hilarious pay-off on that stunt. Down the street from us lives Max Liebman, who collaborates with me on writing Danny's numbers. Danny, coming home, had stopped off to show Max his Russian make-up. Sitting in a car outside, waiting to take Max somewhere, was Joe Schrank, a Metro writer. Joe saw a car pull up just in front of him. The car door didn't open, but *over* the door, feet and long legs first, eeled a tall figure. A Russian peasant, obviously at least seventy years old. The old man bounded up Max's front steps with the lightness of Pavlowa, and Joe remarked wonderingly to his wife that night: "Those Russians are marvelous. I wonder what they eat. I'll have to find out!"

So Danny had fooled *somebody.*

How could life be dull with such a man? You ought to watch him, for instance, when he listens to classical music. He will be motionless, quiet for a few minutes; then you'll see, from his face, that he's acting out in his mind the various instruments. Two more minutes, and he'll be living what he thinks the composer is saying.

Danny will take any kind of professional criticism—personal criticism he just doesn't hear. He's full of contrasts like that. He'll listen till five o'clock in the morning, quiet and drinking it all in, to anyone on any subject—*if* the talker is a real expert. But let some intellectual phony begin to hold forth and Danny will spot the phonies at once and say, in the midst of any nice after-dinner party, "Hon, let's go home."

I've learned one thing, too, that may be of help to other young wives. If Danny is half an hour, or even an hour late for dinner, I never ask him where he's been. (He loves people, loves to stop and talk, to sit and chin.) Likewise on his rare moody days—he has them—he may sit around the house for several hours, not reading, not even talking. Then he'll say, "I'm going out awhile." I never ask him where. He would tell me, if I did, but he appreciates my not asking him.

No man likes to feel that his household, even when "household" means only his wife, is reaching out after him everywhere he goes, like a pair of outstretched claws. Or, to change the metaphor, like an overhanging shed, with barbed-wire questions to keep him from ever getting *free* out into the world. The Kaye home will never become a concentration camp, and my lack of curiosity involves no sacrifice and no worry. Why? The wife in me has to come out, I guess—because, Danny is a sweet and good person!

THE END

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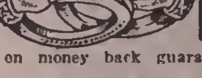

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Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battleline.

If we do that, we'll have the *right* to join the cheering when the time comes.

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

camps, sold bonds, appeared at dozens of patriotic rallies. However, she was never away from the children longer than two consecutive months.

But you can't run away from troubles. They pick up their legs and go right along. Her absence didn't improve the home situation. And she continued to brood. And she was still tied into knots.

She made "Cry Havoc" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Then shortly after completing the picture she received an offer from Producer Mike Todd to return to the Broadway stage in "The Naked Genius." Dick urged her to accept it. For Joan, it was a reprieve.

At Dick's suggestion, and with his complete knowledge and approval, she accepted Mike's escort frequently. They dined together. They danced together. They were friends.

"The Naked Genius" was still playing after six weeks, when the show closed due to Joan's illness. She returned to Hollywood and spent ten weeks in bed.

It was during those weeks of physical wretchedness and complete heartsickness that she faced the issue squarely

"I'm sticking because of my children," she told herself. "But what good am I to them, in this condition? What good can a sick, maladjusted mother be to them? They are entitled to a healthy mother, mentally poised and balanced."

It wasn't easy. Again and again her mind beat against doubts and fears. She had only one question to answer —"What is best for my children?" When she left Hollywood to go into the road company of "Something for the Boys," she still had not reached a final decision.

In Chicago, she collapsed again. The enormous mental tension imposed by her indecision sapped every bit of her reserve energy. But before she arrived on the Coast she had crossed her Rubicon. She would seek a divorce.

Once she reached the inevitable conclusion, her health began to improve. Her nerves were no longer wire springs pulling at her body.

Today, Joan says: "I have a sense of adjustment, a serenity, a sense of belonging to myself I have never had before. I am getting acquainted with myself for the first time in my life. It's like meeting a stranger, for I have invariably patterned myself to what someone else wanted or expected of me. I, as a person, have never really counted.

"I find myself suddenly oriented. In trying not to look closely at painful personal problems, I developed a sort of mental blindness. For many years I have seen nothing. Now, I see a certain tree in the yard. I see my dog. I see the color of the eyes of my friends. They've always been there—but they've never penetrated to my inner vision.

"I am aware of things and people. I can look closely at everything around me and see them in focus. I have learned to listen and really to hear what is being said. It seems as if all my senses had been swathed in deadening wool—and all sounds and impressions came from a very great distance, and everything was distorted. Now I see and hear and feel, sharply and clearly and truly. I am all different and made over inside.

"I am not afraid of anything any more. I know that I can be true to myself and still fulfill all my responsibilities to my children. My new five-year contract with Twentieth-Century-Fox will enable me to provide for them well. After all, money isn't tremendously important. If I teach them humility, and how to live intelligently, they will have inner resources far more useful than mere material things when they come in contact with the world.

"My chief concern during all the trying weeks of finally cutting the threads of our mutual lives has been the effect of the break on the children. Ellen, who is six, is too young to understand or be touched by the situ-

Ella Raines uses Joan's dressing room as a library to catch up on her reading. It was this friendliness and hospitality which so long concealed a heavy heart.

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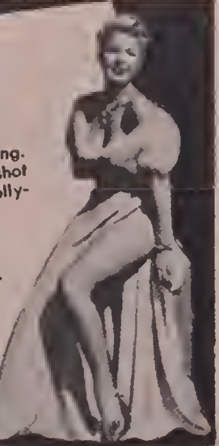

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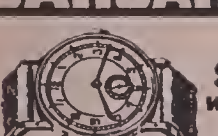

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ation. She is accustomed to her father's absences. He has been away from home before—on location, on personal appearances, on business trips. It isn't as if she had seen him day in and day out all her life.

"But Normie is old enough to understand. I explained to him as much as was possible. I was cold with fear while I told him what was happening. But he put his arms around me, and said: 'Mother, that's the way things are, and don't you cry inside yourself any more.' Children have far more wisdom and perception than we think.

"I have always preserved and guarded their pride in their father. I shall continue to do so. I want no unhappiness to reflect on them. I don't want them to be conscious of sorrow or loss. And I have been able to keep them from it."

There must always be a poignant sense of loss, of defeat for any woman when her marriage ends. No matter how necessary it is. No matter the conditions. But the final weeks of arrangements and conferences have been eased for Joan by her complete absorption in the role of Cissy.

Joan's new contract calls for three pictures a year. She has the privilege of doing a play, and her screen schedule will be adjusted to make it possible when she finds one she wants to do.

Insofar as anyone can predict the future—subject as it must be to a woman's heart and to a woman's loneliness—Joan predicts single-blessedness for herself for the next five years.

"I want to be free for five years," she declares. "I want to be myself. I want to know myself.

"Then I want to marry again, for that is the only truly satisfying state for the normal woman. I want my home, my children, my man. I think I'll make a good wife, for I have learned a lot through unhappiness—as all of us do.

"Mind you, I am discounting the effects of a moon, a spring, perhaps a state of mind which might cut down that period to a year or two or three.

"This I want to make clear—no other emotional interest crystallized my decision to seek a divorce. It is my opinion that no one can break up a happy home. No outsider can come between a man and a woman secure in their love. There has to be something basically wrong within the marriage itself to make it dissolve or break."

Yes, Joan Blondell is beginning a fresh, new life. And she has the vision, the self-understanding to make it that completely!

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14

D	E	L	F	■	D	O	V	E	R	■	E	R	S	■
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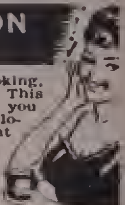

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FAYE EMERSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

William Emery Shepherd, head of the drama institute at Point Loma.

"He gave me my first opportunity," she says. "He personally steered me through my initial role on the stage—in a play called 'Saint Cecilia.' It was religious in character—quite a contrast to my first film role, which was in a rootin' tootin' shootin' western epic titled 'Bad Man of Missouri.'"

Faye loves all music, and has collected enough popular and symphonic albums to stock a record shop. But—she can't sing a note, and consistently muffs "Chopsticks" on the piano. (She was a song leader, though. Remember?)

She paints and sketches extremely well and is inordinately proud of a self-portrait she did a couple of years back and then gave away to someone who admired it.

Faye has no pet economies but lists her favorite extravagance as buying hats, which she never wears. "But they are wonderful, aren't they?" is her comment.

She likes to swim. In fact Faye excels so at this sport that she was a runner-up in the swimming tryouts for the Olympic games one year. She bicycles and bowls. She loathes prize fights, but is an inveterate football and basketball fan.

"My prize indoor sport," she says, "is poker—but how many times do I get to play it? Once every two years! So what happens? I play gin rummy like a fiend, and I'm learning to play backgammon."

Her favorite authors are Steinbeck, Maugham, Hervey Allen, Saroyan—and Louisa May Alcott.

She shares a black Ford convertible, vintage '41, with her three dogs and two cats. "Sounds like a wild animal act on wheels when I go down Hollywood Blvd., but I love it," she says.

She collects old and rare handkerchiefs, an unusual diversion, and prizes highly a lacy bit of fluff once carried by the Divine Sarah (Sarah Bernhardt).

She is superstitious about "three on a match," and for luck totes around a Navajo key ring complete with a rabbit's foot, given her by her mother.

As to her physical attributes, she is, to quote her, an "undetermined brunette or blonde." What she means is that she hasn't quite made up her mind exactly what coloring she does prefer. (At the moment she is definitely blonde!) She has big, dark brown eyes, and a very fair, clear skin that takes a golden tan. She seldom wears her hair in the same style two days in succession, except after she has begun a picture.

"Character" has a hundred ambitions: To be a Bette Davis, for one thing. Strangely enough, it was this top Warner star who first seemed aware of Faye's acting ability. One day Miss Davis, on her way to see "rushes," went into the wrong projection room by mistake. She found herself looking at a test in which Miss Emerson was assisting. Her interest immediately aroused, she saw the test through, then sought information about Faye. Learning that Faye had been under contract for some time, she said, "But why aren't they doing something with her? That girl has more talent in her little finger than half the name stars in Hollywood. Where can I see her? I want to talk to her. Maybe I can do something for her."

But "Character," true to her acquired name, got cold feet over the meeting. Every time she approached Miss Davis' dressing room, she began to shake all over. It was no use. She has never been able to talk about herself to her ideal—though she has since met her many times.

She would like to take an active part in local, state and national politics. And speaking of politics, Faye says, "One thing that really burns me are the people who argue politics day in and day out and never go to the polls to vote!"

She'd like to be a ballet dancer.

To be a writer. She would haunt newspaper editorial offices if she weren't under contract to Warner Brothers.

To be a rancher and go in for cat-

Tony Quinn table-hops in the 20th Century-Fox commissory to talk shop with Vivion Bloine. Vivian is the studio's new red-headed white hope you'll see in "Greenwich Village."

To People who want to write

but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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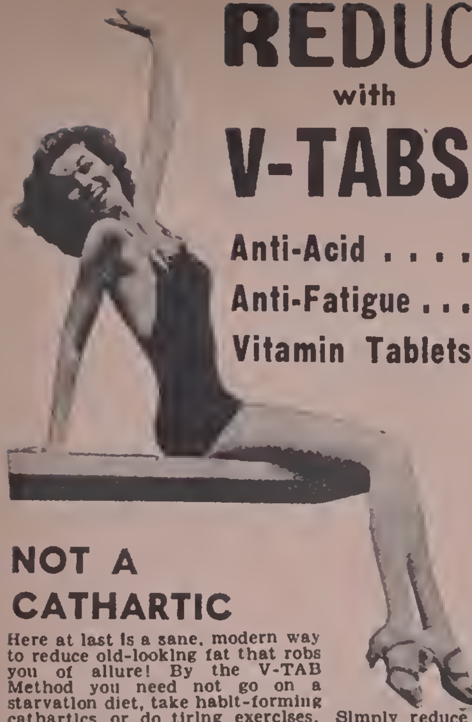

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the raising on a paying basis. She could do it, too. She's a rousing good rider, cowboy style. She can keep a set of books and curb her expenditures to such an extent, her accounts never see red. And she can cook! Though she claims she isn't interested in food, she's like a bombshell exploding when she raptures over a dish she tasted the night before.

She's determined to organize a little theatre group based on a cooperative plan for talent not blessed with helpings from papa's money bags. Faye has already completed details on paper, and architect's plans of the little theatre are under way. As soon as the war permits building, Faye will see this through. It has been a long-lived dream with her.

As for her own acting career, she says, "I'd like to be shoved into a good comedy role. I'd love to be a zany comedienne—like Joan Davis, or a female Harpo Marx." Faye is a natural comic, has wowed servicemen at camp shows with her routines. The Brothers Warner will be overlooking a great bet if they miss this side of the many personalized "Character."

Faye was formerly married to William W. Crawford II—and has a four-year-old son with a III after his name, but fondly called "Scoop" by his mother. ("Scoop" because he usually beats her to the punch.)

She lives in Brentwood in a large house which she leases. Faye chose the place because it was near the beach. Both she and "Scoop" love to swim. But now "Scoop" lives with Faye's mother in San Diego—and there *is* the problem of gas rationing—so Faye would like to rent an apartment in Hollywood. "But," she shrugs, "you can't even rent a closet these days! So I budget my gas, too, and share rides."

If she should fortunately find an apartment, though, there would be several unhappy San Diego couples on Sundays. Sunday is Faye's "day at home." It is also her San Diego friends' "day at Character's."

When Faye gets up on Sunday, the first thing she does is to go to the spare bedrooms and see what guests she has on hand. Though she may have been out late Saturday night, the maid's instructions are to open the house to her friends.

Breakfast is a free-for-all, with everyone fixing his own. With the result that there are always five or six different kinds of breakfast on Sunday. After breakfast, come the funnies—a must-do.

Then they go to the beach for a swim, regardless of the weather. It's never too wet for Faye—she'll go swimming when it rains. Usually when they return to the house, there are other guests who have dropped in. All of her friends know they are welcome on Sunday. They make their own entertainment, playing cards, games and records.

"I never have dinner at the house on Sunday," explains Faye, "because people don't always know when to stop having fun. I have to be in bed early to get to work Monday morning." So out to dinner she goes, with whomever wishes to join her. She always has steak, a baked potato and a green salad for Sunday dinner.

Yes, she's unusual. She's new; she's different.

Watch out for this Emerson gal. Come in and call—for—"Character!"

THE END

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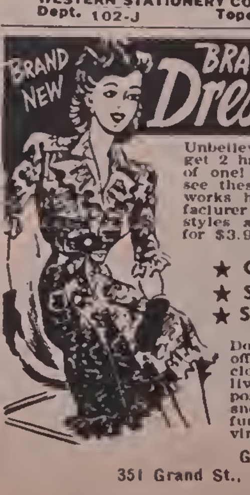

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LIGHTS, ACTION, CAMERA!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

pitch. Today, the sound man also plays detective, having to ferret out all the objectionable noises and put a stop to them. Sometimes it's the crinkling of a Celanese slip that sounds like a waterfall in the recording booth, or a loose heel that sounds like machine gun fire and has to be padded with felt, or the whispering of a careless extra.

And who makes the rain fall, who plans the earthquakes and explosions? Those are jobs for the arsenal and special effects department. Hardly a day passes when they aren't busy setting fire to a 2000-acre forest, wiping out an entire town with floods, or drowning a whole regiment of Nazi soldiers.

And when bombs drop, roofs fly off buildings, horses charge, and tanks attack, in the topical pictures of today, it is not unusual that someone is hurt. In a crowd of several thousand extras, there is no more useful member of a production unit than the pretty nurse over at the doctor's building. In a single picture it is not unusual for her to be kept on her toes extracting splinters from a damaged hand, removing particles of dust from a star's eyes, bandaging a cut toe, or applying ice packs to a bleeding nose. For major cases, she can call an ambulance and have it on the spot in three minutes.

Thinking of the prop department's job, has it occurred to you that there are several subdivisions of the work? For example, there's the man who handles the money. "Prop money," it's called, because it isn't real. Other than the Mexican dollars used, the paper money is all counterfeit. Even so, it's quite a responsibility to be prepared to supply any amount, extending into the millions, and make sure that it's always safely returned.

In the jewelry section of the small props department is a stock valued in the hundreds of thousands. Wedding rings and engagement rings—enough at 20th Century-Fox studio alone to occupy 110 ministers for three weeks.

Such valuables need protection though, of course. And that's a job for the studio cop. Besides which, he has extras coming to him who've forgotten their handbags or wallets and need carfare to get home; he has visiting celebrities to direct around the studio, law and order to keep.

But probably the most unique of all is the job of the cobweb-constructor. The expert who manufactures artificial cobwebs of Latex and blows them into position by means of a spray gun. Good for only twenty-four hours, the webs then have to be replaced, for they grow fuzzy, wilt and droop with sudden age. When they look old they don't photograph well.

Meanwhile, the make-up department has the job of creating disguises. They're always being confronted with what's seemingly the impossible—reconstructing as many as ninety-six historical characters for one picture alone. According to Guy Pearce, head of the Twentieth Century-Fox make-up department, the hardest task he ever had was to make young Alexander Knox look like old Woodrow Wilson. But miracles being part of his everyday chores, he wasn't even stumped with that one.

Giving you an idea why picture-making is so expensive, too, creation of the lavish wardrobe for the five main principals of the $4,000,000 Technicolor production of "Wilson" required no less than 179 different outfits. And because all five of the women were fashion leaders in their day, each individual gown had to have allure and distinction. It cost $31,000 to dress the second Mrs. Wilson, played by lovely Geraldine Fitzgerald, and the entire wardrobe bill for the picture was $200,000.

All so that the movie-going public will have characters that are convincing, scenes that are real, productions that are perfect. And without these people — the prop-man, the studio nurse, the make-up genius, the sound expert, the script girl, the special effects wizard, wardrobe mistress, and all the rest—the wheels wouldn't turn. For each is a small gear, meshing with the rest and becoming the tremendous machine that is a complete motion-picture unit.

THE END

Shirley Temple gives the eye to David Archer of the United States Navy at the premiere of "Show Business" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD (Republic) classifies as a good old "whodunit," with Scotland Yard finding the answer, and is bristling with Nazis from beginning to end. However tired the theme may be, the movie is well done, is suspenseful, and actually does keep you guessing.

Such veteran performers as C. Aubrey Smith, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Atwill lend fine support to Edgar Barrier and Stephanie Bachelor as the leads and love interest.

The plot revolves around Room 40, where British intelligence decodes German messages. This same Room 40 was so effective in the last war that this time the Nazis plant one of their agents in the room itself. There are a couple murders thrown in, and if you can guess the culprit's identity before the climax, we are Sherlock Holmes, Inc.

JUNGLE WOMAN (Universal) Don't let the title fool you—it's sans sarongs, but completely! The "jungle woman" is actually Acquanetta, who spends half her time as a respectable feminine citizen, and the other half as a murderous ape. The picture picks up where "Captive Wild Woman" left off, following the further adventures of our half-and-half heroine.

In this sequel, she returns, in human form, and falls in love with the doctor's son. The son has a fiancée, who naturally is in for it, what with Acquanetta's glaring at her from dark corners. After crushing a few sundry people, the ape woman goes after her rival.

But despite the implausible story, the film is well handled, and if you go for these spine chillers, you'll like it.

THE HEART OF A NATION— Made in Paris, this picture was finished just three days before the Nazis marched into the city. Prints of the film were seized and destroyed, but producer Paul Graetz managed to save one print and had it buried in a farmer's garden. There it stayed for more than a year, when it was slowly smuggled out of France, a reel at a time.

In view of the fact that Hitler ordered it destroyed, it is interesting to note what is considered dangerous by Mr. Shicklegruber. It is an unpretentious film depicting the life of a French family through three generations. There is nothing in it to endanger Nazi principles, except the fact that France is invaded by Germany in each generation.

The stars are Michele Morgan and the famous French comedian, Raimu, who starred in "The Baker's Wife." English titles are supplied, and Charles Boyer is interpolator throughout. It does not come up to the usual standard of French motion pictures, yet it is indicative of French family life, and of particular interest because of the story connected with the film.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

GOING MY WAY (Paramount) inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby draws a superbly honest character of a Roman Catholic priest.

THE HAIRY APE (United Artists) An adult picture, adapted from the Eugene O'Neill play. William Bendix and Susan Hayward in a psychological conflict of beauty versus the beast.

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Paramount) The true escape story of Commander Wassell and his men. Contrary to most war pictures, it deals with people rather than events.

GASLIGHT (M-G-M) Charles Boyer as a villain, attempting to drive his wife to suicide by psychological suggestion. Ingrid Bergman portrays the wife, which is all you should need to send you off to see it.

HOME IN INDIANA (20th Century-Fox) A charming story of sulky racing, featuring Lon McCallister in a triangle love story; wonderful horses, and colorful scenery.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount) Something different, and fine, for Fred MacMurray, who is led by a scheming woman (Barbara Stanwyck) to commit murder. An intense picture; strictly adult fare.

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M) An outstanding musical, with a good plot; Van Johnson, June Allyson and Gloria DeHaven. Crammed with fine entertainment.

THE HITLER GANG (Paramount) Authentic and shocking story of Hitler, his beginnings, his rise to power and his henchmen. No American can miss this.

ONCE UPON A TIME (Columbia) Cary Grant in a delightful story about a hard-boiled producer and a small boy with a pet caterpillar. If you have an imagination, you'll love this fantasy.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M) Stirring emotional drama that warns England and America to fight on for a good peace. Sensitive portrayal by Irene Dunne.

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY" SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can this 2-Way VITAMIN DISCOVERY RESTORE NATURAL COLOR *to Your* GRAY *or* GRAYING HAIR?

New Test So Easy... It's Amazing!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES double-action VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, natural color! But first let me tell you what the original PANATES double-action vitamin method is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on the same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

No Matter
What Shade Your
Natural Hair Color
May Be.. Black, Brown,
Auburn or Blonde . .

Make This Convincing Test

Panates Is NOT A HAIR DYE

Nothing to Fear—No Mess, No Fuss

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of *normal* hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feeds your system from within.

If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray hair" vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

When Restored Color Shows, It's Natural Color

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

This Trial Offer Is Fair and It Calls For Immediate Acceptance

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send coupon for your trial Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail coupon today, sure.

A Few of the Scores of Letters From Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over are now taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received:

FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

What are the amazing new Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins? Whether you order PANATES now or not, check coupon and mail it for a most interesting and valuable booklet. It's yours, free. This booklet tells about the years of experiments and scientific tests that have proved conclusively gray hair can result from lack of certain vitamins. It also tells why the Panates 2-Vitamin method is different from any other anti-gray hair vitamin treatment and includes many more of the scores of testimonials Panates has received from delighted users. Send for your free booklet today.

SEND NO MONEY...

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES . . . My complexion is much smoother . . ."

Mrs. W. H. S., of Pennsylvania, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . The white hair is much darker than it was . . . My friends have also seen that my hair is much darker . . ."

Mr. C. A. T., of Ohio, says: "I noticed results within 20 days, mostly my eyebrows, and at the hair line . . . The hair at the temples has changed . . ."

Mail This Special Introductory Coupon Today!

PANATE COMPANY
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310 S. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Send your new PANATES 2-VITAMINS as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money-back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

- ☐ One Month's Supply, Special $1.79
- ☐ Three Months' Supply, Special $4.79
- ☐ 100 Day Supply, Special $5.00

HOW TO TEST AT OUR RISK

—Read Our Guarantee, Please— Now you can test amazing PANATES Vitamins yourself on our iron-clad guarantee . . . If not satisfied with results from the first treatment return the empty package and your money will be refunded. Don't wait. This is your chance to try PANATES, the 2-vitamin way for restoring color naturally to gray hair due to vitamin lack. Mail this special trial coupon today.

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the way to new
eye beauty —
Always
Elyse Knox

PHOTO BY PAUL HESS — HOLLYWOOD

Movieland

OCTOBER
15¢

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Exclusive Stories About

LUCKY LADD · GREGORY PECK · GENE KELLY

Aug 23 1944

A recent portrait of
Constance Luft Huhn,
Head of the House of Tangee

WE ARE STILL THE WEAKER SEX

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

MANY OF US may be serving shoulder to shoulder with America's fighting men —but we're still the weaker sex . . . It's still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE —TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You'll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you're in or out of uniform, you'll want to be completely appealing and feminine—you'll want delightful satin-smooth lips and all the glamour of a silky, petal-smooth complexion.

THE HOUSE OF TANGEE has created just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips long-lasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many *extra hours!*

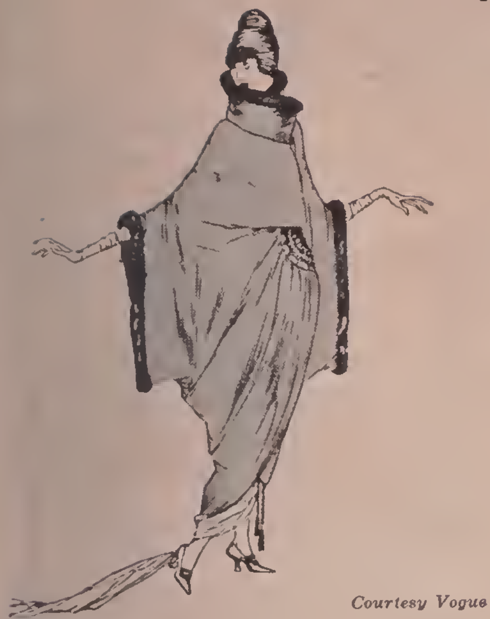
SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

Satin-Finish Your Lips
Petal-Finish Your Complexion

TANGEE

Can you date these fashions?

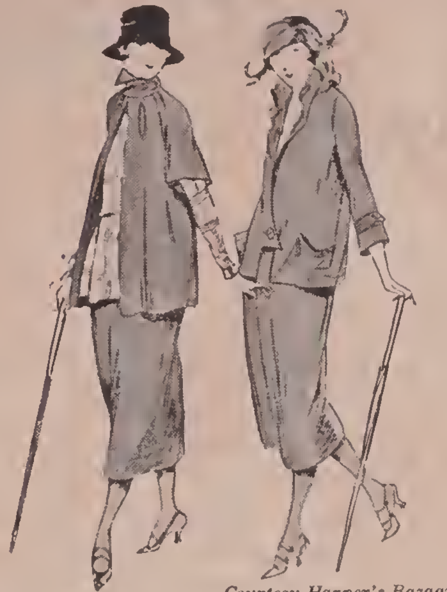
Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Courtesy Vogue

19___

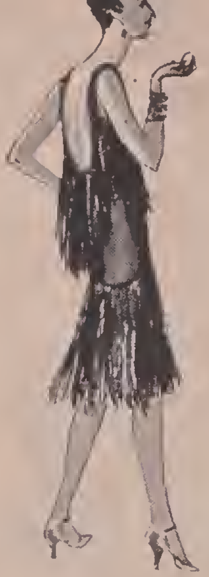
Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19___

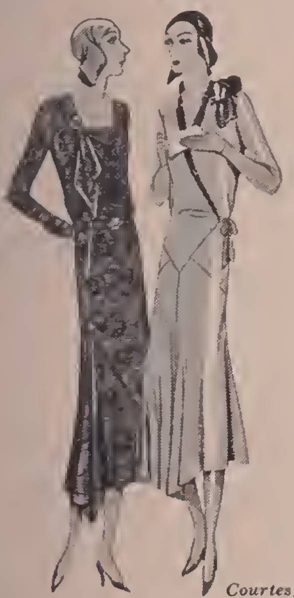
Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios . . . crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene —disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.



Courtesy Vogue

19___

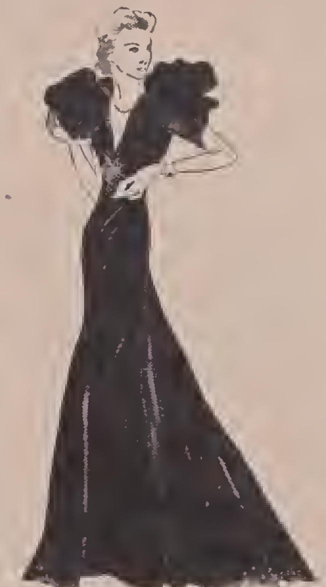
Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Courtesy McCall's

19___

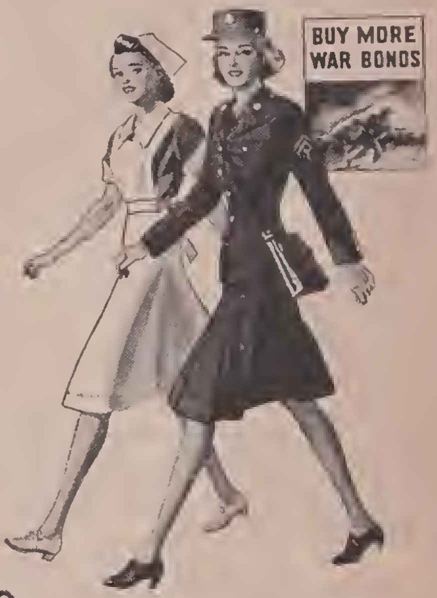
Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered . . . perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19___

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting . . . increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



19___

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other napkins put together!

*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

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The greatest star of the screen!

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★ ★ ★ ★

We bow, we blush, we thank you, kind motion picture showmen. The best way to show our gratitude is to continue to deliver satisfying hits as in the past.

Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly — with the megaphone.

★ ★

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

—Leo

VOL. 2
NO. 9

Movieland

OCTOBER, 1944

DORIS CLINE,
Editor

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is Great! *as the boom town beauty who knew what she wanted.. and got it!*

WALTER PIDGEON

is Perfect! *as the rich romantic two fisted rogue!*

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GLADYS COOPER • FRANCES RAFFERTY • TOM DRAKE • PETER LAWFORD • DAN DURYEA • HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Polly James • Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON • An M-G-M Picture

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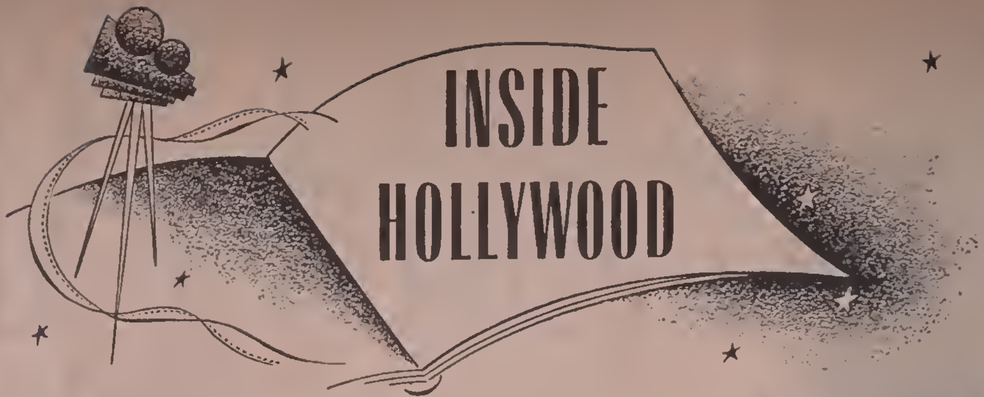
ANNE SHIRLEY
IN
Man from Frisco
WITH
GENE LOCKHART
DAN DURYEA · STEPHANIE BACHELOR
RAY WALKER · TOMMY BOND
A REPUBLIC PICTURE



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By FREDDA DUDLEY

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Mickey Rooney, in G.I.s, is bucking for corporal.

Maureen O'Hara has named her new daughter Bronwen FitzSimons Price.

Sergeant and Mrs. Glenn Ford (Eleanor Powell) have announced their anticipated parenthood for January, 1945.

No plans have been made for a divorce (nor even a legal separation), but Ida Lupino and Capt. Louis Hayward are "living apart."

Major Clark Gable, back in civies and looking terrific, is doing the night spots with fragile, blonde Kay Williams.

WHOLESOME TYPE:

A national columnist recently suggested in print that Van Johnson and June Allyson had eloped. The two most astounded persons to read this scoop were Van Johnson and June Allyson. Reasons: On Monday night preceding the announcement, June had gone dancing with Dick Powell. On the previous Wednesday night she had been the dinner guest of John Hodiak. On the previous Friday noon she had enjoyed luncheon with Hurd Hatfield. Not for months had she and Van (good friends but not breathless about it) been out on a date together.

Incidentally, about two-thirds of June's service fan mail comes from Air Corps personnel who pay her a repeated compliment. "You are," they say, "such a wholesome type."

SPARE TIME:

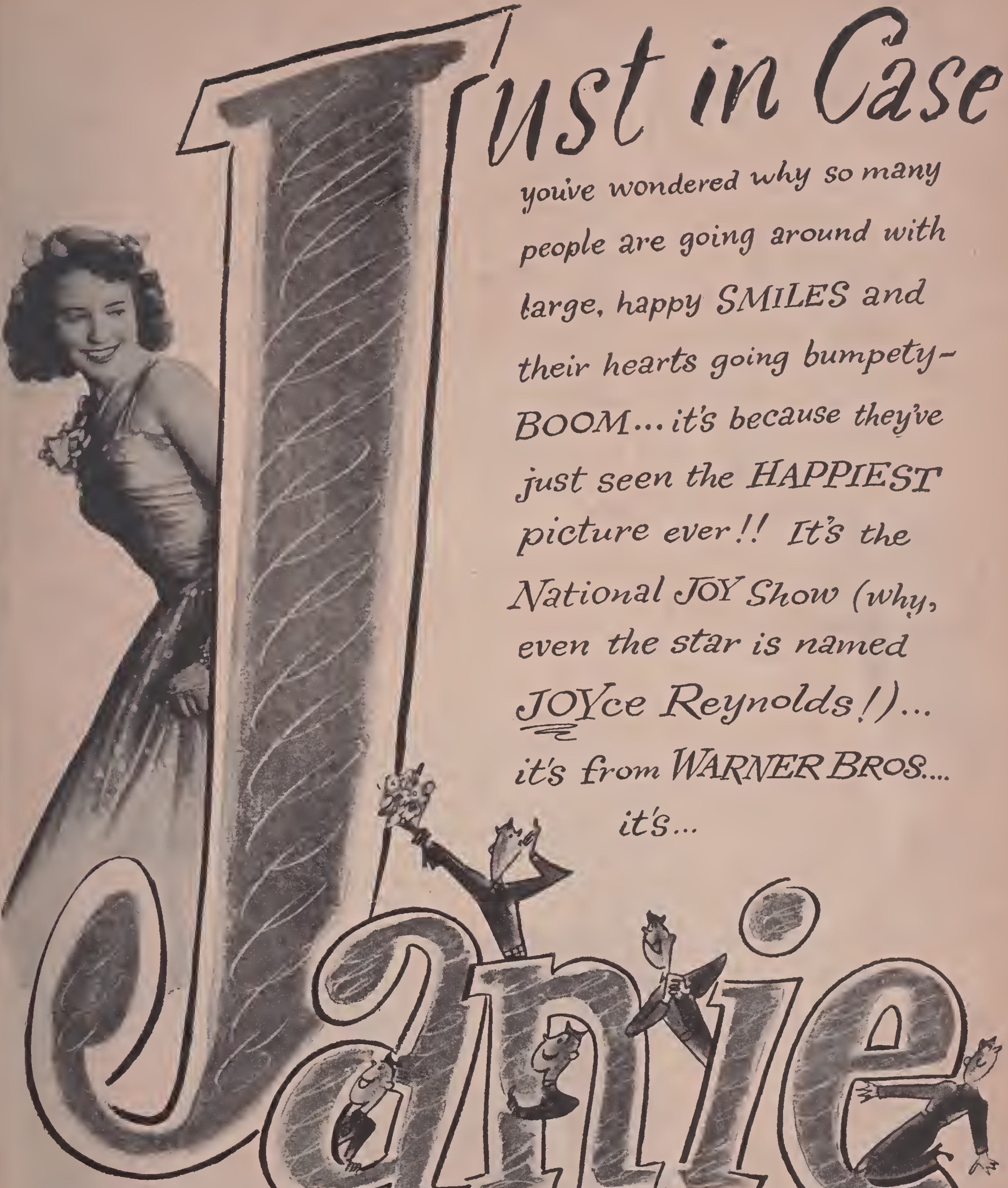
When Lon McCallister was ordered by the army to report to a camp in Santa Monica, preparatory to working in the army show "Winged Victory" being filmed at 20th Century Fox, he uttered a whoop of delight and began to make plans during those scrimped moments of privacy that a G.I. Joe has between K.P. and the obstacle course.

Santa Monica is only a few miles from the home that Lon bought for his family last fall. Since the house was purchased, the McCallisters have gone about the job of furnishing in a most realistic manner. The living room was decorated first, in a smart and comfortable

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 8

The favorite fans frequently don't spot as such, now that she's out of kid roles. Shirley Temple, guest on the Johnny Mercer show.

Togged first as a stay-at-home, John Hodiak gads about now with an assortment of femmes. The envied one this night was June Allyson.



Just in Case

youive wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy SMILES and their hearts going bumpety-BOOM... it's because they've just seen the HAPPIEST picture ever!! It's the National JOY Show (why, even the star is named JOYce Reynolds!)... it's from WARNER BROS.... it's...

Janie

Special prints of JANIE have already been delivered—gratis—to the Army, for showing to men in combat areas, isolated outposts and Red Cross hospitals.

"She's the gleam in the eye of every G.I."

JOYCE REYNOLDS • ROBERT HUTTON • EDWARD ARNOLD • ANN HARDING • ROBERT BENCHLEY • ALAN HALE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston & Charles Hoffman • From the Play Produced by Brock Pemberton
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB

She's very very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!

Her presence is dynamic
. . . her attraction undeniable . . .
her impression unforgettable. In a
word—a new word—she's varvacious,
with Varva's exciting perfumes
"Follow Me" and "Nonchalant."
They've made her very *very* . . .

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c
(plus tax)

NONCHALANT
(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-
Care Perfume

FOLLOW ME
(Suivez Moi)
The Perfume That
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

manner; Lon's mother and grandmother made all the drapes; they prowled through out-of-the-way shops for odd bits of furniture and antique accessories. But the bedrooms were equipped only with cots, until such time as satisfactory furniture could be secured.

So, the first Sunday Lon was allowed to go home, he rampaged into the house, inspected everything and shouted approval. Next, he shed his G.I.s in favor of a pair of tired dungarees, a sweat shirt and a pair of sneakers. He had brought home a can of paint and a set of brushes, and he promptly went to work.

QUICKIES:

Have you heard that beautiful auburn-haired Nancy Coleman Bolton has named her twin daughters Charla Elizabeth and Grania Theresa? A local wag suggested that they should have been named Savoy and Plaza in honor of the hotel in which the Boltons spent their New York honeymoon

* * *

Frankie Sinatra is currently being verbally spanked by a number of local columnists who think The Voice has gone into its uppermost High Hat register. The truth of the matter is that he DID walk off the set in a huff during the filming of "Step Lively" at RKO; and he did tell one of the most important local writers that the writer would have to make an appointment—on the set, no less—before Frankie could spare a few moments to talk with the man who represents a national radio program and a newspaper syndicate.

This column has never squealed nor swooned, but it is still a fan of Frankie's, so hereby offers an opinion: there is nothing wrong with Mr. Sinatra that fourteen nights, consisting of ten hours of sleep each would not cure. He is harassed, beset, exhausted, clamored for and at, and generally subjected to wear and tear that would reduce a General Sherman tank to rubble. Let's give the poor guy a break.

HEADLINES ABOUT HEADLINERS:

Errol Flynn, with the help of Nora Eddington on the typewriter, has finally finished his widely publicized book and is now seeking a new title. It has had two temporary titles: "One Man's Life" and "Johnny Bowtie Comes To America."

TWANG IT SWEET, LEM:

Remember Mary Anderson, the gifted young actress who played the role of nurse in "Lifeboat?" Well, it seems (*Continued on page* 58)

Danny Kaye, Jennifer Jones and Reggie Gordiner. A trio like this at the Canteen and the theme song is "Who could ask for anything more!"

Mr. and Mrs. Soldier

THIS IS YOUR LOVE STORY!

This is JANIE . . to whom a washline was more important than a husband!

This is ANDY. . . who left a wife with stardust in her eyes and returned to find a *house*wife with a mop in her hand . . . and a baby in her arms!

This is POP . . the wise old Cupid who knew his daughter's problem was the problem of millions!

THIS IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE AND THE HAPPINESS!

TO THE IMPATIENT GIRLS AND SOLDIERS WHO RUSH INTO MARRIAGE:

For the first time, the screen brings you the story of marriage before combat...and combat after marriage!

Columbia Pictures
PRESENTS

JEAN
ARTHUR

LEE
BOWMAN

CHARLES
COBURN

in

Irving Cummings'

The Impatient Years

with EDGAR BUCHANAN · CHARLEY GRAPEWIN · JANE DARWELL
Original Screen Play by
Associate Producer VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Produced and Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

A PREDICTION
With this picture, an exciting new star joins your favorite leading men. Lee Bowman is a name you're going to look for... a star you'll go for!

"How mother clings to habits already formed"

HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of *Tampax*. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

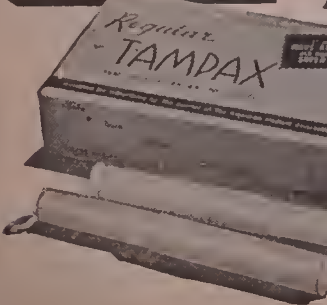
Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try *Tampax*, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton . . . Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in *3 different absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

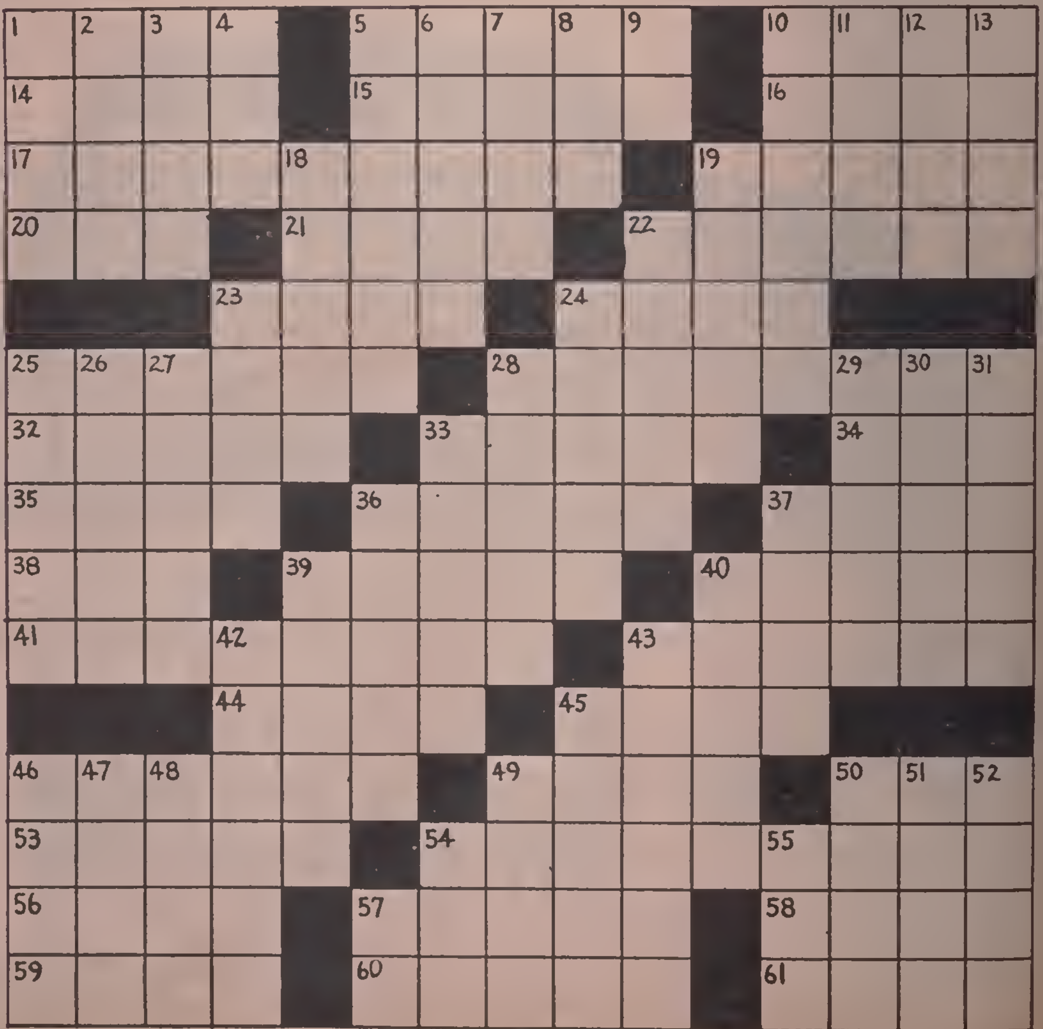
ACROSS

1. Cups to hold diamonds while being cut
5. "Three - - - - - Girls"
10. Mr. Lugosi
14. Scope
15. Artificial channel
16. Redskins
17. Band leader in "And the Angels Sing"
19. Cruel person
20. Wapiti
21. Mr. Hamilton
22. Ice skater in "Lady Let's Dance"
23. "Young - - - - s"
24. "Marius" in "Passage to Marseille"
25. John Harvey in "Four Jills in a Jeep"
28. On display in "Follow the Boys"
32. A willow
33. Suspicious (slang)
34. Fish eggs
35. "Little - - - - Marker"
36. Hollywood star in "Broadway Rhythm"
37. Russian river
38. Author of "The College Widow"
39. Muse of poetry
40. She is in "Once Upon a Time"
41. Very young children
43. Anne and William in "The Eve of St. Mark"
44. Beverages
45. Shirley was - - - - in 35 across
46. She is in "Days of Glory'
49. Irish
50. "All This and Heaven - - -"
53. City in New York
54. "Whispering - - - - - - - -"
56. Shakespeare's king
57. Drudge
58. - - - - antics in "Crazy House" are zany
59. Singer in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
60. Harmonized in color
61. "Joe" in "Up in Arms"

DOWN

1. - - - - May is a nosy neighbor in "Gaslight"
2. Spoken
3. He is in "Days of Glory'
4. Van Johnson in "The White Cliffs of Dover"
5. "- - - - - - Snapshots
6. "Cobra Woman"
7. Miss Turner in an anagram
8. "Roderick Fitzgerald" in "The Uninvited"
9. Band leader in "Follow the Boys" (inits.)
10. Cloth dresser
11. Toilet box
12. European
13. Locale of "Lifeboat"
18. "The Man From Down - - - - -"
19. "Pin Up Girl"
22. "Ben Barton" in "Rationing"
23. Makes angry
24. Hazel plays it in "Broadway Rhythm"
25. "Weird - - - - -"
26. Apart
27. "Genevieve Linden" is - - - - - role in "Going My Way"
28. Small notches
29. She is in "Make Your Own Bed"
30. '- - - - - Girl'
31. "The - - - - - On"
33. Falsifiers
36. "Madame Curie"
37. "The - - - - Way"
39. She is in "The Impostor'
40. Title rolist in "The Song of Bernadette"
42. Lover of 3 down in "Days of Glory"
43. Careened
45. Something found
46. Kind of tax
47. Position of a helm
48. Meager
49. Of the dawn
50. A tissue (anat.)
51. - - - - sesame
52. Bones (Latin)
54. Frederic March's wife, familiarly
55. Miss Lamour in reverse
57. "Pete" in "A Guy Named Joe" (inits.)

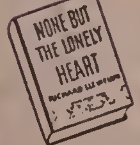
(For Solution See Page 91)



This is the MAN

...these are the Women!

...you'll meet in this dark tale of love and conflict . . . of a man who tried to divide his heart . . . of three women who broke theirs!


NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART
RICHARD LLEWELLYN

From the novel by Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley"

CARY GRANT

IN

"None but the Lonely Heart"

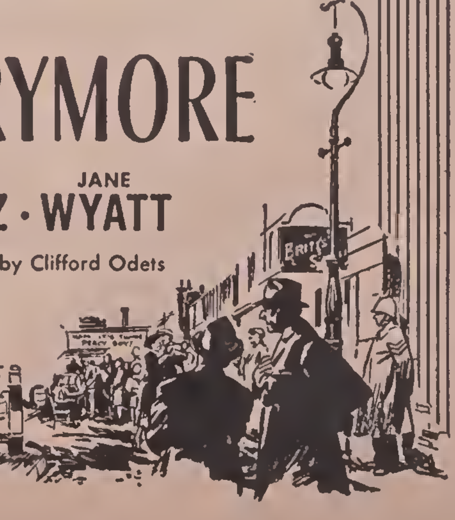
WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

BARRY **FITZGERALD** · JUNE **DUPREZ** · JANE **WYATT**

Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets

Screen Play by Clifford Odets



ANOTHER OF THE GREAT
RKO RADIO PICTURES

"I went from size 40 to SIZE 14!"

Loses 55 pounds, gains a sparkling new vitality

says MRS. GLADYS ALTMANN OF HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

Gladys Altmann weighed 180, wore a size 40 dress, thought she was "fat for life." Then she started the DuBarry Success Course. In 6 weeks she reduced her weight to 158, in 3 months to 149, in 6 months to 125. Now a size 14 fits her perfectly. "I lost 55 pounds and an inferiority complex," she says. "Best of all, I know I need never be fat again."

Before

After

LOST 55 POUNDS

HEIGHT (AFTER) 5' 5"

WAIST 9" LESS

ABDOMEN 9¾" LESS

HIPS 9½" LESS

HOW ABOUT YOU? In these days it's important to be at your best, ready for strenuous wartime living. More than 150,000 women have already found the DuBarry Success Course the way to new beauty and vitality. Through the Course you learn how to bring your weight and figure proportions to normal, learn to care for your skin and hair, and to use make-up subtly for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When the Success Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you?

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SK-54, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs. ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ Zone No., if any ______ State ______

Movieland's

5 BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 56

NEW PICTURE GUIDE

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE (M-G-M) was originally to be called simply "America"—which, although a presumptuous title for a motion picture, is exactly what the film tries to portray.

It is a fine and sensitive thing, depicting through the life of one immigrant to our shores, the opportunities afforded in America to any man who has the wish and the determination to achieve success.

As Steve Dangos, Brian Donlevy gives the outstanding performance of his career. Dangos is a Slovenian immigrant who comes to America in 1898, and walks a thousand miles to work in the iron mines of Minnesota. He meets a young school teacher (the new Ann Richards) who helps him in his search for knowledge. They marry and have a family—a big one—with Steve never losing sight of the fact that one of his sons can become President.

Through the years, he becomes a wealthy man, and current times find him manufacturing airplanes for the war.

Attempting so much—to tell the story of America, and to give the whole saga of the American steel industry, from the conversion of iron ore into steel, and from steel-making to the manufacturing and assembling of automobiles and airplanes—it's all but inevitable that the picture result is overlong. Which it is.

BATHING BEAUTY (M-G-M), a starring vehicle for Esther Williams (her first) gets our vote as being one of the best musicals so far this year. With Harry James, Helen Forrest, Xavier Cugat, Lina Romay, Carlos Rameriz—and Ethel Smith, formerly the "Hit Parade" organist, doing some fine and fancy demonstrations on the keys.

Red Skelton, in the male lead, shows up for the first time in his film career as a likeable—and believable—guy. No slapstick, no mugging.

For the plot, Red marries Esther early in the film, but through a misunderstanding Esther becomes the indignant wife and leaves Red to go back to her position as teacher in a girl's school. Red follows in pursuit—and his appearing as the only male student in the school, makes for a whole series of hilarious situations.

He sticks it out, though, until his love life is straightened out and all is happy once more.

The finale is a grand scale production in itself, with Esther showing fine form (two kinds) in a colorful water pageant, aided by scores of able and graceful mermaids.

Take the whole family, and settle down for an evening of magnificent entertainment.

ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS (Edward Small-U.A.) is strictly from slapstick, but chock-full of laughs.

The plot is the well worn one about the two buddies, this time in the Marine Corps, who go all out for the same girl, and in doing so, break about every existent rule in the Corps.

Bill Bendix is the quiet soul, loving poetry and the finer things of life, who tangles with Dennis O'Keefe, a wolf of the first water, for the affections of Helen Walker.

O'Keefe shows a definite ability for comedy, and Bendix is fine as the stolid citizen. Their antics are rib-tickling from beginning to end, particularly when they're dressed as women. Bendix in satin, lipstick and a wig, yet!

The picture is light and fluffy, and filled with corn, but well done and amusing.

(*Continued on page* 14)

Free as the wind . . .

• Free to work with all your heart. Or play hard as a five-year-old. Free to live *every* day to the hilt.

Sound good to you? Then listen . . .

Out of 10,086 typical American girls who wrote why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins—8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!" . . .

For gentle Modess is so much *softer*—with its downy, softspun filler! So much *safer*—with a triple, full-length, safety shield at the back that gives real *full-way* protection!

As Mrs. M. D. sums it up, *"Now I have real peace of mind, no worry about accidents—real comfort, too!"*

So be in on the secret of wonderful freedom—try Modess. It costs no more!

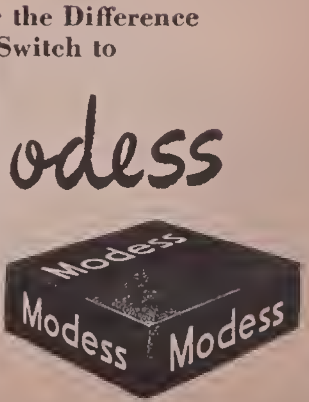
FREE! Send for New Booklet

"Growing Up and Liking It!" Tells the "why" of menstruation. Bright, lively, picture-packed. Mail name and address to Martha Steele, Box 346B, Milltown, N. J.

Discover the Difference —Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS



NOW! a NEW KIND of Skin Care

to keep your complexion smooth, fresh, romantic!

Not a liquid—not a solid cream! It's like bottled velvet—this creamy pure white skin balm! Just dab it on, rub it in. Dry, rough skin feels softer, smoother *instantly!* Balm Barr contains *anhydrous lanolin,* nature's own skin care! Use Balm Barr for hands, face, arms—for all-over complexion care! Give your skin that thrilling *touch of romance!* At drug and dept. stores, beauty shops. G. Barr & Co., 1130 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.

balm barr for Petal-Soft Skin

balm barr
ARMY NAVY

FREE TRIAL! Purse-size bottle FREE when you buy 60c size shown. Return the large bottle if not delighted.

(Continued from page 12)

WING AND A PRAYER (20th Century-Fox) is the story of an aircraft carrier and the men who manned it—heroes, every one. Tragic, in that the whole strategic plan of the American Navy, in preparing an offensive attack in the Pacific, was dependent on the mission assigned this one carrier. A mission necessarily kept secret, even from the men themselves.

Save for the carrier captain (Charles Bickford) and the air officer in charge of flight operations (Don Ameche), no one could know that in seeming to flee before the enemy—to refuse combat, even when their refusal was costly in terms of lives and equipment—actually they were setting a trap, preparing a more important victory.

Sharing honors for making this a likely nomination as one of the most real, and the most vivid, pictures to come out of the war are Dana Andrews, as the squadron commander; Richard Jaeckel, Kevin O'Shea, Richard Crane, Reed Hadley, William Eythe, Murry Alper, B. S. Pully, and George Mathews.

THE IMPATIENT YEARS (Columbia) is the intriguing title for Columbia's newest Jean Arthur vehicle—the story of a wartime marriage in which husband and wife are "just like strangers."

It's comedy with a liberal dash of pathos, with husband returning after a year and a half overseas, to wife (with whom he'd lived only four days) and his infant son.

Wife Janie (Jean Arthur) lives by a schedule now. The stars in her eyes are gone. Husband Andy (Lee Bowman) hasn't yet pulled his feet out of the clouds he's been fighting in. No happy medium presents itself—so, they make the trek to the divorce court.

The judge, upon the advice of Janie's always helpful father (Charles Coburn), refuses to grant the divorce until the couple re-enact their original four days together in San Francisco.

Here's a case of "if I had it to do all over again" coming true! And it's fun to watch what happens as Janie and Andy reluctantly retrace their meeting, their courtship, wedding and honeymoon.

A slap-happy situation, tagged with a happy ending. And you'll like it.

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR (Columbia) The title may mislead you—but this isn't the usual type of war picture. Mr. Winkle (Edward G. Robinson) is a 44-year-old bank clerk, drafted into the army at the beginning of the war. In civilian life he has been a retiring little man, wrapped up in miles of figures at the bank, and just before he receives his draft board tidings, he has taken the bull by the horn, quit his job, and made up his mind to make a living at his hobby—which is "fixing things."

You'll laugh at the trials of the corpulent middle-ager going through the rigorous training at camp, at his consternation when he is given desk work because of his bank experience. Mr. Winkle eventually becomes a good soldier, leaves his aches and pains and pills behind, and distinguishes himself on the battlefield.

Ruth Warwick plays Mrs. Winkle, who doesn't understand her husband, and Ted Donaldson the small orphan boy, who does.

This is basically a comedy, and a good one—so don't let any prejudice against war pictures keep you away.

ATLANTIC CITY (Republic) is the story of Brad Taylor (played by Brad Taylor), a young man who knew much of ambition and little of love and friends. His dream is to build Atlantic City into one of the world's gayest playgrounds, and the woman he finds little time to love is Marilyn Whitaker (Constance Moore).

In the process of securing a "nest egg" for the two of them, he almost loses the nest itself.

Louis Armstrong and his band are featured, plus Belle Baker (herself), Van and Schenck (Gus Van and Charles Marsh), and Gallagher and Shean (Jack Kenny and Al Shean).

Starting just prior to World War I, 1915, the story carries through to 1922.

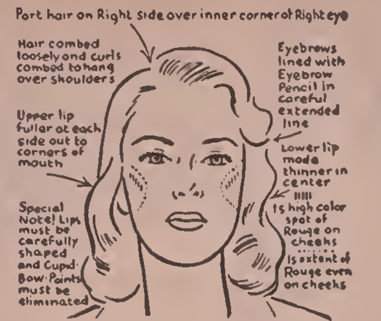
THE MERRY MONAHANS (Universal) They had a good idea for this one, but somehow it doesn't come off. The cast is fine—Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie, and Ann Blythe—but the picture tries a little too hard to be entertaining.

Oakie and his fiancé have an act,

(Continued on page 70)

Before—SELF-CONSCIOUS! Now—SELF-CONFIDENT!

"I felt sorry for myself," says Laine Solg. "I was unhappy about my figure, my hair, my face. And I didn't know what to do about it all!"


Part hair on Right side over inner corner of Right eye
Hair combed loosely and curls combed to hang over shoulders
Upper lip fuller at each side out to corners of mouth
Special Note! Lips must be carefully shaped and Cupid Bow Points must be eliminated
Eyebrows lined with Eyebrow Pencil in careful extended line
Lower lip made thinner in center
IIIII is high color spot of Rouge on cheeks
...... Is extent of Rouge even on cheeks

Laine's "Photo-Revise" (above). Just one of 60 *individualized* features of Powers Home Course. See how it helped Laine discover new loveliness...

Laine achieved a "model" figure, became a wonderfully different girl in just 7 weeks. She found that Powers Training gave her new self-confidence, poise, grace . . . and *dates!*

←

Laine Solg was named "Miss United Nations" shortly after finishing her Powers Training. "I felt like Cinderella when the Prince came," she says.

Get this free, revealing booklet, profusely illustrated.

For YOU, too, in 7 short weeks

NEW LOVELINESS, CHARM AND POISE

Now . . . you can achieve the REAL YOU, the person you ought to be.

It's easy, fascinating, thrilling!

In the privacy of your own home, *you* discover the *personalized* beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to hundreds and hundreds of "just average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls," the world's most envied women!

Through the Powers Home Course, in as little as 7 days, you see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror.

In less than two weeks, many Powers Home Course students report, they have astounded their friends with their new attractiveness, new appeal.

Why deny yourself the happiness, the beauty, the day-after-day admiration this famous Powers Training can win for YOU so easily, so surely, so *inexpensively?* The complete course, including personalized faculty advice and attention, is less than the cost of a party dress.

You owe it to your future self to send the coupon for complete information today. There's no obligation.

Exclusive advantages of personalized "POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home!

Individualized treatment for every student—figure, make-up, grooming, styling! Your voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous Powers formula for charm and magnetism! Your own PHOTO-REVISE actually drawn for YOU! 60 individual features! Free *personal consultation,* through correspondence, with all members of the faculty!

Mail this Coupon NOW

Write John Robert Powers today. Creator of the famous Powers Models. Confidant of motion picture stars. For 23 years teacher of the Powers Way to beauty, self-confidence, happiness. He has helped thousands, just like you.

John Robert Powers

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite 104-EB, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn your beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me free details of your Home Course.

Name________________________
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street________________________

City & Zone________________Stat______

Occupation________________Age______

THE NORMAL *Point of View*

SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

SKIN care, in the movieland manner, is a regular routine, the very same one that you, and you, and I should follow. And the delightful result of such sound and simple skin service is an enviable complexion—the kind so many of the movie maidens have.

Because Mimi Forsythe's skin is the ideal normal, not too dry and not too oily, we went into a huddle with her to get the normal point of view. Here (with the expert prompting of her studio make-up men) is what she has to say

According to Mimi, whom you'll be seeing in the Andrew Stone production "Sensations of 1945," the perfect plan comes in four parts.

No matter what its type, dry, oily or in between, your skin must be kept completely clean. Cream cleansings work most satisfactorily to remove make-up. They melt it off like magic and take the surface grime along. For your soap and water clean-ups, every night and morning, lather with a lavish hand. Work the suds in firmly, especially around nose and chin where blackheads like to lurk. Mimi makes the most of her mild toilet soap by massaging it in for a moment or two. The suds have a longer, better chance to work and the massage furnishes her face with some of its necessary stimulation.

Why so necessary to stimulate the skin? For color and contour, it must be nourished from beneath. That means a method to keep the bloodstream bounding. There are several. Ice or icy water as a splashing final rinse: or the excellent astringents and skin fresheners that make flesh seem firmer, pores seem finer. Once a week or more, a facial mask to put you in the party-going pink.

Softness is essential. And so is the lubricating cream that achieves it. Since an emollient cream soaks into the skin in about fifteen or twenty minutes, you can fit a daily softening session into the busiest schedule. Cream your complexion while you read, bathe or do your nails. Always, last thing before going to bed, stroke it with a film of softener

Once you have a skin that's clear and fine and soft—safeguard it. Use a make-up base to protect your complexion from wind and weather, dirt and dust. You'll find that it not only keeps your skin in condition, but makes it look even smoother, clearer and more colorful than it normally is.

Off with the old! In this case it's stale make-up that Mimi removes—correctly—with cleansing cream.

A thorough soap and water sudsing gets at grime. And the brisk scrub behind it makes for smoother skin.

Skin care in double time. A lubricating face cream is stroked on first, then patted lightly for tone and contour.

LADIES! YOU MAY NOW AGAIN ENJOY

Many Of The Advantages Of

*NYLON HOSIERY

Thousands of Women The Nation Over Have Found That One Simple Treatment of

Vylon

Makes Your Ordinary Rayon Hosiery

FIT, LOOK AND WEAR . . .

. . . Like Precious *NYLON STOCKINGS

Just think of being able to convert your ill-fitting, slow drying rayon hosiery into smooth fitting, truly flattering stockings that fit, look and wear like precious *nylons! *Stockings that dry overnight* and stay up without bagging at the knees or wrinkling at the ankles! Stockings that are *splash-proof and run-resistant!* Yes, thanks to Vylon, you may now enjoy all these desirable features in your hosiery. And Vylon is *so easy to use!* You simply stir a teaspoonful of this amazing new scientific preparation in a basin of water — dip your stockings in it — and presto! Like a miracle come true, *quickly* and *easily*, your rayon stockings take on the qualities of expensive hosiery — dry overnight and fit, look and wear like *nylons. A generous size bottle of *Laboratory tested* Vylon — enough to treat twenty pairs of stockings — costs only $1 — and each treatment *lasts* through six regular washings. Inexpensive? Definitely! *Vylon costs you LESS than 1c per wearing!*

★Dries Stockings Overnight ★Changes Rayon Gloss to Rich Dull-Sheer
★Makes Hosiery Amazingly Run-Resistant, Waterproof and Splashproof

*In the same manner as the terms "22 kt. gold" and "sterling silver" are used to typify an accepted standard of excellence in precious metals the term "nylon stockings" in this advertisement is used only to best denote a standard of excellence in hosiery performance that can be universally recognized.

Pin $1 To This Coupon and MAIL NOW

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

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No C.O.D.'s Accepted

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236 No. Clark St., Chicago 1, Illinois

I am enclosing $1 in full payment *postpaid* for a generous sized bottle of Vylon sufficient to Vylonize twenty pairs of rayon stockings. After fair trial I may return the unused portion for a complete refund if I am not simply delighted with Vylon.

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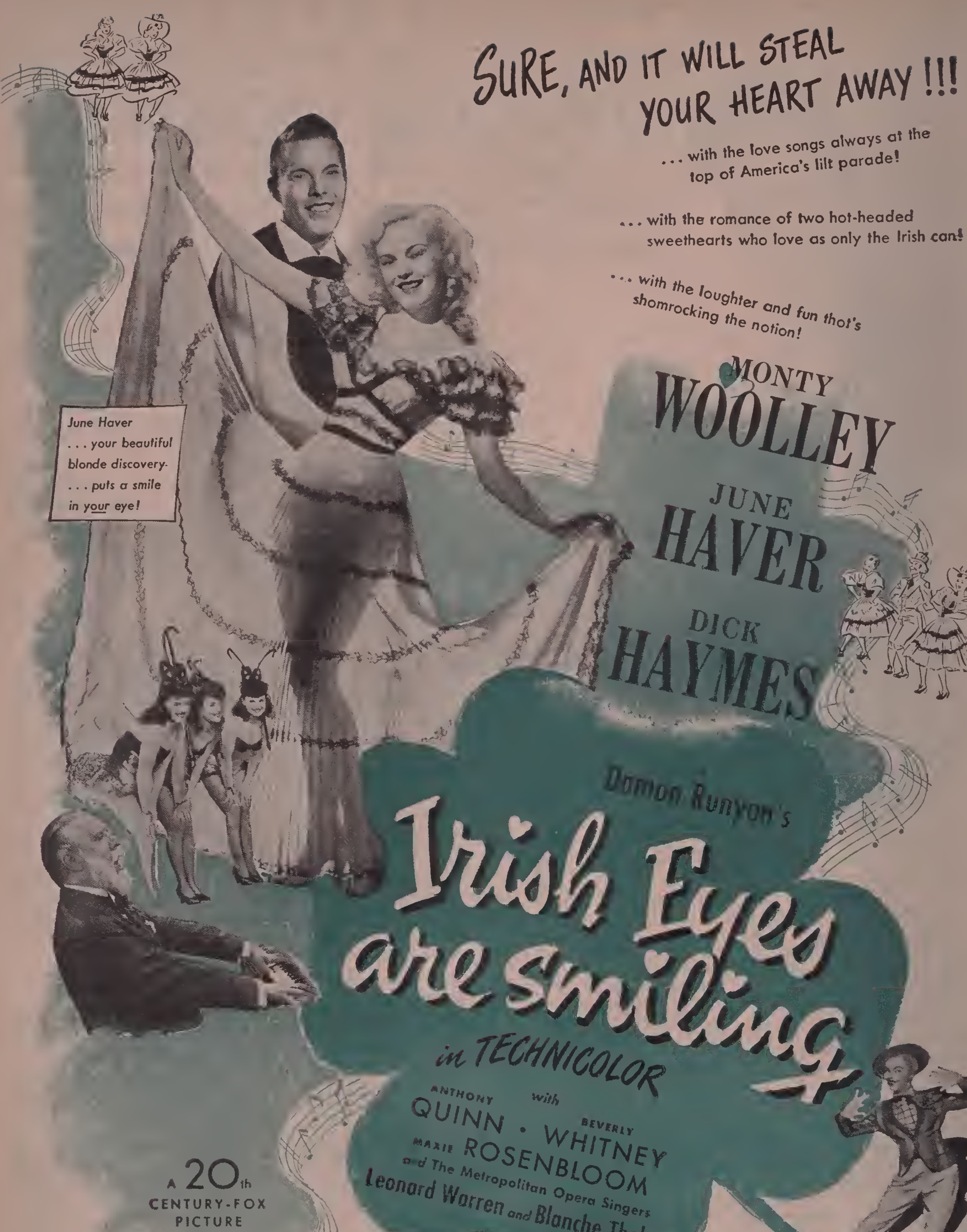


SURE, AND IT WILL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY !!!

. . . with the love songs always at the top of America's lilt parade!

. . . with the romance of two hot-headed sweethearts who love as only the Irish can!

. . . with the laughter and fun that's shamrocking the notion!

June Haver
. . . your beautiful blonde discovery
. . . puts a smile in your eye!

MONTY
WOOLLEY
JUNE
HAVER
DICK
HAYMES

Damon Runyon's

Irish Eyes are smiling

in TECHNICOLOR

with
ANTHONY QUINN · BEVERLY WHITNEY
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
and The Metropolitan Opera Singers
Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by **GREGORY RATOFF**
Produced by **DAMON RUNYON**
Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and John Tucker Battle
Based on a story by E. A. Ellington

Joan Crawford

Heeding the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind," few actresses would have the courage to stay off the screen for more than a year, as Joan has done. Her last picture, "Above Suspicion," was made at M-G-M early in 1943. Shortly after, she left Metro to sign a contract with Warner Bros., and has held out all these months until she found a picture that she considered right for her. It will be "Mildred Pearce," in the making at the time you read this.

IT COMES UP MARRIAGE

By **BEA LAIRD**

ON Sunday, July twenty-third, at five o'clock in the chapel of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, the Reverend Howard joined in Holy Matrimony redheaded Susan Hayward, Hollywood's best portrayer of vixen roles, and Jess Barker, actor, long reported to be the heartthrob of the town.

Pert Susan, playing the role of a demure bride, clad in a torquoise blue frock and with her answers to the holy service softly spoken. Dashing Jess, in a sober suit, answering firmly and seeming to give support to the shaking girl. Does this sound like two sophisticated Hollywood movie greats? We say no! These were two earnest people who knew each other well, who were taking the vows of matrimony for better or for worse in every way that it is meant.

But to bring these two to this flower clad altar you must go back to last November and the setting of the famous Hollywood Canteen. See on the stage dashing Jess Barker, master of ceremonies for the evening. He is introducing such singers as Ginny Simms, for this is the night that Metro players entertain at the Canteen. In the background is Harry James' band, and after Ginny finishes on comes Red Skelton for a half hour turn that makes the boys down front howl with laughter. Over behind the snack bar and frankly standing on a stool is Susan, watching the proceedings. Her work at serving coffee and signing autographs behind the snack bar is through until the show is over, and she wants to see the entertainment.

Suddenly she looks down into the laughing eyes of the master of ceremonies. Jess had taken a brief respite from the stage to come

Robert Lowery figured for a time in the romantic rumors persistent where Susan was concerned, all concocted for her by the columnists. Then like the others, he dropped out of the picture; Jess came back.

Co-starred in Republic's "Hit Parade of 1943," there was heavy betting that wedding bells would eventually ring for Susan and John Carroll.

Here is the love story of movietown's "Number one bachelor," and the gal he married—redheaded Susan Hayward

Theirs was a hectic courtship, with frequent misunderstandings and separations—though you'd never guess it, to see them now. Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Hollywood's "So very happy" newlyweds!

over and meet the beautiful redheaded girl he had seen as he did his announcing.

Banter followed and Susan found herself being invited to share a sandwich with the gentleman after their evening's stint. Drawing her little self up to her full height, she informed him that she didn't go out with men to whom she had not been properly introduced! Right back the gentleman she had never been introduced to said, "Scairdey!"—and she accepted the challenge.

Thus a sandwich turned into dancing at the Mocambo, and they found they danced well together and had fun.

A second Friday night found the same pattern, and then both went to work in a picture. In fact Susan in two—"And Now Tomorrow," at her home studio, Paramount, and "The Hairy Ape" at United Artists.

She was then, as the columnists report, "Bicycling between studios." Each day on the set she received phone calls from Jess or called him on the "Jam Session" set at Columbia. Nightly dinners in a quiet corner of Lucey's restaurant were in order. Not many people noticed this phase of the courtship. Yet it went on, firmly and steadily.

Hollywood's number one bachelor girl was that in name only. Just look back through interviews given out by Susan through her whole career and you will find that she only mentions one man seriously, and that man early in her five-year period in filmtown.

To this day the man is one of her best friends. He did publicity on one of her first pictures, and Susan always referred to him as her "ideal man." She still sees him—and his wife.

Illustrator Jon Whitcomb, now in the service, had been her only other heart interest, and that was way back in her New York days of modeling. They, too, are good friends—and Jon's cable of congratulations from overseas was one of the highlights of Susan's wedding.

Susan went about a bit with this and that eligible Hollywood bachelor, but nothing seemed to come of it. Before she met Jess she was seen steadily with John Carroll, but although the papers reported them engaged, Susan swears it was "just friendship" and we are inclined to believe her.

Career conscious is the word for Susan. She wants to become a top movie star and is adamant that she will. In Hollywood sometimes she was called "snooty," because instead of joking on the set she would disappear between scenes into her dressing room to work on her lines. She never has been noted for being a "good fellow" on the set, although many a prop man or electrician will consider it fighting words if you say she is "stuck up." Her friend and hairdresser, Josi Elliot, says she is the nicest person she has ever worked with—and notice that Josi didn't say "film star," she said *person*.

There has never been a breath of scandal about Susan, in a town where scandal is rampant on the lips of gossips. She has always lived quietly, within her means, and conducted herself in a typical hardworking white collar girl fashion.

Until last fall she lived with her mother, in a tiny house in Hollywood. When her sister came from the East with her baby, Susan moved out of the small house to make room for them. She took a small apartment at the Town House (quite (*Continued on page* 91)

She was once named "the nicest bonfire of 1939." Here you see Susan in a scene from her last picture, "The Hairy Ape"

It's like this now—see? During the last year, Jess has dated 'most every girl in town. Yet his heart was always Susan's and their trip to the altar was truly inevitable.

"For better or for worse" . . . and they meant every word of it! The first Canteen meeting to become marriage since Hedy Lamarr met hubby John Loder.

Picture of two people very much in love and hoping to stay that way. Many times proposed to, it took a sentence from a book to make Susan give Jess the right answer. Gee, ain't it romantic?

Comes the new era in leading men, and comes this man Peck—brilliant new star from the Broadway stage

What-a-find Gregory Peck! Dark haired, blue eyed, 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weighing 170 pounds and 28 years old, he's signed to four contracts Proud father announcements are now in order, too. As of July 20, the Pecks are parents of a fine baby boy, weight 6 lbs., named Jonathan.

The REAL Gregory Peck

By DOROTHY DEERE

Father and son (both named Gregory Peck) at Catalina Island, when Junior was eight. He was always crazy about boats.

At nine, Gregory landed in St. John's Military School, in Los Angeles. A spinal injury keeps him out of the war today, if you're wondering.

Pre-medical student and crew member at the University of California, he went to Poughkeepsie for the regatta in '38.

With his pretty wife, Greta (she was Katharine Cornell's hairdresser when he met her) and his gay young mother, Mrs. Bernice Peck.

GREGORY PECK belongs to the Real Fellow era in leading men. Hollywood has trends in personalities as well as in pictures, as you realize in recalling a few.

You'll remember the Latin Lover trend led by Valentino and Navarro, when leading men had dark cheeks and inflammable eyes; and the Pretty Boy era which had Taylor and Power scampering through life and love without ever getting their hair mussed. The Tuff Guy reign, beginning with Cagney and Gable and working up to Bogart and Ladd, had the heroes making love like "What am I, man or menace?" And then there were International Complications—Boyer, Flynn and Grant; and the Blithe Bobbies, such as Montgomery, Young and Cummings.

Today the picture trend is for realism, whether it be comedy or drama, and the urge is to have very believable young men doing believable things. Look them over—Robert Walker, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Robert Ryan, Sonny Tufts—not too typed, not too handsome. The kind of fellows you might actually expect to meet outside a collar ad, actually climbing into a lifeboat or flying a plane over Tokyo, or doing any of the things real fellows are doing all over the world today.

Of them all, Peck can be voted The Boy Most Likely to Start a Trend Of His Own.

In appearance and personality, he has a touch of early Gary Cooper, a dash of pre-war Jimmy Stewart, and a slight hangover of Abraham Lincoln. And it would seem that he also has "a certain something" for which none of these three other fellows were especially noted. Put them all together and you have what publicist Jerry Breckenbridge describes as "a keen swordblade of a man"—and we're willing to acknowledge the phrase as more truth than publicity.

Originally signed by Producer Casey Robinson, he is the first actor to begin his Hollywood career with a four-studio contract. During the next four years he will make twelve pictures, and his "home" lot will be practically anyplace he hangs his makeup mirror—at RKO, Twentieth Century, with Casey Robinson or David O. Selznick. Too, he is the only actor to work up to such prestige by virtue of a career of distinguished flops on Broadway. Although

Seven-year-old Gregory leans on the family chariot (model 1924) and gives out with a self-conscious grin. (No wonder; pipe the pants!) Peck tells us that, as a kid, he was painfully shy, often lonesome.

As the Hollywood newcomer (his first picture, "Days of Glory," had yet to be released), Peck turned up at the Selznick party, armed with charm and waiting on the femmes. In this case, Kim Hunter.

Gregory himself managed to be adjudged a sensation in each one of them, his plays had a habit of opening and closing so fast the critics hardly had time to walk out on the last acts.

In spite of his choice for Father Chisholm (a role so highly regarded it has been considered equivalent to a burst of applause even to be rumored for it) Peck is rather amazed at the speed with which he has become the big buzz around Hollywood. For awhile, with two pictures completed (RKO's "Days of Glory" was his first) he was being dubbed The Phantom Actor—because he had yet to be seen by the public

"It was an odd feeling," he says, "especially when I found my kid brother David wearing two very black eyes, both of them won at school in defending his statement that his big brother was a 'movie star.' "

The rapidity with which Sex has reared its highly-salable head in his screen career is also a bit disconcerting. Peck has never thought of himself as anything but a character actor—a lead, maybe, but never a "big lover." The truth is, he is happily and devotedly married to one blonde and petite Greta, Finnish by birth, and "the gayest person imaginable."

Recently a quite attractive young lady columnist followed up her introduction to Peck by an invitation to a party.

"My wife will love it, I'm sure," said Gregory innocently

"But I asked *you*," said the columnist frankly. "I don't need wives for my party—I need men!"

"I assure you I wouldn't be any fun without her," said Mr. Peck, which seemed to wind the matter up successfully.

Intense as only a twenty-eight-year-old chap can be, he has a quick and generous smile. But conversation is a serious matter. Getting him to talk about himself—as anything but an actor—is like diving for pearls. By working just a little bit harder than usual at the question and answer game, however, you gradually get the picture of a person who is very worth knowing.

The most beautiful sound in the world to him is the beat of the ocean. "I was born where I could hear it, you know—in La Jolla, California. It made me dream dreams when I was a kid—and it still does. To me, the motion and sound of the surf has always been a challenge."

The most beautiful sight he ever saw was New York, the first time he looked down on it from the top of the RCA building

"It was early Winter," he remembers, "and early evening. The offices in buildings had lights in them. I watched them blink out, one by one, like eyes closing. I stood up there all by myself for an hour and a half, filled with mixed emotions. It was such a big city, so full of life and drama. To be one of seven million was a humbling thought, but a comforting one; there were others as small as me. It was also an exciting thought—because I knew that to be one who stood out from the seven million would be a fight, and it was the kind of fight I liked."

The smell of train-smoke may not be an inspiring odor to some, but it is to Gregory. "It's a smell with both nostalgia and promise to it—memories of the places I've been, even of those I've only been to in my imagination, and a promise that some day I'll really get to all those places."

As the aged Father Chisholm in "Keys of the Kingdom." Cost to play opposite was Geraldine Fitzgerald! With Peck, her scenes weren't "religious"—so Rosa Stradner took the role.

From his youth, his favorite books have been adventure books. He was close pals with King Arthur and Robin Hood, as a boy. His favorite music is both classical and jazz. "I like big, swelling, inspiring symphonies. Or if it's jazz, I like it really 'dirty,' the kind you hear in the little dives in Harlem where jazz is really born. I don't care much for music that doesn't go any place."

A fellow who likes powerful, restless sights and sounds, pungent odors, music with motion to it—who senses deep and moving things in what ordinary people might pass over with no sensation at all. The man talking is, after all, not unlike the actor who brings strength and sensitivity and tenderness to the screen. For an off-screen glimpse of that quieter emotion, you get it when he talks about his wife.

"I met Greta when we were both on tour with Guthrie McClintic; she was Katharine Cornell's hair dresser. I noticed her at once because she was so pretty, but what really attracted me was that she smiled so much. And what I liked most was that every time she smiled she *meant* it—it wasn't one of those 'prop' facial gestures. I've found out since it's a smile that doesn't come off very easily—even when she's feeling badly you have to be pretty close to her to guess it.

"Our first date? Well, I asked for it pretty quick, I remember. We went to the Copley-Plaza bar, and while we were sitting there I read her palm—it was the quickest way to hold her hand, I guess. She didn't know I'd never read a palm before—but I felt capable of anything, out on my first date with the first girl I'd ever really fallen for. I guessed a lot of things right, too—about her family, and the way she felt about her brother."

"I proposed in New York, and was finally accepted in San Francisco, and we had dates all the way in between. It's always been wonderful being married to Greta. It was fun even when we were poor—we found hard luck exciting. We had so many friends in the same spot it was a (*Continued on page 82*)

The bride who cried at her own wedding! Rita's happy enough now, though. She and Orson say they hope their baby will be a little girl. And such enthusiastic parents-in-waiting you've never seen!

"Off the Record"...

Many of the best stories are never told—and that's a fact. Much that is forbidden news finally gets into print—and that's what you have here

By DEE OFSTIE

Tallulah Bankhead at the Stork with Capt. Burgess Meredith. It was before his marriage to Paulette, otherwise a picture like this would be news—likely enough, kept "off the record."

"DON'T print that—" "This one's off the record—" "Not for publication—please!"

Someday some follower of Freud is going to get around to investigating what makes a reporter wake up screaming, and he'll find the answer in one of the three phrases above. One of the sad truths a movie-newsgatherer learns in her profession is that the best stories she'll ever get are the ones she won't be able to print—not right away, anyhow.

Just what makes an actor (or actress) suffer an unfair story in silence, then grow skittish over a true tale you'd think he'd be glad to have his public know, is not always understandable. Often, however, the reasons are human enough to make the reporter want to be human, too. Then, there's that second great truth that can be classified as the newsgatherer's reward: The fact that times change, people grow into or out of their careers, and sometimes those "off the record" yarns grow all the mellower for the holding.

We've seen few movie males cry—large, limpid, but very ashamed tears—and each time, out of respect for the genuineness of the emotion, we've forborne exposing it in print.

But there comes a time—and it's time now, for example, to tell how we sat through a session in Boys' Court with Jackie Cooper. Jackie, then at the ripe old age of fifteen, was about to embark on a picture called "Boy of the Streets," and the courtroom visit was in the interests of atmosphere. It was a good day for it, with a steady stream of incorrigibles coming to the bar.

Sulky, snarling little animals they were, hurling their piteous stories defiantly in the face of their adult captors. Then, gradually, a strange fact became apparent. Although their dirt, their poverty nor their crimes could shame them, the *(Continued on page 75)*

It's Jackie Cooper (at right). He's in the Navy now. At fifteen, reporters were fair enough to look the other way and not see something he didn't want seen.

Bogie and Maya—the good-fellow Bogarts, according to the story told about their "services rendered" on a premiere trip.

James Cagney, photographed as he arrived in London when he went to tour the various American Commands entertaining the U. S. Forces. What few of his service audiences know is that for many years he refused to perform in public—because he was too shy.

A Marine and his missus. Formerly the Robert Ryans of Hollywood, but come Bob's induction and they were just like any other couple—saying brave goodbyes.

Turning in his travel orders at the San Diego Recruiting Barracks, Ryan is officially "in."

First step in the Marine training program, being outfitted with clothes. The weights and standing on a special machine help determine his shoe size.

The 34-year-old motion picture star assumes make-up that is strictly regulation. A GI haircut is just one of the many phases experienced as he's transformed into Private Ryan, candidate for boot training.

How a rugged movie Marine stacks up as a recruited regular. Actor into private, Screen stuff to the real thing—and doing O.K.

MARINE RYAN

By His Wife, Jessica

THE day was dismal and gray. The dreary building in downtown Los Angeles was dismal and gray. The streets were gray, too, and quite deserted, for it was that ungodly hour of the morning, at which time all good men seem to have to go to the aid of their country.

"So long," said he. "So long," said I. Then I drove off up the street, bawling to my heart's content.

Bob went into the Recruiting Office of the United States Marine Corps.

"So, you're Ryan," said the Sergeant.

"Yes," answered Ryan, with a slight tremolo in his voice. He suddenly discovered his knees were knocking together in what seemed like a fine drum roll. He suddenly realized that he'd never had such a bad case of stage fright in all his life.

The Sergeant looked at him oddly. "They recognized me," Ryan thought smugly to himself, and felt bucked up, momentarily. But it was a funny look. Something was fishy.

"Sit down over there," the sergeant said. So Bob joined the other recruits on the row of benches. Then he realized the guys around him were giving him that same fishy stare. He turned to the fellow next to him and smiled tentatively. The man looked back at him, seemed to be taking his courage in his hands, and said:

"Say, what's that get-up you've got on?"

Bob looked down at his clothes. So, all right! The pants didn't match the coat. So, okay! The work socks and shoes (on which the soles were practically flapping off) didn't go with the navy blue pin stripe trousers. So what? Someone told him you junked your clothes at the end of the line. And anyway, who said you had to be elegant entering the Marines?

"Aren't you an actor?" his new found friend inquired doubtfully.

"Sure," said Bob.

"Well, you sure don't look like one!" the guy exploded.

Bob laughed. "Most actors don't," he answered. "You should see Bing Crosby!"

But this didn't completely reassure his friend.

"Well . . ." he started off, tentative again. "Where's your stuff? I mean, didn't you bring anything with you?"

"Nope," Bob replied, this time really smug and pleased with himself. To think he'd gotten away from the female clutches of his mother, his wife, and his mother-in-law, quite free of money belts, stationery, writing portfolios, leather picture frames, sewing kits, toilet kits, cigarette cases, pen and pencil sets, and bill folds, all nicely marked with Marine insignia.

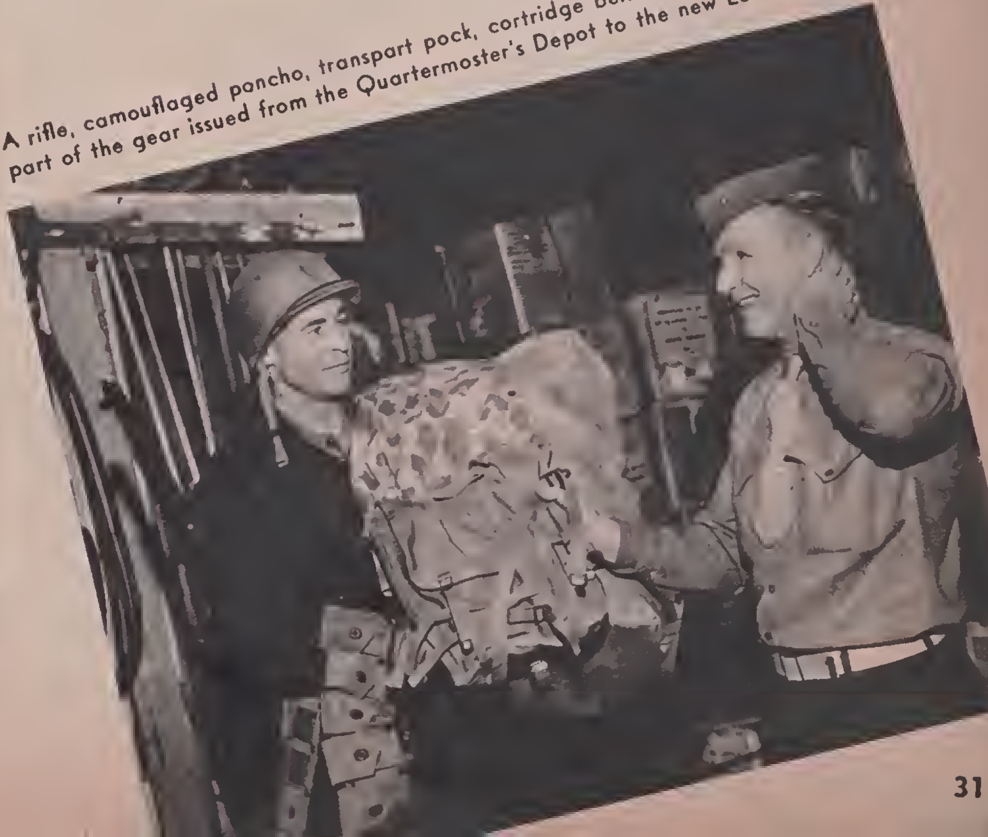
"Yeah, but how do you expect to shave in camp?"

"Oh, they give you all that stuff," Bob replied.

Official Marine Corps photographs

The Dartmouth College heavyweight boxing champ gets a classification interview, and the examiner will decide which branch of the service he's best qualified to serve.

A rifle, camouflaged poncho, transport pack, cartridge belt and mess kit are all part of the gear issued from the Quartermaster's Depot to the new Leatherneck.



MARINE RYAN (CONTINUED)

Bob had a foretaste of the real thing—only for his starring role in the "Raiders," he wore Captain's bars and hobnobbed with officers.

Bob with Pat O'Brien (their commissions donated by RKO). Buddies in the Marine pic, Pat came to Bob's rescue at camp.

The guy shook his head slowly from one side to the other. "Oh, no they don't," he said.

"Say," the guy on Bob's left joined in, "didn't they send you a list of directions?"

"*What* list of directions?"

"The list that tells you what to *bring*!"

"No . . ." A terrified look was beginning to appear on Bob's face. He'd never received any list. A whole drama was suddenly being enacted in his mind's eye. An unshaven face, an angry Drill Instructor, an irate Sergeant, a stern M.P., a cold and lonely brig.

"Hey!" He made a dive for the pleasant looking P.F.C., standing near.

"Back to your seat, Ryan!" came the Sergeant's emphatic voice, "and address your superiors as 'sir'."

"Yes, sir," came the small, weak answer.

But the P.F.C. was still his savior. "I'll get you some stuff," he said. "Give me some dough."

Bob rummaged in the pocket of his frayed suit and came up with a dollar bill.

"This is all I have," he said. "I didn't think we'd need any money, either."

So when the Los Angeles recruits piled off the bus in San Diego, the boys were carrying a variety of bags and suitcases—but Ryan stepped off clutching a crumpled paper sack.

The Marine Base was a familiar sight. Only a few months earlier he had been there with the "Marine Raiders" company, doing location scenes for the picture. But what a difference! Then he'd worn a Captain's bars and had hobnobbed with officers. He and Pat O'Brien were figures of glamour as they moved around the Base for various scenes.

"You ain't glamorous to me," was the look in that Sergeant's face, the one with hash marks half way up his sleeve.

An encouraging Marine had told him when he was here before: "You may run into trouble at first, Bob. People are sort of suspicious of actors." Bob wasn't nervous. He's a big guy and can take care of himself. But he didn't want any trouble.

So the days passed in a confused and hectic daze, yet there wasn't any trouble. One day Bob confessed to a bunk mate about the warning.

"Listen," said the fellow Boot, "most of these guys saw you bat that Jap around in that movie, 'Behind the Rising Sun,' and they're afraid you might be as rugged as you look."

Bob smiled to himself, because that was the ultimate compliment one Marine can give to another. So he was content. He felt he was "in."

They were too busy to get homesick, at least that's what Bob thought. The other "old men" of the platoon seemed to agree. (The "old men" were called "Pop" or "Grand Dad" by the other Boots, and ranged in age from twenty-nine to thirty-four.)

But the kids were different, Bob found out. There was one kid. He was just eighteen.

"I ran away from home when I was fifteen, to join a circus," he told Bob. "I tended elephants." From then on he was Elephant Boy—or if they wanted to be fancy, Sabu.

"Say, my elephants are wonderful! I have three of them to take care of. They love me. They're my friends," the boy would say, and look wistful and sad.

One night Bob was lying on his bunk. The rest of the guys were asleep, he thought. Then he heard a noise. It sounded like someone crying. He crawled out and listened. It was "Sabu," crying his heart out and trying desperately to stifle the sound in the blanket.

"What's the trouble, kid?" Bob asked. The boy didn't answer. "Come on. Spit it out. It'll do you good." And all the time he was thinking: Lord, he's just a kid. He looks about ten years old. "You're homesick, I'll bet," he said, jabbing his fist at the boy's arm.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Do CASANOVAS Make the Best Husbands?

Disguised as a doctor, Casanova Brown (Gary Cooper) invades a maternity ward, kidnaps his own daughter.

Teresa Wright comes back to the screen as Isabel Drury in International's "Casanova Brown" picture.

CASANOVA, the historians tell us, was an Italian author who wrote his memoirs, probably little dreaming that he'd become such a legendary figure and his name applied, hundreds of years later, with such romantic meaning.

Being a Casanova today, as you know, is synonymous with being "a ladies' man."

Scenario writer Nunnally Johnson has created a character called "Casanova Brown." Gary Cooper plays the title role, in the International picture soon to be released by RKO-Radio.

There was a time when Hollywood felt Cooper could play only serious "he-man" roles. But here he is, a screen father for the first time, and the center of this hilarious plot wherein he's a small-town teacher pursued by not just one—but three—beautiful girls, intentions matrimony.

Which brings us to the point of our question. Starting with the premise that men labeled as Casanovas are popular with the fair sex, International Productions and the publishers of Movieland magazine want your opinion: Do Casanovas make the best husbands?

Letters should be addressed to Contest Editor, MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 1476 Broadway, N. Y. C., and should not exceed 100 words.

And now here's a surprise! In addition to the contest editors, the judges will be Teresa Wright and Gary Cooper, in person.

First prize for the best letter is a $500 war bond. Second prize is a beautiful I. J. Fox persian lamb coat, with the new flange sleeves and voluminous turn-back cuffs, and many other prizes. (See list above.)

This beautiful I. J. Fox black persian lamb tuxedo coat, to the 2nd lucky Prize Winner.

Movieland's CASANOVA BROWN $1,125 PRIZE CONTEST

1st prize........................$500 war bond
2nd prize..................$300 I. J. Fox fur coat
3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th prizes....$25 each in war bonds
7th Lucky Prize...$225 in War Stamps in packets of $1.00 each for the next best 225 letters

$500 War Bond donated by International Pictures
Fur coat donated by I. J. Fox, Fifth Ave., New York

Rules:

1. Write a letter of not more than 100 words explaining why you think Casanovas do (or do not) make the best husbands. Give reasons.
2. Submit one entry only.
3. Anyone may enter the contest except employes of International Pictures and Hillman Periodicals, Inc.
4. Entries must be sent to Contest Editor, Movieland Magazine, 1476 Broadway, New York, N. Y., postmarked not later than midnight, October 5th, 1944.
5. In cases of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. All letters become the property of Movieland, Inc.
7. The contest will be judged by Contest Editors of Movieland, and Teresa Wright and Gary Cooper. Decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S CASANOVA CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME ....

STREET ....

CITY .... STATE..........

Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter

Few fans would identify Alan from the characters he played in commercial films, yet they furthered his acting career, gave him dramatic experience.

THE LUCKY LADD

BY ALAN LADD

(As told to Marion Cooper)

THE worst thing about turning points in your life is that you rarely recognize them as such, until after they've happened. Or maybe that's the *best* thing about them—at least for a worrying kind of guy like me.

I get into a stew about every decision I have to make. If I could have known in advance that certain decisions were to change the very course of my life, I'm sure my hair would be snow white by now.

I guess the logical place to start is with the first big change in my life, when I was seven. We were living in Denver, when my mother and stepfather decided to move to California. Not just like that, though. There had been months of debate, with Mother against the idea. I sided with Father, because to me the proposed trip across country in our ancient Ford represented Adventure.

I'd already had a taste of adventure, with quite disastrous results, the year before.

It happened on the Fourth of July, when Mother made the mistake of going downtown with a neighbor, and leaving me to my own devices. The neighbor's little boy had no reputation for great goodness, so his mother had prudently tied him to a tree (*Continued on page* 79)

On the set of his latest picture, "Two Years Before the Mast." While in the Army Air Corps, sixty newspapers voted Laddie to be "the most popular actor," awarded him this trophy (at right).

Alan Ladd

By AVERY CARROLL

A CHANCE FOR ROMANCE

Too young to be old, Deanna claims the right now to be gay and carefree. She wants dancing and romancing, dates that aren't serious. It's catching up on things she has missed.

Deanna takes time out for her teens. It's as simple as that . . . she wants to recapture the youth she never had

"Goadnight, Dickie bay" . . . it was a message intended for her three-year-old nephew. But the columnists picked it up and made their own guesses.

Celebrating her twenty-second birthday, Deonna gave a party an the "Christmas Holiday" set.

The rule is that Canteen warkers can't make dotes with service men. All the same, when Durbin is there (which is usually on Tuesday nights) she gets mony invitations.

Deanno has many things in camman with Anne Shirley, who's her best friend. They agree an oll subjects, enjoy shared canfidences, have the same interests.

WHEN Miss Deanna Durbin actually falls in love again, and decides to marry the lucky man, the announcement will come formally from her parents. It will be attended by the same dignity and restraint as characterized her first engagement and marriage.

Meanwhile, you may discount all the questioning little lines printed about her being enamoured of this or that highly interesting citizen.

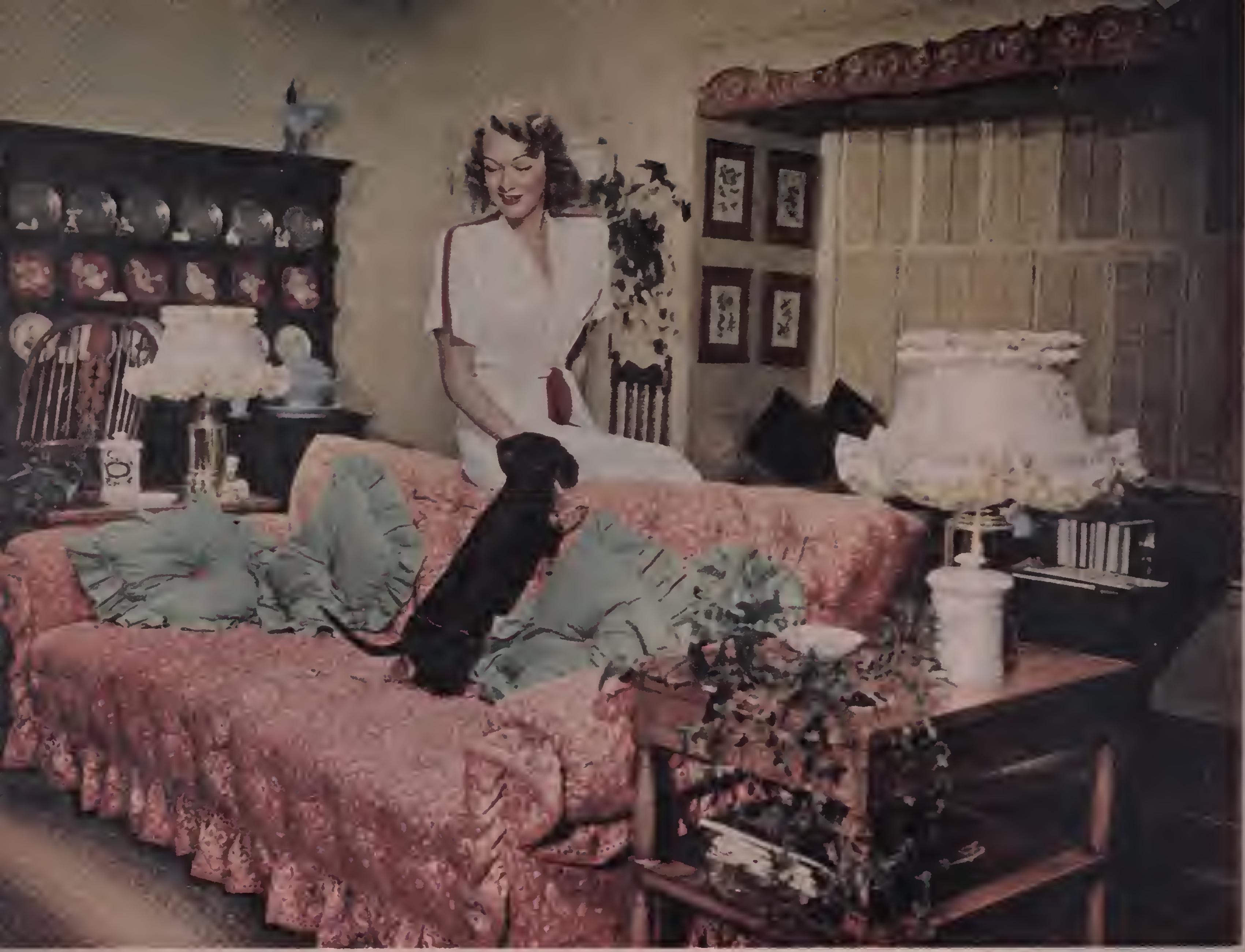
That many eligible gentlemen are interested in beautiful Deanna is only natural. But as for marriage, the facts are these: Deanna's interlocutory decree was handed down on December 14, 1943, so matrimony until December 15, 1944—at the earliest—is an impossibility for her.

As to re-marriage in California there are two laws: first, one must be legally free; second, one must have a party of the second part.

Those who know Deanna well, hence respect her fineness and general integrity, will be glad to take your sizable bet that she won't marry for at least another two years. She has some very important girlhood years to replace. After all, she grew up as a business woman.

At an age when other girls were worrying about what to wear to the high school sophomore prom, Deanna was working half a day before the (*Continued on page* 86)

With Fred de Cardova, at the Mocambo. No matter where she goes, it storts rumors; her every escart is eyed os being a candidate for marrioge. Yes, Deanno—it's the price af being a celebrity!

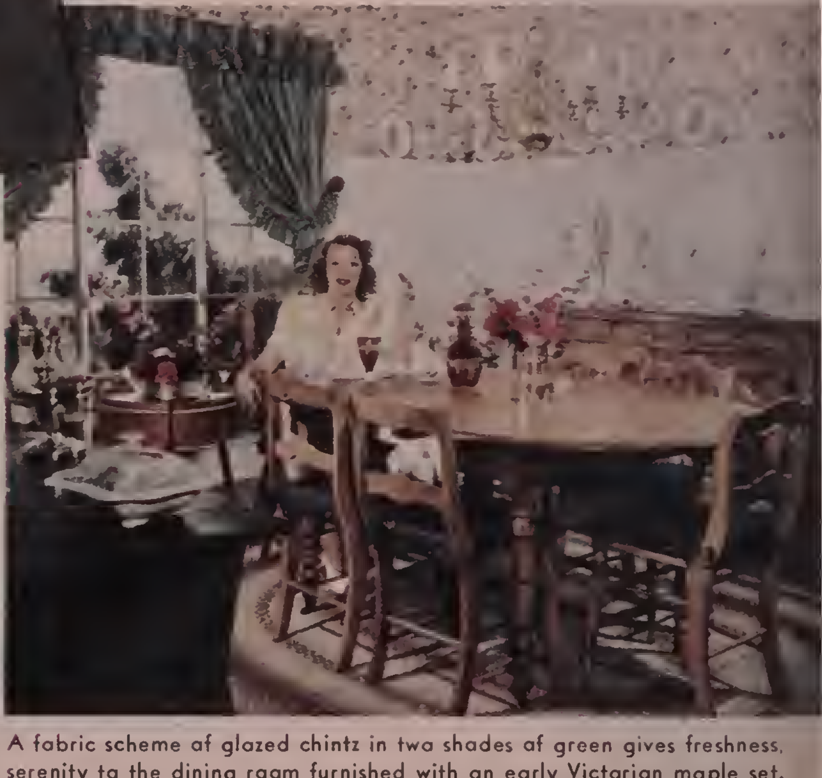


While Miss Arden's living room can hardly be called quaint, the simple cotton print couch covering was a logical selection. Gay and bright, still it's consistent with the end tables (which are copies of French plant tables); with the French oil lamps and Yorkshire Windsor chair.

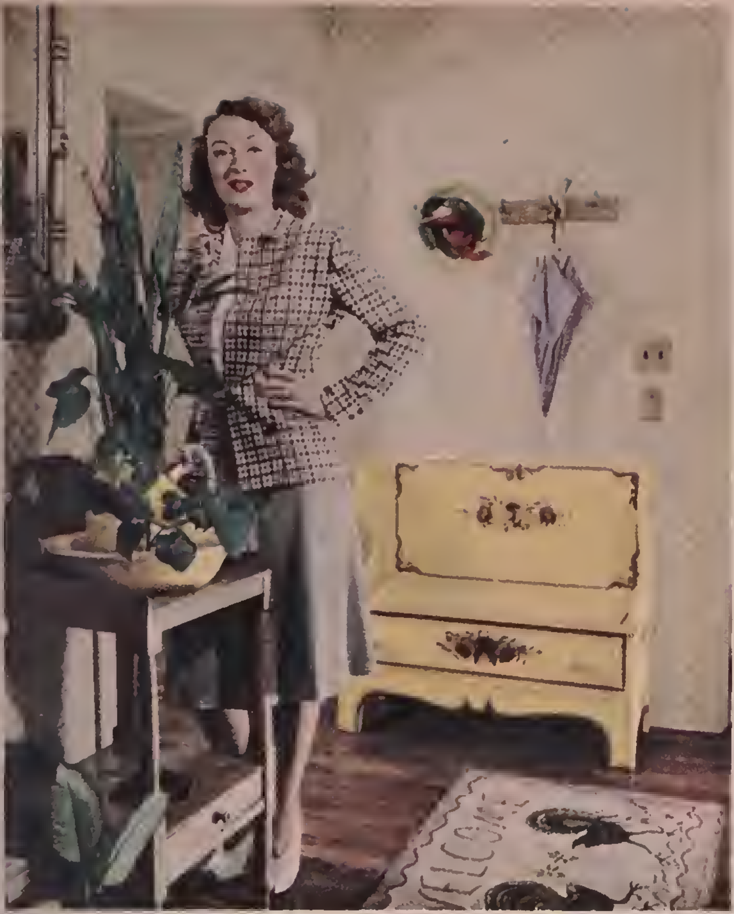
PERFECTLY PERIOD

HOLLYWOOD has turned a new trick—with "period homes" that are modern. And probably with no better result, for being completely pleasing and at the same time in tune with the demands for modern living, than has been accomplished by Eve Arden, Warner Bros. star whom you'll see next in "The Doughgirls."

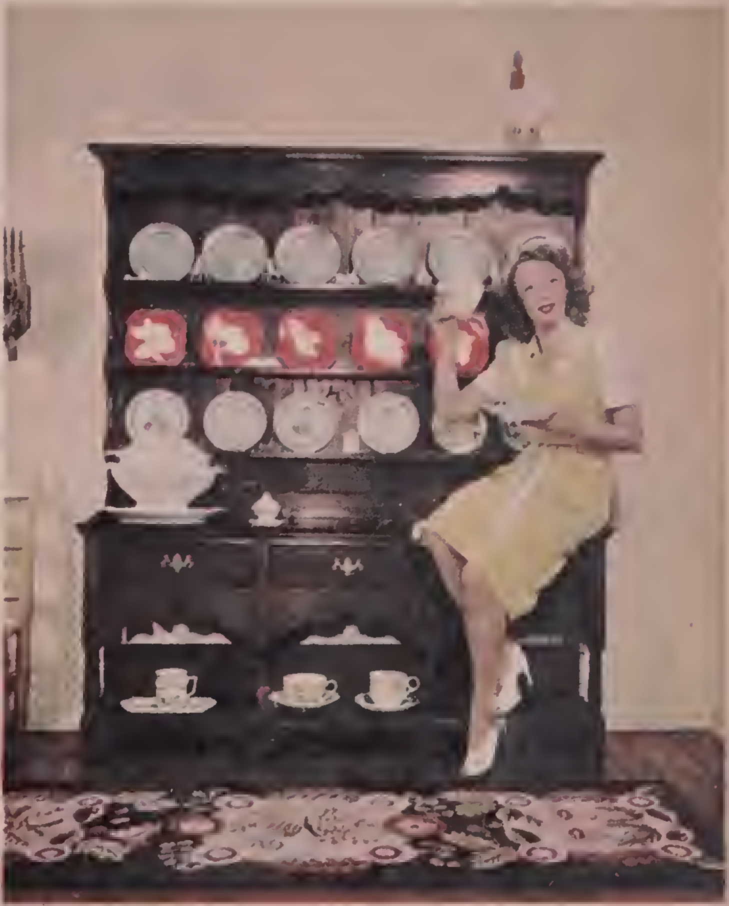
Miss Arden did the entire decorating and furnishing job for her Hollywood "house on a hill" in less than three months, so that her husband (Ned Bergen) might see it complete before he went into the Army. But rushed as she was, working so against time (and she did much of the painting and drape-making herself), you'll note that it's thoroughly consistent. Which is the important "do," if you're striving for an inspired effect from using old furniture pieces in a modern setting.



A fabric scheme of glazed chintz in two shades of green gives freshness, serenity to the dining room furnished with an early Victorian maple set. Drum table by the window is a Revolutionary War drum; Spode china on the sideboard of Mayflower pattern; the glassware is Bohemian.

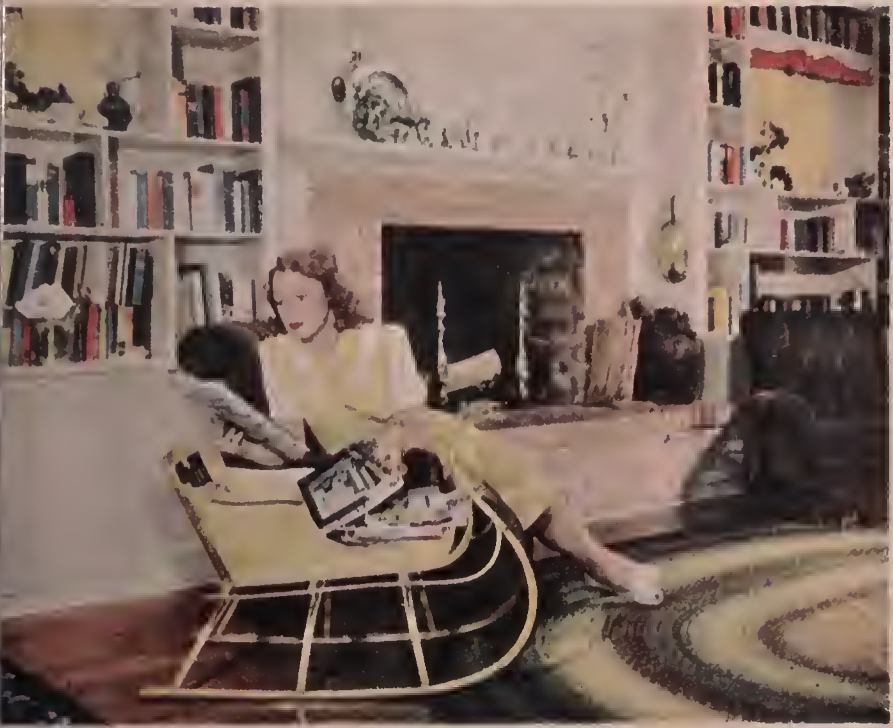


It's no chance accident that this old straw hat should be hanging in the entrance hall. The parasol, too—they're part of the decor. The yellow seat is a restored Hitchcock bench; maple table is an old converted washstand. The sampler on the floor is new.

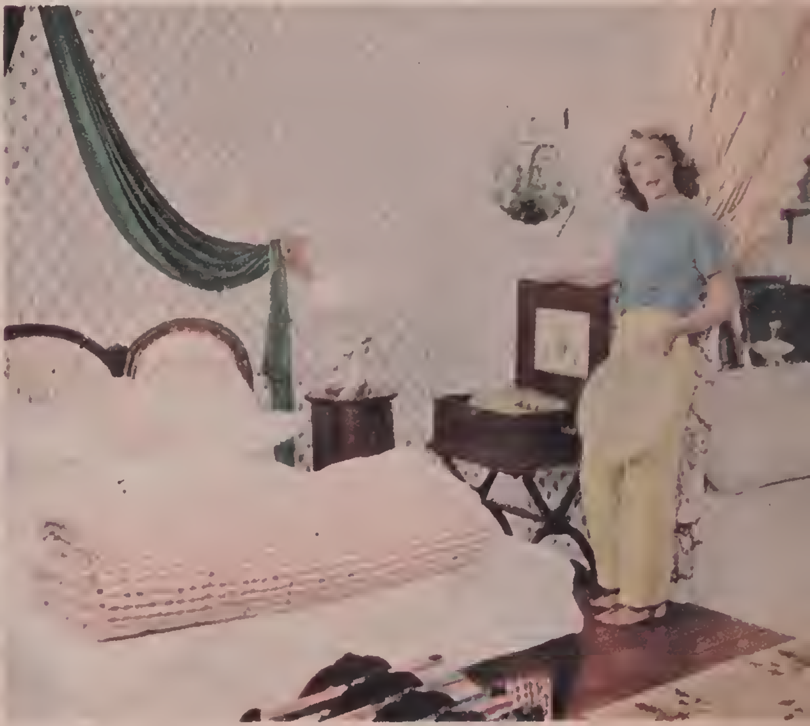


Close-up view of the Welsh cupboard in the living room, showing how Miss Arden displays her fine old pewter plates and collection of Jean Mannley pottery (top row); red and white plates (center) are new; the white plates with green (bottom row) are old French.

Eve Arden's home is Country Victorian all tied together in cheerful uniformity. Her antics with antiques are original but cozily practical



Ingenious conversions are a specialty in this house, which is what makes it so charming. A child's sleigh serves both as a table and magazine rack; copper mortar and pestle on the bookshelf is a place to deposit mail. And note the hurricane lamps above the fireplace.



A victorian bedroom, with mahogany bed made from a Victorian sofa; round night tables (Victorian commodes); an old music box, which really works. Italian pinewood cupids at either side of the green glazed chintz swag are a century old.

Remember Dane in "Destination Tokyo"? (The scene here is with William Prince, Bob Hutton and John Garfield.) Soon you'll be seeing him in "The Very Thought of You," which is his next.

WE NOMINATE

Dane Clark

BECAUSE he's a man who's been through much, who now knows what he wants, and what he wants is acting. . . . BECAUSE he walked quite serenely into "Destination Tokyo" and "Action In The North Atlantic" and took scenes away from the likes of Cary Grant, John Garfield, and Humphrey Bogart. He will be seen shortly in "The Very Thought of You" and "Hollywood Canteen" . . . BECAUSE after a very successful career on Broadway, he came to California to see what pictures were like, and whether he enjoyed them before he was taken into the army. Born in New York City about 30 years ago, Dane worked his way through high school, Cornell University, and St. John's Law School. Among his many methods of acquiring tuition money were playing professional baseball and football and boxing in amateur circles. The watches he won in four or ten rounds of scrapping were invariably hocked as soon as the competition was over. . . . BECAUSE, after passing his New York Bar examination, he discovered that the one legal opening he had been aiming for through school had been given to a relative of the boss. His introduction to acting came when he was dared to try for a part on Broadway, and he not only got the part but found that the stage paid more dough than he had made up to then. He subsequently was George in "Of Mice and Men," Babyface Martin in "Dead End," and appeared in "Stage Door," "Golden Boy," and "Panic," among other plays. . . . BECAUSE, four years after he had lightheartedly slapped on greasepaint for the first time, he fell in love with his profession with a passion and humbleness which we have seldom seen equalled. . . . BECAUSE he has a definitely mad sense of humor, is 5'10", has brown eyes and a shock of brown hair, and claims "a Joe Doakes appearance." . . . BECAUSE we think his sincerity will reach motion picture audiences. . . . We believe that these things will eventually bring him to stardom.

FOR STARDOM

Jeanne Crain

BECAUSE in "Home in Indiana" her performance portraying a young girl has seldom been equalled for sweetness and naturalness. And she is actually in real life pretty much that same girl. . . . BECAUSE her studio, 20th Century-Fox, feels she has such capabilities that they've put her into "In the Meantime, Darling," "Winged Victory," and are now in the process of buying five years' worth of stories for her. . . . BECAUSE she is that legendary quantity, a native Californian, and was brought up in Westwood, a mere ten minutes from Fox. She had a happy, commonplace childhood, went to St. Mary's Academy and UCLA, and took care of a sister two years younger than she. She was in high school plays and never intended to go into pictures. . . . BECAUSE she was seen in the audience of a Max Reinhardt production by studio talent scouts who had come to see the actors on the stage, and was so attractive that they promptly forgot everything but getting her telephone number and her signature on a contract. Off-screen, she does portraits in oils and pastels and takes Spanish lessons "in case I ever go to Mexico." . . . BECAUSE she is 5′4″, has wide-set hazel eyes that look dreamy, and abundant reddish-brown hair. She neither smokes nor drinks. Her ambition is to "play people with character," and she'd have died with happiness if they had let her do Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." . . . BECAUSE her favorite thespians are such able men and women as Gregory Peck, Ingrid Bergman and Vivian Leigh, and she hopes one day to do half as well as they. . . . BECAUSE she is well-bred without being dull, a young girl without being a child, and has a freshness about her which has not been seen since her idol, Miss Bergman, first stepped across a set in "Intermezzo." . . . We think that, with these attributes, she should go far.

Many girls want to get into pictures, and don't; Jeanne had no intention of it, and did. Such things do happen. She was one of Lon McAllister's competing girl friends in "Home in Indiana."

Gene Kelly

KEEPING UP WITH the Kellys

By MARCIA DAUGHTREY

You can call it the luck o' the Irish.
Happy at home, his career going great guns—
everything Gene dreamed of wanting, he has!

SHE descended the stairway leading to Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, with a pert swish of brief velvet skating skirt. She was very proud of her outfit, which consisted of the underpinning just mentioned, topped by a snug, padded black velvet jacket. On her dark auburn hair she wore a mere gesture of a hat consisting of a bunch of deep purple violets. She was just sixteen.

She saw a pleasant-faced man with smooth black hair and an air of good-humored relaxation. His white shirt was unbuttoned at the throat, and his sleeves were rolled up.

"Is Mr. Rose here?" the visitor asked with great authority.

The gentleman in shirt-sleeves shook his head. "Sorry. Is there anything I can do for you?"

There is nothing so cool as the peremptoriness of a lass of sixteen. She indicated an appointment card that she had received through the mail. "Mr. Rose sent me this," she said in the tone of a prosecuting attorney, "asking me to be here at one o'clock. I've given up my lunch hour to come here, so I should think the least he could do . . ."

"Why don't you come back tomorrow?" asked the

The Kellys three. Little Kerry, when she was a miss of merely four months; her actor father and her actress mother.

Following the war is a major interest of Gene's. "Christmas Holiday" is his current picture (Universal produced) his next is MGM's "Ziegfeld Follies."

Bicycle built for one . . . but it accommodates two when Gene takes the day off for a spin.

Life on the Kelly plan: guests every Saturday night; a friendly game of croquet when Gene's schedule at the studio will permit. All fun, and without fuss.

Okay, so it's being a ham! But what father isn't? Gene is a real family man; wants four children, boys, too. All the same, he's all for having his wife resume her career on the stage.

the Kellys CONTINUED

calm character, taking the whole thing in his stride

Miss Betsy Blair (born Betsy Boger) said with some asperity that she would try to return the next day. And she went back up the stairs, her skirts bristling with exasperation. She had no way of knowing, of course, that she had just met her future husband, and that, in the summer of 1944, she would be telling him goodbye each morning as he left to work for M-G-M in "Ziegfeld Follies."

What concerned her far more, at the time, was her discovery the next day that she had met—in the person of the open-collared gentleman—Mr. Billy Rose's dance director, one Gene Kelly. She had been plainly snippy to him, and she spent several uneasy moments in the chorus lineup, wondering if he might consider that a lady's annoyance affected her dancing ability.

She breathed her first sigh of relief when she was told to step out of line and execute a few standard dance steps. These, she breezed through. She was then ordered to the sideline chairs to await the second winnowing. At the end of the final series of tests, Miss Blair learned that, for several months, she was going to be taking instruction from the man she had upstaged. Oddly enough the prospect intrigued, rather than dismayed, her.

It is standard procedure for chorus girls to have a crush on the dance director, so Betsy pursued this normal course, disguising it as best she knew how. When, after several weeks rehearsal, she happened to be leav-

A cooperative household, all the way—even when it come to the preparing of baby's bottles. But Kerry is past that stage now, being practically two years old. (Her birthday is in October.)

A night out and dancing at The Players. First time Betsy met Gene he was dance instructor for Billy Rose, she was an applicant for the chorus. All very romantic, because it was love at first sight and they married.

ing the building at the same time Gene was and he said casually, "Going out for lunch? Well, then, let's have a sandwich together," she managed to nod impersonally.

After that, they began to spend their noon hours together. However, there were usually other people with them, making up a group. Betsy celebrated her seventeenth birthday at one of these gatherings and, upon being drawn out, admitted that she had been graduated from High School when she was fifteen. "Precocious little wench, weren't you?" someone observed.

"Darned right," grinned Betsy. "I was smart. I skipped grades. I loved school . . . everything, even math. Then, when I wanted to go to Sarah Lawrence College and was interviewed, can you imagine how I felt at being told that, not only was I merely fifteen, hence too young—but that I was a *young* fifteen. So I got a job in the chorus, where youth is no handicap."

Gene Kelly laughed. He had always liked pretty girls with sparkle, but this one had other attributes as well: intelligence and a sense of humor. When the Diamond Horseshoe closed, he kept in touch with Betsy. He went to work in "Pal Joey" and Betsy got a job in "Panama Hattie." When "Hattie" closed, Betsy went on to Saroyan's "Beautiful People."

After their respective shows, Betsy and Gene met at Louis Bergen's and had steaks highly flavored by the conversations of theatrical people who made the spot their rendezvous. It was there that Betsy came to know Gene's food phobias. His idea (*Continued on page* 68)

As most recently photographed. Kelly wants his daughter to be an actress when she grows up—like her mother. Betsy's last plays before retirement: "Panama Hattie" and "Beautiful People."

1944			OCTOBER			1944
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

LARAINE DAY

TO BE intensively individual, and yet to need the close cooperation of those with whom she is surrounded, is the biggest problem 1944 is solving for this lovely daughter of the Sign Libra.

Through bitter disappointment, the last four years have been teaching her to be discriminating without losing trust, to be equal to the big plans of those who hold her interests at heart, and to develop a personality of her own which will, before the next year is half over, find her suddenly at the top, through the fulfillment of the most demanding role of her career.

This is partially because she has helped others, as well as taken the opportunities presented her with firm decision and rare good judgment.

Partnership matters have been upsetting because her own keen mentality has given her the knowledge that she was usually right in her attitude and actions; but a natural unrest occurred because others entered into a partnership relation which was not always either pleasant or profitable.

This was especially prominent during the first of 1944, but should have been well adjusted by now. June brought a better understanding around the 20th, and any separate angle was then cleared up and, in the light of her career, which means so much to her, adjusted on a more permanent basis.

With Uranus in her first House at birth, she will always do the unexpected—usually with good results, since Uranus is ruler of that House, and her basic character is one of honesty and a real desire to help others on their way. Few stars have the opportunities 1944 brings the beautiful Laraine, especially after June, in the realization of their dreams and ambitions.

Jupiter conjunct Neptune in the sign Leo has brought her a steady ambition regarding her profession, the fulfillment of which has meant far more to her than the financial advantages involved. This may seem strange, but it is the fire back of all true genius. Laraine is a genius, for she has sublimated much at a great cost, to gain the chance to prove herself worthy of the place she holds today—and of the high place she will occupy in some near tomorrow.

Libra . . . for those persons born between September 24 and October 23

THIS amazing year has wrought such big changes, with such rapidity, that doubtless most Libra natives are still pinching themselves, wondering if it is just blind luck, or a more lasting quality which has made for their success.

Courage, especially commendable on your part, has brought you your rewards. Naturally timid by nature, desirous of harmony and happy cooperation, it is difficult for you to make your own judgments and demand what you know you are worthy of having, and at the same time please everybody concerned as well as yourself.

If you have not allowed others to coerce you into promises beyond your ability to fulfill, if you have accepted new freedoms and kept your head during any sudden rise to prominence, you are nicely set for a long time on that fulfillment of your personal goal.

New friends add to your appreciation of the nicer things, and old friends will still add zest to living if you forgive whatever seemed so bewilderingly unfair in the conduct of someone dear to you during the first of the year.

However, do not be too trusting in matters concerning signing of papers, especially concerning property deals. Remember, you have your own future to consider, and plan it to be as peaceful as it promises—not trusting entirely to others to do so for you.

Don't allow your mental worries to affect your health, and you are sure of having a continuous prosperity during the year to come.

Your Problem and Mine

BY Bonita Granville

When the problems get too tough, Bonita's mother is always standing by to aid with the advice rendering.

It's no fun to have a problem you can't solve, especially when you're in the early 'teens. Then it seems as if all the advice you get from grown-ups is pretty dull and mostly wrong. But here's someone who wants to help you: Write to Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California

Dear Miss Granville:

I am almost sixteen years old, and I would like you to help me with my problem.

You see I am in love with a boy who lives in Boston, and I know he likes me very much. But twice he has broken a date with me, and then later on those same evenings friends of mine have told me that they have seen him with another girl.

He is going into the Army this summer, and he says we can be engaged then.

Should I just forget about those broken dates and go ahead with the engagement?

Thanks for your help. I'll be looking for your answer.

Sincerely,
Catherine P.

Dear Catherine:

First of all, I definitely believe you are too young to be engaged. And secondly, those broken dates you speak of should act as a warning to you to refrain from getting too serious with the boy.

Instead, why not try to ease your relationship with him into one of friendship, and play 'hard to get' with him. That always works out because if he is seriously interested in you he will value your dates that much more, try harder to get them, and then keep them.

Remember that a boy never respects a girl who runs after him—so give the new method a try.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am so miserable at home that I must write to you and ask your advice on my problem.

Although I am seventeen, I just don't get along with anyone at home. Everyone argues with me, and my sisters and brothers make fun of me and nag me all the time, and then my parents take their side of the argument all the time.

This makes me so mad and unhappy that I don't know whether to quit school and go away or just what to do.

Yours truly,
Lucy S.

Dear Lucy:

The best and only way to get along in this world is to start by getting along at home. After all, if you can't get along with the members of your family, don't you think there may be some blame attached to you?

I suggest that you try to see the other person's point of view the next time you are involved in arguments at home, and you will be surprised to find that you may have unconsciously always placed yourself on the "right" side and everyone else on the other side of the fence.

This is excellent training for the future, because in business you must get along with people even if you KNOW you are right, while here at home you have a fair chance in an argument.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

My boyfriend is in camp in the South, and I write to him every day.

He writes wonderful letters to me, saying he still loves me and all that, but the problem I have is that he also writes the same kind of letters to my sister.

Also, he always mentions her in the letters he writes to me, and it makes me furious.

Do you think that it is right for him to write love letters to my sister when he is engaged to me?

Sincerely
Anne.

Dear Anne:

Evidently the boy is not in love with either of you if he continues to write love letters to both of you simultaneously.

Why not try answering his letters with a lighter, more general style the next few times, making them less personal and newsier and chattier, the way you would write to an old friend—and then see if he answers in the same style.

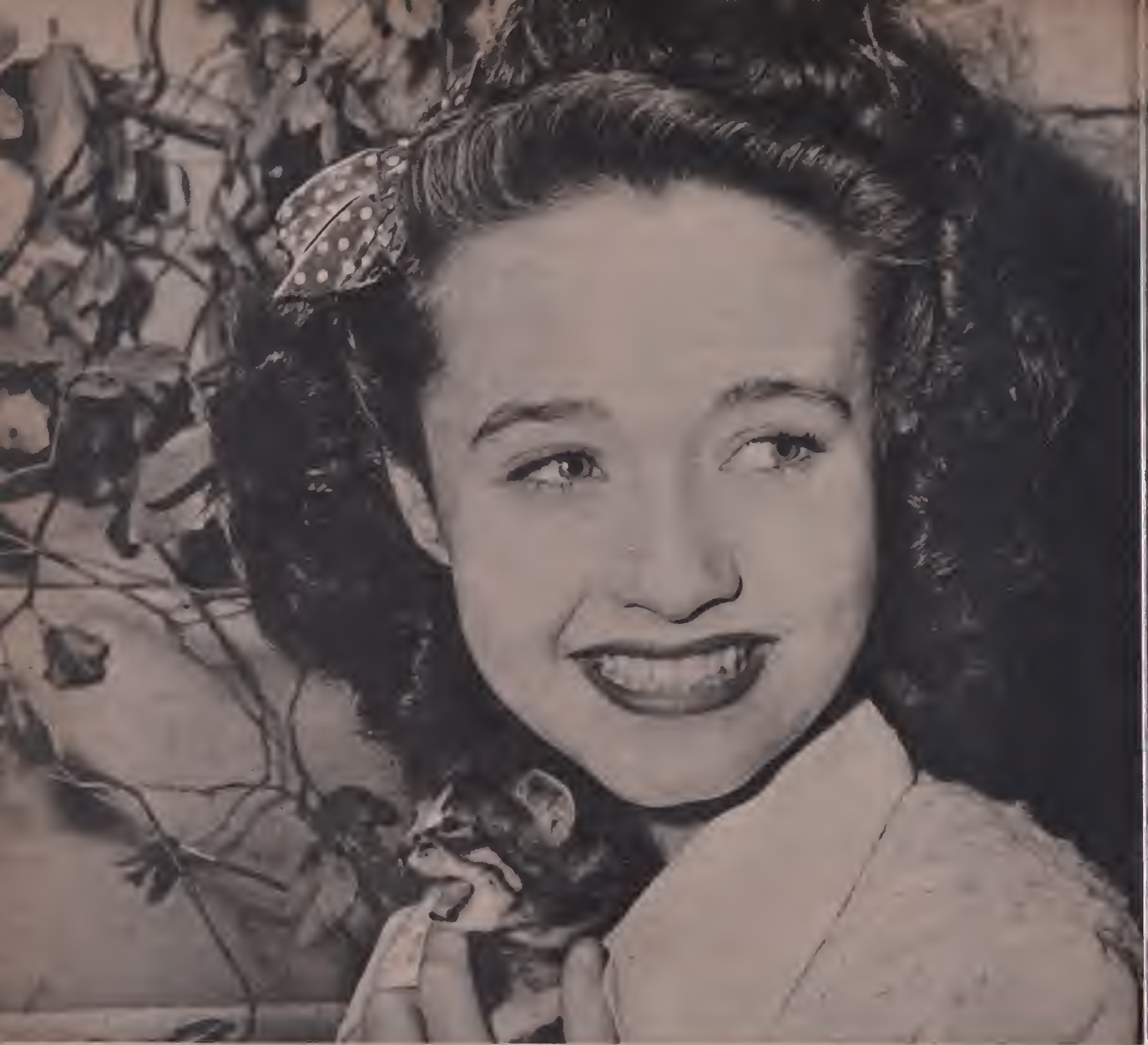
If so, then you can be sure he is glad of the opportunity to slip out of a serious relationship with you, and you will be spared the unhappiness of having this happen during your next meeting with him.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I have fallen in love with a soldier, and although I am only sixteen, I love him

(Continued on page 66)



Girl from Portland makes good! Jane Powell, 15-year-old new singing discovery. (Below, pictures of her hometown visit.)

Singing over Oregon's station KOIN.

The soil of Portland, from the mayor.

By **KATHERINE LAKE**

NOT DICK, NOT WILLIAM . . . JANE

THE SINGING, DANCING POWELL!

THEY are still telling the story around NBC. It happened last spring, during one of the late April Bergen-McCarthy-Snerd broadcasts. One of those Olympian women with the chest expansion of a hippo, told her next-seat neighbor in a Gargantuan whisper, "There's Jane Powell, sitting over at one side of the stage. She's going to sing in a minute. They say she's only a little girl, and they dress her that way, but when she stands up and begins to sing, you'll note that her voice is mature. She's no adolescent."

Just in front of this omniscient one was a slim, quiet woman who had obviously reached the end of her patience. "I happen to know Jane Powell and her father and mother," she said hotly. "I happen to *know* that she's only fifteen!"

The ample one simply glared.

Those of you who have seen "Song Of The Open Road" will understand both sides of the controversy. Jane is obviously a fifteen-year-old girl with starry blue eyes, a dimpled face, and a shock of chestnut hair. She is also owner and operator of an astonishingly mature voice, supple with curves of gold, rich with a distillate of rubies, soft and sweet like custard pie.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in a short and remarkable life to date is that Jane's career happened to her in much the same manner that a venison dinner happens to the average family: by courtesy of the neighbors.

Jane was born in Portland, Oregon, on April 1, 1929 (a birthday that has always caused her considerable embarrassment among her school mates). Her legal name is Suzanne Burce. Her father, Paul E.

Honored pupil of Beoumont school

Jane tries her old desk, visits ex-teachers.

Greeted by her old school principal.

JANE

Well now, look who's here! It's Jimmy, a young Orang-Utang from the St. Louis zoo.

Her part in "Song of the Open Road" completed, Jane went to New York, then toured army camps.

Jane's first introduction to Hollywood was as guest soloist on the Bergen-McCarthy radio show. Metro soon had her name on a contract.

At the Stage Door Canteen, Jane chats with a pair of admiring sailors—one is British, one American.

Burce, was a salesman for a company manufacturing infants' food; Mrs. Burce had always wanted to be an actress, but had married too happily and too young to give a post-wedding career the slightest consideration.

Naturally, she decided that young Suzanne was to learn dancing. Suzanne showed early ability along those lines and participated in her first dance recital when she was four; she was a terrific success. She seemed to have a natural sense of rhythm and an indigenous understanding of music. In the evening, after she had practiced dance steps until she was weary, she made it a habit to sit on the floor in front of the radio and sing with the vocalists. Before long she knew the lyric of every popular song and could cling to a band accompaniment without flaw

Enter: the neighbors. One evening a family friend happened to pause in the midst of a bridge game to direct a searching glance toward Suzanne. Once having made certain that it was really Suzanne who was uttering those delightful sounds, the neighbors said with energy, "That child has a remarkable voice. It should be trained."

Mother and Father Burce were pleased that their daughter made comfortable music but they didn't take the Galli-Curci suggestions very seriously. A few

Entertaining canvalescents at Bowes General Hospital, in Portland. "High Among the Stars" is her next picture, with Aherne and Hayward.

weeks later a second neighbor, stopping in for a brief chat, caught Suzanne at her radio ritual and told Mrs. Burce that it surely wouldn't do any harm to give the child vocal lessons along with her dancing. "Remarkable voice," said the neighbor, "remarkable!"

So, when Suzanne was eleven, Mrs. Burce took her to a vocal teacher who had been highly recommended. Rather tentatively Mrs. Burce said that "many people seemed to think" that Suzanne had a pleasant voice. Would the teacher listen to her, to see if she had any possibilities? The teacher, plagued no doubt by many shrill and adenoidal young hopefuls, motioned Suzanne mechanically to the piano, explained what was expected of the human larynx, and pounced on a few chords.

Suzanne pounced, too. Her nimble voice leaped its way prankishly from height to height like a monkey in a ladder factory.

After applying to Suzanne the most arduous of tests, the teacher said cautiously that with training and application Suzanne might well develop a remarkable voice. The teacher did not stand and shout "Excelsior," but residents of the district remarked afterward that something strongly resembling (*Continued on page* 72)

By **KATE HOLLIDAY**

A flattering curvette of velvet bows and pink gardenias, pink gloves, pearls high on the neck and gold bracelet —it's these little touches that make you look finished.

'THE FACE' *Speaks*

Anita Colby is to modelling what Frank Sinatra is to his racket. His nickname is The Voice—hers is The Face

Fashions are fun to Anita Colby and beauty is her business. She qualifies for advising the stars, having been a model once herself

Glamour which accentuates the importance of good grooming. The new part-in-the-middle coiffure, built high to suit the shape of the face, back hair in a net.

Dressy dinner suit—basic black wool skirt with a gold damask jacket. Buttons are jet, black satin pillbox is worn the new way: far to one side, like a curvette.

Above, costume completeness with midnight blue suit; blouse and lining, hot pink shantung. Hat and gloves are always "musts." (See contrast, right)

ANITA COLBY broke into the "pretty picture" field in 1935. Then twenty, she was seen, signed, and extolled to advertising agencies by John Powers. Previous to this, she had absorbed a snatch or two of education at St. Agnes Seminary in New York and Miss Madeira's in Washington, D. C. There she majored in French, English and Art, with the emphasis on design and illustration.

With the first quick flash of the Colby pics before the guys who are interested in such things, Powers found he had a winner. Anita began appearing on more magazine covers and in more advertisements than she could have attempted to count. She wound up as the top model in the business.

But that wasn't enough for Colby. Neither was starting many other models in the trade and seeing them make good. Neither was assisting Harry Conover, himself a model, in the formation of his own agency. Neither was a contract with RKO for a year's work on such films as "Mary of Scotland," "The Bride Walks Out," and "Walking On Air."

(Continued on page 84)

HI, GOOD people. Though summer is over, music is still here. So if you'll stop admiring your tans for a few minutes and sound your "a's," I'll give you the downbeat, and we'll get on with the business at hand.

HOLLYWOOD STUFF:

Bob Crosby finished "My Baby Loves Music," his last picture for Universal, packed away his baton, said goodbye to his pals and was off to the Marines. He is now Lt. George Robert Crosby, and is stationed at Camp Elliot in San Diego. He may take a Marine band overseas.

Harry James is back in Hollywood after his record-breaking engagement at the Hotel Astor in New York and some very profitable one-nighters. His next picture for M-G-M may be "Trumpet Man," a semi-biographical story of Harry's life. Incidentally, "The Horn" was sued in Los Angeles recently by Helen Ward, his ex-vocalist, who claimed Harry broke his year contract with her after only five months. Helen says she isn't mad at Harry personally—but, after all, "business is business."

The Jimmy Dorsey band finished their chores in Metro's "Lost In a Harem" and treked over to Warner Bros. for a big musical spot in "Hollywood Canteen."

Dick Haymes will be Betty Grable's leading man in "Diamond Horseshoe," her first picture since becoming

Words of Music

Sweet nothings whispered at the Palladium! John Conte and fiancee, Marilyn Maxwell.

Jo Stafford, June Hutton at gin rummy. Kibitzers: the Pied Pipers, Johnny Mercer, and Jill.

a mamma. Dick's beautiful wife, Joanne Marshall, has been turning down movie offers on the average of one a week. Richard says "No."

Deanna Durbin is all smiles because her new picture, "Can't Help Singing," will have a wonderful score by Jerome Kern.

Frank Sinatra really started something with this swooner crooner business. In "Here Come The Waves," the Bing Crosby-Betty Hutton picture now shooting, Bing plays a Sinatra-like character who joins the Navy to escape the girls. And Paramount has started production on "Out Of This World," in which Eddie Bracken will portray a crooner boy. But when you see Eddie give out with the sighing tones, you'll be hearing Bing's voice—for "The Groaner" is doing all the recording.

Speaking of Sinatra, wait until you get a load of him in a sailor suit dancing a horn pipe with Gene Kelly in his Metro picture, "Anchors Aweigh." Frank plays the part of a lonely gob who can't get a date with a girl. (That's a switch). Gene has been teaching Frank his dance routines. Tripping the light fantastic must agree with "Glamour Boy" because he has gained weight. Or maybe it's the California climate.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Decca: Lots of choice things on the Decca menu this month. First we have another New York show album, "Connecticut Yankee" with (*Continued on page* 74)

Dick Haymes tries his luck with the harp in rehearsal for his "Everything far the Bays" rodia show. Helen Forrest and Canductar Gordan Jenkins can't stand it!

"I have taa gat a chest!" says Frank Sinatra. And he just pulls up his sweoter to prove it to Shirley Rass, Francis Langford, Bob Hape, Judy Garland, and Lena Horne. Occasian: "Cammand Perfarmance".

Tammy Darsey, the "Sentimental Gentleman," Jill Warren, Mrs. Tommy (Pat Dane), and Brother Jimmy stap dancing and show their teeth far the cameraman at Jimmy Darsey's opening at the Palladium.

BY JILL WARREN

(M-G-M)

DRAGON SEED

PRODUCED on a large and impressive scale, "Dragon Seed" runs two hours and 25 minutes and depicts the drama of Chinese peasants rising to resist the Jap invaders.

There are stirring climaxes aplenty, and tense moments more vivid than any warfront newsreel, as gradually the people are led from a general attitude of passive resignation to one of active resistance, combining in force.

One witnesses the revolt of the old against the new, the progress forged in the gigantic struggle for self-preservation. The film picks up the theme of the Pearl Buck story and develops it even further—giving a title, "All Men Are Brothers," to the unnamed book mentioned in the novel.

But if setting the mood and interpreting the people was the intent of the rather slow to unfold preamble to the real first act of the drama, we must question the success of the attempt; for the Occidental representation of Chinese characters—however fine their acting and their costumes and make-up—is not always convincing.

Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Agnes Moorehead, Turhan Bey and Henry Travers have the principal roles. Mr. Huston is the farmer Ling Tan; Aline MacMahon, his obedient wife; Miss Hepburn is Jade, the wife of Ling Tan's second son (Mr. Bey); Tamiroff is the son-in-law who becomes the local Quisling; and Miss Moorehead, the wife of a third cousin.

J. Carrol Naish, Hurd Hatfield, Robert Bice, Frances Rafferty and Robert Lewis handle the supporting roles.

Five Best Pictures MOVIELAND'S of the Month

BOAT STATION

(Paramount)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY

TAKEN from Cornelia Otis Skinner's book of the same name, the film version of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" is authentic for the most part, and the incidents which have been added are every bit as "really funny."

Gail Russell portrays Miss Skinner with a smooth finesse and a flair for deadpan comedy not revealed in her two previous screen appearances. Diana Lynn breaks out of her kid-sister roles in the part of Emily Kimbrough, and her brand of chatter is delightful.

The story, as probably you know, is of two teen-aged American girls who tour England and France, after the last war, without much benefit of chaperones. The complications that arise are unbelievably, rib-ticklingly mirth-making: the measles on board ship, the innocently stolen pocketbook, the bout with the "geyser" in the English boarding house bathroom, the purchase of the rabbit coats, and the night spent atop the steeple of Notre Dame.

Light romance is provided by Jim Brown and Bill Edwards, two completely bewildered young males who become entangled with these unpredictable sub-debs on board ship, and follow them on their tours.

The film moves at such a rapid pace that it seems much too short, although it is of standard length. There just aren't enough adjectives available to describe "Our Hearts." We can only say that it is an extremely funny picture, and recommend it highly.

(Selznick-United Artists)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

MORE often than not, in the past year, the "long anticipated" movies have come off being something less than was promised. So even if "Since You Went Away" seems not to compare as we were led to expect with David Selznick's two previous epics—"Gone With the Wind" and "Rebecca"—you won't be too disappointed.

Nor will it further or detract from the movie careers of any one of the stars in the all-star constellation. Jennifer Jones, whose Academy Award-winning Bernadette performance left many critics wondering whether or not the young lady could handle a more conventional role with equal brilliance, and Shirley Temple, who's playing her first really important part since outgrowing her tiny-tot successes—in neither case does this render a verdict.

The three-hour story is an emotionally effective though ramblingly overdrawn study of an American family in wartime. In 1943, to be exact, when Mrs. Hilton (Claudette Colbert) says goodbye to her army captain husband. Jennifer and Shirley are the Captain's young daughters, Jane and Bridget. Joseph Cotten is the dashing naval lieutenant, friend-of-the-family "uncle"; Robert Walker, the squirmingly shy young corporal who falls in love with our sweet, girlish Jennifer; Monty Woolley, the crabbed "man who came to dinner," paying lodger; and Agnes Moorehead, the venomous matron-about-town.

Especially consistent and thoroughly convincing are Hattie McDaniels, the family cook, and Soda, the dog.

(M-G-M)

THE SEVENTH CROSS

BASED upon the novel of the same name, this is one of the most gripping stories of Nazi Germany to come out of Hollywood. It is a deeply powerful, intense film—not a war picture, but rather the story of Germany in 1936, under the iron heel of the Nazi rule. It concerns seven men, all anti-Nazi, who escape in that year from a notoriously cruel concentration camp. The camp officials build seven crosses in the courtyard, and eventually six of the men are captured, beaten and tied to the crosses.

Spencer Tracy portrays George Heisler, the man for whom the seventh cross is waiting, and the picture traces his efforts to find someone who will help him to escape the country. Before his internment, George Heisler was a great man—a man who was a leader—but the tortures of the camp have dulled his brain, and more important, his faith in human nature. He is desperate, hating his countrymen, and ready to commit murder to escape. He is incapable of understanding the motives of the few who help him. Gradually, though, he learns that there is, in some men, a spark of decency that cannot be quenched.

As a film about Nazi Germany, it is a relief that the Nazis, although brutal, are not depicted as super bogeymen. Instead, it is a more authentic portrayal of human beings under the Nazi rule.

Everyone in the picture deserves special mention for a job well done. Hume Cronyn, as the naive and boyish Paul Roeder; Signe Hasso, as the girl Heisler leaves behind; Jessica Tandy, as Roeder's wife.

WITH "Janie," Warner Bros. have turned out one of the gayest and most amusing pictures ever to revolve

its bewildered parents.

playing the

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

Fontaine and Bergman, with the justweds. Anna Lee met Capt. George Stafford when he piloted her plane on an overseas tour.

that for nearly a year she was by way of being the juke box queen of Los Angeles county. She had inherited a string of fifty locations when her husband, Leonard Behrens, went into the Navy. Manfully she tried to purchase recordings, secure a reliable service man, and increase her chain of nickel snatchers.

To do this she marched boldly into Victor's (celebrated Hollywood steak house) one night and tried to sell the maitre d'hotel the notion of installing a juke box. He roared.

Not in the least discouraged, she made the same suggestion to the swank Copa de Oro management. No, they said, they weren't interested. Grinning, Mary skipped it. The whole enterprise was costing her a nice hunk of her motion picture salary each week, and still not keeping all boxes in running order, so she sold out.

Offhand, what would you say had been the unchanging top juke box favorite during the last five years? Chances are, your guess is wrong. The answer, according to Mary, is "San Antone Rose."

DIET FOR BACHELORS

When Mrs. James Craig, with The Bub, went east for a long-delayed visit with relatives, Jimmie's last words, shouted from the railway platform, were: "Don't worry about me. You know what a good cook I am. I can take care of my own meals."

When Mrs. Craig returned, she regarded her husband's figure suspiciously. "Haven't you put on a little weight?" she asked.

"What can you expect of a diet of spaghetti and hot cakes!" countered Jimmie. "You know what I like to cook."

NEWCOMERS YOU SHOULD KNOW

The name Joyce Reynolds may not mean much to you at present, but when "Janie" is released (the picture in which Miss Reynolds gets her picture break), you will probably agree with Warner Brothers that Joyce's is a fancy face with a future

Joyce has always wanted a fur coat, so after she had collected several fat pay checks she went importantly down to a swank furrier and bought a fox stroller. A few weeks later she was told that she was to go to New York to make personal appearances in connection with the release of "Janie." Blissfully she commented on the news: "Now I'll REALLY get some good out of my fur coat."

Her studio advisers gawped. "A fur coat in New York in Summer!" they gasped, quickly turning on the nearest electric fan "Oh no!"

"Oh yes," said Joyce, and away she went to New York, resplendent in her foxes.

EXACTLY RIGHT

When Bette Davis was preparing to play "Miss Moffat," the austere school teacher in "The Corn Is Green" she read an article by author Emlyn Williams telling something of the book's background as related to Mr. Williams' own experiences. Reproduced with the article was a picture of the Welsh school teacher who had served as the unconscious model for the fictional Miss Moffat. Bette clipped the picture, took it over to Perc Westmore, and asked that her hairdo and makeup parallel as closely as possible the appearance of the teacher.

Handsome six-footer John Dall plays "Morgan." He was recruited from the New York stage production of "Eve Of St. Mark." Incidentally, William Prince was first enticed from the cast by a picture contract. Then Bill Eythe, who replaced Prince, was signed. Then John Dall, who replaced Bill, was contracted. Snatch Four will doubtless be re-[illegible] soon.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the *right start*.

As "her baby" grows older—mother helps select that thrilling "first party dress", the new wall paper for that "very own" bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games.

And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on "certain days" of the month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.

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Hair ____________
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Clothing

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

asks to be taken on the set to see Miss Goddard: at times this held up production, so Mr. Leisen decreed that his was to be a closed set. To prove that he meant it, he had huge badges struck off and issued to those who were necessary to the process of the picture. Even the publicity department personnel, badgeless, were turned back at the door. An error.

Probably the most open set on the lot is that on which jovial producer-director Mark Sandrich is shepherding Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts through the script of "Here Come The Waves." When Mark and Bing decided to visit the "Kitty" set during a lighting change for their own picture, THEY, too, were put in their places—only those wearing badges were to be admitted, no matter how familiar the face.

Bing and Mark rolled their gum to the other side of their mouths and exchanged long glances. Then they got busy on Bing's dressing-room telephone. The next morning every member of the crew and cast and any visiting official from whatsoever department was equipped with a magnificnt armband initiated M.S.P.—Mark Sandrich Productions. Then the cameraman shot several feet of activity on the set and certain arrangements were made in projection rooms, etc. That night, when Mr. Leisen viewed his own rushes for the day, they were interrupted by a sequence from "Here Come The Waves"—armbands rampant.

LULLABY:

Alec Templeton has spent as much time as possible for the past year, visiting government hospitals to play for the wounded. His very presence and performance—since he sees with his heart and not with his eyes—is a tremendous morale builder.

Recently he toured a hospital in which most of the patients were vigorously convalescent. The boys greeted Alec's ability to switch from Cow Cow Boogie to Beethoven with cheers, whistles, and frantic applause. In ward after ward he was given a vociferous ovation.

Finally one of the nurses said, wheeling his portable piano into what was—to judge by the echoes—a large room, "Play in here for a moment, will you?"

Templeton, smiling toward the beds, gave them jive interlaced with Rachmaninoff. When he lifted his hands from the keys there was no sound from any direction save the dying echoes of the piano.

The nurse said casually, "Something soft."

So Alec, a small perplexed frown furrowing his forehead, played Brahms, then Bach, then two or three ballads. He lifted his hands, turning his head toward the direction from which he usually heard applause. Only silence.

He turned to suggest to the nurse that he leave when he heard a sound: faint, weak, pleading. "More," it breathed in the still room. And from another direction sighed the same word: "More."

The sensitive Templeton muted his keys, but swung into his regular routine: boogie woogie that augmented into Chopin. Debussy that lapsed into swing. Then he paused, and once again the almost inaudible gasp said, "More."

For nearly an hour he played, then the

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 70

nurse once again moved the piano.

In the corridor, she explained. The ward was filled with patients so mutilated or so intimate with death that no other visitor had ever been permitted to enter. It was known that the least excitement might sever the thin strand that still trembled with life; but, also, it was felt that, through the music, one of the men might be recalled . . . that was the chance worth taking.

The whispered, fragile word, breathed from the scattered beds had been the answer.

LETTER OF THE LAW:

Jane Wyman and her subdeb daughter, Maureen Reagan, were spending an afternoon in the backyard recently. Maureen has been cautioned repeatedly about the dangers of the swimming pool, so usually she doesn't approach it unless accompanied by one of her parents. On this afternoon, however, she was fascinated by the reflection of an airplane lazily crossing the sky.

Jane glanced up to see her towhead, standing precariously on the small cement walk that borders the pool. She called sternly, "How many times have you been told that you must stand on the GRASS, Maureen?"

With a nod of obedience, Maureen stepped away. Several moments later, Jane scanned the scene to find that the young lady had repaired to a mound of newly cut grass, gathered a great armload, placed it as near the edge of the pool as possible, and was standing on it while she grimaced at the ingenious water sprite reflected in the pool.

ROVER BOY:

When the original press releases were planted on Richard Jaeckel, the cotton-top who played "Chicken" in "Guadalcanal Diary," it was stressed that he had been "discovered" while he was working in the studio mail room. To add oak leaf clusters of fantasy to this statement of fact, some Horatio Alger dreamed up the canard that Dick Jaeckel was supporting his mother.

As a matter of fact, svelte, witty, social Millicent Jaeckel could, if she cared to sell them, live for years on the proceeds from the disposal of her furs, alone. (No one will ever understand why motion picture personnel with unimpeachable claims to plushy backgrounds are represented as section hands, whereas the Tizzie Zilches from Goat Alley abruptly accumulate Spanish Convent histories.)

But to get on with our story: during the recent bond drive, the employees of the mail room hit upon a novel plan to put their department in first place in the studio contest: they telephoned Mrs. Jaeckel and asked her if she would buy, say a few hundred dollars' worth of bonds. Yes, agreed Mrs. Jaeckel with alacrity. She had been planning to invest three thousand dollars, and she would make her purchase through the mail room.

The mail room, arising to dash the ice water from its revived face, went hurtling through the halls of 20th Century Fox, spreading the news and suggesting that an item be planted in each of the syndicated columns, applauding Dick's mother.

Arose, then, the publicity department to protest. How were they to represent their fair-haired boy as a sturdy provider, if news leaked out that his mother was investing lavishly in bonds for the benefit of her son's old alma mammy, the mail room?

Well, the mail room got credit, but—in publicity released for the event—Mrs. Jaeckel was described simply as "the mother of a former employee."

DAMON & PYTHIAS DEPARTMENT:

One of the most pleasant new friendships around town is that between the Alan Ladds and the Joel McCreas. Alan Ladd had long admired Mr. McCrea from a distance, so when they went to work on adjoining sound stages at Paramount, Alan went over and got acquainted. Now they have breakfast together each morning in the Ladd dressing room, and they have taken a house jointly at the beach for the summer. The Ladds are to have it for six weeks, and the McCreas the other six weeks, but during week-ends of both tenures, they will make a huge family group and occupy the house together.

Guess what they talk about. Ranching. Everyone knows that Joel McCrea has made a great success of what started as a hobby. Alan would like to emulate him.

TAG LINE:

If you want to spend a little time worrying about the strange fellowships arranged by motion pictures, you might reflect on the situation that places Jimmy Durante and Jose Iturbi in the same picture.

Someone asked The Schnozzle what he thought of The Keyboard Master. Answered Mr. Durante in his breeze-over-an-open-bottle baritone, "What a straight man, that Iturbi! What a straight man!"

Joyce Reynolds in New York, and sharing a glass of milk with Private Bobby Breen.

The Lux Radio Theater is 10 years old. Margaret O'Brien, guest star for "Lost Angel," is only 7.

Official U. S.
Signal Corps Photo

Let *these* guys start it!

There's a day coming when the enemy will be licked, beaten, whipped to a fare-thee-well—every last vestige of fight knocked out of him.

And there's a day coming when every mother's son of us will want to stand up and yell, to cheer ourselves hoarse over the greatest victory in history.

But let's not start the cheering yet.

In fact, let's not start it at all—over here. Let's leave it to the fellows who are *doing* the job—the only fellows who will *know* when it's done—to begin the celebrating.

Our leaders have told us, over and over again, that the smashing of the Axis will be a slow job, a dangerous job, a bloody job.

And they've told us what our own common sense confirms: that, if we at home start throwing our hats in the air and easing up before the job's completely done, it will be slower, more dangerous, bloodier.

Right now, it's still up to us to buy War Bonds—and to *keep on* buying War Bonds until this war is completely won. That doesn't mean victory over the Nazis *alone*. It means bringing the Japs to their knees, too.

Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battle-line.

If we do that, we'll have the *right* to join the cheering when the time comes.

Keep backing 'em up with War Bonds

MOVIELAND

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.

To People who want to write
but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in tha writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

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Movieland's AWARD

"No. 1 Comedienne" smiles and rolls her eyes as she accepts the mike from Doris Cline of Movieland.

Joan Davis jes' notcherly cuts up for "birdie" when she hears she's 1944's best lady comic!

"THIS is my lucky year!" says Joan Davis of 1944. Movieland picks Joan as the number one comedienne of radio and screen. In 1944 she has achieved star rating in motion pictures, having been signed to a two-picture-per-year contract at RKO-Radio and Universal studios.

This year also marks the first in which she has starred on her own radio show, during which time she has amassed a Crossley rating of 32.4—the highest rating ever achieved by a woman.

Of course, Joan has helped destiny along by experimenting with her career.

"Something inside me kept saying that I could find a new type of comedy that would be an improvement over the slap-stick stuff," she explains. "So I started trying out what they call situation comedy. I worked with the writers on the show to get a new character that would be a believable Joan Davis."

The hunch was right!

But aside from radio, Joan has wanted to be a motion picture actress as long as she can remember. Attractive though she is—and she does have dramatic possibilities—she decided that her best chance lay in the field of comedy.

She has studied diligently the style of every stage and screen comedian. From this she has been able to develop her own individual style, which no one to date has imitated successfully. It's Joan's excellent sense of timing, her deft combination of sight and sound, which gets her laughs.

Her first screen role was that of a hillbilly in a short entitled "Way Up Thar," directed by Mack Sennett. This was in 1934. Next came "Millions in the Air" and a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox. At Fox she starred in "Love and Hisses," "George White's Scandals," and about thirty other major films.

Her latest picture is "Show Business," in which she co-stars with Eddie Cantor.

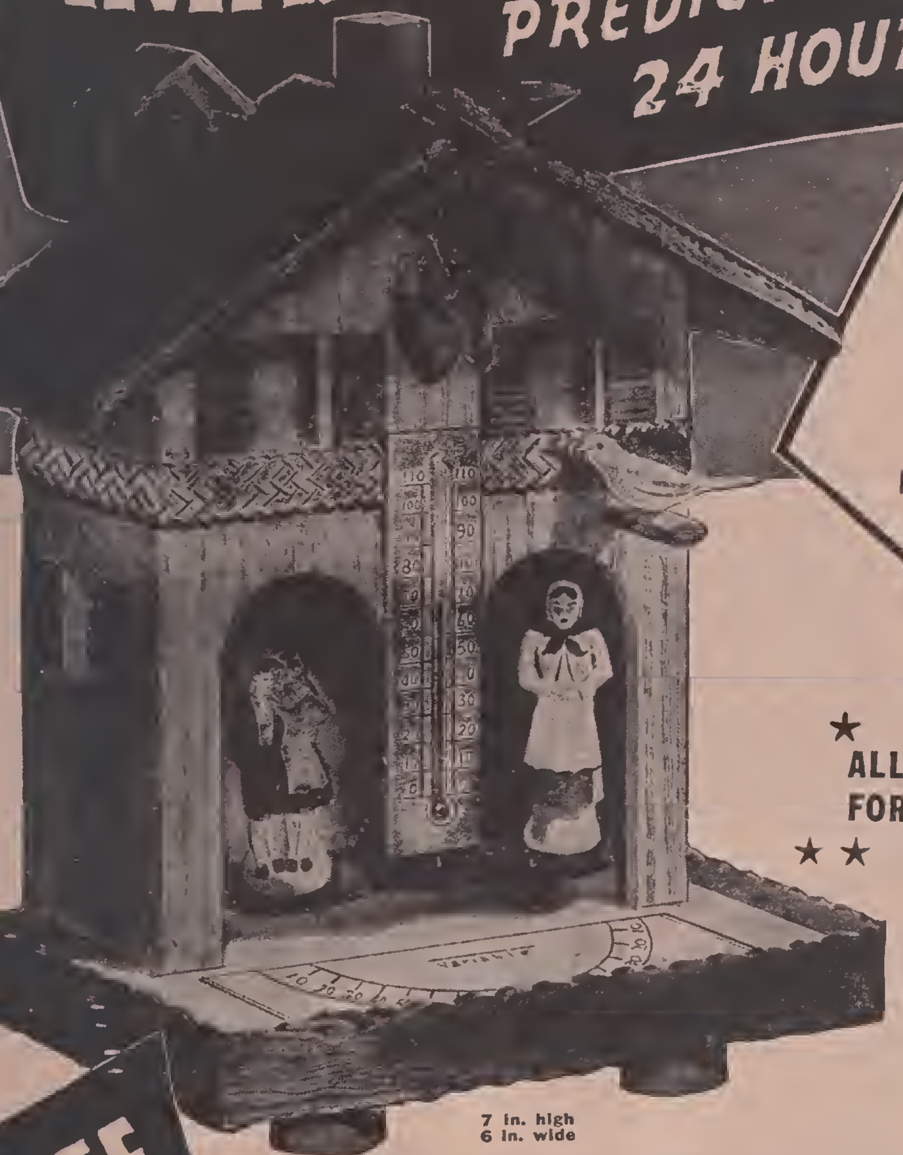
Her radio career, which began in 1941, has made radio history. She "guested" on eight major broadcasts in one week—actually appearing on nine, when her own show is included. In that one week she visited "People Are Funny," "National Barn Dance," "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood," "Blondie," "Al Pearce Fun Valley," "Duffy's," "Eddie Cantor's Show," and the Bing Crosby program.

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE "SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE AND **FREE** GIFT ORDER IF YOU ACT AT ONCE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NOW YOU CAN BE YOUR OWN WEATHER FORECASTER

★ ★

ALL WEATHER REPORTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

★ ★

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

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Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

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EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

Yours free — for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous."
Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."
Mrs. I. F., Boothbay, Maine.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."
Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."
Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1.69 C. O. D. You must act now to secure this price.

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☐ Send C.O.D.. ☐ I Enclose $1.69. You Pay Postage. ☐ 2 for $2.98

Name..

Address..
(Please print plainly)

City...State..................

YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

very much. At first he loved me very much too I am sure, but then he started to go around with a friend of mine, who is homely and unattractive, while I am considered very pretty by my friends.

I am sure she is just trying to get him away from me because I have more friends than she has and I am more attractive, and I really don't think he likes her as much as he likes me.

I have always been very shy and find it hard to keep a conversation going with boys, and perhaps that is one reason I can't hang onto a boyfriend for very long. What do you suggest?

Yours truly,
Mary K.

Dear Mary:

In the first place, I think you should forget how pretty you are and concentrate more on your sociabilities.

You can try and overcome this lack of conversational ability and shyness by getting out with a lot of people and making more friends rather than spending your time and thought trying to win back a boyfriend.

The old adage that "beauty is skin deep," may sound trite, but it still holds true. You must have more to offer a boy than good looks if you want him to come back and date you again.

**Sincerely,
BG**

Dear Bonita:

Although I am just in my 'teens, I am deeply in love with a boy I have gone all through school with.

He exasperates me sometimes because he is so "slow," but my friends say he really does like me a lot.

One night he brought me home from a date and tried to kiss me. He was awfully embarrassed about it, and as I had never been kissed by a boy before, I just sort of changed the subject.

The trouble is that he hasn't come back or called me since that night, and I am nearly crazy wondering what to do.

Yours truly,
June.

Dear June:

I wouldn't worry about this situation too much. You are inclined to make a mountain out of a molehill about it.

He sounds like a wonderful boy, and he is probably shy and wondering if he offended you by trying to kiss you that night.

You say he was embarrassed about it, so you can guess that he must be remorseful in thinking you like him less for it.

Include him in your next gathering of a group of friends—sort of casually—and I am sure he will be a happy friend of yours again.

**Sincerely,
BG**

Dear Miss Granville:

My girl friend and I have a very serious problem and we would appreciate your help and advice.

We are only fourteen years old, and there is another girl on the block who always comes around to play with us and wants us to go around with her all the time, but our mothers have forbidden us to go around with her anymore, and we must tell her but don't know how.

You see, she goes around with soldiers, and lots of times she brings them to meet us on the street, but we know we are too young to go around with them.

We have tried and tried to get enough courage to tell this girl, but we can't.

Cordially,
Bobbie and Gerry.

Dear Bobbie and Gerry:

Yes, you should definitely take your mother's advice and tell your friend you can not go around with her anymore.

As you grow older, you will come to realize that people judge you by the friends you have and are seen with.

Hence, if this girl is not the right kind for you, do not hesitate to come right out and tell her. It is a hard thing to do, but you are old enough to make these decisions and carry them out.

**Sincerely,
BG**

Dear Miss Granville:

My problem concerns my hair, and I do hope you can give me some advice as to what to do with it.

You see, although I am not yet seventeen, I have gray hairs on my head. Yes, real gray hairs, and although I tried pulling them out with tweezers they only grow in that much quicker.

What can I do about this? Should I dye my hair from time to time? It is dark brown now, and I try to part it so the gray won't show but I haven't much luck.

Hopefully,
Bernice.

Dear Bernice:

By no means touch up your hair. Natural hair is always more beautiful than dyed hair, regardless of the color.

As for your grayness, have you stopped to realize that prematurely gray hair can be a very attractive feature for a young girl?

I have a young friend who is completely gray and not yet thirty. She is the wife of one of Hollywood's most popular leading men, and she is conceded to be one of the smartest women in town.

**Sincerely,
BG**

Dear Bonita:

I am sixteen, and my problem is that I want to become a writer.

I have done writing in school, and I would like to do screen and radio writing.

Do you think if I came to Hollywood that there would be a chance for me to get a job doing this kind of writing?

No one encourages me to write, but I know I can do it, and I want to write more than anything.

Yours truly,
Susan.

Dear Susan:

If you are really interested in writing, study the problems seriously, read all you can, and get what practical experience is available in your local schools.

Perhaps your local paper might let you write school news for them, or help out on Saturdays.

The field you mention is practically filled up with experienced writers all the time, so I do not advise you to come to Hollywood. Get your experience in your home town and at school, and go on from there. Good luck.

**Sincerely,
BG**

Compare
your tampon
with
this one!
THIS...
NOT THIS

FIBS* have gently rounded ends for easier insertion!

"Far different from others," say women everywhere who have changed their minds and changed to Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for internal sanitary protection. And once you've tried them you'll find FIBS so *comfortable*, so *easy to use*, you'll never go back to others.

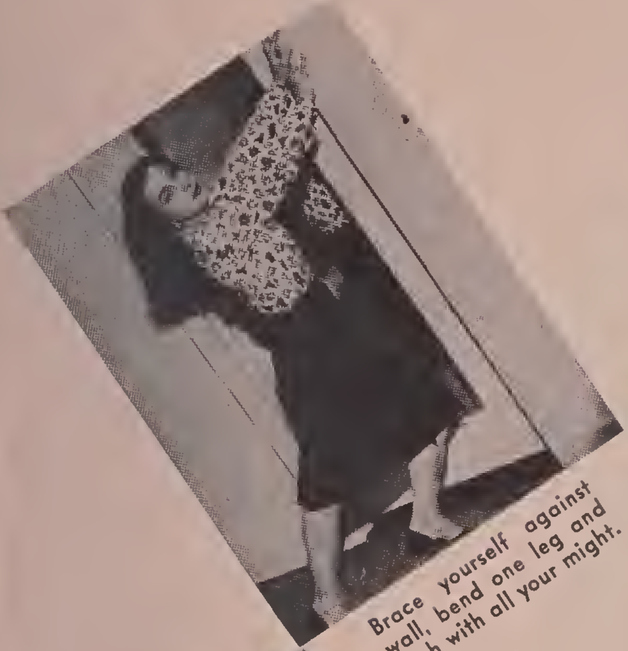
Look at all leading tampons and you'll see that only Fibs have the smooth, gently tapered ends that make insertion *so much easier* than ever before. Only Fibs are quilted to make them far more comfortable to wear, far safer to use. You'll like the just-right size of Fibs, too.

Next time, try Fibs. Find out how important Fibs' rounded ends and quilting are—to your comfort, your confidence!

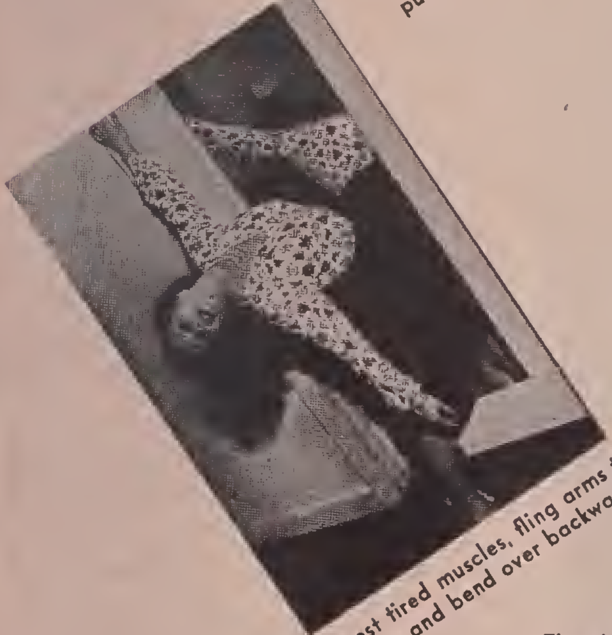
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIBS
THE KOTEX TAMPON
ONLY 20¢

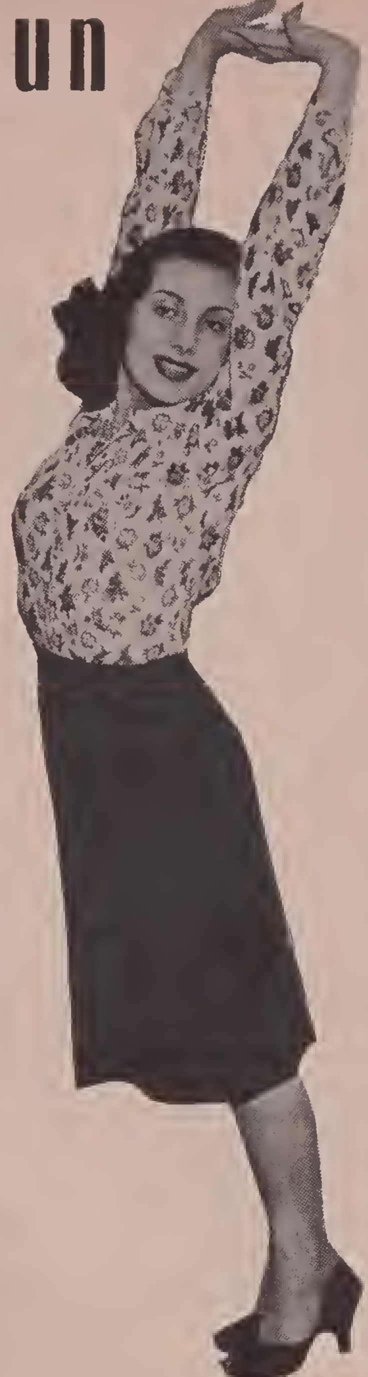
Rest On The Run



Brace yourself against wall, bend one leg and push with all your might.



To rest tired muscles, fling arms to the side and bend over backwards.



The sleepy stretch thot feels so good. Honds are locked, orms ore up, diophragm pulled in.

SOUNDS strange, doesn't it, to put your muscles to work when you—and they—are tired. Yet this is the magic-making formula that helps to keep graceful dark-haired Tamara Toumanova in the pink of vivacious condition.

For thirteen years, Tamara has been in the public spotlight. Since she was seven years old (when she made her dance debut with Pavlova in the Paris Opera), she's lived a life as busy as a presidential candidate and as rigorous as a circus acrobat. So you've got to admit that she *has* to know how to relax.

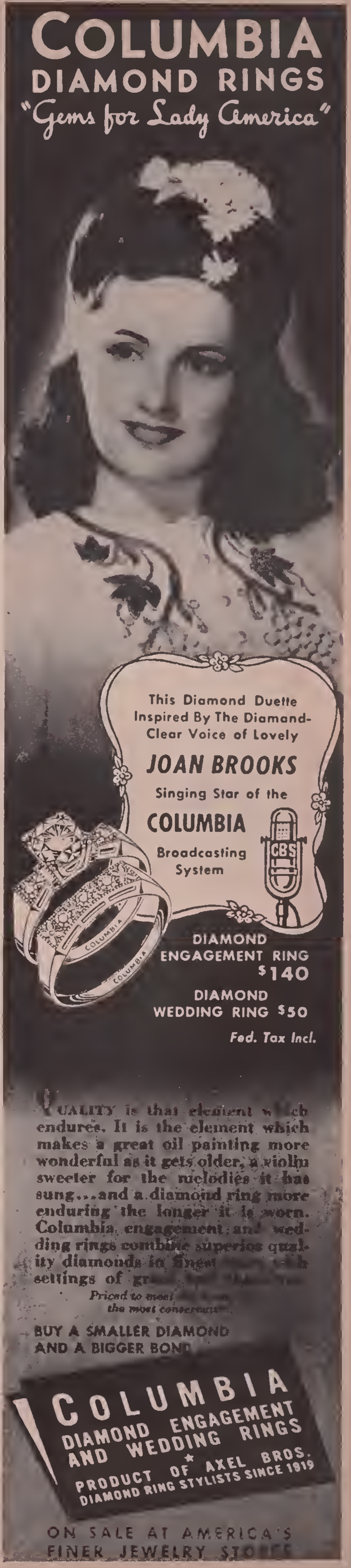
Tamara's relaxing routine is a one-two-three process that takes about five minutes. The first step is the stretch. When muscles are fatigued, they become limp in some places, tense and tight in others. A good stretching evens out these muscular hills and valleys.

How to stretch? There are a hundred ways. You can stretch one muscle at a time—or ten. But for the quickest kind of pick-up, be sure to breathe deeply as you do it.

For the second step, relax one muscle after the other, starting with the neck. Let your head slump forward on your chest. Then let your arms fall limp. Relax the diaphragm muscles, the legs and the feet. Of course, by this time you're on the floor. And not even slightly shaken up! For when you're completely relaxed a fall can't hurt you.

Finish the formula by sending a rush of blood to your head. Lean over the side of your chair, or fling yourself on a couch with your head hanging over. The blood will course down to stimulate the brain, enliven the skin and wake up weary nerves.

Do you wonder how it works, this five minutes of rest on the run? Well watch Tamara Toumanova in RKO's "Days of Glory." You'll see the lovely litheness that only a well trained, well balanced body can achieve.



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Each teaspoonful contains Vitamins A, D, B and B-2, Nicotinamide. Wheat Germ Oil, Pyridoxine, Pantothenate. Other B Complex Factors. From Special Brewers' Yeast Concentrate combined with Pure Malt Extract.

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KEEPING UP WITH THE KELLYS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

of a good meal, then as now, was a steak, plenty of bread and butter, and a spot of tea. If he never saw another vegetable as long as he lived, he admitted that he wouldn't be lonesome. As for Betsy, she liked everything and ate it without adding more than 110 pounds to her five feet seven inches of height.

When "Pal Joey" closed, Gene went to work at directing the dance routines for "Best Foot Forward." The company was opening in Philadelphia, so Betsy went down to visit, since she was free of commitments at the time. Gene had big news: he had signed a picture contract; he was going to Hollywood. And, he added, he didn't intend to go west alone.

They thought they would have six weeks in which to prepare for their wedding. But Hollywood, in typical fashion, wired Gene a request to be in California on a certain imminent date. He made some quick calculations and decided that their wedding couldn't even wait for the New York opening of the show.

Betsy and her mother went on a frantic shopping expedition. They bought an RAF blue suit with matching hat, a white blouse and a pair of white gloves. They also bought a beige afternoon dress. And that was the extent of Betsy's trousseau.

She wore the same shoes she had worn down from New York, and she borrowed an exquisite handmade handkerchief that had been sent to her aunt, many years earlier from Ireland. Thus she satisfied the traditional demand for "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue."

They set out upon a honeymoon the like of which every girl anticipates. First they drove to New Orleans; they dined at Antoine's, they strolled through the narrow, mysterious streets of the Old Quarter and peered into the gardens protected by the frozen lacework of their grilled iron gateways. They heard stevedores singing at their work, and saw by moonlight groves of oak festooned with Spanish moss.

From New Orleans they took a freighter, shipping their car on the same boat, and landed at Vera Cruz. They motored over some highways that were mere oxen trails, and some that were modern marvels. They visited markets where peppers and mangoes and dozens of varieties of native fruits were spread out like a lush mosaic on the native blankets. They passed through towns with names like spiced honey: Orizaba, Tlaxcala, Puebla, thence to Mexico City.

Along this route, Gene impressed his new wife by producing an efficient knowledge of Spanish. He could bargain effectively and he could usually get what they wanted to eat—the tests of success in any foreign country. Both Gene and Betsy had studied Spanish in New York the previous winter, but Gene appeared to have a natural aptitude for language, making it easy for him to grasp instantly and with ease that for which Betsy had to struggle. (Currently, she is studying Russian.)

From Mexico City, they drove to Los Angeles, then to San Francisco. They had crab cocktails at Fisherman's Wharf, and wandered for an entire day along Grant Street's Chinatown. They exclaimed over the view from the Top of the Mark. They strolled through Golden Gate Park. In general they had a wonderful time, and they developed a conversation trick that has now become household habit. "Oh, look, Geney," Betsy would breathe. "At what, Sweeney?" Gene would answer, simply because it rhymed. Both nicknames have stuck.

When they returned to Hollywood they rented a tiny house on the side of a hill. The living room was so small that, when the ping-pong table was up, guests and Kellys had to scoot underneath to move from one room to the other. As if this weren't enough exercise, access to the Kelly home was by way of a long flight of stairs—about forty-seven of them. None of these reducing agents seemed to deter guests, however, because there were always dozens of people around.

There came a day when Betsy thought she ought to see a doctor. Gene was testing for the part in "Me And My Gal" opposite Judy Garland that day, and he had a stormy time of it. He couldn't keep his mind on the routines. He blundered and he apologized until the set telephone finally rang. "I hope it will be a girl," said Betsy, "but I suppose we should think up a lot of boys' names,

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TRIMAL

KEEPS CUTICLE TRIM WITHOUT CUTTING

just to outwit the stork."

After Gene had received the announcement, he returned to work like an inspired Nijinsky. Within an hour, practically everyone on the Metro lot knew why the dance test on Stage 14 had been choppy in the morning, but was now as brilliant as sun on a smooth sea.

Gene was deep in the photographing of the big production number for "Dubarry Was A Lady" when he received word that Betsy needed him. She had gone into the hospital the night before, but the doctor had thought it might be some time before Gene would be needed.

Upon arriving in the traditional waiting room, Gene set about what he described as "walking around," but which is more accurately termed "pacing." He smoked. He trotted, perspiring, down to the drug store for cokes. Finally he told Betsy's mother with some asperity, "I'm acting just like a father in a B picture."

A nurse thrust in her head to inquire, "Would you like to see your daughter, Mr. Kelly?"

His feet had left a note reading, Back In Fifteen Minutes, but he somehow managed to follow the nurse anyhow. For a long time he stood looking down at the plump citizen with the softly-curling brown hair. "Say, is she bowlegged?" he asked, worriedly.

"All newborn babies are bowlegged," smiled the nurse. "She's absolutely perfect."

"Her name is Kerry," announced the lady's father, rising to the occasion with full Irish responsibility.

In December, Kerry's mother will be twenty-one. Next year she will be able to vote in municipal elections, but she will have to wait four years for another presidential election. In preparation for such citizenship, she has been reading Charles and Mary Beard's books on American history—an activity started by Gene, whose reading is usually quite serious.

In addition to their dual reading habits, the Kellys maintain a twosome Casino tournament that has been going on throughout the three years of their marriage. When questioned about scores, Gene is eloquent on the subject of his superior card playing; he is positive that he must be about ninety games ahead of Betsy. Betsy thinks that, in the long run, they break even.

When guests are being entertained, which is practically every Saturday night in the Kelly home, a comfortable rented house in Beverly Hills, the gang plays Categories, or The Game, or they sit around and talk. Betsy sets out, buffet style, cheese and crackers, sliced cold turkey, olives, pickles, potato chips, and invites everyone to eat when and what he wishes.

This easy pattern is the only rule of the Kelly way of life: enjoyment without fuss. Gene doesn't fuss at Betsy if the house hasn't been dusted or if things aren't properly hung up, and she doesn't fuss at him if he doesn't shave for two or three days when he isn't working in a picture. Both of them hate to go to bed at night, and hate to get up the next morning.

And both agree that the next thing they want is a home of their own, which they will build after the war. That accomplished, they think it would be nice to have enough junior Kellys for a mixed quartet.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW
USE Overglo
BY WESTMORE

LINDA DARNELL starring in "SWEET AND LOW-DOWN" a 20th Century-Fox Picture

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(Please print name, etc., plainly)
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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 62

NEW PICTURE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

back in the vaudeville days, but split up before they get to the altar. Jack marries another girl and fathers two children, who grow up to be Donald and Peggy. Years later, his ex-fiancé appears on the scene, with Ann Blythe as her daughter. Of course, Donald falls for Ann, but there's an obstacle to the romance in the person of a ham actor who influences Ann and her mother.

There's some fine dancing by Donald and Peggy, and Ann Blythe contributes songs to the film. But on the whole, does it measure up to the previous O'Connor-Ryan pictures? We think not.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE (RKO) Rich girl seeking romance (Laraine Day), and concerned lest her money be more loved by marital aspirants than her own lovely self.

So, she switches identity with her secretary-companion (Marsha Hunt). Follows the rest of the all so familiar formula, with complications developing when a handsome army captain (Alan Marshall) starts courting Miss Hunt, supposing her to be the heiress.

Neither Miss Day nor Miss Hunt's new groom (Allyn Joslyn) like this turn of events. But Miss Day struggles determinedly on, refusing to drop the disguise. With resulting situations—augmented by the dismayed Mr. Joslyn's jealous spying on his wife—which keep the plot lively with amusing dialogue.

As light entertainment, this one rates being recommended.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (20th Century-Fox) is comedy, simple and sweet. The short, short story of Phil Baker and the $64 question versus a young sailor (Edward Ryan), whose wife (Marjorie Massow) is about to have a baby. "About to," in this instance, means the most immediate future.

When Phil learns that the sailor is a papa-to-be, and needs a thousand dollars to pay the doctor, he gives the boy a break. After practically spelling out the answers up to $64, he gives him a chance at one more big pot after another.

Comes the climax: a seven-pound baby boy!

Includes interesting sequences from old films: a number from Shirley Temple's "Baby Take a Bow," a dance routine by the flying Nicholas brothers, and a riotous duet by Alice Faye and Betty Grable.

And there you have it!

DIXIE JAMBOREE (PRC) The plot centers around a couple of crooks, played by Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks, who, to escape capture, hide aboard the last of the Mississippi showboats.

Romantic interest is furnished by Mr. Talbot and Eddie Quillan, a dumb trumpeter, who vie for the affections of Frances Langford, niece of the showboat owner. Dumb as he is though, Quillan comes out in the end as the hero of the picture, when he spoils the efforts of the two crooks to take over what they think is a priceless stock of liquor.

Guy Kibbee, as Miss Langford's uncle, and Charlie Butterworth turn in their usual good performances, although the lines they have to say don't do them justice.

It is regrettable that the dialogue doesn't succeed in being funny, but there are several entertaining musical numbers in the picture, and if you are one of Miss Langford's fans, just hearing her sing will make it all worth while.

PICTURES IN THE MAKING

WARNER BROTHERS:

ROUGHLY SPEAKING will create roughly laughing when Roz Russell deals with Jack Carson.

OBJECTIVE BURMA is the Errol Flynn special, featuring an all-male cast.

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN has a cast worth 34857249 million dollars, because it includes everyone on the Warner lot plus a lot of patriotic free lances who wanted to help.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT has Dream Girl Barbara Stanwyck, and Dream Boy Dennis Morgan is right there to help her trim the Christmas Tree.

THE CORN IS GREEN is Bette Davis' current starrer.

RKO:

FAREWELL MY LOVELY, a bang-up murder mystery, with Dick Powell and Anne Shirley.

THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER, seeking to show up the foregoing as merely a mediocre murder mystery, this picture is begemmed by gorgeous June Duprez, and suave John Loder.

20TH CENTURY-FOX:

THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA is another love affair between Roddy McDowall and a horse.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN gives Peggy Ann Garner as "Francie" the part of her life. Dorothy McGuire is Katie, and Jimmie Dunn is lovable Johnnie.

WINGED VICTORY—the Air Corps show with Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, and a flock of others.

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER with Anne Baxter cooking on the front burner.

UNITED ARTISTS:

DARK WATERS, starring Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter.

UNIVERSAL:

IN SOCIETY, a peculiar place to find Abbott and Costello, hence something to bear in mind for close scrutiny.

QUEEN OF THE NILE, a confection in Technicolor which will have Jon Hall getting braver and braver, Maria Montez getting lovelier and lovelier and Turhan Beying and beying.

CAN'T HELP SINGING is what Deanna Durbin can't help doing in the direction of Robert Paige.

AT COLUMBIA:

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (story set in England during the blitz) starring Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair, Lee Bowman and Steve Crane.

MGM:

THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES in Technicolor, starring every big name on the lot, to wit: Astaire, Lucille Ball, Fanny Brice, James Craig, Jimmy Durante, Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, Rooney, Skelton, Esther Williams and the Wilde twins. Incidentally, Lyn Wilde is to become a mother this winter.

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME, starring William Powell, Myrna Loy (who has been looking sweeter than a 21-day furlough while night-clubbing around town).

SON OF LASSIE in Technicolor with Peter Lawford (Lana Turner's most frequent escort), Elsa Lanchester, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS with Margaret O'Brien, Iturbi, June Allyson.

ANCHORS AWEIGH in Technicolor with Gene Kelly, Sinatra, Iturbi, Kathryn Grayson and Carlos Ramirez.

PARAMOUNT:

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST with Alan Ladd, Bill Bendix, Brian Donlevy and Barry Fitzgerald, plus a regimental cast of additional males, and two (only) girls: Esther Fernandez and Kathleen Lockhard (Gene's pretty daughter.)

FEAR, with Joel McCrea (who makes practically any picture good), Gail Russell, and Herbert Marshall.

HERE COME THE WAVES—boop, boop, boop—Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts, etc.

KITTY, with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Patric Knowles and others.

OUT OF THIS WORLD in which Diana Lynn is making boogie-woogie out of Chopin, assisted by Veronica, Eddie Bracken, and that picture-stealer, Robert Benchley.

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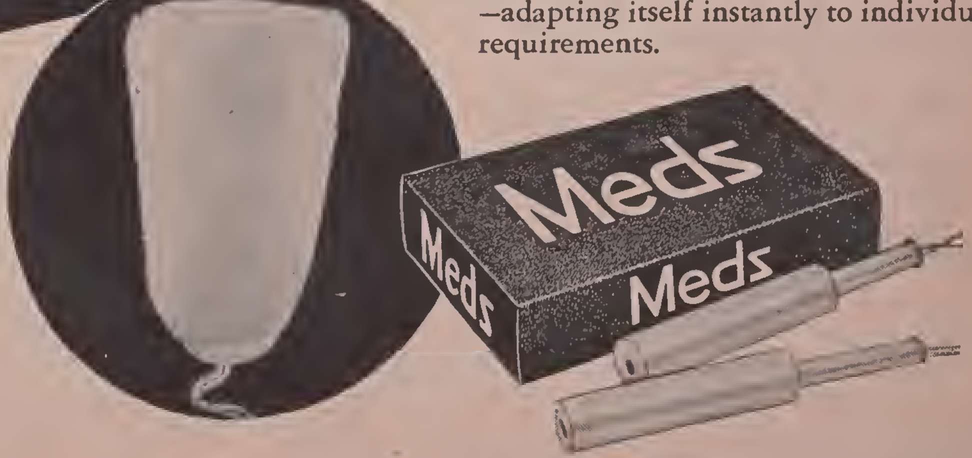

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SAYMAN SALVE

JANE POWELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

a roseate glow arose from the house for days.

In no time at all, Suzanne was singing over station KOIN. Overjoyed Oregonians voted her the State Victory Girl, a position which imposed the obligation of singing at every possible public function as well as at nearby army camps. Then Suzanne's radio work found a sponsor—the owner of a jewelry store—so she became a full-fledged professional. Currently she wears a handsome black onyx ring set with diamonds, which was a gift from this sponsor.

By this time the entire family Burce was spinning along like a small boat on a spring flood; something tidal was happening to them, but they weren't quite sure what. The owner of station KOIN, with true altruism, decided that Suzanne should be in Hollywood and so sent the entire family south to appear on Hollywood Showcase.

They had never been in California before; they knew no one. Approaching the entire situation on mental tiptoes, they took a modest apartment in a conservative district in Hollywood (being properly grateful that, considering current housing conditions, they didn't have to pitch a pup tent in the Civic Center) and made an appointment at NBC. Could Suzanne, they wanted to know, please have an audition? They had a letter of introduction from Portland.

In Hollywood, good manners and diffidence always astonish officials in the entertainment business because they have grown so painfully accustomed to the bumptious arrogance of tyros. When the Burce family, soft-voiced and gently-bred, arrived with letters of introduction, the station authorities were ingratiated. When they heard Suzanne sing, they became genteelly hysterical with delight.

The next thing the Burces knew, Suzanne had been signed to appear on the Bergen show, and Metro had secured her name at the end of a contract. That done, they promptly changed said name. Suzanne Burce became Jane Powell, and Jane Powell went into the starring role of her first picture, "Song of the Open Road."

Long before the picture was released, Jane (née Suzanne) had added transcriptions of all her songs in the picture to her collection of recordings. Incidentally, she has a collection that would inspire many more-seasoned collectors with envy.

She had listened to the transcriptions again and again, noting minor flaws and working to correct such. Then, one afternoon, she and her parents were notified that "Song of the Open Road" was to be sneak previewed that evening in a neighboring town.

During the screening, Jane sat raptly, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her lips moving over every line of dialogue that her pictured self spoke, her vocal chords tightening over each note joyously sung by her cinematic prototype. When the lights flashed on, Jane's mother turned to the young singer to say, "I thought it was good, didn't you?"

Jane's eyes were dew catching moonlight to glisten. She started to say, "Do you think people will like

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it?" but she had no voice. Only after she had swallowed a glass of water did she regain partial use of her sound equipment; she had worked harder getting that picture sneak previewed than she had making the original recordings.

She had entered the theatre as an unknown high school girl. She emerged as a celebrity, but the transition was a bit too rapid for her to grasp. A group of autograph hounds had remained in the lobby and grounds, and when Jane straggled out rather limply, they mobbed her. "Will you sign here?" they demanded. "And here." "And for me, too."

Jane looked from one to another in disbelief. In her football-game tones she managed to ask, "What for?"

This question had undoubtedly never before been propounded to autograph seekers. They returned Jane's stare with accumulated interest and dividends. "Well, you're Jane Powell, aren't you?" they said.

In addition to her modesty, Jane has a rare asset in her sense of humor. After a Bergen broadcast one Sunday, Ray Noble was kidding Jane.

"I'll tell you confidentially," he said in mock confidence to a group that had come backstage to congratulate the principals on the show, "that Jane deserves a lot of credit. Why, she wasn't even wearing shoes when she first came to Hollywood."

Without a break in tempo, Jane took it up by pointing to her spectator pomps. "And now look at the progress I've made: Shoes with even the toes covered!" she said solemnly.

Her complete naturalness and her healthy good spirits are partly the result of her own unspoiled personality, but mainly the result of the comradeship-with-authority relationship between Jane and her parents.

There are certain definite rules laid down for her conduct. These rules are explained and mutually discussed, then Jane abides by them without further question. She is allowed to have a permanent whenever her hair grows out enough to need it, but between-permanents she is expected to wash and set her own hair and to keep it in good condition.

She is allowed one date a week with a boy of her own age. On Friday night she is allowed to remain out until 12:30, if she is attending a private party. If she has gone to a movie or on any other twosome date, she is expected to come home after the picture and entertain her boy friend with recordings or a late snack in the kitchen.

Jane never drinks milk. She is mad about anything chocolate: candy, cake, ice cream sodas.

Second to her enthusiasm for chocolate is her admiration for murder mysteries. She can read one an evening and still not surfeit her appetite. Aside from that reading she tries to absorb "some really good book" about once a fortnight. She loved "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" and she is now in the midst of "A Bell For Adano."

Ordinarily the greatest problem of feminine teensters is self-consciousness in one form or another. Jane is no exception. She can walk out before thousands of utter strangers and feel not the slightest qualm or stage fright. They are an Audience, hence as unreal as a motion picture audience is to the projecting screen. But it is almost impossible for Jane to sing before an assembly of boys and girls her own age; she simply goes to pieces. Her voice has to be controlled with all the rigidity of the technique she has learned; fingernails become those things she had before she was notified of her date to sing for her fellow ingenues and juveniles.

The things she wants most in the world at present are, in the order of their desired appearance: first, to learn tap dancing "and to be as swoopy as Fred Astaire"; second, to lose her baby fat, of which she has very little; third, to complete her charm bracelet, which is now heavier than a ton of elephants; fourth, to appear in many, many more Metro pictures; fifth, to fall in love and get married, preferably to a lieutenant in the Air Corps.

Lucky future man.

THE END

Lt. Rudy Vallee returns! Back to movies, and back on the air Sept. 9th. Here he and Bob Hope inspect a captured Jap truck.

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JUST SAY "SANAPAK"

WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

the cast, chorus and orchestra from the Broadway production singing the wonderful Rodgers and Hart score, including such favorites as "My Heart Stood Still" and "Thou Swell."

The Merry Macs' new release is "Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes" and "Sing Me a Song of Texas," with a larger instrumental group than is usually heard behind them. The Macs are now on tour of Eastern theatres and army camps.

If you like blues, don't miss Lucky Millinder's new record, "Hurry, Hurry" and "I Can't See For Lookin'." "Hurry" is the big side, with a terrific vocal by a new boy, Wynonie "Mr. Blues" Harris.

Alfred Drake, the singing start of "Oklahoma," does "We're On Our Way" and "Army Hymn" (A Prayer For Soldiers) with Fred Waring and The Pennsylvanians. Alfred has been signed by Columbia and is set for a big picture buildup.

That jivin' man, Lionel Hampton, comes up with a new one—"Hamp's Boogie Woogie" and "Chop-Chop." Both sides heavily feature the Hampton two-finger piano.

Percy Faith and his orchestra have made a fine instrumental record of "Amor" and "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," both orchestrated in Kostelanetz style.

Kitty Carlisle, accompanied by Harry Sosnick's orchestra, is heard on two oldies, "Good Night Sweetheart" and "These Foolish Things." Kitty is now in Hollywood and may try pictures again.

Here's "Hurry, Hurry" again, backed up by "Naptown Boogie," with Christine Chatman and her orchestra. Christine is a colored pianist with a terrific left hand. She handles the vocals for both tunes.

Evelyn Knight is a new name on the Decca label. She has been a big hit at the Blue Angel night club in New York for months with an old song called "Dance With a Dolly" (With A Hole In Her Stocking). It serves as a vehicle for her first record, coupled with "Without a Sweetheart."

"Bing Crosby—Volume II"—from the Brunswick Collectors' Series. These are the last records Bing made for the old Brunswick Company before Decca took it over. If you've liked Crosby for a long time, and don't own some of his early recordings, you'll want this album. The tunes are: "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day," "Faded Summer Love," "Dancing In the Dark," "Sweet and Lovely," "I Apologize," "Many Happy Returns of the Day," "At Your Command," and "Star Dust."

VICTOR:

"I'll Remember April" by Charlie Barnet's orchestra and Bob Carroll on the vocal is backed up by Alvino Rey's band doing "Don't Take Your Love From Me," with Yvonne King singing the lyrics. Both sides were recorded a couple of years ago. It's taken the beautiful "April" a long while to become popular, but it now looks set for a long Hit Parade run.

Here's "Amor" once more and "Gettin' Mighty Lonesome For You" by Wayne King's orchestra, a re-issue from Wayne's civilian days. He is now a major in the Army.

Sinatra fans will swoon with joy with the re-issue of The Voice's "Night and Day" and "Lamplighter's Serenade," with Axel Stordahl's orchestra. This disc was made when Frank was with Tommy Dorsey and was signed by Victor to make a couple of platters under his own name. Of course Frank now records exclusively for Columbia, but Victor has had so many requests for this one they have decided to bring it out again.

COLUMBIA:

Claude Thornhill's orchestra does "Moonlight Bay" and "There's a Small Hotel," with vocals for both tunes by The Snowflakes. This record was made about two years ago but hasn't been released until now. Though Thornhill is away from the musical scene for a time, being a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy, his records are still much in demand.

Les Brown's new release is "Out of Nowhere" and "Sunday," with Butch Stone singing the vocal.

Here's a Benny Goodman Sextet Album of eight sides. All the tunes have been released separately over a period of years and some of them have become collectors' items. The titles: "Rose Room," "Airmail Special," "Flying Home," "I Found a New Baby," "Poor Butterfly," "Grand Slam," "Wang Wang Blues," and "As Long As I Live."

Cab Calloway jumps in with "A SMO-O-O-OTH One" and "Let's Go, Joe." Incidentally, Cab has published a little booklet called "Calloway's Jive Dictionary." It contains all the up-to-date expressions of the hep "short-hairs." Your local music shop should have copies.

CAPITOL:

That Mercer boy, John, who can always be counted on to come up with something solid, has recorded his newest composition, "Duration Blues," with "Sam's Got Him" on the reverse side. The orchestra isn't credited on the label, but it's Eddie Miller's.

Benny Carter's new offering is "I'm Lost," a beautiful tune written by King Cole, and "Just a Baby's Prayer"

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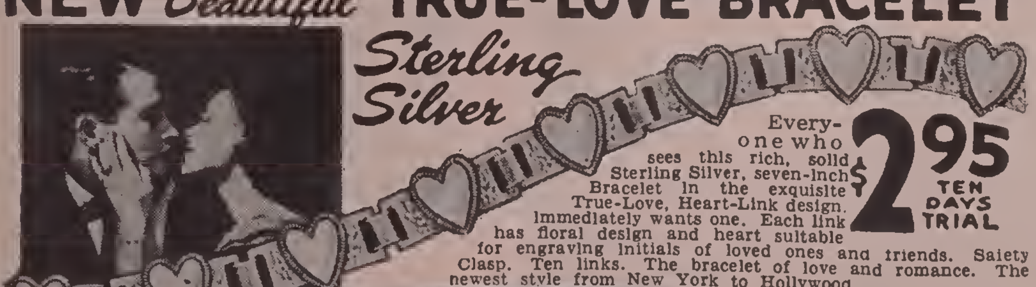

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. B-18, Jefferson, Iowa

with Savannah Churchill on the vocal chorus. This is Savannah's last record with Carter. She has left the band and will work as a single. June Richmond replaced her.

Ella Mae Morse has done a good job on "The Patty Cake Man" and "Invitation To the Blues." The "Cow Cow Boogie" girl is now on her second theatre tour, and doing very well.

Stan Kenton is with us again, this time on "How Many Hearts Have You Broken" and "Her Tears Flowed Like Wine." Gene Howard sings the first side and Anita O'Day does the honors on the second.

JAM NOTES:

Les Brown's former vocalists are doing all right for themselves in Hollywood. Roberta Lee was spotted by a Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout while singing at the Trocadero and was tested for a contract. Hal Derwin landed the singing berth on the new "Glamour Manor" daytime show over the Blue Network. And he has a new name, Hale Stevens. The Town Criers have been regulars on the Sunday night "Old Gold" program over N.B.C. They're one of the best quartets on the air today.

Skinnay Ennis has been discharged from the Army and is slated to return to the air with Bob Hope. . . . Pat Johnston, attractive blonde lyric writer of "I'll Remember April," was married recently in Hollywood to Herbert Evers, an actor. . . . Ted Weems is out of the Merchant Marine and has organized a new sixteen-piece band. . . .

Jan Garber's new singing click, Tommy Traynor, owes his start to David Street, the vocal star of the Joan Davis radio show. David had been coaching Tommy for months and when Jan needed a male vocalist Street talked him into taking Tommy, who was unknown. Tommy had never worked with a band before. . . . Freddie Slack is off on a theatre tour. Imogene Lynn, former Ray McKinley songstress, is with him.

PATRIOTIC CORNER:

Spike Jones and The City Slickers were the first civilian band to go overseas to entertain the troops. Spike's ambition is to be able to play "Der Fuehrer's Face" in the heart of Berlin. He had V-Mail copies made of his arrangement of the tune and took them with him to give to service bands. . . .

Dinah Shore bought a tiny portable piano for her overseas jaunt. It has only three and a half octaves and weighs about the same as an accordion, so it can be carried around easily. . . . Frances Langford has made another trip to the battle fronts with Bob Hope. She took along a glamour wardrobe which should more than please the G.I.'s. . . .

Martha Tilton's husband, Leonard Vannerson, former Tommy Dorsey band manager, now in the Navy in San Diego, had a good enough excuse when he asked his superior officer for a special pass. "My wife is going overseas," he pleaded, "and this is the last chance I'll have to see her before she goes." The officer said it was usually the husband who was going overseas, but that he would grant the leave because of the unusual procedure. So Martha and Leonard had a week-end together, before she took off for the South Pacific with the Jack Benny troupe. . . .

* * *

That's all for this time. If you have any musical questions that are troubling you, send them along and I'll attempt to straighten you out. But, *please*, just the musical ones. I can't tell you everything from Lana Turner to Lassie and still keep you posted on the bands and crooners. Address Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California—and don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

OFF THE RECORD

(CONTNUED FROM PAGE 28)

presence of Jackie, sitting behind the Judge's bench, was humiliating to these real-life Boys of the Streets. Baby gangsters, teen-aged thugs, second and third offenders most of them, their hardened young faces would go white or red when they suddenly spotted him, and their bravado choke into a mumble.

It was a shock when we saw that the most shamed and miserable boy in the room was Jackie, himself. He sat with lowered head, deeply conscious of his own fame and good fortune, his instinctive good sportsmanship sparing these young misfortunates the embarrassment of his gaze. No homes, no jobs, almost always no mothers—and until her death, a few years later, Jackie's mom was his very best pal. Presently we saw two large tears slip down his face. He put up a quick hand to brush them away, and looked sidewise out of his lowered eyes to see if he had been observed. We hadn't seen a thing, of course—one good sport deserves another, we always say.

Crying at weddings is a habit all women have, but we saw a glamour girl reverse the proceeding and cry at her *own* wedding. Rita Hayworth, who when she was born to fame and beauty was also endowed with those gifts of simplicity and human-ness generally reserved for less gorgeous females, was the girl. It has been widely recorded that Rita was so nervous at her wedding to Orson Welles that the marrying judge had to ask the groom to hold her trembling hands in his own during the ceremony. Not much has been said, however, about the tears that brimmed her eyes when she was pronounced Mrs. Welles, nor her explanation of them to a close friend later:

"I cried because I was happy," she said, "—and I've had so much *un*-happiness, you know!"

It is true that two careers do not always a happy marriage make, but no reporter could be so hardboiled as to want to inject a note of inharmony into the happy welding of those two swell kids, Jane Wyman and Ronald Regan. In the days when Ronnie was not yet Captain Regan, and when Janey was still a bride, the two of them were members of a personal appearance troupe appearing at the Chicago Theatre. When the stars

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5-DAY UNDERARM PADS

were entertained at a luncheon by a local advertising club, the groom was unable to attend because of a sore throat. The toastmaster, explaining the fact, made a heavy-handed attempt at humor:

"His bride will tell you about him," he said. "The former Mr. Regan is now Mr. Jane Wyman, you know!"

Janey popped to her feet like a cork out of a fizz-water bottle, and turned directly to the press table.

"Please, people," she said, her brown eyes blazing, "I hope you'll skip that introduction. Why, gosh—Ronnie would just break my neck if he thought I'd take a bow on a statement like that!"

Well, Janey still has her pretty neck, hasn't she?

Wiliest of all actresses, showwoman supreme, is Tallulah, the Great Bankhead. We are reminded of the time when, after having ignored the cornbelt for years, Taloo suddenly brought her latest legitimate hit to Chicago, and immediately tossed a large cocktail for the press. With her gaunt, rather hungry face contrasting her generous red mouth, and restlessly pushing a lank lock of hair back from her forehead as she talked, the Bankhead gave the impression that she was not a subscriber to sophistication, but rather, its inventor.

When the flash bulbs popped—at a time when most stars hurriedly push a drink out of sight—Tallulah calmly raised her "old-fashioned" to her lips, taking the only sip she took all afternoon. "I drink—" she said in that voice which comes from somewhere way down beneath her blouse buttons, "—or I don't drink. It's so *unimportant*—really!" Her suit, a little number characterized by its simplicity, was something that had obligingly wafted from a hotel shoppe window and settled on her shoulders just an hour before the party, she implied.

It was along about here that Miss Bankhead's secretary tiptoed importantly across the room and with no apology to the guests, whispered in her ear. At once, Tallulah broke into husky amusement.

"I don't *need* it this time, darling, really I don't—" she said. "You see," she went on, "so many of these parties turn out to be such terrific bores—you know the kind of thing I mean—so my secretary and I have developed a little ruse. She pretends I have a long distance call, and rescues me. But not today—uh-*uh*, I'm having too good a time! Thanks, anyhow, darling—"

The secretary tiptoed apologetically away — and the press, glowing with the warmth of their own unsuspected charm, dashed off to write their stories. Of course, there was always the chance that the "long distance call" was a ruse-within-a-ruse, with nothing but flattered reporters ever left in Tallulah's wake, but nobody thought of it until later.

Then there's Spencer Tracy. One midwinter when Spence was traveling from sunny California to blizzardy New York, he found it necessary to spend his Chicago between-trains time doing a little shopping. Mr. Tracy had goosepimples, and the press was perfectly welcome to come along while he bought himself some long underwear—red flannels preferred.

The department store he visited was fresh out of flannels, and there was even some difficulty in fitting their

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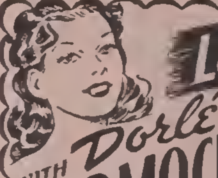

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distinguished customer in just ordinary, pale woolen britches. Meantime, unknown to Tracy, the news of his presence had spread through every floor of the store with the legendary rapidity of a prairie fire. All of a sudden Spence, holding a baggy-seated union suit up under his chin, looked up to see the aisles crammed with females, their eyes fastened on him with worship slightly diluted with horror.

Non-plussed? Not Tracy! He threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"That's where I've got it on those glamour-boys," he told us. "Now if it was Gable or Taylor who got caught like this, you could make something out of it. Me, I don't look any better out of a union suit than in one—so where's your story?"

One of our favorite unprinted stories about a Hollywood he-man concerns Jimmy Cagney. Nowadays when Jimmy is busily making personal appearances for his country's sake, few of his audiences realize that for many years he turned down thousands of dollars for doing practically the same thing. A vaudevillian for seven years before coming to the screen, Cagney nevertheless had an innate distaste for the footlights.

After one of his earlier pictures, however, he went East for a stage appearance with Joan Blondell, his co-star in the film. Traveling toward their engagement, Cagney worked up a fine case of jitters, thinking about that moment when he would have to dash out on the stage and go into the tough and cocksure action the fans would surely expect of him.

It was the zero hour—the time of their opening performance—and the pair stood waiting in the wings, ready for their cues. Jimmy got paler and paler, in the manner of a guy waiting for the signal to go over the top into a barrage of machine-gun fire. Finally, came the cue—and coincidentally, up came the luncheon Jimmy had eaten a short time before, and parked itself unbecomingly all over Joan's brand-new dress front.

We were not present at the christening, but we got the story from Chester Morris, who got it from Joan. Chester's imitation of Joan's imitation of herself, taking bows in front of that surprised audience whilst brushing off the remnants of Jimmy's table d'hote, is something to see.

"How do you do," said Joan (says Chester, with brushing gestures). "It's a pleasure to be here. (More brushing.) I am sorry to tell you that due to an unexpected—err, upheaval—Mr. Cagney has had to change his plans (working on sleeves, now). He does wish he could be with you—believe me, *with all that's in him,* he wishes it!"

"But speaking of tough guys"—that's an inevitable introduction these days for a Bogart anecdote.

It happened on Warner Brothers' gilded caravan to Dodge City (from the picture of the same name), at which time they took a private trainful of movie stars, picture executives and press representatives to premiere the film, and to stir the whole state of Kansas into almost unbelievable excitement. It was a crowded, exhausting day for the stars who attended—parading, speech making, pushing their way through thousands of autograph-seeking fans—and all of it with the thermometer about to blow

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its top. Sixteen long hours of this, and then the final event was over and everybody raced back to the train's club car for a drink of something long, strong and cool.

With the club car jammed and everybody shouting orders at once, it was discovered that the bartender was about to succumb to the heat. Sending the sick fellow off to his berth, the Bogarts took over. They stepped behind the bar, started rinsing glasses and filling them to order. They stayed there until almost morning, wiping off table tops, trotting back and forth on feet that had already done more than a full day's service—a couple of swell sports who found it easy to forget they were guests of honor, and waited on the "small shots" as well as the biggies.

There's another premiere story we never want to forget, and there's no longer any reason why it should remain "off the record." Alice Brady, its star, is dead, and Cesar Romero, supporting player, is helping the U. S. Coast Guards prove The Show Must Go On.

Our tale is a little drama played by these two at the gala first showing of "Young Mr. Lincoln," several years ago, at Springfield, Illinois.

Miss Brady was dying—slowly, and in complete consciousness of the fact—all the while the picture was being made. It was her secret, and the few friends who knew of her incurable disease helped her to keep it. Miss Brady, steeped in the tradition of the theater, thought it was her duty to bring pleasure to the world, rather than horror and pity. She made the four-day premiere trip under opiates, and went through every event of the hectic, heated final day the same way.

The parades, speeches, luncheons, all built up, as such things do, to that important moment before the picture's unveiling, when the stars stepped out onto the stage of the Springfield theater, and over a coast to coast hook-up, broadcast their greeting to the entire country. When Alice Brady faced that first-night audience she was the walking prototype of all the gaiety and glitter that is Hollywood's. Only a very few of the assembled celebrities on the stage knew that she was on the verge of collapse.

One of these was Cesar Romero, who sat next to her on the platform and could feel her trembling, and the shaking of the radio script held in her hand. Romero had had his own moment earlier in the program. Came the time for Alice to take her introduction, she stood up and swayed slightly, and immediately Cesar was on his feet with her. Taking her arm in cavalier manner, he walked to the microphone and flashing his white, Latin smile, came through with one of the most beautiful ad libs in history:

"Forgive me for trying to grab more than my share of the spotlight," he said to the spectators, "but you see, for years I've been trying to work up to the place where I could stand up and take a bow with as fine an actress as Miss Brady!"

"What a grand-stand player, that guy!" snorted a gentleman in back of us. Which was all right, since we knew the dapper Cesar would have been content to let the gentleman have it his own way, rather than the way it really was.

THE END

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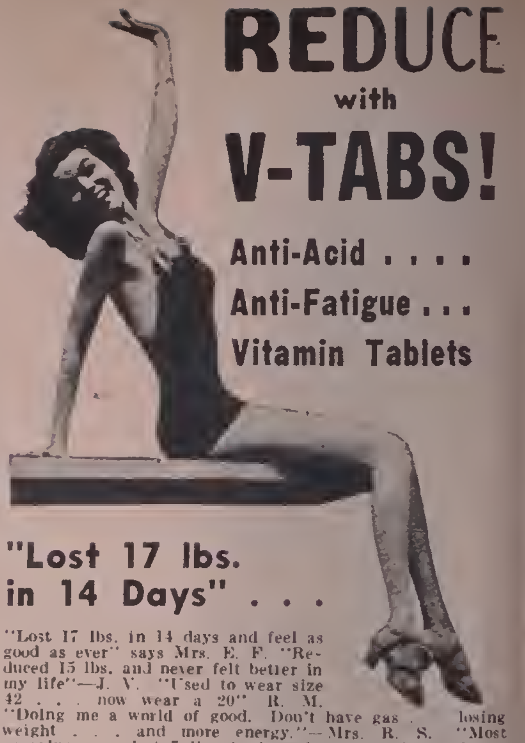

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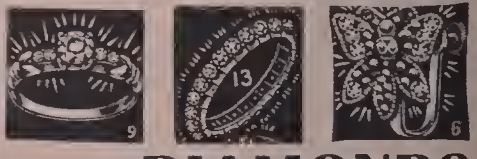

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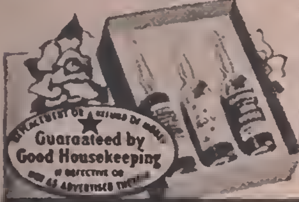

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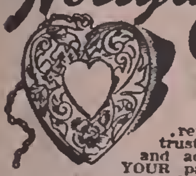

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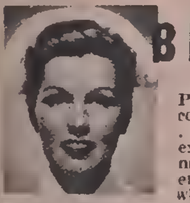

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ALAN LADD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

before starting. Nobody's having taken any sensible precautions with little Alan, the first thing I did was to help him get loose. Together, we decided to celebrate the Fourth by burning matches in a closet.

We kept burning them, then blowing them out. When we went to get more matches, we didn't notice that one was still burning, and by the time we got back there was a sheet of flame in the closet. The house burned down.

By the time the firemen arrived, my little playmate had wisely tied himself up to the tree again. I received the whole blame, and the fireman gave me a sound spanking. Mother just looked at me—she never spanked me for anything—but it was worse than the physical pain.

I was about to say that I've never been spanked from that day to this, but I take it back. I got a sound flogging from Bill Bendix, the other day, for a scene in "Two Years Before the Mast."

Anyway, to get back to the episode of the fire, it taught me something besides caution. I found that I loved excitement. So when the trip to California was proposed, I was all for it. We finally made the move, and without benefit of the Hit Parade decided to make the San Fernando Valley our home.

Times were tough and I had a lot of odd jobs: polishing vegetables in a market, working in a gas station, sweeping out a confectioner's shop. Maybe you could call that last a sort of character turning point.

I was ten years old, alone in the store at five in the morning, mopping up. It was the greatest temptation of my life, being exposed to all that luscious candy. But I never gave in and took any.

Not that I was a model child, by any stretch of the imagination. I was always getting into trouble at school, and always insisting that my harassed teachers take me to see the principal. I had discovered that my defiance made me a "big shot" in the eyes of the other kids.

There's no telling what would have become of me, if it had not been for a young teacher in high school who took a personal interest in me. I know now that meeting him was a turning point in my life. He had understanding, and soon set me straight. Because of him, I took my first interest in the school administration; I went in for athletics, I joined the Glee Club and the dramatic society. Soon I was much too busy with school activities to have any time for mischief.

It was my appearance in a school production of "The Mikado" that brought about the next turning point. Universal was looking for talent, and a scout remembered seeing me in the school show. I was asked to audition. Lasting until the finals in the elimination contest, I began to think I was definitely on my way to an acting career.

We rehearsed two weeks, then put on a sketch. Producers and writers sat in the audience, deciding which of the candidates should be tested, which ones discarded. I got along fine and was in the final group of ten.

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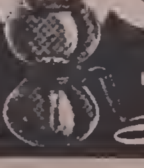

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Four of the group won contracts, but I wasn't one of them. Carl Laemmle, not looking particularly like a turning point, was seated in the first row. He said just one sentence: "I can't hear that boy."

I thought the world had come to an end, although I realize now it was the best thing that could have happened—I wasn't ready for acting yet. At the time, though, I thought I was through with acting for good.

I tried to get interested in something else, without much success. In turn I became a newspaper reporter, a restaurant owner, a salesman for a cash register company. Then came the next turning point. A friend asked me if I'd like to work as a grip at Warner Bros., and I took the job.

For two years I went around in my overalls, carrying a hammer and crowbar, content with my $42.50 a week. Then I began running into kids I'd met in the studio contest. They'd give me glowing accounts of the "bits" they were getting in pictures, their future hopes of stardom—and especially intriguing was their mention of the $50 a day they received for their "bits." I forgot to take into account that they probably worked only one or two days a year. I listened to them, and my $42.50 a week began to look sicker and sicker.

I went to dramatic school, determined to do the thing right this time. While I was a student at Ben Bard's, came the next turning point.

I was rehearsing for my first play, when my next door neighbor—I had moved to town by then—offered me the most wonderful opportunity that had yet come my way. He was with the Associated Press, and there was a position there for me if I wanted it. The day I had to start was the day our play was scheduled to open. That was a hard decision, not only because it was a fine job, but because I needed the money.

I lay tossing in my bed for three nights, trying to make up my mind. Finally, the night before the play opened, I gave my answer. I would take a chance on acting!

I'd never stuck to anything before, but this time I meant to see it through, come what may.

Plenty came—everything went wrong! I lost both parents, within a year of each other. Great acting opportunities were always just around the corner; they never materialized.

I finally turned to radio. And that was the next thing that changed the course of my life. It certainly didn't seem like any momentous decision at the time, however. I was getting all of fifty cents for a program, five dollars for a whole show. When KFWB later gave me $20 a week as their leading actor, I decided my future was in radio, not the screen.

It certainly seemed I was right when CBS offered me a contract. I set out for their office to sign, post haste, before they had a chance to change their minds.

In the meantime, Susy (she was just a name to me then—Sue Carol, an actors' agent who had been a film star) had heard me on the air and asked a mutual friend to tell me to see her. I wasn't interested; I had decided on radio.

But on my way to CBS I suddenly decided to stop and see Sue Carol. I thought it was just curiosity, but maybe it was Fate. Whatever it was,

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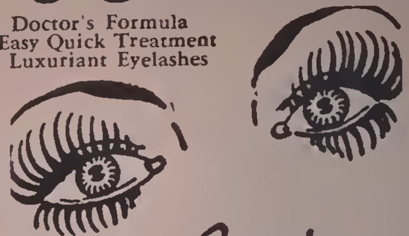

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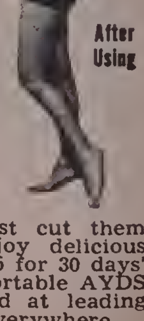

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I reached the second greatest turning point of my life the day I met Susy.

I had gone to see her only to tell her the screen was not for me. Instead, I heard myself asking for ten days to think it over. I made the same request at CBS, where they didn't bother to hide the fact that they thought I was crazy.

For ten days I thought it over, and finally I made up my mind. My future lay with radio. I knew what I wanted at last.

I stopped in to explain to Susy. She looked up at me.

"Well," she asked, "what have you decided?"

I heard myself answering: "Where's your contract?"

A spur of the moment decision I have never regretted.

That was an important turning point, and a happy one. We made a game of my career. For the first time in my life, I stopped stewing and fretting about every little thing.

I did a lot of "bits" and small parts after that. I never cared much about the size of a part, or should I say the lack of size. The important thing was to please the director. Maybe some day there'd be a real part, and he'd remember me. Could it be?

One such part I did, I call a turning point—because it was my first role on the Paramount lot. I've never mentioned it before. It was in the Fredric March picture, "Victory," and paid $100 a day. The only trouble with this great break was that the audience never saw my face. They photographed only the back of my head.

It was only a couple of weeks later that I reached a really important turning point. Three opportunities came my way all at once.

I had an offer from a commercial outfit to do a series of Army shorts, RKO wanted me to test for "Joan of Paris," and Paramount offered me a test for the part of Raven in "This Gun For Hire." After doing "bits" and small parts for so long, you can imagine how excited Susy and I were. We wanted to be sure we made no mistakes.

I tested for RKO and Paramount the same day. A few days later, I was at RKO and they told me I had the part in "Joan of Paris" and offered me a contract. I hadn't heard from Paramount yet, and I was all for signing. But I waited until Susy came over.

I knew the minute I looked at her that something was up. Her eyes were dancing. I told her the good news about RKO. Then she told me that she was talking a deal with Paramount.

We decided that I should do "Joan of Paris" without a contract, go away for three weeks to do the Army shorts, and then see what Paramount wanted to do.

It worked out beautifully. When I got home, I signed with Paramount.

The most important turning point after that was my induction into the Army, from which I've since received a medical discharge.

I learned a lot from the Army. For one thing, as I've said before, I've always been a great worrier. For the first time in my adult life, I found I couldn't control my own destiny. It would do me no good to stew; I had to take it.

It was a valuable lesson, and one I've profited from since returning to civilian life.

THE END

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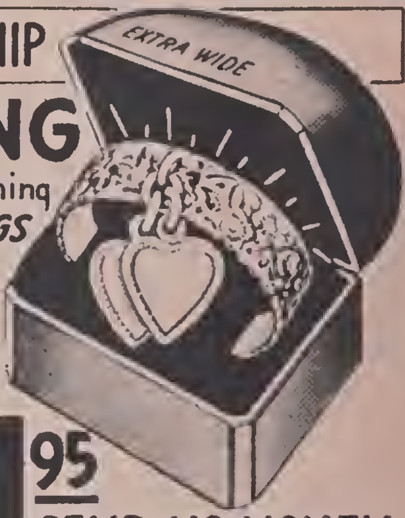

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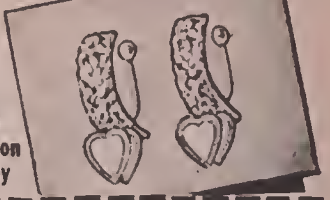

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GREGORY PECK

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

companionable state, and there was always the stimulation of working and waiting for that big break."

Peck's first acting venture occurred at about the age of sixteen, when he took part in a high school revue. He was one of a chorus who added a few fancy touches to "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," with gestures and dance-steps yet—which, come to think of it, was really enough to give even an unsensitive soul a complex.

"It was a terrible experience," he recalls. "I couldn't eat or sleep for three days before the performance.

"I was really a lonesome and painfully shy kid from about twelve to eighteen. I don't have any very pleasant memories of those years—except of my parents, of course. My mother always was very young and gay—and she still is. My Dad knew just how to deal with me. He gave me advice instead of orders.

"I remember that I decided to quit school when I was eighteen and go to work. I got a job with an oil company, and bought myself a Ford—felt pretty big. But when it came time to enter college, Dad didn't have much trouble talking me into it."

He didn't risk another joust with the footlights until he was forced into college theatricals through a series of disappointments. Enrolled in a premedical course at Berkeley's University of California, he discovered he lacked "the eagerness every good doctor should have." The world was robbed of the perfect bedside manner, no doubt—but in the light of subsequent events, we can't imagine anyone's kicking.

His next major interest had always been athletics. Rowing combined his love of competition and of the water, and he was rapidly becoming a regatta star when a spinal injury wrote finis to all but the mildest sports activity. If it is true that life has a definite and destined pattern, this last mishap, which made him pretty bitter at the time, was the beginning of the design for Gregory Peck. It was also the reason why army medics turned him down when he volunteered for military service shortly after Pearl Harbor.

The second time he stepped out in front of an audience was vastly different from the first.

"I was too young to analyze it then, but that was when I started to grow up. I ceased being afraid of people and the creative urge took hold instead. It wasn't Gregory Peck out there with hundreds of eyes staring at him—it was a character in a play they were looking at, and it was exhilarating to realize I could make that other person come alive for the people out front."

Undoubtedly young Peck had found himself, and when college was over he decided to give Broadway the privilege of making the same discovery. His assets consisted of a six foot two-and-a-half physique, topped by a restless shock of black hair and highlighted by that contagious smile, and one letter of introduction from his father to a business friend. Outside of that, he rode at the windmills of New York with only the thin lance of his courage.

For awhile, New York didn't even

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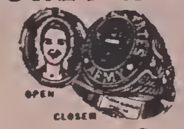

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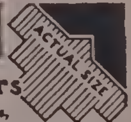

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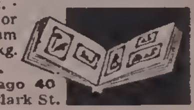

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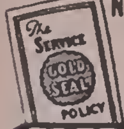

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know it was being attacked. During this period he worked as a barker at the Fair, and quit when his voice began to take on an Andy Devine tinge. He applied for a position as guide in Radio City and quit when he realized that although he did plenty of walking, he was still in a stationary spot. Meantime, he'd won an audition for a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of Dramatics.

After school came two years of stock, including an award engagement at the famous Barter Theater in Abingdon, West Virginia. The customers paid off in farm products—a dozen eggs, a pair of young hens, or even a hog.

It was at the Barter Theater that he was discovered by McClintic for road-playing—and although it was a long "road" that led to Broadway, it was McClintic who finally gave him a big-time lead in "Morning Star." But in spite of a distinguished cast, "The Star" soon disappeared behind the cloud of public indifference. Ditto for his next two Broadway ventures.

Whatever his future program calls for will find him perfectly agreeable, he says—"as long as they allow me to stick to human beings." His pet aversion is "people who act—you know, make faces—and put on or take off a mood as if it were an overcoat."

His favorite real-life heroes are Commander Scott, author of "God Is My Co-Pilot"; Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, and the late Lou Gehrig. As a "dream leading-lady" he picks Ingrid Bergman, Teresa Wright or Claudette Colbert.

He's getting one of these "dreams," too, as the next picture you will be seeing him in will be the David O. Selznick production of "House of Dr. Edwardes," playing opposite Ingrid Bergman.

Gregory and wife Greta live in a house perched atop Coldwater Canyon, which they've christened "Wuthering Heights." They like to take walks, go horseback riding, entertain small groups of favorite friends. And unlike most husbands, this one loves to go along on a shopping tour. His favorite costume as lord of the manor is a pair of seven-year-old pants, a red-flannel shirt that "can almost stand up by itself," and tennis shoes. His favorite menu—when he can get it—is a charcoal broiled steak, a green salad with garlic dressing, lyonnaise potatoes, and ice cream. (No banalities—all essentials, see?)

His best fault, he admits modestly, is forgetting to comb his hair unless his wife reminds him.

When Gregory and Greta were married, he opined as how about six children would make the situation perfect. Greta, mindful that everything is being rationed nowadays, said she thought they could get along on about three offspring. They compromised, by agreeing on Greta's suggestion, and are currently wildly happy because the first of the young Pecks has arrived. A six-pound son!

Be it known, too, that your favorite leading man admits, with a sheepish grin, that it was wrong of him to suggest a family of six. He only did it because he had no idea, at the time, how a father must suffer in having his children!

THE END

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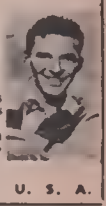

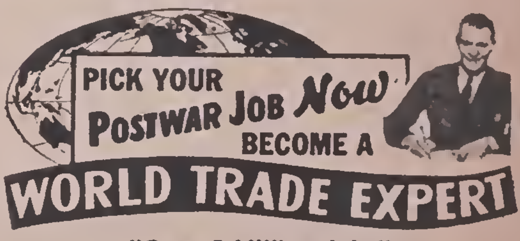

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THE FACE SPEAKS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

What Colby wanted was something more lasting and substantial than either mere beauty or a slip of closely-printed paper with her signature on it. So, after a glimpse of Hollywood, she returned to New York and joined the gang on one of the top-ranking fashion magazines.

She was in and out of every department in the book. She was a dynamo and no kiddin'. She was night club editor and motion picture editor, to start with. She also dabbled in the promotion department, made lay-outs for the advertising department, created new fashions, secured new advertising accounts, handled public relations for the newspapers, and took care of all special entertainment and fashion shows. During all this, too, she also continued to model and appeared once in a while on the radio.

This went on for a couple of years—until March, 1942, to be exact. At that point, Colby was signed by Columbia Pictures to publicize and exploit and generally oversee a thing to be called "Cover Girl." Which you have no doubt cheered in your local theatre by now. She did this so well that she was ultimately hired by David O. Selznick for a job which he created especially for her. The title of this chore is Feminine Director of Selznick and Vanguard Productions. In simpler terms, it involves styling and grooming all the actresses under Selznick's wing; Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple, and a lot of recently signed lesser-knowns. She acts as talent scout, and takes on special picture exploitation assignments. At present, it's Mr. S.'s new show, "Since You Went Away."

Not all women can be in pictures, of course. But Anita's ideas go just as well in the main for a gal in an office, or a housewife.

Her strongest cry is for the simple, basic, well-cut dress which can be changed by accessories.

"Get a good black or brown dress," Anita says, "with a boat neck, perhaps, or a neck that is cut square. Both are very good now. And, with that as a background, you will have five or six costumes in one. You can wear the dress with clips and a mad little hat for formal occasions. Or, you can put on a gilet or a collar, get a white pique curvette, and wear white gloves to the office. Or, you can stick flowers at the belt and wear a snood with flowers on the band. Or—well, you can do almost exactly what your fancy dictates and get away with it.

"I have told my girls at Vanguard never to appear on the lot without a hat, stockings, and gloves. Even in Hollywood, where dress is casual to the point of sloppiness, these are important musts. And, particularly in a business where appearance is half the battle, they are imperative.

"Any business girl would do well to follow the hat, gloves, stockings rule, too. Gloves are cheap nowadays. Stockings, while not nylon or silk, are at least better than they were a couple years ago. And with the new styles in hats—curvettes, bandeaux and snoods—there is no reason why every girl should not have as many as she wants.

"She can make her hats herself.

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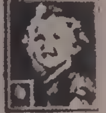

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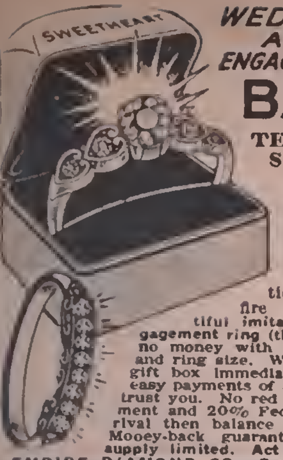

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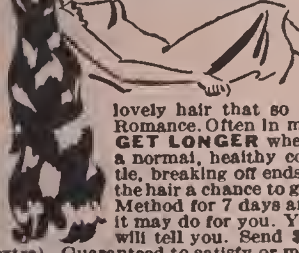

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For instance, she can do as I did: Get some velvet ribbon and some flowers which are striking and good as to color, sew the blossoms on the ribbon at the point which is most becoming to her, and tie the ribbon under her back hair. This, believe it or not, makes a hat. A very good hat for 1944, and a very cheap one.

"Or, she can take the crown of an old felt hat and sew flowers or layers of tulle or eyelet on it, and wear it either on the back of her head or in the new straight-on fashion. Or, she can have a half-hat by cutting the brim off an old straw hat, steaming it into a bonnet shape over a tea-kettle, binding the back with velvet ribbon, hanging a few flowers on one side so that they brush her face—and presto! There it is.

"I am very partial to flowers, *if* they are not worn in the same old ways. A big bunch of violets is lovely, for example, just under a girl's chin. They are good tucked into the belt of a suit or a simple dress. They are fine on hats, near the face. And I'm very partial to new uses for jewelry. For instance, I put a series of small bumblebee pins on the *sleeve* of a suit instead of the lapel. I twist a long gold chain over my shoulder and under one arm and fasten it with gold pins like a guardsman's decoration, instead of using it across my chest.

"The answer to all this is that I try new ideas—and I make the girls I work with try them. I put on an old hat straight instead of on one side, and thereby give it a modern look. I sit in front of a mirror and figure out different hairdos, such as braiding my hair in two pigtails with colored ribbons of two shades to match the colors on a playdress. I experiment with new combinations of color."

Anita has, of course, worked with expensive, high-style clothes for years. But how can a gal on a small budget follow fashion trends without losing her financial shirt?

"Read the good fashion magazines," she advises. And watch the things they advocate. *But don't buy something simply because they mention it once.* Remember that the stylesetters are feeling their way, many times. They are waiting to see whether or not a new idea catches on. So, you wait, too. If the same thing is plugged twice—like the short coat, for example—then you can be reasonably sure it will be good. Then, and only then, you can buy it—or a copy of it.

"When you buy copies, buy good ones. And always keep in mind that the simplest clothes are the most easy to copy—as well as being the best from a fashion standpoint.

"The reason for dressing badly is, I think, that many girls are too lazy to think up the little things which will make them outstanding. Instead, they try to copy someone, and usually pick the wrong person. They try to be like Rita Hayworth when they look nothing like her, instead of dressing *as themselves* and creating a coherent whole.

"This doesn't take a lot of money. With the basic dress or suit that I spoke of, and good accessories, any girl can look really well. Accessories are the answer, as far as I'm concerned. Without them, a woman is comparable to a house that is only half-furnished. With them, the house has bric-a-brac around and looks charming and inviting."

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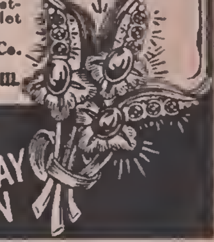

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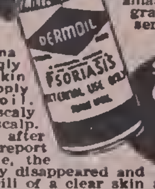

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DEANNA DURBIN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

cameras, and spending the other half in a studio school room.

While other girls were deep in the problem titled, "Why doesn't Bob ask me to go skating—and why does Homer pester me to death?" Deanna was busily studying a radio script and taking vocal lessons.

She wasn't allowed even the normal vainglories and fading of puppy love; because of her very prominence, her first love interest matured into marriage. Now, with that phase well over, she it catching up on the lighthearted dancing and romancing that other girls enjoy at sixteen, seventeen, and twenty-forever.

Another girl might well manage such a "return to her teens" without comment from the world at large—but Deanna is public property, which makes for complications.

Recently, when closing a broadcast, she said softly into the mike, "Goodnight, Dickie boy." The following day a Hollywood gossip columnist quickly, and without research, announced that this "Dickie boy" might well be Dick Powell. That was an unfortunate suggestion—because Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, as moviegoers all know, had just separated.

The "Dickie" of Deanna's fond greeting was actually her three-year-old nephew, Richard Heckman, who had been allowed to remain up late to hear Aunty May Pole, as he calls her, sing.

Such absurdities are bound to vex Deanna in quest of her youth. Whenever she appears in a supper club with such a close friend as Felix Jackson, her longtime producer, someone is going to hear the rustle of Cupid's arrows, no matter how businesslike the conversation may be. The truth is, Deanna has lunched with Mr. Jackson every one of her working days since she began as a little eager girl at Universal. Such long acquaintanceship is anything but romantic—but try to pursuade the eager columnists of that fact!

When she has a new leading man, such as Dean Harens in "Christmas Holiday," eager-beaver journalists will undoubtedly sniff the air for the scent of orange blossoms.

But don't believe a word you hear—until Deanna, herself, makes the announcement.

At present, Deanna is living alone, except for her housekeeper, in her own home. She likes it that way. She feels no sense of isolation—nor aloneness. After her crowded days, the aloneness is a beautiful relief.

The Durbin house—contrary to popular conception—is no massive affair, jutting a dozen ridgepoles into the California sunshine. It is a single-story cottage, the room plan of which consists of a den, kitchen and housekeeper's quarters, a living room, dining room, playroom, and two bedroom suites. Deanna occupies one of these, and Anne Shirley occupies the other, when she spends an occasional night with Deanna.

These duet house parties usually occur on Tuesday night. After completing the day's work at the studio, the two girls meet at the Durbin house, have dinner, then rush to the Hollywood Canteen where they sign autographs or carry on service con-

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versations when time permits.

Afterward they stop at an eatery and destroy a chicken sandwich and a cup of chocolate, while comparing notes on the evening.

There is, naturally, an unalterable Canteen rule which forbids any Canteen worker from dating any service man. If it should be proved that even a telephone number had been bestowed upon a petitioning G. I., the luckless girl could never return to the Canteen. However, our Army works on the theory that a guy was never ruled off for trying.

In general, the suppliants are of two types: the first is the sincere, courteous, genteel sort who would be an eligible escort if Deanna met him under non-war circumstances. Such a chap usually begins by apologizing: "I hope you won't think I'm fresh or presumptuous, but it would certainly make me happy if you would do me the honor of letting me take you to dinner some night."

When such a khaki is reminded of the rules, he usually says, "I completely forgot. Please forgive me. I only asked because I have admired you for so long that I feel as if I know you."

The hepcat type, junior Casanova division, usually gives out with the old personality smile, leans over confidentially and intones, "Say, how's chances of me taking you to the Palladium when this is over, Toots?"

One evening recently, Deanna was handed a fountain pen by a boy who wanted an autograph. After she had signed his book, she continued to use the pen for several additional signatures. Then, in the confusion and noise and jostling crowd, Deanna lost sight of the patient pen-owner. She continued to chat and sign.

With amusement she noted that she was using a pencil, then a pen, then a pencil. Ordinarily the boys hand her the first writing instrument they can command.

Finally the original G. I. pen-loaner came back and said apologetically, "I hate to trouble you, Miss Durbin, but are you through with my pen yet? I wouldn't bother you, but I have to go now."

Deanna swallowed hard. "Didn't I return your pen to you?" she asked in a small voice.

He shook his head.

And here, all ye panting swains, is the twist on the Canteen rules: Deanna secured the fellow's name and address, meanwhile thanking her lucky stars that she happened to have a beautiful, unused, neatly-boxed fountain pen at home. This was soon shipped to the G. I., who is now a regular correspondent.

Another of Deanna's merry contacts with the Armed Forces resulted in a letter from a boy stationed in Australia. He had visited the Canteen just before he had been shipped out; since that time he had avidly read the public press and had come to the conclusion that, due to gas rationing, meat rationing, canned food rationing, monumental income taxes, the absence of butter, bobby pins, girdles and eyebrow tweezers, the home front situation was grave.

So he sent Deanna several sticks of gum, saying that his morale had been galvanized by his visit to Hollywood and that he hoped to repay the favor by the chewing supplies which he understood were unobtainable by civilians.

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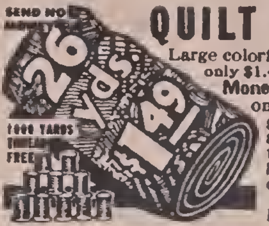

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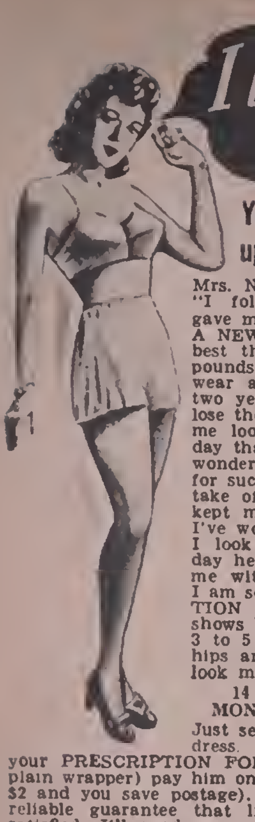

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Aside from her G. I. mail, which is large, Deanna gets a great many letters from puzzled girls who want to know how to develop what they describe as the Durbin Sophistication. One unhappy alice complained, "You always say the right things at precisely the right time. How do you manage to stay in the groove?"

Deanna answered with frank amusement that being glib on the screen is comparable to getting married by proxy: someone else does all the work. Tossing off *mots* exceedingly *bon*—with a script writer whispering in one's ear—is wonderful work during the day, but Deanna has normal tongue trouble when cast on her own devices on a date that night.

The first time she was awe stricken into a reasonably exact facsimile of an exclamation point with wooden feet occurred when she was working on "Hundred Men And a Girl"—the hundred men being minor, but their leader, Stokowski, being major enough to render even hardened music critics inarticulate.

In such a situation, the inclination of most teensters is to babble. Mr. Stokowski was extremely quiet, an attitude that would ordinarily have spurred a nervous performer into Flying Cardoza feats of conversation. Deanna, however, stifled the impulse. She decided that it would be much more restful to say nothing; she sensed that Stokowski's silence was friendly, so she relaxed. That worked out so well that Deanna's continued use of vast acres of stillness has earned for her the admiring title, "Little Poker Pan."

But just because a girl has met her share of toppists in all lines and has managed to non-goof it conversationally, don't think that her personal and private ad libbing is going to be any easier.

Not so long ago Deanna double-dated with one of her best girl friends. Friend is brighter than Lake Mead at noon in July; she sparkles and scintillates and peels off cracks at 160 r.p.m. At first Deanna cooked up an occasional quip, but after a bit her face began to get tired. So she shushed. She decided that being an appreciative audience was her best role, so she settled back to enjoy herself.

The pay-off in a spot of this kind is that sooner or later one meets a man who is, himself, no novice Noel Coward, and who appreciates a girl forty decibels quieter than homecoming at a girls school.

About these and other troubles, Deanna and Anne Shirley frequently confer. They agree on practically every subject, including that most delicate one: the selection of a hobby. They are both quite drooly over ballet. For Christmas two years ago Deanna gave Anne a pair of pink satin ballet slippers. Not that Anne was planning to enter a life of glissade arabesques, but simply because it seemed like such a good idea. This year she gave Anne a blue chiffon nightie, a book of recordings of the songs from "The Student Prince" . . . AND a ballet dancer figurine for the Shirley lapel.

Deanna studied ballet for five years and hopes one day to do a picture about the life of a première danseuse. When she was small, she and her mother got into one of those domestic conflicts that marks the development of every child. Mrs. Durbin told her young daughter that she had to do certain things or there would be war in camp.

Miss Durbin faced her parent sternly. "All right for you," she said in sepulchral tones. "I'm going to run away and be a ballet dancer!"

To date, this ambition has been realized only to the extent of Deanna's buying tickets to every ballet performance given in Los Angeles, and having the walls of her studio dressing room decorated with Degas prints.

Anne and Deanna share another characteristic: They are as sentimental as sound good sense allows. Shortly after the holidays last year, a mutual friend was discussing the fine blaze to be had in one's fireplace by courtesy of the late lamented Christmas tree. The girls exchanged dismayed glances at such sacrilege. When any festivity is over, Deanna likes to have all the trappings and glitter removed as quickly and as unobtrusively as possible. The tree, she thinks, should be quietly handed over to the mercies of the junkman; to burn it would be to destroy a symbol of a season.

Incidentally, one of Deanna's most treasured gifts last year was a twenty-five volume set of the works of Rudyard Kipling, the initial volume of which set was long ago autographed by the mustached British firebrand. The first book Deanna read was "The Light That Failed." That completed, she scanned "The Jungle Books" and is currently reading a bit about Mogli to her nephew, Dickie, each time that enthralled young gentleman is her guest.

Dickie received such an array of wooden victory toys for Christmas that his imagination completely broke down under the strain. With great eyes he viewed his scooter, his target game, his army jeeps, trucks, and tanks, and his bright red wagon.

Then he gave up and devoted himself to playing with the lovely boxes in which Aunty May Pole's presents had come. These, he found, could be worn on the head, or could be shoved along as a train. One could sit in them, or one could stow away filched treasures in them. "Boxes are the nicest present," he confided to an inquiring aunty.

And so, between her niece and nephew, her reading, her canteen work, palship with Anne, and her ever-demanding picture work, Deanna is obviously a very busy girl. She's working now in "Can't Help Singing."

In spite of such a schedule she will have time to have dates with Henry Wilson, Bob Stack (when he is in town), Dean Harens (her leading man in "Christmas Holiday") and with a good many other highly interesting men. You will see frequent mention of these dates in your favorite magazine, but don't take it seriously.

Deanna is just catching up with her teens.

THE END

MARINE RYAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

"For my elephants," said "Sabu." "I worry if that new guy is treating them right. I know they're unhappy. I'll bet they miss me. If they could just write a letter so I'd know how they are."

After a while Bob went back to his bunk. He was awake a long time.

Visiting hours for Boots are Sunday afternoons, from one until four. We had planned it was best for me not to go down. After all, Basic Training only lasted eight weeks, and Bob would be busy and preoccupied.

"Think of the wives who haven't seen their husbands for years while they're overseas," we said. "We have to get used to things like this."

"This is war and we must make adjustments," we added. "Think of the wives who live too far away to go visiting for three hours."

Oh, we were very noble! We were extremely sensible and wise and keep the chin up, old girl. It won't seem long when it's over, old boy.

Then, just before the fourth week-end, I got a letter from Bob: "I think it might be a good idea if you came down this week-end," he remarked in his casual fashion.

So I got me a new hat—for certainly there couldn't be a better reason for getting one—and hied myself downtown on Sunday morning. It was a slightly bedraggled but undaunted Jessica who alit from the bus what seemed like days later. (Actually only about four and a half hours.)

"I'd like to see Private Robert Ryan," I said to the Marine in the Reception Building. I felt funny, using the "Private" for the first time.

Finally Bob appeared.

He had a thing folded under his arm with a lot of mottled green markings on it. "A poncho," he advised in superior tones. "A camouflaged poncho. I brought it from the hut in case the deck is damp and we can't get near a bulkhead," I was informed to my complete confusion.

So we went outside and sat on the poncho, on the grass. I learned about running obstacle courses, and the best way to stab a Jap with a bayonet, and the Articles of War.

"But the thing I really like," Bob exclaimed, "is the drilling!"

"Are you kidding?" I muttered, having heard from many sources that drilling is definitely something to stay away from if possible.

"No, it's fun! Marching in time, taking directions. . . . I'm used to that." He seemed sincere. "I'm the tallest man in the platoon so I set the pace."

"Does that mean you're in front?" I asked, as an idea began glimmering in my brain.

"Yes. With two other guys."

"Robert," I said, "you're an awful ham! Dramatically leading your company round and round the parade ground."

"With the help of the D.I.," he glowered at me.

"Who's the D.I.?" I asked.

"The Drill Instructor, of course." Then he looked sheepish. "I guess it does sort of please the ham in me, at that."

I learned all about the proper way to make a bed, the correct system of washing clothes, how to iron, the expert way to shine shoes, the professional way to lengthen the hems of trousers and sew buttons on shirts.

"I sew better than anyone in our platoon," Bob expanded.

"Is that good?" By this time I was feeling quite weak.

"You're darn right it's good!" he answered. Only he didn't say darn, thus saving himself a bad pun.

The high point of Marine Basic Training is record day at the rifle range, where they spend three weeks.

"I made Sharpshooter!" Bob was yelling to me over the telephone, three weeks after my excursion to San Diego. I gathered from the tone of his voice that Sharpshooter was a fine thing. "And now we're off to the P.X. There's a big evening ahead!"

"Can you have a big evening at the P.X.?" I asked.

"It'll be a night of debauchery on candy and coca cola. It's a tradition of the Marine Corps. And that's really an orgy, believe me!"

But there was tragedy ahead. Something was amiss. The Post Exchange was closed!

As they wandered back to their huts, the mournful faces of the boys were something impossible to bear. They trudged along in heavy silence. The day was spoiled. Suddenly an idea struck Bob. He made a dive for the Recreation Hall, and a leap into the telephone booth.

"I'd like to speak to Pat O'Brien," Bob said.

An hour later the grinning Irish mug of Pat was hidden behind an enormous stack of packages, as he stood in the doorway of the hut. He had boxes of candy, boxes of cigars, cigarettes, ice cream, coca cola, gum.

The next day they returned to the Base. Their Boot Camp days were nearly over. But they ended on a high note, thanks to Pat O'Brien. That day Bob wrote me in a letter:

"When we were out at the range, we'd start out early in the morning. It was dark when we left our huts, and we'd march five miles out to the firing range, over the rolling hills. Gradually it would grow light. The air was something out of this world. There's been a lot of rain and the hills are green. The sun would begin to rise behind the low clouds. We'd march along in perfect rhythm, feeling strong and alive in body and soul. In eight short weeks we have become friends for the rest of our lives. I'll miss those friends when we get sent off in a hundred different directions in the next days. But there's something that ties us all together and connects us with all the other men in the Service. I think it's, well . . . comradeship. It's a feeling of connection with other human beings. I wish the whole world had it. Perhaps the war will help."

THE END

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THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD

By JANE WILKIE

ONE YEAR AGO THIS MONTH: Clark Gable wrote from England that he would not return to movies after the war. . . Ann Sothern wed Bob Sterling. . . Helmut Dantine broke up with Gwen Anderson. . . Shirley Temple signed with Selznick for "Since You Went Away". . . Annie Sheridan gadding about with Bruce Cabot, Cully Richards and George Brent. . . Hollywood found Lon McCallister. . . Heavy bets that Anne Baxter would marry Richard Derr. . . Paulette Goddard bought a farm in New York from Burgess Meredith. . . Red Skelton met Muriel Morris. . . Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont had kissing bee at their wedding. . . Lou Costello fighting for his life. . . . Randy Scott dating Ella Raines. . . "So Proudly We Hail" best picture of the month, starring Colbert, Goddard and Lake.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH: John Barrymore shed Elaine Barrie, whereupon Ethel Barrymore took John back into her good graces. . . Dottie Lamour dating John Howard, Wynn Rocamora and Randy Scott. . . Eleanor Powell waiting for Abe Lyman to propose to her. . . Madge Evans left Hollywood to marry playwright Sidney Kingsley. . . Garbo making "Ninotchka". . . Cary Grant followed Phyllis Brooks to Europe, from where Brooksie stated, "Our married life together will be one great party!". . . Loretta Young on witness stand for William P. Buckner . . . Rooney and Garland dating. . . Peggy Ann Garner tested for role as Carole Lombard's kid sister in "The Kind Men Marry". . . Janet Gaynor and Adrian became engaged . . . Nelson Eddy taking tap dancing to reduce—and denying rumors of approaching blindness. . . Eligible bachelors in town were George Brent, David Niven, Jimmy Stewart, Richard Greene, Cary Grant, Jeffrey Lynn. . . Niven was going with Olivia de Havilland. . . George Raft was already a grandfather. . . Dorothy Lamour and Pat Morrison, feuding. . . Olympe Bradna wore first midriff bathing suit, and Joan Crawford wore midriff evening gown to musicale. . . "Bachelor Mother" best picture of the month, with Ginger Rogers and David Niven. . . . Hollywood watching the Joan Bennett-Walter Wanger romance. . . Connie Bennett divorcing the Marquis to wed Gilbert Roland.

Ten years ago, Garbo had made two pictures that were both flops, and Hollywood wondered, "What now?"

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH: Myrna Loy became full-fledged star after "The Thin Man" . . . The world mourned death of Marie Dressler . . . Critics wrote. Bette Davis reveals an amazing talent in 'Of Human Bondage'". . . Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne a constant twosome. . . . Hollywood placed its own ban on sex pictures and wondered what to do with Jean Harlow and Mae West. Jackie Coogan and Toby Wing going steady. . . English Binnie Barnes arrived in Hollywood. . . Will Rogers top box-office star. . . . Ronald Colman had "no intention of a second marriage", after his divorce from Thelma Raye. . . Kate Hepburn and director Gregory La Cava a thing . . . Public wondered about Garbo after "Queen Christina" and "The Painted Veil" fell flat at the box-office. . . Baby LeRoy and Shirley Temple twosome of the times. . . . . . Europe in love with Jeanette MacDonald, who was in love with Bob Ritchie. . . Phil Reagan and Betty Grable adoring each other. . . Dawn O'Day changed her name to Anne Shirley. . . Virginia Bruce played "Jane Eyre". . . Buddy Rogers squiring Mary Pickford. . . Grace Moore called 'most exciting woman in Hollywood' after premiere of "One Night of Love" . . . Rudy Vallee divorcing Faye Webb. . . Gloria Swanson cooing with Herbert Marshall. . . Charles Ray made comeback in first film since 1927. . . Madeleine Carroll went back to England, saying "no more movies for me."

IT COMES UP MARRIAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

expensive) until she could find something more within her means in the overcrowded town bothered with a bad housing situation. Finally she got an apartment at Peyton Hall (owned by Claudette Colbert), which place she immediately filled with flowers and her paintings (a new hobby she recently took up), and continued with her film work.

Jess, on the other hand, as Hollywood's number one bachelor, roamed the town with the most eligible girls. If you are a sleuth, however, you can see that the girls he took out after last November were girls already spoken for or on the verge. Here is a list to prove and show you what we mean: Marguerite Chapman, who has a beau in the Army, but not stationed here; Anne Shirley, who is carrying the torch for an unnamed gentleman; Olivia de Havilland, who has received publicity about her heart's belonging to Major John Huston. The others Jess has been pictured with are career conscious girls who do not plan to marry for years! Gloria de Haven, Bonita Granville and Nina Foch, young Columbia actress to whom Jess is "almost a brother." These girls are seen constantly with other young men —which makes it obvious that they are looking for a good dancing partner, not a life attachment.

Susan and Jess, although actually attracted to one another, were afraid to commit themselves. Theirs was a hectic courtship with many misunderstandings and separations. Yet each seemed not to form any other lasting attachments. Words were never spoken, but each knew it was inevitable.

Susan, who was referred to by one columnist as the *"Girl who ran one figure into four,"* went out on bond tours whenever she was between pictures. Jess saw her off on one such assignment, late last March.

Her tour headquartered in Chicago, and when she finished she went to Charleston, Mississippi, to visit for a week. There with her relatives she gave herself time to examine her true feelings for Mr. Barker.

During the course of said trip, though, she met Robert Lowery, also under contract to Paramount, and when she returned to Hollywood had a few dancing dates with him. When the columnists started to ring her phone about a reported romance between the two she answered honestly, "He's just a wonderful dancing partner."

Jess was piqued, of course, but soon Susan was meeting him again and having dinner in the little out of the way places they loved. Mr. Lowery went on to other fields and Susan and Jess were together again. Susan, still protesting against becoming "too serious," as she didn't want to marry; Jess dating Susan, but continuing to take out other girls. But those girls were always the "attached" kind, and Jess frankly admitted to friends that he was Susan's whenever she said the word.

Susan went out on another bond tour in late May and columns reported then that, *"Jess Barker stays home nights (that's news) to receive phone calls from Susan Hayward."* She returned and Jess proposed for the first time. Susan asked for time to make up her mind. She departed on another camp tour before she gave her answer. Another column reported, *"The romance of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker is as cold as a head waiter's nod,"* and it was true. Susan had picked her way of saying no. Jess complained to no one but carried his torch.

When Susan returned she and Josi Elliot went to Palm Springs for a week and Jess journeyed down to see them. Again he plied his suit, but gently, and nothing seemed settled. At that time Jon Whitcomb came to Hollywood on leave and called down there asking to see her. Susan said she was sorry, that she would see him next time he came. Jess took heart.

Jess proposed and was accepted, and they planned to elope. Then they had a bad misunderstanding and everything was off for a few weeks.

Jess confined his social activities to his Friday nights at the Canteen and Susan withdrew from circulation.

Then they met one day on the street in Beverly Hills and Jess persuaded Susan to let him buy her tea at Romanoff's. This resulted in dinner, and finally, driving home through the tree-lined streets of Beverly Hills, they drew up under one of the famous palm trees and talked out the situation. Neither to this day will say what Jess said when he proposed, but Susan said she would really think it over.

Both went home that night and read a book. The next morning Jess called Susan and said, "I read a book last night and one sentence seemed just the one for me. It said, '*A man must say what is in his heart*,' so I'm saying it again." Susan's heart jumped, for quite by coincidence she too had read a book and there was a sentence there that told her what her answer must be. She will not tell what the words were, but oddly enough they were both reading the same book!

Which brings us again to that flower banked altar with the two famous people standing before it. When the brief ceremony was finished and the few close friends had filed out, Susan and Jess stood for a minute alone in the church before they came out into the fading summer sunset.

A small reception for their friends, a short honeymoon within A gas coupon range, and the newlyweds are now settled in Susan's apartment. They're looking for a small house in the San Fernando Valley, a small maid to take care of their needs, and a bit of time to be alone together before they both resume their careers.

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 10

D	O	P	S	■	S	M	A	R	T	■	B	E	L	A
A	R	E	A	■	C	A	N	A	L	■	U	T	E	S
M	A	C	M	U	R	R	A	Y	■	B	R	U	T	E
E	L	K	■	N	E	I	L	■	B	E	L	I	T	A
■	■	■	I	D	E	A	■	P	E	T	E	■	■	■
W	A	R	R	E	N	■	D	I	E	T	R	I	C	H
O	S	I	E	R	■	L	E	A	R	Y	■	R	O	E
M	I	S	S	■	G	I	N	N	Y	■	N	E	V	A
A	D	E	■	E	R	A	T	O	■	J	A	N	E	T
N	E	S	T	L	E	R	S	■	L	O	V	E	R	S
■	■	■	A	L	E	S	■	T	I	N	Y	■	■	■
P	A	L	M	E	R	■	E	R	S	E	■	T	O	O
O	L	E	A	N	■	F	O	O	T	S	T	E	P	S
L	E	A	R	■	S	L	A	V	E	■	O	L	E	S
L	E	N	A	■	T	O	N	E	D	■	D	A	N	A

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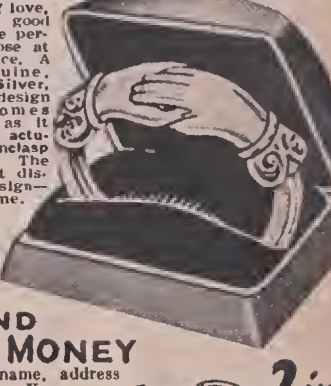

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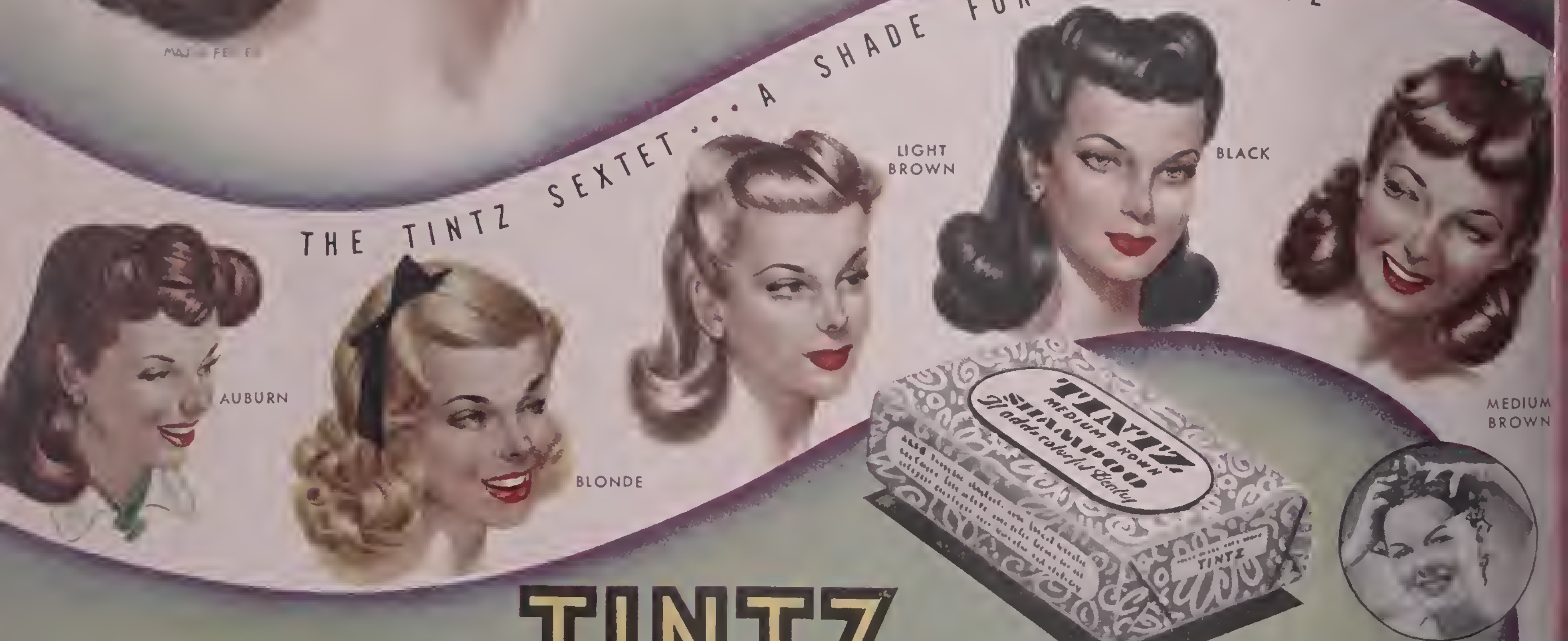

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TINTZ COMPANY, DEPT. 73-C, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.
Canadian Office: Dept. 73-C 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1

(if C. O. D., postage charges extra)

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(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ ZONE_____ STATE__________

7-DAY TRIAL COUPO

(Tintz pays postag if money with order)

Check shade:
☐ Blonde
☐ Black
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brow
☐ Auburn (Titian
☐ Dark Brown

Movieland

NOVEMBER
15¢

BETTY HUTTON
[illegible]

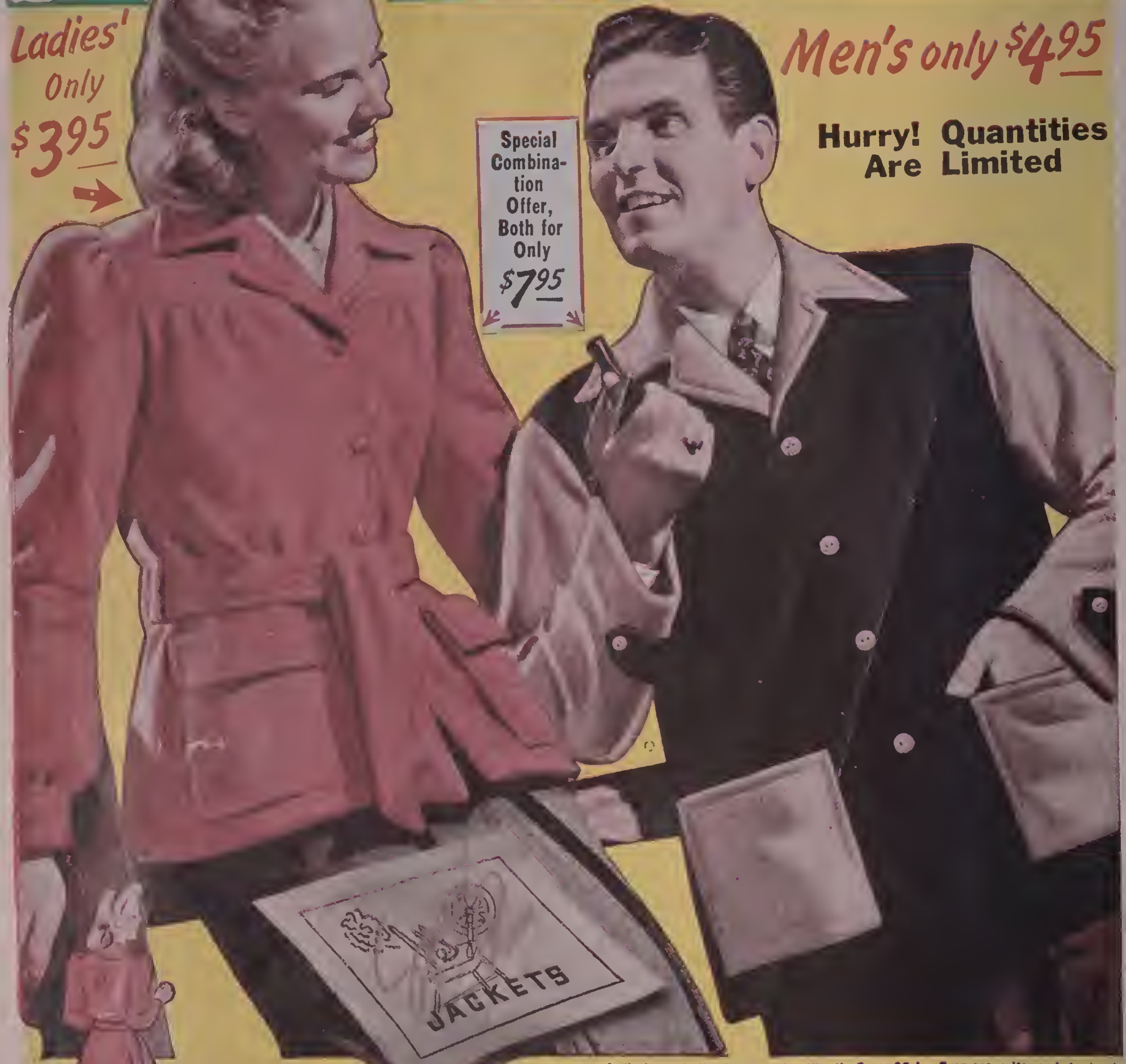
[illegible]
OCT 8 [illegible]

HILLMAN PUBLICATIONS

The "Private" Life of Lon McCallister

©CIB 646083

Men! Ladies! Here's THE JACKET You've Wanted At A Sensational Saving!


Ladies' Only $3.95
Special Combination Offer, Both for Only $7.95
Men's only $4.95
Hurry! Quantities Are Limited
JACKETS

Ladies! Men! Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one men's jacket—you get two jackets for only $7.95.

Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

LADIES'

You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines . . . you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these seasons latest shades: Camel Tan or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

MEN'S

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort — of "Spun-Rite"—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon. No extra charge for over-size.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1845-D
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO 10, ILL.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RITE Jackets indicated below, C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

Name.. **Please**
Address.. **write**
City....................................State..................... **plainly**

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $3.95		Camel Tan		Stop Red
Check color wanted				

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only $7.95

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95	Camel Tan with these colors		Luggage Brown	Forest Green
Check color wanted				

CHECK SIZE WANTED

Lady's 12☐, 14☐, 16☐, 18☐, 20☐, Man's, 34☐, 36☐, 38☐, 40☐, 42☐, 44☐
MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: $................. C. O. D.

Cosmetic Close-Ups

THERE'S no closed season for perspiration control. Like every other phase of femininity, it's a year round daily duty.

Whether or not you are as aware of it, the presence of perspiration can be more of a problem in winter than it is in summer. That's because activity and excitement are apt to increase in the busier, colder season. Not only that, contrasting temperatures step up glandular reaction. So, going from a very cold outdoor atmosphere to a very warm steam-heated room may cause underarm perspiration in excess of the slight all-over stickiness you feel on a summer day.

Every season, a daily daintiness program begins with a thorough soap and water cleansing.

However, to maintain this sweet-scented freshness, one more thing is needed—an efficient underarm deodorant or anti-perspirant. Without one or the other, you can expect that, within ten or fifteen minutes after your bath, some hint of underarm odor may occur. Only the *prevention* of such odor can preserve your charm.

There are two courses open for control. You can permit perspiration and prevent odor by using a deodorant to absorb or neutralize it. Deodorants are available in cream, liquid or powder form. They can be used any time, anywhere. They should be used at least once a day.

You can check the perspiration itself with an anti-perspirant, either a cream or a liquid. If you prefer to keep underarms dry, you can be sure that the moisture will seep out through some other section of skin where it can dry readily without offensive odor. Three or four applications of anti-perspirant a week should be sufficient for perfect peace of mind.

Just be sure, though, when you choose your favorite "check-mate" that you know which kind of control you are getting. And be sure to use it according to directions. Then, day in and day out, you and your self-confidence will be secure.

BUSY -- BUT BEAUTIFUL

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN—*HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE*

Women everywhere these days are rushed for time—they've taken on war-activities in addition to their usual duties... and they just haven't got hours to spend on make-up anymore. That is why our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is such a boon ... at last busy women have found a lipstick that smooths and flatters their lips for *extra hours.*

Neither too moist nor too dry, Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that well-groomed loveliness you've always wanted. In four exciting shades—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, and Tangee Natural. Remember, try one of the new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks. For *complete* beauty while you're on duty, match your new lipstick with Tangee Rouge and Petal-Finish Face Powder, the powder that *stays* and *stays* and *stays.*

A Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P.M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

In Collier's, Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine and Cosmopolitan, the Picture of the Month is "An American Romance".

★ ★ ★ ★

The Picture Company of The Year is—but why say it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Getting downright serious, M-G-M has put a lot of laurel on this leonine mane in this Anniversary Year of 1944.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor directed "An American Romance". One of the first pictures made by the company was his "The Big Parade". That was in 1924.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is a Big Parade of our time, our country, our struggles, our loves. It is a "must" picture and is to be ranked along with those other recent "musts" "The White Cliffs of Dover", "Dragon Seed" and "The Seventh Cross".

★ ★ ★ ★

We're not going to expand further about the glorious and forthcoming "Mrs. Parkington" which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. We're going to leave this expansion to kismet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Did you know that kismet means fate in Arabic? Well you will when you see the dazzling romance, the swirling orgy of panoramic color that stars Ronald Colman.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Kismet" is about the biggest eyeful that has ever happened on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Marlene Dietrich who dances her way to romance is clothed in Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

James Craig is in it, Edward Arnold is in it, Hugh Herbert, Joy Ann Page, Florence Bates, Harry Davenport and thousands of others are in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

William Dieterle has directed his outstanding film. The producer is Everett Riskin.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you'll have a swell time at this moon-drenched escape from reality. You'll come out of the theatre singing an Oriental chant—

★ ★ ★

"Leo be praised".

Leo—

Vol. 2
No. 10

Movieland

NOVEMBER, 1944

DORIS CLINE, Editor

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

M-G-M's glorious story
Of two lovers—
Steve who had great dreams—
Anna who believed in them!
He fought his way
Across the breadth of America
To power and riches!
She followed his star
With a woman's tender courage!
Theirs is a romance
That you will
Remember forever!

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

KING VIDOR'S
PRODUCTION
IN
TECHNICOLOR

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY

with

ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By FREDDA DUDLEY

[illegible]

Philip Dorn, made up for his part in "Petrified Forest", entered the Commissary and seated himself in an inconspicuous corner. He was a gruesome sight with a simulated black eye and numerous makeup department cuts, bruises and contusions. A friend, not realizing that the picture had started, rushed up in consternation and demanded, "What on earth happened to you?"

"Just ran into a band leader," said Phil.

* * *

[illegible]

Bride of the month was lovely Tamara Toumanova, former star of the Ballet Russe and more recently the star of RKO's "Days Of Glory" and "Little Green Hussar."

In New York, over two years ago, the dark-eyed dancer (who is known to her friends as Too-Too) was introduced to tall, brilliant Casey Robinson, writer-director for RKO.

Mr. Robinson had been a practical bachelor for several years, but it was a lonely life — particularly at holidays. When he heard the vivid Russian girl describing the festivities of the Russian Christmas celebration, he mentioned that one day he would like to share in the Muscovite merriment.

Eventually Miss Toumanova accompanied him through a far more solemn rite: the hour-long Russian marriage service during which a golden crown is supported above the heads of the bride and groom by their attendants. Too-Too wore an original Sophie wedding gown of white taffeta distinguished by a train five yards long.

Mr. Robinson, in accordance with Russian custom, met his bride at the door of the church and there presented her with a cascaded bouquet of white orchids. His wedding gift to her was a diamond bracelet.

Among their other wedding gifts were two icons of silver and crystal, given by the bride's parents. Considered also as a present was the appearance at the wedding of George Balanchine, celebrated choreographer who has known Miss Toumanova since she was a dancing sprite of eleven, living in Paris. "I have come to see my daughter married," he said, although he is less than a decade her senior.

After the ceremony the Robinsons drove to sunny Santa Barbara to spend their honeymoon.

* * *

[illegible] BOOGIE

Other lake-front inhabitants watched this character every Sunday. He certainly had a passion for paint. First he painted the small landing at the foot of his pier; then he painted the hull of a dory; then he swam out to an anchored float and set to work on it. His method of transporting a can of paint and his brushes was exciting: he swam first on his back, then on his side, hauling himself along with one arm while the other held his equipment high and dry. The color he chose was bright blue, and the name he painted on the bow of the boat was "Nancy II."

All true devotees of The Voice will, at this point, utter a shrill outcry of recognition. The ardent aquatic Van Gogh was Frank Sinatra, fixing up his Toluca Lake property.

Two parts of an inseparable trio. Evie and Keenan Wynn were in Van Johnson's car the night of his near-fatal accident, which was the start of this wonderful friendship. "You saved my life, pal," Van told Keenan—which was true, you know—and they've been best pals ever since.

SKY EYES

When, several weeks ago, Howard Hughes took off in the Constellation and headed for New York, Julie Bishop had her eyes on the sky until the big ship had vanished. Then she haunted the radio until the Constellation glided smoothly down the runway at La Guardia.

When news of the invasion reached Hollywood Julie spent another vigil between radio, telephone and post box, waiting for news.

Reason for her anxiety was the fact that, in the first instance, Lt. Colonel Clarence Shoop of the Army Air Corps rode with Hughes in the Constellation crew. And as commanding officer of a reconnaissance group he took the first aerial photographs of the invasion.

When Julie learned that Colonel Shoop was to be on the east coast for a personal report to headquarters she hopped the first plane available and shortly thereafter became Mrs. Shoop. The wedding was solemnized on the lawn at the Falls Church, Virginia, home of Mr. Jack Frye, president of T.W.A. After a honeymoon, Julie returned to Hollywood and her groom went back to his post in England.

* * *

SINGLETON

For his wife's birthday, Zachary Scott had ordered a pair of custom-built earrings consisting of a thick gold circlet (like a wedding band) upon which had been tossed a shower of rubies. Traubert & Hoeffer were executing the design, but when the deadline date arrived, only one earring was completed, so Zack wrapped it carefully and presented it with a note reading "This is for your right ear; a left earring is useless because a woman always has to remove it to answer the telephone."

* * *

PHILOSOPHY AT FOX

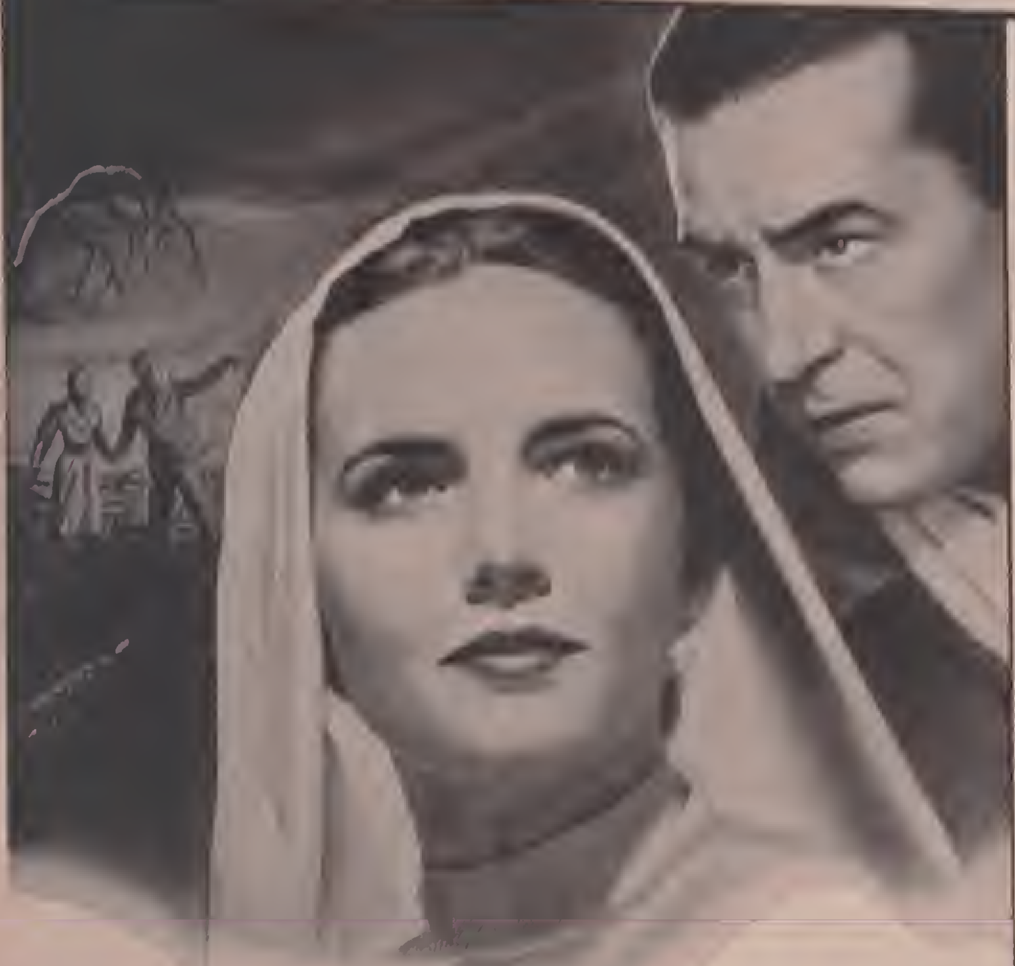
Roddy McDowall spends every spare moment on the set of "Thunderhead, Son Of Flicka" working furiously on FOX FUN, a mimeographed newspaper boasting the following staff:

Resident Teacher	Frances Klein
Editor-in-Chief	Roddy McDowall
Assistant Editor	June Haver
Art and Fashions	Virginia McDowall
Story Editor	Peggy Ann Garner

(Continued on page 8)

"Paramount's 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN'

is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to your soldier boy in France this very minute!"—*says* MELISSE

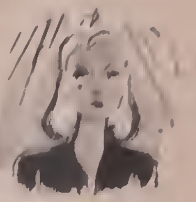


Meet Barbara Britton in "Till We Meet Again"

"Well, Paramount does it again! This time they picked a budding young star out of the Pasadena tournament of roses, and blossomed her into a beautiful leading lady . . . Some people have all the luck —but not so quick! Barbara waited over two years for the Big Break.

* * *

"This young lady is something to write about . . . Remember the pretty girl in 'So Proudly We Hail' who tries on the big straw hat with the cherries? . . . Well, that's HER!



* * *

"She starts out in this picture wearing a nun's robe, from then on wears nothing but a plain blouse and skirt, but still looks like an angel! For hers is a natural sort of beauty . . . soft blond hair, baby blue eyes, with the *longest* eyelashes —and they're *real!*

"It's no wonder that in this past year she's been the cover girl on eight issues of the greatest women's magazines!"

"A fascinating picture of what happens when a beautiful young French girl leaves the nunnery and faces earthly temptations and dangers . . . risking her life to save the life of an American soldier by posing as his wife."

"Till we meet again"

starring

RAY MILLAND and
BARBARA BRITTON
with WALTER SLEZAK · LUCILE WATSON
A **FRANK BORZAGE** PRODUCTION
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE

CORNFED COMEDY
and COLLEGIATE CAPERS
in a RHYTHM-ROUSIN'
RIP-ROARIN' RIOT
of RUSTIC REVELRY!
"SING NEIGHBOR SING"

starring RADIO'S POPULAR ENTERTAINERS
ROY ACUFF and HIS SMOKY MOUNTAIN BOYS with
RACHEL • LULUBELLE and SCOTTY • HARRY "PAPPY"
CHESHIRE • THE MILO TWINS • CAROLINA COTTON
Featuring BRAD TAYLOR
RUTH TERRY
and VIRGINIA BRISSAC • BEVERLY LOYD
A REPUBLIC PICTURE •
9 Terrific Songs including
Sing Neighbor Sing • Not a Word From Home • Easy Rockin' Chair • Durned If It Ain't In My Soul • Popcorn Polka • Down by the Railroad Track • Have I Told You Lately That I Love You • Tudor Song • Phrenology

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

WEATHER REPORT: SQUALLS OVER BEVERLY HILLS

First squall was occasioned by the arrival of Juliet Colman, daughter of Ronald Colman and Benita Hume. The young lady's name gives her a titular start in the perennial race of blossoming actresses to die beside Romeo.

Second squall was brought about by the arrival of 7 pound 12 ounce Mr. Christopher Paul Lewis, lusty son of Loretta Young and Lieutenant Colonel Tom Lewis. One of the baby's gifts was an ornate, hand made pink bonnet. Loretta put it away with the explanation that Chris was a trifle too rugged for that type of heddahopper, and that eventually it would be most appropriate for the kid sister which the Lewis family would like to add to the nursery. Most enthralled member of the family, to be found misty-eyed watching the baby sleep, was Judy, Loretta's eight-year-old daughter.

SHORT SNORTER:

Margo, who made such a hit in "Behind The Rising Sun," has just sold a short story to The New Yorker, further proving her versatility.

SPLASH CRASH:

Dorothy Parker once wrote:

> Yes, I loved you Tuesday
> But what is that to me?
> That I don't love you Friday
> Is very plain to see.

This was Esther Williams' theme as she announced her separation, after four years of marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner. This rift didn't surprise Hollywood, which has long suspected that there might be another person in the swim.

It's rumored that June Allyson will marry Dick Powell when his divorce becomes final. But nothing is certain, till the time comes.

As fan to fan, Jane Wyman turns the tables. She gave a lot of autographs, while in N. Y. for a 10-day visit; here, she requests one!

QUOTABLES FROM NOTABLES:

Alfred Drake, nimble dancing star of "Oklahoma," was brought to Hollywood to star opposite Rita Hayworth in "Chautauqua", the picture Columbia had planned to make as soon as Rita had finished "Tonight And Every Night." Because of Rita's expectations, "Chautauqua" has been indefinitely postponed, of course.

When Mr. Drake appeared on the Old Gold show, someone asked him—before the broadcast began—what was to become of his picture career. "It has laid an egg," he said. "But I'll tell you this: it's the first time that a Drake has been given the bird by a stork!"

* * *

Gracie Field, the beloved English comedienne, appeared for her broadcast gowned as simply as usual, but wearing a gorgeous bracelet. In time-conscious Hollywood, the ideal condition is to be extremely young, yet in possession of some priceless antiques. With this in mind, someone said to Gracie, "That lovely bracelet! I presume it's an antique—a family heirloom, perhaps?"

Gracie hooted. "Lor' love me, no! This bracelet is as modern as a neon sign and almost as dazzling."

* * *

POSTOFFICE:

Steve Crane and a friend joined Lana one afternoon on a shopping expedition for Miss Cherry Crane. Cherry had reached the stage of development in which she needed her first walking shoes, so the parents decided to collaborate on the purchase as they want to have the shoes done in bronze after they

(*Continued on page* 10)

History waits while

HEDY LAMARR

AND

PAUL HENREID

make

LOVE!

WARNER BROS.'

THE CONSPIRATORS

WHILE THE LAW WAITS, THEY MAKE HISTORY!

with

SYDNEY GREENSTREET · PETER LORRE VICTOR FRANCEN · JOSEPH CALLEIA

CAROL THURSTON · Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO · Screen Play by Vladimir Pozner & Leo Rosten · Additional Dialogue by Jack Moffitt · From the novel by Frederic Prokosch · Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Make the Most of It

You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees . . . So you make each one count . . . You wear your best dress, your slickest hair-do and jack up the feminine charm . . . Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, any-more than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use *DeLong Bob Pins* because they hold that line! They have a *Stronger Grip*, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have *Delong* quality.

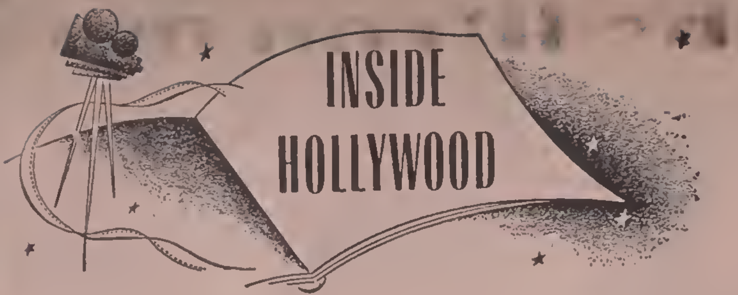
Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

DeLong
STRONG SPRING - WON'T SLIP OUT

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS   HAIR PINS   SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS   STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES   HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

have been properly stub-toed. One perpetual shoe will be kept by Lana, one by Steve.

Steve carried his thriving daughter during the shopping tour and had a great time with her. When time for leave taking came, Steve said "Tell your Daddy bye-bye, darling," and started to kiss her cheek. That young lady, having observed the habits of grown-up babies, turned her small mouth up and kissed her father's lips. Then she laughed, obviously liking the experience, and kissed him again. "Dada," she crowed, smearing his mouth with dewy kisses.

Steve relinquished his daughter to Lana, managed to observe all the courtesies, then walked quickly away, fumbling in his pocket for a handkerchief to dry swift, inexplicable tears.

* * *

GOING WILD AND WOOLLEY

Keenan Wynn arrived at the broadcasting station, preparatory to appearing on the Kraft Music Hall, garbed in—among other civilized essentials—a beard and a pair of fleece-lined flying boots and gloves. A gruesome sight if you ever saw one!

This was not a gag. He wears the padded boots and gloves as part of his motorcycle outfit. He had purchased the boots in Karachi, India, while he was on his U.S.O. camp tour. Those who imagine that buying boots in a country in which there are no ration points must be a childishly simple operation should hear Keenan's story.

In the Indian market place, the boots, unmated, are lined up row after row. The customer moves around, trying on gear, until he finds one boot that fits. Then he tries to locate the mate.

The beard was part of his character makeup for his part in "Seattle," and Keenan solemnly stated that he would like to wear a Van Dyke at all times as it would allow him ten minutes of additional sleep each morning, and it would serve as a priceless conversation starter.

* * *

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD DEPARTMENT

Last winter, while George Montgomery was stationed in Alaska with a company making an army training short, word reached camp that a man in an isolated district had been attacked by a bear; his leg was badly lacerated and it was necessary to evacuate him to a hospital with all possible speed. His camp was accessible only by boat; the channel was choked with ice and subject to barrage blizzards, so volunteers were secured for the mission. George, a practical man, decided that he might be of use, so went along.

On the way back the small boat was reefed on top of a huge mid-channel ledge of rock and a hole was knocked in the keel. Luckily a freighter was near enough to lend aid, and the men were picked up. Then it was decided to attempt to salvage the coast guard cutter. George volunteered to work with the crew in an effort to board up the hole and right the boat, which had turned on its side.

Such tasks are the hard, unspectacular, grindingly dangerous jobs of war. In Alaskan waters men have been known to freeze to death in an hour, but George and the men with whom he worked were in and out of the frigid water in shifts all night long. They salvaged the boat, towed it to port, and got their man to the hospital.

One of the crew, who knew that George had just recovered from a siege of pneumonia, awarded the actor the only medal that a man really wants: the respect of a fellow who has shared the same experience. "You sure looked good on that job, George," the man said fervently, using the careful understatement characteristic of fighters. "You sure looked awful good."

* * *

LEBENSRAUM

The house in which vivacious Doris Dudley was living in Santa Monica was sold; she and her family, including Butch Jenkins (who became America's favorite freckled friend in 'The Human Comedy') had to move . . . before August 1st.

Eventually they purchased another house, larger and more convenient, but unavailable until the latter part of September. So, during the waiting period, Doris finally found—after weeks and weeks of search—a very cramped one-room beach apartment. In it moved Doris, Skipper (Butch's older brother), Butch, the maid and her small baby, Butch's full-grown St. Bernard, and (whenever he could get a week-end leave) Doris Dudley's husband, Lt. Dick Leahy.

Butch returned one Sunday afternoon from a stroll along the vast, lonely beach upon which breaks the limitless, horizon-stretching ocean, and noted the family coagulated in the single room. "Gosh," sighed Butch, wagging his head, "we sure do live together, don't we?"

* * *

John Scott Trotter, celebrated native of North Carolina, suave and cultured gentleman and eminent authority on music, recently bought Louella Parsons' valley farm. "The thing that decided me to buy the place," he confessed, rubbing his exquisite musician's hands together, "was the sight of that wonderful tracto-ah!"

* * *

FLOX OF SOX:

She knitted and she purled; she knitted and she purled. This went on for weeks and weeks, months and months. Finally someone couldn't stand the suspense longer and asked Catherine Craig what on earth she was making and whether she ever finished the item.

The answer was no idle yarn: she was, she said, knitting sox for her husband, Lieutenant Robert Preston, now serving in England. The current pair on the needles was No. 16.

Laughs HO on the Horizon

Tropical islands, treasure, Adventure, and Pirates too, beautiful Goldwyn girls, and Hope with a cargo of roaring comedy!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
BOB HOPE
in
"The PRINCESS and the PIRATE"

in
TECHNICOLOR

with

VIRGINIA MAYO
and
WALTER SLEZAK
WALTER BRENNAN
VICTOR McLAGLEN

Directed by DAVE BUTLER

Screen Play by DON HARTMAN
MELVEILLE SHAVELSON and EVERETT FREEMAN

Released thru
R. K. O. RADIO PICTURES, INC.

Betty talks to herself!

Betty: I wonder if this Tampax really is the marvelous improvement they say it is for monthly sanitary protection...

Herself: *Why not try it and find out? Your reasoning mind says O.K. It appeals to your common sense . . . Are you hesitating only because it seems so different?*

Betty: Perhaps you're right . . . Come to think of it, the more alert and progressive among my friends are the ones who use Tampax!

Herself: *Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?*

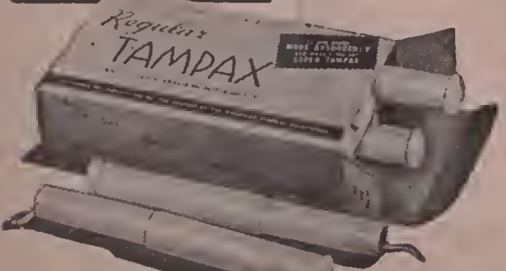
Betty: That's a challenge! Why should I be the one to hang back from adopting a modern, scientific improvement? I'm going to use Tampax this very month!

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. Tampax is extremely compact, handy and comfortable. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no bulges or ridges under even the sheerest dress. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal . . . Sold in 3 sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug stores and notion counters. Whole month's supply will go into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

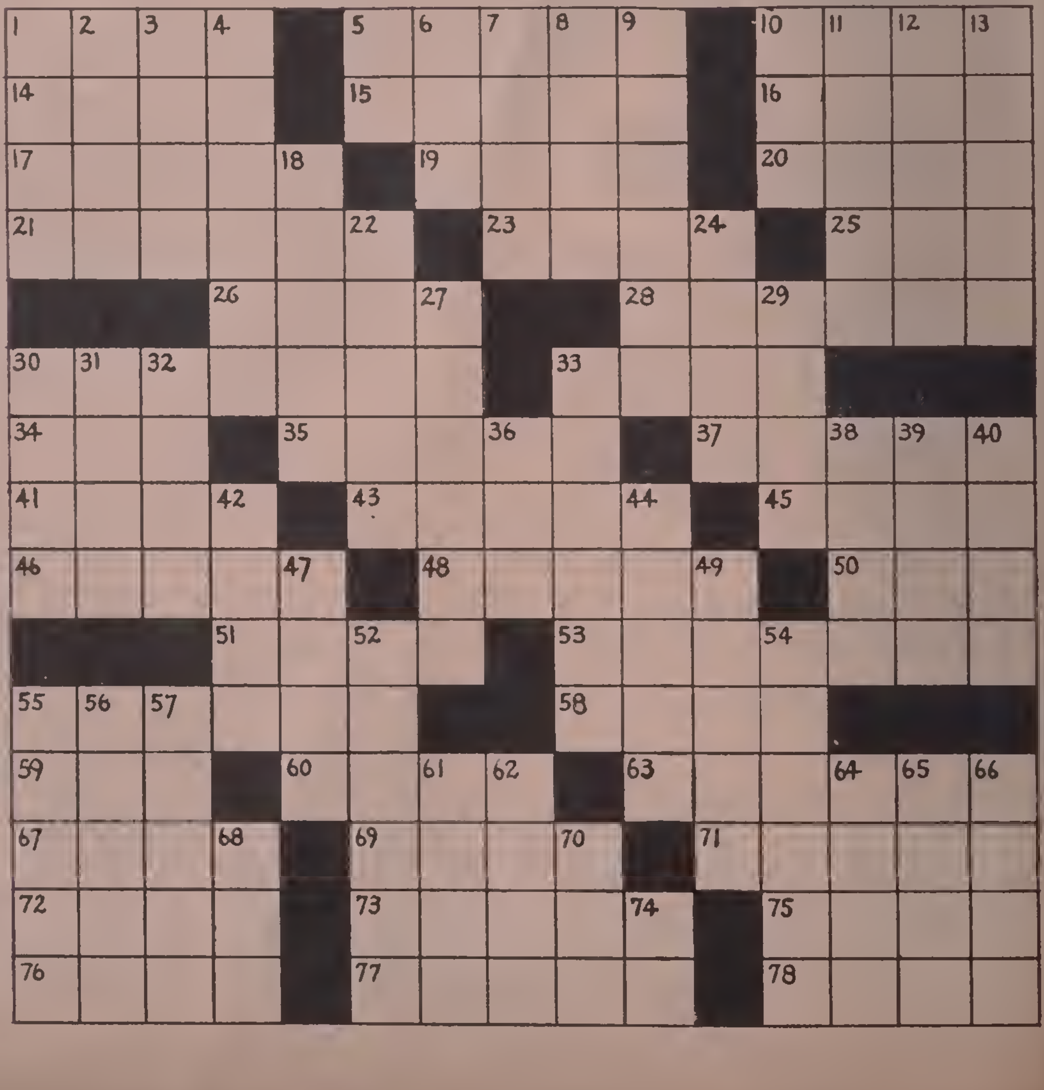
ACROSS

1. "Patsy" in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
5. Kid sister in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"
10. "- - - - Lively"
14. "Song of the - - - - Road"
15. Composer in "South of Dixie"
16. Heraldic bearing
17. Can you - - - - - this?
19. "Mrs. Mulvaney" in "Princess O'Rourke"
20. "- - - - Angel"
21. Engage for service
23. Loiters
25. Old school - - -
26. Toilet box
28. Designer on metal
30. Gary Cooper
33. Locale of "Lifeboat"
34. Turkish title
35. "The Rise of - - - - - Lapham"
37. "Dr. Watson"
41. Points
43. Jinx is a - - - - - of Ann in "Nine Girls"
45. "- - - - Shall Escape"
46. Preston Foster
48. The color pearl blue
50. Collection of anecdotes
51. South African fox
53. More inept (rare)
55. He and Charlie are in 14 across
58. Jewish month
59. Period of time
60. He directed "It Happened Tomorrow"
63. A frozen drip
67. Move lightly
69 Of the dawn
71. Serf
72. "Jim' in "The Hour Before the Dawn"
73. Merrymaking
75. Utah State flower
76. Miss Maxwell
77 "George Washington - - - - - Here"
78. '- - - - Age"

DOWN

1. Pianist in Two Girls and a Sailor"
2. "Once - - - - a Time'
3. 'Nurse Parker" in "Three Men in White"
4. Covets
5. "Jackie" in "Christmas Holiday" (inits.)
6. Shakespearean trouper in "Casanova in Burlesque'
7. Grandparental
8. Tamara in "Days of Glory"
9 Saws
10. The sun
11. Fidelity
12. Holmes' heroine: ". . . . . Venner"
13. "Leyden" in "The Mask of Dimitrios"
18. Park in the Rockies
22. "You wore a - - - - -" is sung in "For Me and My Gal"
24. "Natasha" in "Three Russian Girls"
27. Enlighten
29. Author of "Double Indemnity"
30. Eddie sings "I - - - - a Girl" in "Show Business'
31. Currency exchange premium
32. "Kado" in "Cobra Woman"
33. Want of appetite (Med.)
36. "The Hairy - - -"
38. The constellation Capricorn
39. Prefix: nine
40. Shakespeare's king
42. Coarse matted wool, etc.
44. Elissa - - - - -
47. French and Belgian river
49. Cary Grant's family name
52. Expresses contempt
54. Bing's role in "Going My Way"
55. "Sara" in "Watch on the Rhine"
56. "Jean Picard" in "Uncertain Glory
57. "Mr. Skeffington"
61. Anagram for Mr. Errol
62. Roof edge
64. The redshank
65. Theater box
66. 'A Yank at - - - -"
68. Edible seed
70. Knot formed in cotton ginning
74. "Peggy Evans" in "Slightly Dangerous" (inits.)

(For Solution See Page 61)



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THOMAS
MITCHELL

with
FAY BAINTER
JOHN QUALEN · ELISHA COOK, JR.
Produced by
BENEDICT BOGEAUS
Directed by
ANDRE DeTOTH
Original Story by FRANK and MARIAN COCKRELL · Screenplay by JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL
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Carole Anne FROSTED LIPSTICK

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A Quality Lipstick For Women Who Want The Best. Nothing finer in the cosmetic field, no matter what you pay.

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- STAYS ON LONGER
- DELICATELY PERFUMED
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(Plus Tax)

If your nearest toilet goods dealer is temporarily out of Carole Anne Lipstick, tell us your favorite shade, send twenty-five cents, and we will send you a Carole Anne Lipstick by return mail.

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Carole Anne

Movieland's NEW PICTURE GUIDE

5 BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 58

THE DOUGHGIRLS **(Warner Bros.)** gives the lie to the sometimes-made-claim that stage farces do not always a funny movie make.

This satire on war-crowded Washington gains rather than loses laughs, in being put before the camera. And the cast is nothing but the best: Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith and Jane Wyman, as the three "wives" who run into such a series of difficulties before qualifying as legally wed; Jack Carson, as the man Jane thought she had married; John Ridgely as the bridegroom with a first wife (Irene Manning) who turned up inopportunely to remind Ann that her being the predecessor was a priority advantage she had no intention of relinquishing; Charles Ruggles, big Washington business executive whose business is mostly with pretty secretaries; and Eve Arden, the little Russian girl with a big gun—that shoots!

And the things that happen—and keep happening—every full second! It's fastly-sent dialogue delivered with amused tongue-in-cheek; it's a Mark Hellinger production, directed by James V. Kern, and altogether simply swell.

MUSIC IN MANHATTAN **(RKO)** has to do with a marriage arranged via the newspaper story plant of a musical revue publicity agent.

Frankie Foster (Anne Shirley) is the girl, Captain Johnny Pearson (Phillip Terry) is the boy. And as the story goes, they're married before they meet — a complication which gets more and more involved in the clarifying of it, with Frankie's fiance (Dennis Day) not in the least happy about the whole thing.

As a musical, you shouldn't be led to expect too much that's out of the ordinary; but as the vehicle bidding to send Phillip Terry on to bigger and better starring roles, the picture is potentially important.

PRACTICALLY YOURS **(Paramount)** has a double meaning as the title for the new Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert comedy. The practical business is taken all very literally by Gil Lamb, identified as the "accounts receivable" would-be bridegroom of a girl named Peggy (Claudette). And at the same time, what starts everything rolling for this funny situation that makes the plot is having Peggy "practically" (meaning almost) married to a surprised war hero (MacMurray).

Responsible for everything that happens is having the hero say loving things intended for his dog, which he calls Piggy. Piggy is mistaken for Peggy, and the returned flying ace finds himself pledged to please a whole nation of romantic sympathizers by being about to marry someone he hardly knows.

It may sound crazy, and it is. It may sound confusing, and it's that too—most especially to Mr. MacMurray! But what a lot of laughs, and the fun lasts straight through.

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN **(20th Century-Fox)** is the latest Benny Goodman musical, with Benny and the band boys playing "themselves."

The story excuse for treating us to all this fine King of Swing music has a lot to do with a trombone character named Johnny Birch (James Cardwell), discovered and "built" by Goodman till he gets swell-headed and ambitious about the whole thing. Which is the cue for having him meet Trudy Wilson (Linda Darnell, to you). Always a cocky sort of guy, meeting Trudy is what cinches it for Johnny; he's determined to get to the top, no matter how.

He lures Benny's bandmen away and forms an outfit of his own. But without Benny, the whole thing flops (of course!)—and Johnny's right back in the not-so-good tenements.

The happy ending is assured, however, by the fact that these plots never miss carrying along a Mr. Fix-it, who unravels all the complications and makes everything okay. The character so to be identified in this case is Benny's sidekick, Popsie (Jack Oakie).

So, Johnny gets Trudy, Benny gets Johnny, Popsie gets the prize for being No. 1 peacemaker, and the swing fans get a batch of swell new tunes: "I'm Making Believe," "Ten Days With Baby," "Chug, Chug, Choo-Choo, Chug," and "Hey Bub! Let's Have A Ball."

(*Continued on page* 16)

The Boldest love story ever told!

From the daring Broadway stage hit..Hunt Stromberg has made a daring picture. The story of a lovely girl driven by strange desires . . . and the emotions she unleashes in the lives of gay and charming people!

HUNT STROMBERG
presents
Guest in the House
starring
ANNE BAXTER
with
RALPH BELLAMY · ALINE MacMAHON
RUTH WARRICK · SCOTT McKAY · JEROME COWAN

MARIE McDONALD · PERCY KILBRIDE
MARGARET HAMILTON · CONNIE LAIRD

From the stage play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson
Adaptation by Elliot Paul · Screen Play by Ketti Frings
Director of Photography, Lee Garmes, A. S. C.

A United Artists Release

New non-drying

cake makeup brings you glowing beauty in 2 minutes

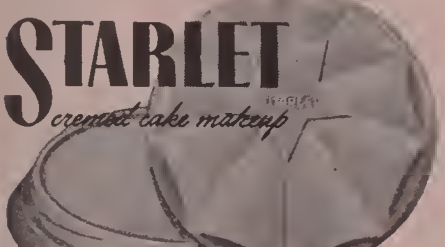
make this astounding half and half test with this improved 3-Oil Formula TODAY!

To be thrilled with your complexion, make this startling test against *any type* of makeup. Apply the new *non-drying* Starlet on half of your face quickly and easily. Then note the rich glowing overtone imparted to your skin—the flawless rose petal finish—the soft blending of the glamorous warmer shade. See how tiny blemishes and wrinkles disappear.

This new loveliness *lasts* for many hours—without that dry "masky" feeling. Starlet is a new, secret formula into which are blended and creamed *three* delicate skin protecting oils *including LANOLIN.* Make the Starlet half-and-half test *today.*

There are six perfect STARLET complexion shades. Be sure you choose the shade most suitable for your skin tone. At all drug, department stores and beauty shops.

50c *also in* $1.50 *size*



STARLET *creamed cake makeup*

Choose Your Shade

IF YOU ARE	FOR DAYTIME WEAR	FOR EVENING WEAR
Light Blonde	No. 1	No. 3
Medium Blonde	No. 2	No. 3
Light Brunette	No. 3	No. 4
Medium Brunette	No. 4	No. 5 or 6
Dark Brunette	No. 4 or 5	No. 6
Light Redhead	No. 2	No. 3
Medium Redhead	No. 3	No. 4

PARFAIT POWDER PUFF COMPANY
1506 N. Ogden Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.
Please send me postpaid new Starlet makeup compact. *I enclose 50c.* Check shade desired.
☐ 1. Creme Light ☐ 2. Creme Medium
☐ 3. Natural ☐ 4. Rachel ☐ 5. Rose ☐ 6. Rose Tan
Name..
Address..
City, Zone & State..

(Continued from page 14)

CASANOVA BROWN (International), with Gary Cooper in the title role, is like nothing you might expect it to be. Fact is, it's a story so full of the "unexpected" that you almost have to see it to appreciate it. For look what happens:

Professor Casanova, teacher of English, is about to wed his hometown sweetheart (Anita Louise), but just hours before the ceremony is to take place, there's a curious message delivered, sending the about-to-be-a-bridegroom off to Chicago to visit a maternity hospital.

In the meantime it's explained that the professor is not new to this thing called love and marriage, but he had assumed that the vows he'd exchanged with a pretty little Barnard college student (Teresa Wright) were made null and void at the request of the girl's parents.

There are more than a few times during the course of the picture when the "who's married to which" question becomes all too much to solve. Cass plunges into the responsibilities of "being a father," confuses everything even further by becoming a formula-mixer, and adds even a third marriage proposal before the merry mix-up is unmixed.

That the whole thing is a farce is very much by intention—by the fine direction of Sam Wood, getting A-1 performances from the principals, and with credit to the fine comedy support of Frank Morgan.

GREENWICH VILLAGE (20th Century-Fox), technicolorful musical avec Don Ameche and Carmen Miranda, introduces a new singing, dancing heroine—red hair, a pretty face, nice figure and voice—named Vivian Blaine.

The story takes place in 1922, which was about the time Greenwich Village was at its best, according to them as waxes sentimental and nostalgic about all this and artists too.

Don Ameche, musical instructor at a midwestern college, comes to New York to sell his piano concerto, stumbles instead into meeting a lot of screwy characters who labor under the delusion that Ameche is a moneybags and promptly set out to take his dough away from him.

Gives it glamour, a new set of the Miranda head-dresses, and Bill Bendix in a Tuxedo. Add Felix Bressart as a broken down violinist, and a fine set of musical numbers.

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST (M-G-M) is no ordinary spook, and the story that tells about his being condemned to roam the castle midnights, waiting for some Canterville of the future to perform an heroic deed, is no ordinary thriller.

Charles Laughton plays the role, romping about in his own medieval way clad in his familiar Henry VIII get-up. But for all that he's a captivating, likable sort of wraith, it takes little Margaret O'Brien, the seven-year-old Lady Jessica Canterville, to lift the film up where it belongs and sustain it as whimsical fantasy.

And fantasy it is—opening with early 17th century scenes which show Sir Simon de Canterville in his "before becoming a ghost" period, and following through to the present when, in the current war, a platoon of American Rangers is billeted in Canterville Castle.

That Robert Young could be a bit more confidence-inspiring as the young Ranger who's to free the weary ghost—yes, perhaps. But that his scenes with little Margaret are completely charming — yes, it's a fact. And with special credit to the story handling department, we say the whole thing comes off being scarily delightful.

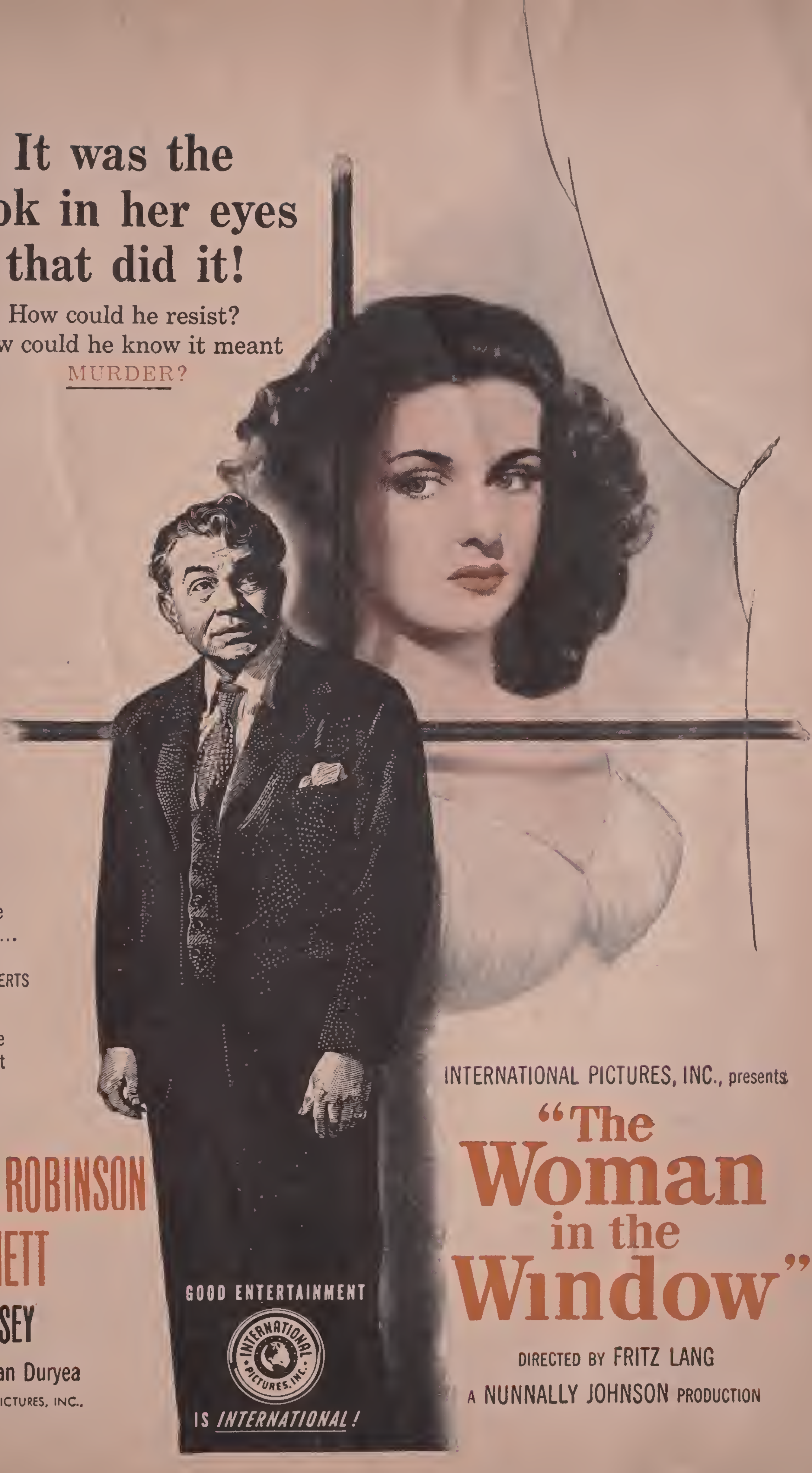
MAISIE GOES TO RENO (M-G-M) But not for the usual reason. Trust Maisie (Ann Sothern) to do the unusual and get a man in Reno instead of getting rid of one.

When Maisie is ordered by her doctor to take a much needed vacation from her war work, she's given an opportunity to sing for her supper at one of Reno's swank hotels. In the railroad station she meets a soldier (Tom Drake) who, unable to go to Reno himself, induces Maisie to act as intermediary in helping him win back his wife (Ava Gardner). Miss Gardner, you should know, is a very wealthy young woman whose secretary and business manager are more than a little interested in bringing off the divorce. Arriving in Reno, Maisie sizes up the situation fast, and the rest of the picture deals with her hilarious attempts to expose the connivers for what they are. On the side, she manages to work in a romance with the hotel black jack dealer (handsome John Hodiak) who, convinced that Maisie is just slightly balmy, but loving her never-

(Continued on page 18)

It was the look in her eyes that did it!

How could he resist?
How could he know it meant
MURDER?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INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC.
IS *INTERNATIONAL!*

EXPERTS BAFFLED!
Five minutes before the close of this suspenseful picture we stopped the screening... and CHALLENGED THE LEADING MYSTERY EXPERTS to solve the story!

Not one could give the answer to the Greatest Mystery Ever Filmed!

starring
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and
JOAN BENNETT
with
RAYMOND MASSEY
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DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON PRODUCTION

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AN AMAZING Cream Shampoo THAT BRINGS NATURAL LUSTROUS LOVELINESS TO Your Hair

A single Lustre-Creme shampoo will reveal breath-taking beauty you never dreamed your hair could possess! Gently rub a wee bit of Lustre-Creme into your scalp and Presto!—a burst of lather quickly cuts away grease and city-soot that makes hair drab and unmanageable. Lustre-Creme lathers instantly—even in hardest water. There is no waste of shampoo—no messy dribblings to trickle down your neck.

Whether hair is dry, normal or oily, Lustre-Creme *alone* does a thorough cleansing job. No after-rinse is needed. Lustre-Creme is rich in precious Lanolin to help keep your hair soft, fresh, and irresistible. Change to new Lustre-Creme and you'll never use old-fashioned shampoos again!

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Please send me, postage prepaid, your generous size trial jar of Lustre-Creme, for which I enclose 25c to cover all costs.

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(Continued from page 16)

theless, brings in the hotel psychiatrist. Maisie is way ahead of them all, though, and finally succeeds in landing the crooks in the clink, the soldier in the arms of his wife, and herself in the arms of Mr. Hodiak. (And that's a nice place to be, too!)

It's slapstick comedy, but Ann Sothern carries the plot along at a rapid pace—which is good.

BARBARY COAST GENT (M-G-M) has Wallace Beery playing "Honest" Plush Brannon, getting into a shooting scrape and having to leave town. In bidding goodbye to his fiancée (Binnie Barnes), he promises to "go straight." But when he discovers a gold mine, sells stock to everyone in town only to have the money stolen from him by one of his erstwhile partners in crime, being honest becomes too very complicated.

To get the money to work his mine, Plush returns to his original trade—which is robbing stage coaches.

Things look pretty bad for awhile, till the gold mine comes through, paying off royally to all the stockholders, and Plush pays his debt to society in the town's new jail, supplied with cigars, beer, and fine food.

All of which makes the film good fare, all the way through—especially for the Beery fans.

A WAVE, A WAC AND A MARINE (Monogram) is strictly hokum, interspersed with corny vaudeville routines. The plot is a comedy of errors in which two understudies for a Broadway production are mistaken for the stars of the show and signed by a film agent. When a rival agent signs the real stars, trouble begins—for the understudies, and for Henry Youngman, the agent who made the mistake.

Elyse Knox, the one bright spot in this picture, distinguishes herself as a beautiful and talented young actress who, with the proper breaks, should go places in Hollywood.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Monogram)—A finely drawn psychological murder story, done in the suspenseful style of Alfred Hitchcock and starring Kim Hunter and Dean Jagger.

A girl from a midwestern town meets and marries a traveling salesman. A few weeks after their marriage, said husband leaves for New York—allegedly "on business."

Wondering what it's all about, and being told nothing, the little wife goes to New York in pursuit, is given a not altogether "glad to see you" reception and has reason to suspect —murder!

Comes then a tour of moving from one dingy rooming house to another, till eventually the pair is discovered by the police. As for what it's all about, and how things turn out—see for yourself. We can't tell 'cause we'd spoil it for you.

GYPSY WILDCAT (Universal) gives us a switch from the regular Westerns, with this Technicolor horse opera laid in the days of drawbridges, moats and robber barons.

Maria Montez, as a foster child of a gypsy chief, not only has colorful gypsy costumes to set off her dark beauty, but is given the opportunity to display her dancing ability to good advantage in a series of gypsy dance numbers.

Jon Hall, as the King's messenger, arrives on the scene just in time to be accused of the murder of a wealthy count. Take it from there, and you have a plot offering romantic escape, colorful melodrama, and roles for Peter Coe, as the gypsy contender for Miss Montez' affections; Leo Carrillo, as the gypsy chief; Gale Sondergaard, as his wife: and Nigel Bruce, as the high sheriff.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY (Republic) is filled with the popular ballad of the same name and Roy Rogers, cowboy deluxe. Most lavish vehicle Rogers has had so far, it's a musical "cow-medy." Plenty of good-lookin' gals, podner, in Broadwayish production numbers, plus some mean gun-totin' and fightin' and, of course, a chase or two.

Gordon Jenkins' title tune is not plugged to death, understand, but to say that you are familiar with the lyrics and melody when the picture ends is gross understatement.

Dale Evans, Roy's leading lady, sings mighty purty; and that goes, also, for Jean Porter, who plays the man-struck little sister.

Action is centered around a dream ranch, complete with swimming pool. The illusion is complete when "Cyclone" Kenyon (Andrew Tombes), owner of the ranch, hires a bunch of beautiful cow-girls to be his ranch hands!

HEAVENLY DAYS (RKO) makes points that will make plenty of arguments. But novel as the idea is, having Fibber and Molly McGee, with their flair for down-to-earth homely comedy, turning to "things socially significant," they handle the assignment with the greatest of ease.

They're the "home folks" from Wistful Vista, storming Washington Quixote-fashion to level an attack against the red tape formality and bureaucracy of "government." Taking good-natured but not to be mistaken pokes at the theory and practice of isolationism, and reminding Mr. Average Man of his rights 'n responsibilities via the ballot box.

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and All Other Beauty Vitamins, too!

Yes, science offers an easy natural way that may help make you more beautiful. It is so simple you will marvel why no one ever thought of it before. It isn't a drug, it isn't a cosmetic. Just improve your diet and to be sure your beauty faults are not caused by a lack of "beauty vitamins" in the food you eat, take healthful PAN-8's. PAN-8's combine the so-called "Anti-Gray Hair" Vitamins and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins with all other vitamins you may need for real glamour and beauty. You can test PAN-8's VITAMINS yourself at home on the positive guarantee of full satisfaction from a 21-day trial, or your money back.

VITAMINS for Gray Hair Now Reinforced with Vitamins You May Need for a Beautiful Skin, a Beautiful Figure . . . *A More Glamorous YOU!*

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PAN-8's contain not only Calcium Pantathenate (commonly called the "anti-gray hair" vitamin), but Wheat Germ Oil (Staff of Life) E Vitamins as well. Graying, streaked, ageing hair may be caused by a lack of vitamins in your daily diet, and if so, Pan-8's may help keep hair color pigment cells healthy . . . you may soon see gray spread checked and actually see gray hair take back its original natural color at roots, temples and parting. Besides Pan-8's help hair retain its natural sheen and lovely lustre. YOU CAN USE PAN-8's WHETHER YOU NOW DYE YOUR HAIR OR NOT. Soon you may notice you need less and less artificial coloring. And, best of all, your friends won't know you are taking a single thing for your hair! While "anti-gray hair" vitamins are still too new for conclusive evidence remember, Pan-8's is the reinforced "Gray-Hair" Vitamin formula. No matter what you have tried before, mail the coupon for the new Pan-8's on the very fair try-at-our-risk guarantee.

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Pan-8's contains Vitamin B_2, sometimes called the "beauty vitamin" because it helps clear up sallow skin, muddy complexion and skin disorders, when these skin troubles are caused by a lack of vitamin B_2 in the daily diet.

Pan-8's also contains Vitamin B_1. A lack of B_1 in your daily food can make you feel tired, rundown, older than your years . . . and YOU MAY LOOK JUST AS tired, rundown, weary as you feel. Make up your mind beauty is more than just skin deep. Mail the coupon on the assurance of satisfaction from only a 3 weeks trial, or money back.

Vitamin B_6 is often helpful in promoting clearer, healthier, more youthful looking skin and Pan-8's contains Vitamin B_6. Remember, it often is much easier to correct the diet and get enough skin beauty vitamins daily by taking Pan-8's, than it is to try hopelessly to cover a bad skin appearance (due to vitamin lack) with expensive cosmetics.

SPARKLE *and* ZIM

How can you look your best when you don't feel your best! If you haven't the sparkle and gleam, if your energy is low and you just haven't the ambition to keep up with your crowd, your complaint may be caused by your meals lacking the vitamins you need for everyday health. That's when Pan-8's may help you the most. Pan-8's contain all the vitamins you may need for better looks from tip (your hair) to toe. Non-fattening. Try Pan-8's 3 weeks. All you need do is mail the coupon.

IMAGINE! FINDING BEAUTY IN A TINY TABLET LIKE THIS

IF YOUR HAIR IS TURNING GRAY...
YOU MAY NEED *PAN-8's* EXTRA VITAMINS!
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Vitamins for appearance? That's something new, isn't it! But so logical! True beauty comes from inside, from proper food or from the vitamin supplements of Pan-8's. So why not decide now to try Pan-8's for 3 weeks. Simply check package desired on coupon below and mail today. Send no money. Pay postman plus postage on arrival. No matter what size Pan-8's you order, try for 3 weeks. Then if you aren't entirely satisfied, return package and your money will be refunded, in full. That's all there is to it . . . satisfaction or money back. Don't wait, but mail coupon today.

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SPECIAL 3 for 2 OFFER
☐ 6 Months' Supply......$9.58

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PICTURES IN

AT COLUMBIA:

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE sounds like another Columbia comedy winner. Irene Dunne is the dowdy mayor of a Vermont town, serving in the stead of her deceased husband. During a thunderstorm, her husband's bronze statue in the square is hit by lightning and sundered. Irene goes to New York to commission a sculptor to replace the statue, walks in on sleeping Charles Boyer (the sculptor). He awakens with a start, presumes that she is his new model, and asks her to repair to the next room to remove her garments for posing purposes. Take it from there, Jackson.

AT MGM:

THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES in Technicolor is nearing completion. This opus has seven more of everything than almost any other picture ever made. The hats alone are like ten years of a Hedda Hopper dream; in the beauty department there is Lucille Ball, Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Marilyn Maxwell, the blonde Wilde twins (Lee will soon be pushing a perambulator) and Esther Williams; in the brawn department we have Astaire, Edward Arnold, Jimmie Craig, John Hodiak, Van Johnson, James Melton and a role enacted by Rooney before he was inducted.

AIRSHIPS SQUADRON is the Metro action opus with Wallace Beery, James Gleason, and Tom Drake.

AT MONOGRAM:

LITTLE DEVILS, a story using Gloria Ann Chew, Fred Mah, Hayward Soo Hoo, Philip Ahn—among others. Headliners are Harry Carey and Paul Kelly. Kelly rates your interest because he is such a swell person. He hasn't missed a Friday night at the Hollywood Canteen for months.

ARMY WIVES, with Elyse Knox, who has just become the army wife of Tommy Harmon.

AT PARAMOUNT:

OUT OF THIS WORLD has Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley and Phyllis Brooks cavorting through a picture based on the Sinatra Swoon tradition. Eddie Bracken is the singer, and the glorious gag is that Bing did all the singing, which will be dubbed into shots showing Eddie going through the motions.

AT RKO:

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS is George Brent's first picture since he returned to Hollywood from his work as a civilian Flight Instructor. What makes it such nice work is the presence of Hedy Lamarr as his leading lady.

BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST stars another veteran: Lee Tracy. Nancy Kelly is the lady in the close-ups with Mr. Tracy.

AT REPUBLIC:

BRAZIL is another proof that as long as there are hit songs, Republic will

THE MAKING

buy the titles, put them on the hoist, and run a six cylinder plot beneath. Virginia Bruce, Tito Guizar, E. E. Horton, Veloz and Yolanda are in this one, so it should be good.

FLAME OF THE BARBARY COAST stars John Wayne and Ann Dvorak; this is Miss Dvorak's first picture since her return from England.

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:

NOB HILL is distinguished by Joan Bennett, George Raft, Vivian Blaine, and Peggy Ann Gardner.

CZARINA should be one of the pictures of the year, considering its cast: dynamic Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn (who was so determined to play his role that he almost came to blows with Columbia, in that there was danger that he might not be through with his part in "A Woman's Privilege" in time to fulfill the 20th commitment), William Eythe (who is terrific in wig, epaulettes, skin-tight trou, and cavalry boots), Vincent Price, Mischa Auer, and Sig Ruman.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

TOMORROW THE WORLD, in which Skippy Homeier terrorizes Fredric March, Betty Field, and Joan Carroll who hasn't made a picture in a long time, but who is maturing into a brilliant actress. (Title temporarily changed to "The Intruder.")

THE GREAT JOHN L is Bing Crosby's first producing effort. Linda Darnell, Greg McClure, Barbara Britton, Wallace Ford, Robert Barrat and Otto Kruger are enthusiastic about the script. It nearly broke Jimmie Craig's heart when he learned that Metro wouldn't loan him to do the title role, now making Greg McClure famous.

HOUSE OF DR. EDWARDES is the current occupation of Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, etc.

AT UNIVERSAL:

CAN'T HELP SINGING is also being shot in Technicolor, and gives Deanna Durbin a role that everyone will like. Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff, June Vincent and Leonid Kinsky added to please the cash customers.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE has nothing to do with the exclamation of a young mother who discovers at 3 a.m. that all the formula is gone. It *does* have to do with Lon Chaney's dark doings.

AT WARNERS':

OBJECTIVE BURMA has the distinction of being the only picture in years that, to date, has spent not ONE day on a sound stage. It is one hundred per cent location, and the press is having a rugged time covering it—but they do say that a trip to see Errol Flynn, James Brown, George Tobias, Craig Stevens, William Prince and Johnny Mitchell is worthwhile.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE is the remake of the classic, with Paul Henreid in the Leslie Howard role and Eleanor Parker re-creating the catamount, Millie.

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Charles Russell

WE NOMINATE FOR

Jean Sullivan

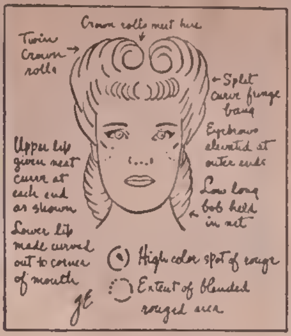
BECAUSE as the boy whose hands were mutilated by Jap torturers in "THE PURPLE HEART," he tore the breath out of audiences all over the country. (That portrayal won him a seven-year contract at 20th Century-Fox and the juvenile lead in "FAMILY ALBUM.") He is not a "pretty boy," and is therefore part of a new trend in screen leading men. His confidence in himself impresses Director Billy Wilder, also Joan Harrison, S.P. Eagle, and other Hollywood moguls. . . . He was tested by MGM in a scene from "HIS GIRL FRIDAY" and made such a sensation that a big producer rushed to sign him to a personal contract, that contract now split with Fox. . . . He is 6′ 1″, blondish, blue-eyed, and has a gaiety about him which attracts both men and women. He is 26, 4-F because of a back injury at school, and likes symphonic music. In stock on the East Coast he played such diversified roles as Tom in "OUTWARD BOUND," Private Dean in "BURY THE DEAD," Danny in "NIGHT MUST FALL," and Marchbanks in "CANDIDA"—and therefore has ample experience for motion picture assignments. His talent was not recognized at first by Hollywood but he was realistic enough to take a job as doorman in a nightclub while scouting for parts by day. His on-screen and off-screen idol is Ingrid Bergman and he prefers Crosby to Sinatra. He spends his Sundays, even when working, entertaining men in army camps . . . We feel he'll hit the jackpot!

STARDOM

BECAUSE she is one of Hollywood's latest and most promising Cinderellas. . . . Her first role on any screen was the lead opposite Errol Flynn in "UNCERTAIN GLORY." She acquitted herself well enough in this film to be cast importantly in "STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST," a remake of the Broadway play, "PETRIFIED FOREST." . . . She has just celebrated her twenty-first birthday and is gloating in the fact that she is now of age. . . . She is the daughter of a retired colonel in the Field Artillery. Her only dramatic experience was in a little theatre at the University of California at Los Angeles, where she starred in "OUR TOWN," did the dumb girl in "LILIOM," and was seen by a Warner talent scout in the costume comedy, "ENGAGED." . . . She was casual about Warners' test offer . . . but they signed her so fast after her first scene, that she is still a little dizzy. . . . She was scared to death her initial day on a sound stage, and is still nervous—though now she loves acting and pictures, enough to want to beat her brains out in her profession. She studies ballet, Spanish dancing, horseback riding and French literature, besides drama; and is learning her craft from scenes with Paul Lukas and Philip Dorn, who are her special tutors. . . . She has brown hair, wide-set green eyes, and a smile that lights up all North Hollywood. . . . We think, of all the Cinderellas we've seen, that she has the best chance of success.

Before LONESOME! Now ENGAGED!

"I blushed when I met people," says Alice Ruth Major of Lowell, Mass. "I weighed 139; had wide hips, thick thighs, oily skin, dry hair and stooped shoulders."


Crown rolls meet here
Twin Crown rolls
Split curve fringe bang
Eyebrows elevated at outer ends
Upper lip given neat curve at each end as shown
Low long bob held in net
Lower lip made curved out to corner of mouth
High color spot of rouge
Extent of blended rouged area
JE

Alice's "Photo-Revise" (above). Just one of 60 individualized helps from the Powers Home Course. See how it helped Alice reveal her true loveliness.

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Occupation__________ Age______

Eyes WIDE AND HANDSOME

By
SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

Make-up made the difference! And what a difference there is when eyes are properly enhanced by just a few simple steps.

IT'S NOT surprising to know that eye make-up plays an important role in the movies. But Carol Thurston, the wistful Three Martini of Paramount's "The Story of Dr. Wassell," has an interesting two-way theory about an actress' need for such extra eye appeal.

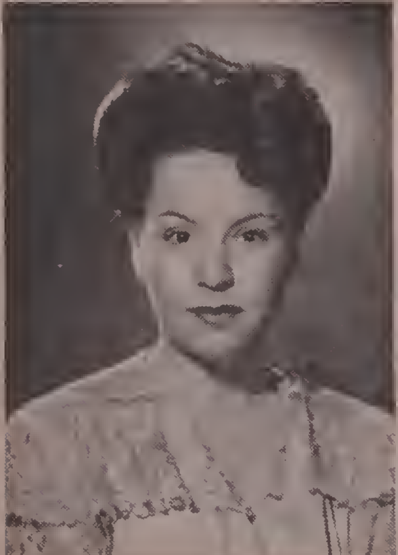
She feels that it's not just for beauty's sake alone (for of course any eyes are much more beautiful when they are accented by shadow, pencil and mascara) but for depth of expression. And that's probably why one of the first things any aspiring actress must learn is the correct use of eye make-up.

Correct doesn't mean complicated. It's simply a question of the right technique and the right restraint.

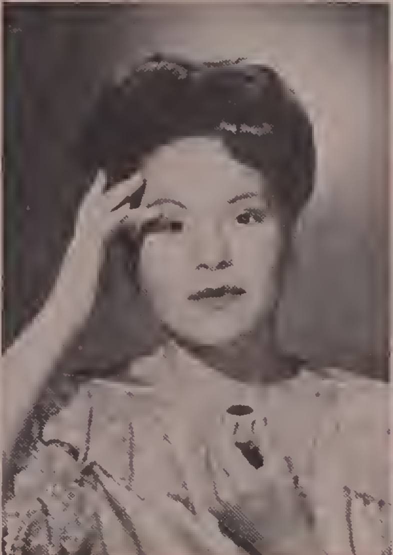
Eye shadow, for instance, must be applied ever so lightly if it is to live up to its name. Yet the merest hint of color on your lids—skillfully blended from the lash line up and out to fade away completely a bit below the brows—will make eyes seem larger and more luminous.

Eyebrow pencil also should be handled with care. The idea is to give the brows more body by building up their natural arc. To avoid a harsh-looking straight line, the pencil is wielded in hair-length strokes and touches the skin only when it is necessary to extend the brows to an ideal quarter-inch beyond the outer corners of the eyes.

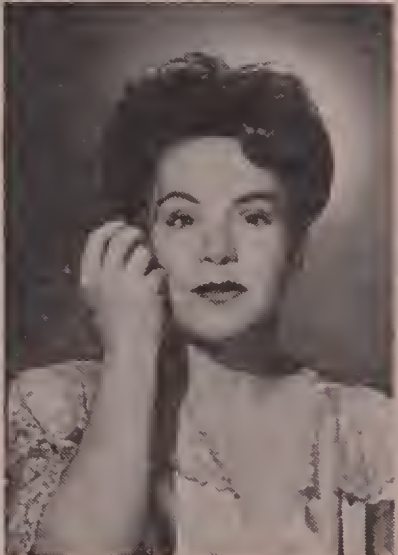
Perhaps the most glamorous eye cosmetic is mascara. You can make the most of it by using a not-too-wet brush and coating the lashes from base to tips. While they are still damp, go over them with another dry brush to remove any surplus. That finished, you will have a frame of flattery around your eyes that stays just where you put it, without re-doing or retouching, until cream or soap and water cleansing time.



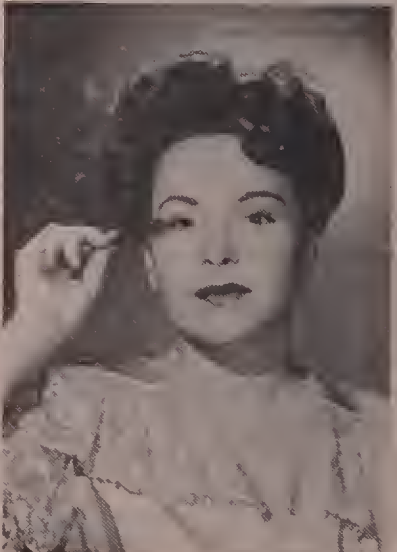
No sparkle here, is there? Even such naturally lovely eyes as Carol's lack much of their appeal when they are minus all make-up



The first form of flattery is a faint touch of shadow lightly touched to lids. Color is faded up and out from lash line toward the brows

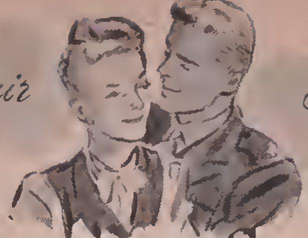


Eyebrow emphasis comes next. Pencil applied in short feathery strokes darkens each hair and fills in any sparse spots that spoil the line.



Mascara, swept generously along the entire length of every lash, makes a curly fringe of natural-looking dark, lustrous luxuriance.

He's far more apt to find you fair



If you have lovely, shining hair!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoos . . . letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

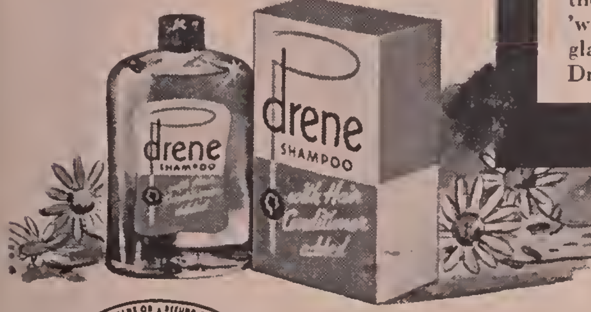
Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

THE GAYLY COLORED woolen "weskit" is new and smart. Wear it with an equally gay shirt, in contrasting color! And try this smart new hair-do, with the very low side part which starts 'way out at the end of the eyebrow. For glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



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HENRY KING
Written by
LAMAR TROTTI

Darryl F. Zanuck's
WILSON
in Technicolor

"GREENWICH VILLAGE" in Technicolor

"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor

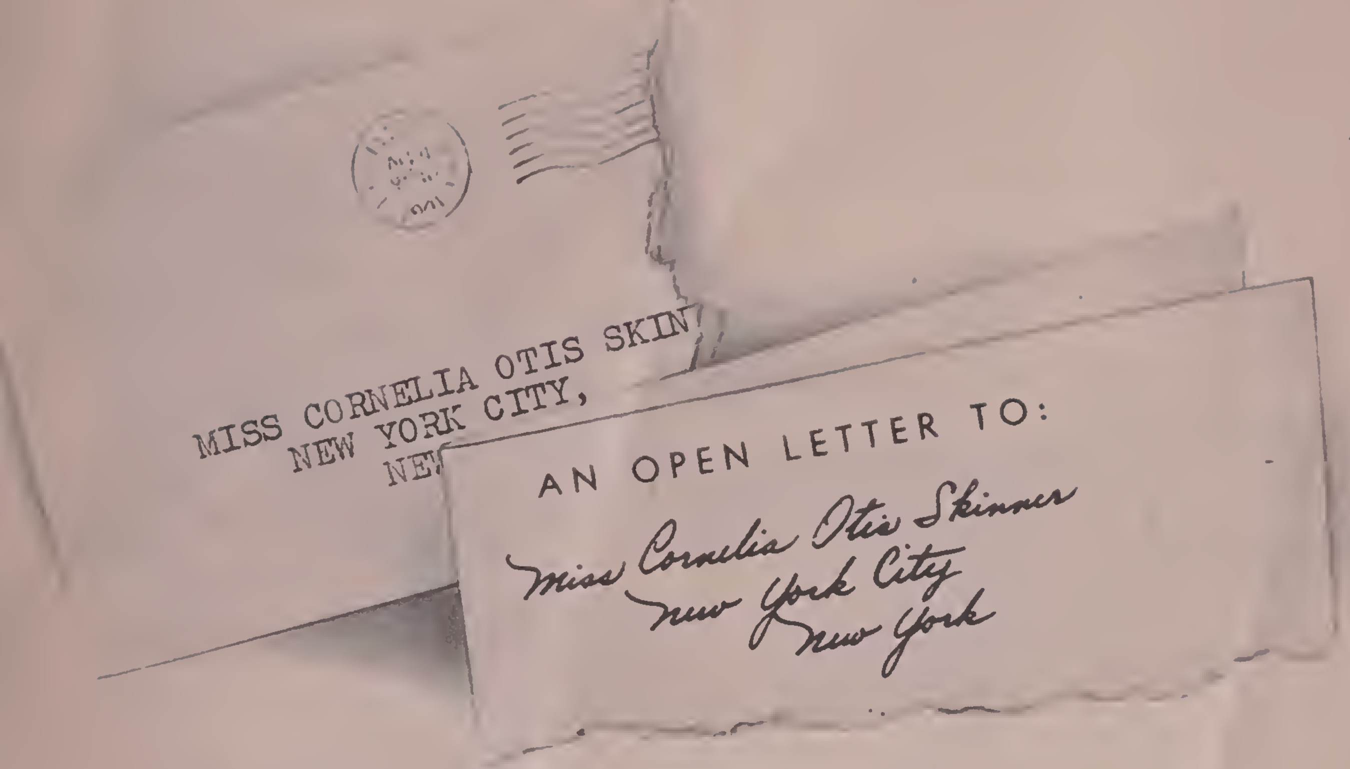
A. J. CRONIN'S
"The Keys of the Kingdom"

"WINGED VICTORY"
by MOSS HART

BETTY SMITH'S
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

ROY ROGERS

Republic's cowboy star with romantic appeal, fan mail-registered as polling right with Sinatra in the hearts of the young love trade. Besides which, Roy gets 3000 letters every month from overseas service men, carries on regular correspondence with scores of pigeon-raisers—on accounta they've discovered he has a pigeon farm producing trained carriers and prizewinning feathered racers—and to thousands more, he's the Rodeo King, presiding (with his horse, Trigger) every October at the big Madison Square Garden "roundup," in New York. His current picture, "San Fernando Valley."



AN OPEN LETTER TO:

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner
New York City
New York

DEAR MISS SKINNER—

Strangely enough, you and I have not seen each other, nor even talked together, since it was decided I was to play the role of you in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." In fact, you hadn't even thought of me, much less approved of me to play the part, when we last met. And, oh—how much I wanted that part!

Since then, of course, the picture has been finished. I was hoping for a chance to see you when I was in New York recently. I wanted to thank you—to tell you how much it has meant to me—and to share with you some of the experiences we had in making the picture. For our hearts were "young and gay" then, too—and we had so much fun, Diana Lynn and I, making believe we were you and Emily Kimbrough, and living again all the funny, fantastic and wonderful things that happened to you. What a pair of babies you were! (Says Russell from her hoary old age of 20!)

In one way it is strange that I should have played you, for our backgrounds are as different as night and day. You, of course, were "born" to the theater, what with the famous Otis Skinner for (*Continued on page* 79)

from Gail Russell

Confessions of a young actress on being an impersonator, cast to play the role of a living person and fearful that she might not do justice to the assignment

I was ten when this snapshot of Papa and me was taken, in Chicago. A movie-crazy kid, little dreaming that I'd be in pictures one day, myself. One never knows!

My friend Carmelita Lopez and I, on our trip last spring to Arizona. Here we hold down a mule, with our combined weight of 216 pounds. Some of our experiences were far more eventful, really embarrassing!

Remember this? The day we first met. You and Producer Charles Brackett and I, on "The Uninvited" set.

THIS IS Myself

by BETTY HUTTON

Giving her autograph to a G.I. fan at Fort Bragg, N.C. Betty's ambition for after-the-war is to take a world cruise.

I LIKE: Steak—pre-war, thick, perfectly cooked; my new black suit which looks so simple and yet is so striking; Bellodgia perfume; the color blue; those pocket-sized books you can read in an hour; swimming; playing poker with people who enjoy the game but don't get grim about it; bowling; surprises, especially those someone thinks up just to please me.

I HATE: Going to the dentist;
Having to eat non-fattening foods while the rest of the party devours spaghetti and meat balls, frog legs dipped in butter, chocolate eclairs or other delectable dishes forbidden to me;
Being alone when I feel blue;
Messy-looking rooms;
Losing my temper.

I REMEMBER: How much we used to laugh at home when I was little.
My mother playing her guitar while my sister and I clowned. She'd sit on the bed or perch on the arm of a chair and play for us and sing and laugh while we made up routines. There was always noise and I used to ache from laughing.

(*Continued on page* 64)

The jitterbug kid, hep to the jive and entertaining like crazy at the Hollywood canteen. Time was when she worked out like this every night, at N. Y. clubs.

Her most successful pupil, in the eyes of Deborah Jones, Betty's former drama teacher. And never a serious moment!

It's a confused lieutenant caught by this Signal Corps photographer, and the Betty Hutton fans love best—clowning, making a lot of noise, having fun.

By SONIA LEE

Cary Grant, third husband for Barbara Hutton. First came Prince Alexis Mdivani, followed by Count Reventlow. (Who's shown in photo right.)

The Awful Truth

They met briefly in London, caught up with one another again at a Hollywood party and were married at Lake Arrowhead. With them here, Mlle. Tocquet, the bride's companion.

WHEN the young, the tender, the inexperienced meet disillusion, Hollywood sheds a tear—is solemn for the space of a breath in deference to what-might-have-been.

When two people like Cary Grant—the handsome, the rich, the successful and sophisticated motion picture star—and Barbara Hutton, fabulously wealthy graduate of two divorces, announce that their marriage is to end, there is only a shrug of shoulders as a silent requiem to love. A smug what-could-you-expect look in every eye.

And yet, no two people deserve more compassion than Barbara and Cary. For neither is essentially to blame.

To both, love is precious. And they tried desperately to keep it so.

For both, their marriage began as a refuge and a promise of a new and better private world, and they tried to make their hopes come true.

As this story is being written, there seems no possible chance of a reconciliation. But even if there is a reconcilia- (*Continued on page* 76)

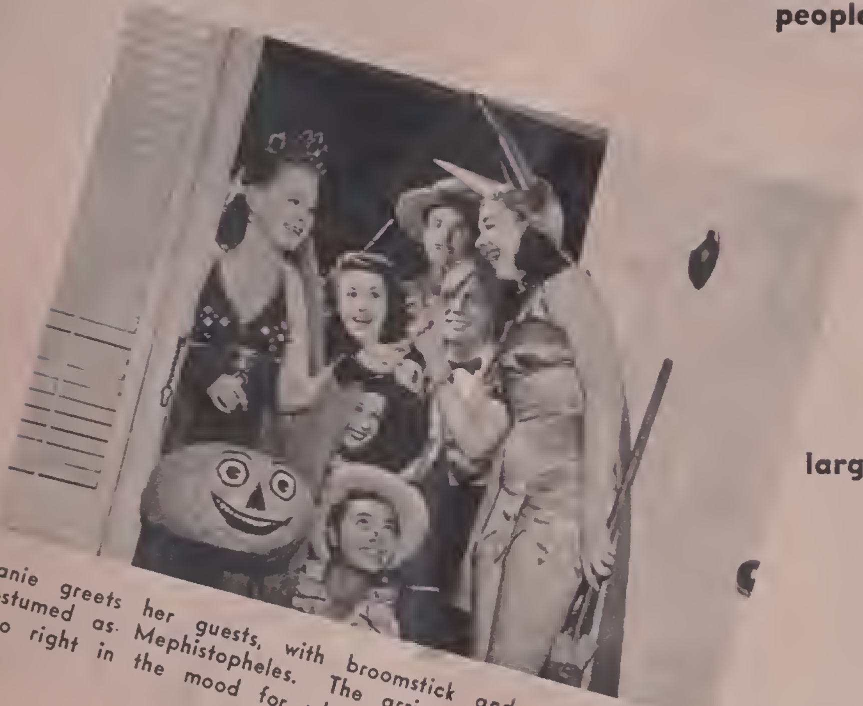
Cary's wife should have been a self-assured woman, emotionally adjusted, free to cater to his every mood, ready to help solve his every problem. Barbara wasn't such a woman.

What's behind the Grant-Hutton break-up? Unfortunately "the truth" is that their marriage had too many counts against it, at the start. It just couldn't last

The Barbara Hutton of 1932, aboard the Empress of Britain for the liner's maiden cruise.

HOLLYWOOD HALLOWE'EN

Something's always happening in Hollywood! To some people—we'll even go so far as to say most of us—it's all synonymous with fantasy. But pull up an exclamation point while we show you the pictorial record of a Hollywood party that was strictly Turnip Corners or Painted Post, or even as you and I would plan it. The party was a Hallowe'en affair, staged by seventeen-year-old Jane Withers—held at her home, which is ideally equipped for parties, having a large rumpus room with a soda fountain bar, phonograph-radio and plenty of room for the slick chicks to go the limit in rug-cutting without bumping into the furniture. The most astonishing feature of the party is that there was nothing at all astonishing about it. However, the pictures tell the story.



Janie greets her guests, with broomstick and costumed as Mephistopheles. The arrivals are also right in the mood for what's traditional.

Four girls and four boys were invited, but one of the boys couldn't make it because he had to report next morning to take his army physical.

Discovering the damages. This chocalate cake suffered somewhat in transit, and June Carlson and Mary Alice Dill are oh but so vedy dismayed.

So much depends on the viewpoint, we always say! Jane gives the impression of being so charmed by Dave Street. His hat, mebbe?

Identifying from left to right: Jane, Mary Alice, Jeanne Howlitt, Eric Sinclair, and Street; back row, Ross Hunter, June Carlson.

Distaff side of the party pitches in to fix dainty little morsels that pass for chow at such affairs. And who says it ain't good?

We take you behind the bar at the soda fountain to show you that there is nothing phoney about this set-up. The bar has all the flavors and Jane knows all the recipes.

One, two, three—umps. What would a modern party be without a Conga? Even Mr. Pumpkin thinks it's fun!

What gives here is an old-fashioned horse race. Proof that the time-honored games invented by our grandparents are still much remembered—in movieland, just as down at Prairy Corners.

Ross Hunter and his hostess take the floor for a smooth 'n easy rhumba, while the rest of the gang makes with the music and the cheer-section.

They had dunking for apples, too—but of course. And here Jane and Jeanne Howlitt dive together, with Ross Hunter appointed to judge the winner.

Comes next a game of musical chairs, done just the same way that we ordinary folks do it. And you see now what we meant, saying parties like this can't really get going without lots of space.

Hail and farewell, with a very feminine squeal for a last bit of scarestuff about witches and goblins. Had a nice time kids? Well then, thank the lady!

Pretty Miss Carlson had a ripping bit of fun—too ripping—and her obliging hostess is applying the stitch in time with what appears to be a grim thread of determination. Right you are, too—it's Van Johnson in the photo at right.

The evening ends with a Hallowe'en joke played on Eric Sinclair—his family chariot gets souped up, but pullenty!

MY PAL PAT

BY CAROLE LANDIS

WE WERE on location at Del Monte, Director Eddie Sutherland, Pat O'Brien, George Murphy and I, getting outdoor shots for the new RKO picture called "Having Wonderful Crime." As I was walking through the lobby of the Del Monte Lodge one afternoon, I chanced to overhear a conversation between two Air Corps officers.

One said, "Look! There goes Pat O'Brien."

And the other said, "I sure like him in pictures. I wonder what sort of a guy he *really* is."

The answer to that question, as those having the golden opportunity of meeting Pat and getting to know him would inevitably discover for themselves, is that he is one of the friendliest, most generous, most amusing and jovial men on earth.

I met Pat when he was one of the top stars at Warner Bros. and I was one of the stock players.

1. Fair damsel with pur-suiters! It's Carole Landis with George Murphy and Pat O'Brien in a scene for RKO's "Having Wonderful Crime." Location shots were taken at Del Monte.

2. His heart belongs to Mama, for Pat classifies as "the devoted husband." When away from home (bond tours 'n' things) he telephones his wife regularly twice every day.

3. Get three Irishmen together and if their names are O'Brien, Murphy and Eddie Sutherland, you'll know why Del Monte has never been quite the same since they were there.

4. Pat may seem a little dubious about what Charles Brown is telling him, but he's a regular guy. Doesn't steal camera advantages, never goes high-hat, always a friend.

MY PAL PAT CONTINUED

It's really Pat O'Brien and he does really fall into the pool for his next picture, as you see it happening here. First the prop men set the cameras, then the scene is rehearsed, then O'Brien takes the plunge

No one, excepting a college freshman who has just been through initiation week and who has been befriended by a senior, can appreciate what it means to a newly signed actress to be noticed by an established actor. Noticed, I mean, in a friendly, utterly impersonal way.

Pat was like that. When we played scenes together he always gave me the camera advantage. I blew my lines in one scene and nearly died of chagrin. About three takes later, Pat—who is a fast study and a one-take man—blew *his* lines. Gallant is the word for Mr. Pat O'Brien, and the loikes of 'im ye'll seldom find.

I had friends in Colton (a small California town) whose six-year-old daughter was a pet of mine. Because I enjoyed her so much, I brought her to Hollywood for a few days' visit and took her out on the set with me. Pat walked up at once and made friends with the child, to her intense delight. The three of us had luncheon at noon in The Green Room, and by 3:30 p.m., that little girl was all set to marry Pat as soon as she got out of High School. The average man, confronted by her wide-eyed proposal, would have laughed—or worse yet, explained that he was already married and a father. Not Pat. He agreed solemnly to her plan, saying that if she still felt that way about him when she was graduated, he would consider himself engaged.

My option was dropped by Warners', so I went to New York hoping to do a stage play. Although I was given several rather good parts, the plays were ill-fated. So, back I went to Hollywood, still looking for a break.

Now much as I love this town, I am forced to admit that there are times when the Hollywood attitude toward the down-on-luck could be improved. A person whose option has been dropped by a major studio, and who has failed to score in Manhattan, is due for some rude shocks. I was astonished to discover how many myopic "friends" I had made; I was further hurt to discover how short were the memories for faces of those "friends." It would seem that I had acquired a quaint ailment distinguished by two symptoms: either I was quite invisible; or, when visible, I was quite unrecognizable.

I was just becoming reconciled to that state of affairs when, as I was seated in a night club one evening, in came Pat O'Brien. He spied me, made a B-line for my table and yelled, "Carole, baby, glad to see you! Swell to have you back in town. What's new?" And he sat down with that air of finality which indicated that he had joined us for the evening.

A good many people spoke to Pat that night, and then perforce to me, while I sat there batting back tears of gratitude and saying in my soul, "God bless all the O'Briens everywhere."

When I heard recently that Pat had organized his own producing company (Terneen Productions) and was planning to make "Secret Command," I wondered fleetingly if there might be a part in it for me. I was soon notified that I was to have the feminine lead.

It turned out to be one of the best parts I have ever had. When the picture was previewed the critics were wonderfully kind in their comments on the job I had done. I hope that doesn't sound conceited. I wanted to make the statement because it has a sequel: it would be almost impossible for an actress to give a bad performance opposite Pat O'Brien, because he is an impressive craftsman, a thoroughly expert dramatic technician.

There is a persistent rumor around town that, even if a man *is* a brilliant actor, it doesn't necessarily follow that he is a great gentleman. I might go so far as to admit that I have met a few impressive Thespians who thought Lord Chesterfield designed sofas.

However, Pat O'Brien's (*Continued on page* 87)

Movieland's
$1,000 QUESTION

More than 300 chances to win

1st prize	$500 war bond
2nd prize	$100 war bond
3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th prizes	$25 each in war bonds
7th Lucky Prize	$300 in War Stamps in packets of $1.00 each for the next best 300 letters

$500 war bond donated by Warner Bros.

DOUGHGIRLS VS HOME GIRLS

AMERICA's women have gone to war. The question now is: what place will those women assume in the post-war world?

Those who have donned uniforms and gone into service. Those who have put on coveralls and gone to work in the defense plants. Those who have entered fields previously dominated by men. Are they merely doing jobs which needed doing, or have they started careers in which they will expect to continue?

Consider, on the one hand, what it means to some, having acquired the independence of earning their own paychecks. How others, who might have preferred to marry, rear their children and maintain their homes, will be discouraged by the fact that the war has decreased their matrimonial opportunities.

The assumption, in some cases, may be that their defense jobs are a way of marking time for the duration, and they'll be only too glad when their men come home and they can go back to their kitchens, to their bridge clubs and peacetime community service projects.

Which, in your opinion, will be the choice of the majority: will the American "doughgirls" resume their pre-war places as "homegirls"? Will those who have never had their own homes take marriage in preference to a career?

Possibly you can speak from your own experience, or from knowing women who will have this decision to make. Or, you can accept this as an opportunity for merely stating your opinion. But give reasons for your recommendation, whichever it is.

Jane Wymon, Alexis Smith and Ann Sheridan are the "Doughgirls" in the new Warner Brothers picture.

JUSTICE
OF THE PEACE
NO WAITING

Jack Carson and the bride he thought he'd "married." But there was a hitch in their hitching ceremony.

Rules:

1. Write a letter of not more than 100 words giving reasons why you think most women in jobs now will (or will not) continue as career women after the war.
2. Anyone may enter the contest except employes of Warner Bros. and Hillman Periodicals, Inc., publishers of Movieland Magazine.
3. Submit one entry only.
4. Entries must be sent to Contest Editor, Movieland, 1476 Broadway, New York, postmarked not later than midnight, November 5th, 1944.
5. In cases of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. All letters become the property of Movieland, Inc.
7. The contest will be judged by Contest Editors of Movieland. Decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S DOUGHGIRLS CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME..............................

STREET ....

CITY......................STATE..........

Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter. Entries submitted without this coupon will not be considered.

The Terrific TURHAN

He's young, unmarried and believes in love at first sight. He's six-feet-one and goodlooking, the modern Valentino

By ALICE TRAINE

TURHAN SELAHETTIN SCHULTAVY BEY attracted fan attention long before any studio took him seriously.

I don't know what caught fans' fancy in the first flashes of him in other people's pictures. Maybe it was those Valentino eyes. They are warm, brown and properly mysterious; he has a habit of half-closing them when he looks at you, just as the Sheik did years and years ago.

They are talking of starring him in the role of Rudolph Valentino, you know. Not that he's in favor of it—he's superstitious and thinks it unlucky to step into a dead man's shoes. He'll do it, if requested by his studio—they've been kind to him and he trusts them—but he won't throw up his hat at the chance.

Maybe fans had better write in and tell him what they think about it. It was their enthusiasm that brought Turhan from bits to featured roles, and from heavies to romantic leads.

Boys and girls saw the young Turk flash across the screen, remembered him from single scenes and demanded more of him.

"When I put up my black-out curtains" (wrote a girl in England under the blitz of 1941). *"I wonder if THEY are coming* (*Continued on page 62*)

Born in Vienna, Turhan loves music. Often creates his own "mood music" when at work on a picture, if he can find a piano handy on the set.

Back to his home lot (Universal) for "Bowery to Broadway," the Bey stops by to collect his fan mail. With him here is his fan-mother.

Turhan Bey

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

Born in London, daughter of the British stage star Moyna Macgill, Angela Lansbury came to this country as a child escaping the blitzes.

The cockney maid in M-G-M's "Gaslight," she has since made "National Velvet" with Mickey Rooney and plays the unhappy girl role in "Dorian Gray."

Dream Girl

As a little girl in England Angela Lansbury always dreamed of going to Hollywood. She's eighteen now, and that dream has come true

LIFE is just a bowl of cherries to Angela Lansbury. All her childhood dreams have come true.

She's tall—five foot, seven—eighteen, blonde with enormous blue eyes and ripely red lips. She still has some of her baby plumpness, but her poise is that of a world-sophisticate.

You can get anything if you really want it, is her comforting philosophy.

"I don't believe in Fate or Destiny sitting up somewhere holding the threads of life and jerking us around like so many puppets," she observes, earnestly. "I've wanted things desperately. I wanted to come to this country, to see New York and Hollywood, and I've always wanted to be an actress. Well, now I have what I longed for. Or could it be that I'm lucky?"

Angela can't remember when she didn't long to be an actress. When she was two, her mother, Moyna Macgill, was one of the most popular leading ladies in London theatres, a member of a particularly delightful, gay and brilliant circle of celebrities. Baby Angela lived on the fringe of that circle, going everywhere her mother went (at least during waking moments), and loving every second of it.

That rosy, sunny-topped mite knew the intense excitement of first nights, the heart-chill of the curtain's rising, the triumph of (*Continued on page* 82)

Angela
Lansbury

ALEXANDER KNOX... *without Wilson*

He's really young enough to be his screen son, which is how thoroughly his personal identity has been confused by the roles he's played

THE picture "Wilson" was in the process of production at 20th Century-Fox Studios for five months. During that time, Director Henry King became rather thoroughly acquainted with the star of the work, Alexander Knox.

They conferred daily from early until late on bits of business, methods of handling a scene, and other items of technique. The sight of Wilson's flat-topped coiffeur, his spectacles, his ascetic, scholarly face became as familiar to Henry King as his own image in the shaving mirror.

Two days after the picture was completed, Mr. King attended a social gathering. Across the room, a young man waved at him. Mr. King furrowed his brow in a bewildered attempt to place the chap in memory, both face and physique were arresting. His hair was light brown and somewhat tumbled. His eyes were the forthright blue of deep Canadian lakes. The contours of his face were somewhat rounded. He was dressed in impeccable gray flannels.

Mr. King gave it up. He knew he had seen the gentleman somewhere . . . or, better, he must have known his father. The young man insisted upon approaching the vague Mr. King. Not until the director's shoulder was firmly slapped did he recognize the man with whom he had been working for five months. "Great guns!" he gasped. "Alexander Knox . . . without Wilson!"

This was not Mr. Knox' first knowledge of the confusion between his aged dramatic identity and his young actual self. When he was doing a part in "Romeo And Juliet" the omniscient Brooks Atkinson observed in his critical column that great praise was due "those seasoned veterans, Halliwell Hobbes, Dame May Whitty, and Alexander Knox."

The histrionic power which enables Mr. Knox—who won't have a gray hair for twenty years—to portray oldsters with such phenomenal success has been generated both by training and by an extraordinary background, including several noteworthy aunts.

His maternal Aunt Sarah was a forthright creature distinguished by great presence of mind and fortitude of conduct. She taught literature to the daughters of nice local sultans in a girls' school in Smyrna. Upon arriving on the dock one day, after a wearying journey from England, she turned from viewing the city in time to see a thief making off with her bag. With one hand she firmly clasped her elegant Gay Nineties hat; with the other she clutched a rugged British umbrella, cudgel fashion. Wasting no time, she shot in pursuit of the thief, her bustle abob.

Shrewdly he turned into the native quarter, a place into which police ventured only in threes. Undaunted, Aunt Sarah charged after the miscreant. Lighter, fleeter, and with higher morale than he, she overtook him, rapped him soundly with her umbrella, retrieved her bag and returned to the dock a perfect gentlewoman in command of her environment.

From this aunt, Alexander Knox inherited his presence of mind, a quality that stood him in good stead while he was working with Laurence Olivier in "Romeo And Juliet." (*Continued on page* 85)

Alexander Knox was selected for the Wilson role, not because he looks particularly like the late president (that similarity was accomplished by make-up experts), but because his voice is right.

By MARCIA DAUGHTREY

To make the picture more convincingly real, it's important that Knox have no identity other than as the screen Mr. Wilson. So you're shown no photos of him, as himself.

It was Warner Bros. who first brought Knox to Hollywood. He played in "The Sea Wolf," with Edward G. Robinson. "This Above All" was his next, and then "None Shall Escape."

Lon McCallister

By KATHERINE LAKE

"CALIFORNIA" in KHAKI

The "Private" life of Lon McCallister. G-I Joe on duty, of all places—in Hollywood!

GREAT things are afoot out at 20th Century-Fox Studios where Moss Hart's Air Force show, "Winged Victory," is being immortalized in celluloid. As you probably know, the idea for "Winged Victory" emanated from General Arnold himself, as he felt that a rousing show, dramatizing the training given the Air Force, would be morale-building for both the military and civilian populations.

Working in "Winged Victory" are such cinemen as Staff Sergeant George Reeves, late of "So Proudly We Hail," Sergeant Edmund O'Brien, esteemed for his work opposite Deanna Durbin in "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday," Staff Sergeant Mark Daniels and Corporal Don Taylor, Metro contract players—and Private Lon McCallister, whom you know as "California" from "Stage Door Canteen," and as Sparke in "Home in Indiana."

The manner in which Lon was cast in "Winged Victory" is a struggling young actor's dream: he was *ordered* to report for the part. No tests, no wangling by agents, no dickering for terms—just the terse military command, and he was on his way from Camp Crowder (where he had been working with a unit ordered on the road for the purpose of recruiting WAC members) to Santa Monica, where the "Winged Victory" company is quartered.

(*Continued on page* 61)

In the army since last January, Private Lon McCallister was brought to Hollywood from Camp Crowder to play a cadet role in 20th Century-Fox' version of Moss Hart's "Winged Victory."

Quartered in regulation tents at Santa Monica and reporting every day for work at the studio, the boys get in their physical conditioning between scenes.

When his running expenses are deducted, Lon has only $21 left from his monthly army paycheck. But he gets by, and manages to finance dates with his best girl.

This is na rehearsed scene on a Hollywood mavie lot. It's Thunderhead, photographed at Kanab agoinst o reol blue sky backdrop.

Tale of a Town

By Kolma Flake

The "Little Hollywood" of Utah. Population, 1200; situated 133 miles from the nearest railroad; principal industries, cattle-raising and moviemaking. Location for the filming of more than 40 motion pictures.

The house that "Flicka" built, used now by 20th Century-Fox for a movie sequel. Roddy McDowall, Diana Hale in foreground.

PARRY LODGE
COTTAGES

It's a gay time in the old town tonight! Dancing at the lodge is an every Saturday night event.

KANAB sits, rather sleepily, about as far from a railroad or telegraph office as it's possible to get, in these United States.

Most of the year, it's a quiet, elm-shaded, lazy Southern Utah town of 1200 people. Cows raise dust down the main street as they are herded in one's and two's to and from the milking barns behind compact little homes and pastures.

Yet with increasing regularity, Mrs. Della Pugh parks her children with a neighbor while she stands in for movie stars — Maureen

(*Continued next page*)

Everybody else in Kanab gets a chance to be in pictures, says Roddy's pal Pullman. So what about a Dachshund?

Time out for chow, and a hungry bunch it is, too! Preston Foster, Rita Johnson and Roddy McDowoll, lined up all in a row. Extras at the table opposite the stars are local ranch hands hired as movie horse wranglers.

O'Hara, Linda Darnell or some other. Postmaster Clair Ford steps onto the screen as a typical small-town business man or a middle-aged farmer. "Cowhide" Adams, a rancher, displays his roping ability for Hollywood dollars. Bishop Daniel Frost and Bishop Joseph Johnson of the Church of Latter Day Saints—it's Mormon country—put on chaps and are movie cowboys or stuntmen.

It would be a surprised Brigham Young, were he to pay a visit here now. Back in 1861, he sent Jacob Hamblin down to make friends of the Indians so the Mormon empire could use the fine grazing land for cattleraising. After the Indians had one or two massacre parties, Jacob Hamblin succeeded in accomplishing his mission. And 95 per cent of the town's population today carries one or another of eight family names—Hamblin, Pugh, Judd, Johnson, Chamberlain, Brown, Adams or Stewart—indicating that descendants of the original settlers thrived. Yes, and prospered.

Cattle grazing, of course, doesn't explain why 20th Century-Fox Studios paid a board and lodging bill of some $6,000 a week on their picture "Thunderhead" last summer in Kanab. Nor why four other studios sent casts and crews up there from Hollywood.

But besides land for cattle grazing, there are untold numbers of vividly colored canyons climaxed by Zion and Bryce National Parks and Cedar Breaks. There are great pine forests, Indian reservations—and the Parry Bros.

While a student at Utah State University, Chaunce Parry was in a surveying party working in Southern Utah. Being so impressed by Zion and Bryce Canyons,

Tale of a Town

CONTINUED

Just like any other small town, in most respects, it's having the movie people there that makes Kanab different. With entertainers like Diana Hale, direct from Hollywood.

Sheriff George Swapp is listed on the studio payroll as camp cook. Here he is small Diana Hale's dancing partner.

Life in "the big city" attracts few of the young people of Kanab. Those who leave soon hurry back. Nurse Viola Mitchell went to New York, the movies lured her back, and she has a steady job now as studio nurse, administering first aid to the injured.

Roddy goes truly "western" when he's at Kanab; likes to collect stories from oldtimers about the early days.

Land where Zane Grey wrote his first novels, advertised to the world by the movies made there. People descended from the Brigham Young party, help to make those movies.

"This is the life," testifies Preston Foster, strumming a ukulele and making with a cowboy song for the amusement of little Diana, Rita Johnson and Roddy. Foster often comes back to Kanab, when his picture assignments are through, to hunt deer and lions.

he quit college and obtained a franchise from the state to take tourists through the two canyons. Later Arizona gave him the franchise for the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. In 1919, he succeeded in getting the two Utah canyons declared national monuments. His two brothers, Whit and Gron, joined him in setting up a transportation system through the parks. Up to that time, less than a thousand persons had seen the canyons. In 1920, they were declared national parks and tourists flocked there. In 1927, the brothers sold their franchise to the Union Pacific Railroad for a healthy sum.

The three brothers set out then to make their life elsewhere, but were drawn irresistibly back to the spectacular country. They hit upon an idea. Because Zane Grey had written his first successful novels in Kanab, Tom Mix and Buck Jones (among other Western stars) had asked the Parry brothers to arrange a few location trips for them.

Why not make this a regular business?

In 1931, they purchased the (*Continued on page* 74)

Exclusive Gene Tierney interview, the first she's given about her little daughter, who is a . . .

WAR Baby

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

Gene Tierney (Mrs. Oleg Cassini) thinks having a baby is a young wife's best protection against "duration blues." Her little Daria serves as a constant reminder of the husband who's away in service, makes her plan for the future.

"HAVING a baby is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," said Gene Tierney.

We were lunching at 20th Century-Fox studio, Gene is playing the title role in "Laura," her first picture in over a year. Slim, beautiful and exotic as ever, Gene took little notice of the exciting gaiety of the studio cafe or the admiring glances turned her way. Baby Daria is always an all-absorbing subject to her mother.

"If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the elation and thrill of holding my baby in my arms for the first time," Gene continued. "The fact that she was a girl instead of a boy (I had been adamant about wanting a boy) never entered my head. She was just what I wanted.

"With the first thrill, though, there was disappointment, too—when I wakened after the baby was born and discovered that no one but my nurse was with me. It had always been uncertain about my husband's getting there. But Mother! Where was my mother?

"It didn't help when the nurse said the doctor had asked her to leave—that I must rest. Didn't my family *know* I had a baby? I had to talk about her! I wanted to shout my news to the world!

"I think I cried a little when I could get neither Mother nor my sister on the telephone. I found small

She kept house for her husband, until just before the baby came. He was stationed at Fort Riley and they had a little cottage nearby.

Gene has the title role in "Laura", with Dana Andrews as her leading man. It marks her return to Hollywood—is her first picture in over a year.

comfort when finally I got a call through to my aunt in New Jersey. Poor dear, she was afraid I was over-exerting because I was so excited. All she could say was, 'You shouldn't be talking now, darling. Please hang up the telephone and get some rest.'

"I thought I would never hear from Oli. He didn't receive my telegram about the baby for a week. As sometimes happens, he couldn't be reached at the army base, where he was stationed as a cavalry instructor. But I consoled myself, realizing how lucky I was that he was still in the United States.

"When the wire reached him Oli was so upset and worried over the baby's

(*Continued on page* 72)

"WITH her Sun in the powerful, penetrating sign Scorpio harmoniously related to her Moon, this affectionate and warm-hearted star (Gene Tierney) woud seem to have success by luck and the favors of others.

Born November 20, she has a capacity for hard work, a great practicality, the capacity for deep thought, and the will to take great pains. There is no detail too small for her to consider.

She is endowed with astuteness, the ability to see ahead of others, and an extreme sensitiveness which may be too often expressed in quick temper soon forgotten. This latter is because Mercury, in its relationship to her Moon, has made her inordinately honest and sensible.

She has unusual artistic ability and taste, a deep and mystic love of music, enormous enthusiasms and the natural health to enjoy sports and outdoor activities and carry on her exacting work with undue physical strain. This is partially because Jupiter's position to her Moon (and also to her Mercury) allow her utter relaxation when she lets tension down. She enjoys life to the fullest, accepting sensibly the popularity rightly her's, guarding her private life carefully from the enervating results of her own love of hospitality, and securing her financial present and future with a sometimes spartan self-denial.

Few guess the privation, the fear, the patience, the struggle to suppress jealousy which has attended her rise to stardom, for there is a restless anxiety ever present but well hidden beneath her surface gaiety. A rebel against conventions, broken ideals have been repaired painstakingly and she has learned during 1944 that it was a period of advancement and hard work, rather than one of inner content and outer happiness.

A rare young lady, this. One thing her chart is insistent upon is this: limitations have taught her always to think things over, follow her own sober judgment, and be prepared to work and pay herself for whatever goal she sets. And control of vocal range and tone is eventual control of mental processes—and that whatever failure or lack she may face is entirely due to not listening to her own advice.

Whatever the coming year holds for this beautiful and gifted lady, she is assured of discovering herself at the goal she set last New Year's Day—and beyond it.

SCORPIO, FOR THOSE PERSONS BORN BETWEEN OCT. 24 AND NOV. 23

AFTER the uncertainty and responsibilities which the year presented as a New Year's gift, the worries and disappointments concerning broken promises and financial adjustments, your natural energy and strength gave you courage to fight through and, in a large measure, attain whatever seemed most important.

Making up your mind which course to follow was your main difficulty, for while you can usually visualize the results of your actions, this year held them tantalizingly veiled, and the outcome was of such importance that you may have hesitated until through sheer desperation you carried your plans blindly to fulfillment. Luck was indeed with you. In some cases, you just avoided disaster by a miracle.

If you do not crowd this luck too far, do not gamble with stakes which are not rightfully yours, you will reap a big reward the coming year—financially, too. Let troubles with relatives or those near you more or less solve themselves, and avoid any jealousy or thought of petty revenge. Changes concerning your home should be handled with tact and consideration, but never think your ambitions are too high, for that same luck is with you if you keep your head and hold your plans secret until fulfilled.

Settle finances during November, protect your earnings for the future, and watch throughout December to stay apart from an involved situation which could easily prove unpleasant unless you are impersonally silent. For this has been a year of advancement—if you acknowledge the help others have given you.

Bing's last program rehearsal, just before he went overseas, with Sonny Tufts and Marilyn Maxwell getting a big kick out of his antics.

words of music

By JILL WARREN

COME on in, Individuals, and we'll cut up some musical stuff. As usual, I have been snooping around for news, so put the homework aside for a short spell, and I'll give forth with some tid-bits.

First off we have mail from some of our music makers who are giving out with American jive in far away lands and places. From "Somewhere in England" comes a letter from Captain Glenn Miller, dated August 3, 1944. *"Dear Jill:*

"Your letter was forwarded to me here. We left the U. S. A. last month. It's the 'Flying American Band

Tom Breneman, emcee, Bandleader Frankie Masters and Jill, guests on the "Breakfast at Sardi's" show recently

of The Supreme Allied Command' now. We have been playing a seven-day-a-week broadcast schedule over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Network, which is beamed to the Allied troops in Normandy and the entire ETO (European Theatre of Operations). In addition, we fly the whole band, comprising forty-seven pieces, to the air bases all over the ETO, and the reception accorded by the pilots, navigators, bombardiers, and ground crews is terrific. For most of them it's the first entertainment in a musical vein they have had.

"We spent some time in London and we can tell you all about the famous flying bombs! (Reporting from all too direct personal experience.) However, I'm not permitted to reveal more than that now.

"We've heard from Tex Beneke since we've been here. He is still Chief Bandmaster at a naval base in Norman, Oklahoma.

"Thanks for your letter and I'll look forward to hearing from you again. Send a copy of MOVIELAND, too. Sincerely, Glenn."

(Continued on page 68)

Andy Russell, Capitol recording star, who has landed the singing spot on the Old Gold show.

"What's this with the hair up—all new material?" Frankie asks Jill, at rehearsal for a Vimm's show.

MOVIELAND'S

FIVE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Technicolored drama—the film biography of Woodrow Wilson—is picture making at its best.

A biography of the 28th President of the United States, on the one hand—tracing Wilson's career from the day he was asked to run for Governor of New Jersey to the noon of March 4, 1921, when in saying goodbye to his Cabinet he acknowledged his personal defeat but declared that "The ideals of the League of Nations aren't dead"—it is at the same time a history of World War I, with some scenes made particularly effective by being actual newsreel clips.

Technically speaking, the story was made difficult to handle by very reason of the fact that it attempts to accomplish so much.

In the main, however, the picture excels—in brilliance of production, cast, sets. More important, it serves a well-intentioned and highly commendable purpose, being a story that commands nationwide attention—and timely that attention is, too—to the problems and happenings of one of the most critical eras in our country's history.

It is no more "political" than that, and there is no actual basis for partisan antagonists to ascribe a propaganda intent.

Alexander Knox is superb in the title role, prominently supported by Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Ruth Nelson, Mary Anderson, and Charles Coburn.

WILSON

(20th Century Fox)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

(Warner Bros.)

CARY GRANT, it's readily agreed when we see him in a farce like this long-shelved film version of Joseph Kesselring's stage play, is "at his best" in light comedy.

It's a most unusual "funny picture," for madly enough it's the story of how two sweet but completely crazy old ladies living in an old house in the strangely secluded Heights section of Brooklyn manage to commit murder on such wholesale scale that the score-keeping becomes almost as great a problem as making room for the corpses.

Detailed for the gravedigging assignment, as each of the murder victims finds his way into the Brewster cellar, is Teddy "Roosevelt" Brewster (John Alexander), who performs his burial tasks with no questions asked, being convinced that the deceased are merely yellow fever casualties.

Among other reasons for Cary's finding this a troublesome family in which to be a nephew, he's in love with his brand new bride (Priscilla Lane) and wanting to protect her from knowing what he himself so belatedly discovered: that he's saddled with an assortment of relatives who are murderously insane.

Not to be outdone by the old aunts, there's another Brewster nephew (Raymond Massey) claiming a "stiff" total of thirteen.

Anyway, the whole thing will leave you thinking "everybody's crazy but me"—and you won't be so sure about "me"!

"KISMET," a movie for the third time since originating as a stage play for Otis Skinner, gains much from the addition of color and modern dimensional effects.

Lavishness of production, innovations in the story treatment and conscious striving for a fairy tale effect all contribute to making the picture essentially a fantasy.

With Ronald Colman in the romantic role as Haifiz and Marlene Dietrich as Jamilla—reigning queen, so to speak, in the Grand Vizier's household—the new version introduces a second love theme. And the scenes with Miss Dietrich, though limited in number, are as if specially created for displaying the golden legs "all as advertised."

Meanwhile, as Papa does a-wooing go, the heart of his lovely daughter Marsinah (played by Joy Ann Page) is being romantically won by the handsome young Caliph (James Craig), disguised (all but his Swanee accent) as a raggedy gardener's son.

Ronald Colman is excellently cast and deserving of "best performance" credit. His charm transcends the humble garb and demeanor of being a mere beggar, adds much to the magic of his being a magician, and blooms forth in full force when he's the mythical Prince fulfilling fantastic promises to his daughter for making her the most envied young woman in all Arabia.

KISMET

(M-G-M)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

(Paramount)

PROVING that the stories to come out of the war are still coming, and that it's possible to thread a fine theme through a war situation needle without having it come out in knots of exploding bombs and noisesome frontline activity. "Till We Meet Again" is both inspiring and inspired.

Barbara Britton as Sister Clothilde, a young novice in a French convent, makes the most of her first starring role, turning it into an agreeably modernized version of Joan of Arc. In risking her life to assist the escape of an American pilot (Ray Milland) from occupied France, she willingly and knowingly sacrifices the personal peace and security which had compensated for belonging so little to the world beyond the convent walls.

But this is no ordinary escape story—nor is the bond that develops between the pretty Clothilde, and the pilot who misses the wife he loves back in the States, an ordinary romance formula. It was a deft and discerning hand that directed the scenes where these two build a bridge of understanding and caring, without trespassing beyond what is their right to claim. It's done so simply, yet what is obvious is merely apparent, not exaggerated.

In addition, the picture is a fitting and remarkably well-timed dedication to the accomplishments of the brave French patriots, fighting in "the underground."

"MARRIAGE is a private affair," this film title claims—but the problems of Theodora Scofield (Lana Turner) and Lt. Thomas West (John Hodiak) are representative fears-for-happiness common to many young couples in the real life of wartime.

Theirs is a story of a brief romance begun at the Officers' Canteen in Boston, culminating in a marriage not approved by the bride's much-married mother and based on the assumption that the bridegroom is about to be leaving for overseas duty.

Instead, Tom is discharged from the Army and kept at home for an essential war job. Theodora had planned to continue her frivolous existence, with Tom away, but finds herself saddled with a humdrum married life. Unsure of being able to make a go of things, on that basis, her faith is still more shaken when there's an approaching blessed event.

Her young husband has no such initial handicaps to happiness. There's the disillusionment of discovery in store for him, however, when Theodora seeks escape from the confines of home and family in the company of Capt. Miles Lancing (James Craig).

It's coincidental that Lana Turner is presented—yes, beautiful as usual—as a screen mother; for it's her first return to the screen since the birth of her *own* baby. Frances Gifford you'll cheer for giving a specially mentionable supporting player performance.

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

(M-G-M)

Do you have a problem? Are you in need of advice?
Write to Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine,
9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California

YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

By

Bonita Granville

Dear Miss Granville:

I have been engaged to a soldier for three years, and twice when he was home on leave he begged me to marry him. I wanted to wait until I graduated, however.

Now this is my problem: he no longer writes to me—the last letter I received being in April—and an old friend of mine just came in town and he tells me that my fiancé is married to a girl near the camp where he is stationed.

I have cried and bitterly regretted that I didn't marry him when he asked me to. What do you think I should do?

Jean

Dear Jean:

First, you were perfecty right in waiting until you finish school before thinking of marriage.

I can't believe that this boy sincerely loved you if he married another girl.

Perhaps you are really better off being rid of him, under the circumstances.

Why not go out with other boys and enter into a new social life in your town? It may be hard for you now, but you have to forget him and that is the best way to start.

Good luck.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

My problem includes a boy friend and my brother. You see, my brother is just a year older than I, and he is my boy friend's pal. This boy is a swell fellow, but he is terribly shy, and whenever we go out on dates he always includes my brother. Then the evening is ruined because they talk about airplanes and baseball all night long.

How can I get him to overcome his shyness, and what can I do with my brother?

Doris

Dear Doris:

First of all, make an ally of your brother and try to arrange a foursome with another girl the next time you all go out together.

Try and become interested in their conversation, even if you have to study up on the subjects, and then you can bring the boy out of his shyness by getting him to converse with you on the same subjects that he has confined to your brother. From then on, it is up to you to keep up an interest in his hobbies and sports activities.

Your problem is one that can be solved so easily, you see—but you must work at it.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am engaged to a soldier, and he is nineteen and I am seventeen. But his folks think we are too young to get married. Also, we are of different religions, and my folks say we can never be happy being married with two different religions in the same house.

What do you think we should do?

Catherine

Dear Catherine:

You are very right in realizing these problems that face you, and in not marrying at such a young age.

It is always happier to discuss such problems with both parties' parents, and try to reach an amicable decision. While people do marry without their parents' blessing, I am sure it is a happier situation to try and discuss the many phases of these troubles together with your parents and reach a happy compromise.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

This is a very personal problem, but I read in MOVIELAND about your column, and I feel sure you can help me. Please try to.

You see, I am only fourteen years old, but I do look older, and now the boys keep asking me to go out with them. But I don't think I am old enough to go out on dates with boys yet. And yet, how old should I be to go out?

Sallie

Dear Sallie:

First of all, I want to tell you that I admire your common sense in realizing that you are indeed too young to be going with boys. There are so many sports and activities that a young girl of your age can participate in; I am sure you can certainly use up any extra time you have left over after your studies and War Effort activities are taken care of.

You should discuss the problem with your mother. There can be no set rule for when a girl is old enough to start dating. And take my word for it, "Mother knows best!"

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

This may sound silly to you, but I have a burning ambition to fly—yes, I am completely air-minded, although I am not yet fourteen.

I don't know of any school where I can get the necessary training for this career, and I wonder if you could suggest something for me, because I am really serious in wanting to learn all there is to know.

Nora

Dear Nora:

No, I don't see anything silly in your ambition to study aviation and learn to pilot a plane. As a matter of fact, I believe it is a fine thing for a girl of your age to have a goal in mind and then proceed to work toward it.

Why not read all the books available in your schools and libraries on aviation, and take your teacher into your confidence? She may let you do class projects on aviation to further your studies. Then, when you are old enough to go to a special aviation school, you will be that much better equipped.

Sincerely,
BG

"CALIFORNIA" IN KHAKI

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

But let's go back to the early days of "California's" military career. In January, Lon got those Greetings, and a few days later he was working his way through Fort MacArthur, which is the local induction center. Normally, recruits remain there only 24 to 48 hours, and are then assigned to a camp for basic training.

Lon, however, promptly distinguished himself by becoming an Old Settler at MacArthur. At the end of the usual 24 hours, he and a few others were still inmates of the Fort. One of these others should be explained.

While Lon was going through line after line on induction day, he noticed an impressive man with prematurely silver hair. "You're 'California,' aren't you?" the man asked guardedly.

Lon admitted his identity. "I know you from the days when I was doing radio work, don't I?" he added.

"That's right," said the man, looking very substantial. "I was 'The Shadow.' Legal name, Bill Johnstone."

So California and The Shadow became buddies. Other inductees tagged them as the father and son of the Fort. In honor of Bill's mane of white hair, Lon began to call his pal "White Savage," and Bill countered by calling Lon "Bud."

Each immediately was assigned to impressive new duties. The White Savage was Barracks Orderly and "California" was Latrine Orderly.

At the end of 48 hours the two orderlies were established and apparently permanent residents of the district, and at the end of a week, they were aboriginals. By this time each of them was so familiar in a nauseous sort of way with his duties that he was given three inductees to instruct in the delicate responsibilities of order and cleanliness.

A week went by—eight days, nine days, ten days. One night there were only five standbys sleeping in barracks normally housing ninety men. They tiptoed around and their voices were carefully lowered lest they awaken the echoes that, once disturbed, flew around the rafters like bats.

"Have you examined your G.I. twosome lately?" California asked the White Savage, having reference to the G.I. footwear in which they were slogging around. "I have a feeling that we've taken root. Maybe we're going to sweat out the war right here."

"I've got radio nerves," demurred The White Savage. "They pick up vibrations without fail, and right now I'm getting a message that says we're going to get shipped out tomorrow."

Lon, having great faith in his friend's psychic summons, telephoned his mother that night. "Don't cry," he warned. "And don't worry. I'll let you know where I am as soon as possible. Is Mac there?" Mac—full name McDanois—is Lon's Great Dane. He was nearby, and barked a greeting into the telephone.

Bill also called home and talked disconsolately to his adored wife and 14-year-old son.

Afterward, he and Lon were restless. Lights were out in the barracks at nine and bed check was at eleven. After the sergeant had gone through, Lon said guardedly to the White Savage, "Are you still awake?"

"Sure. Let's get up and go for a walk." So they emerged into the drenching downpour of a lashing California night. With slickers blowing around their legs and rivulets running off their fatigue hats, they strolled along the breakwater, talking. Bill talked about his family, his love for them, his loneliness for them, and his determination to fight his share of the war.

They both talked about radio work, and Bill discussed some of the early days of the industry, then he reminisced about his show-business days in New York. "That was quite a time. I remember seeing Texas Guinan riding down Broadway on a snow-white horse. . . ."

It was nearly three o'clock before they had, in this weatherbeaten way, told an indirect goodbye to the lives they had known and the persons they had loved, and set their faces toward the next step in their G. I. experience.

The next step turned out to be a Gulliver jump to Camp Crowder, Missouri.

At the end of the first four weeks of basic training, Lon, The White Savage, and several of their friends (including Russell Gleason) were given week-end passes, so they hopped a bus for Joplin. One of the group had been in town before and had spotted an excellent steak house. Toss 'em in the broiler, brother. Medium rare. A basket full of French fries. And a green salad. With plenty of coffee. Man, what a meal!

Afterward, pleasantly stuffed and turning a benevolent beam upon the evening, the gang went to a street carnival. They rode the ferris wheel and the carousel; they tried their skill at a shooting gallery and a toss-penny booth. Lon had wandered away from the group and was watching the crowd when a pretty girl, twirling several keys on a metal ring, sauntered up to him. "Lonesome, soldier?" she said, smiling into his eyes.

"Not especially," Lon said without emphasis, but pleasantly.

"I've got a car. Do you want to go for a ride?" she pursued.

Lon glanced toward his gang. "There are six of us," he said.

The girl gave him a look on which Sonja Henie could have made four skating pictures. "I wasn't asking SIX G.I.'s" she called over her shoulder as she strode away.

A few moments later, Lon and The White Savage were approached by a bobby soxer. "You're 'California,' aren't you?" she demanded.

Lon turned to Bill with pretended pride. "That's the third time tonight that someone has asked if I were Lon McCallister," he said, implying that a mistake repeats itself even worse than history.

The girl was not to be put off so easily. "Well, *I* know you're 'California,'" she announced triumphantly, "because of that little scar on your upper lip. It was made by your dog, nipping you. I read all about it in a magazine, so there. Now, how about your autograph?"

So he complied, remembering how many hours he had spent traveling from Hollywood to Missouri, yet thinking how little different they were, really.

Lon celebrated his twenty-first birthday just before he left Camp Crowder. His mother joined him (having traveled entirely by day coach from Los Angeles) and the troupe gave him a big party, complete with a package. When he opened the box he found a smooth pair of sun tan trousers with shirt to match. Lon's mother, reserving his real birthday gift until the war is over, gave him a big, businesslike clothes brush.

When he had finished his basic training, Lon was assigned to the troupe ordered to tour the central states on a WAC recruiting drive. The outfit traveled in two huge army busses and a couple of command cars. They had a thirty-piece band, strictly Dixieland, distinguished by some hot combos. The music was augmented by a series of skits. Mostly the outfit played colleges, and their recruiting efforts were so successful that the area in which they were working has the highest national induction quota of college WAC recruits.

It was in Omaha that Lon received orders to proceed at once to Santa Monica, to report there for work in "Winged Victory." He read the orders and issued a Comanche yell that would have made Sitting Bull's ten fiercest warriors sound like a case of laryngitis.

A few moments later, his jubilation diminished considerably. He would be leaving kids with whom he had spent a good many wonderful weeks; he would be leaving The White Savage.

Top girls in Lon's life are still Jeanne Crain and Nancy Walker, and his best boy friends (since the White Savage is in the East) are Bill Blythe and Ray Sperry.

When he gets a week-end pass, he still drives his battered Pontiac out to Malibu to see his Mom, his Grandmother and Grandfather; he romps with Mac along the beach, works in the garden, and paints furniture.

In summation, the word is that "California" in khaki is very much okay.

THE END

Answer to Puzzle on Page 12

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THE TERRIFIC TURHAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

over tonight. Then I think of you Turhan, and know you wouldn't be afraid. That makes me brave, too."

That's a sample of the kind of mail arriving at Universal Studios, addressed to Turhan Bey. Mail comes in at the rate of 2000 letters a week. It has kept pace and increased with each step in his career.

War doing what it does to spur romance, Hollywood screen heroes are nearly all married. Turhan is our most eligible bachelor—and likely to remain so, so he says. He has spent four happy years in Hollywood and never really fallen in love. Once, long ago, when he was sixteen, he fell hard.

"Too bad my first love had to be what it was," he comments, with a wicked little smile. "I have such a keen sense of the ridiculous I can never look back on it sentimentally, as I'm told is the rule.

"I was very young. She was thirty-five—beautiful, glamorous, very much the sophisticate. Her husband was one of my father's friends, and we met while she was trying to get a divorce. She was restless and unhappy; I was gay and—hard as you may find it to believe, as you gaze on this hardened old character beside you—said to have a certain charm. I could also make her laugh. And so, we fell in love.

"We were being entertained at a country house outside Vienna, and for two weeks the whole thing was romantic, hectic, intense. Then my mother heard of it, and arrived in great haste. There was much sound and fury, we all vowed this and that, and eventually the house burned down. Fortunately this event occurred after we had all left, but somehow whenever I think of a great love I see a tremendous burst of flame and a house going up in smoke.

"And then I laugh . . .

"You perceive that I am an embittered man, hard and moody. I pity the girl I marry, if ever I do marry."

Little devils danced in his eyes. Like as not, his heart is set on some lucky girl this minute. But he says: "I've heard there's such a thing as love at first sight—the lightning striking you suddenly so that you say: '*She's the One!*' and don't know why. If that ever happens to me, I shall succumb at once. I wouldn't miss the great experience. But I feel that NOW is no time for love, and Hollywood no place for it."

Turhan was born in Vienna. His father was Turkish military attaché there when he met the Viennese belle who became his wife. Turhan, however, is considered to be a Turkish subject; as such, he's just received notice to return to Turkey for his eighteen months' military service, which must be served before he's thirty.

The "Bey" in his name was formerly a title. In ancient days, the Bey of a city or province was its ruler, the title handed down from father to son. Later it degenerated from its original meaning and a man who owned forty mules called himself "Bey", until everywhere you met Mohammed Bey, a rug merchant, Abdul Bey, who kept a night club.

The title the young Turk really cherishes is "Sheriff," pronounced "Shareef," meaning spiritual leader. This comes from his father, too. He won't use it here. People would expect him to come dashing out on an Arab horse, wearing a ten-gallon hat, stirrups, spurs, a badge with stars, shooting with both hands, he believes. Secretly, though, he hopes some day to live up to this title.

His parents separated while he was small and his was a turbulent childhood, half of it spent with an indulgent, adoring mother, half with an impatient, autocratic father.

"My father lost an arm in the first World War and is now president of Turkey's war veterans, a powerful organization comparable to your American Legion and wielding great political influence," said Turhan. "Father's exactly like me. You'd take him to be perhaps twenty-nine or thirty. I look like his not-so-much-younger brother. We're both obstinate, positive, uncompromising, so that we are best apart."

Always in revolt against discipline, Turhan had no formal schooling. At seven, he was entered in a school in Vienna, where he lasted a week. Tutors came and went rapidly during the next eight years. At fifteen he was persuaded to try another school, but neither the school nor Turhan could stand the association long. His mother gave up and he was free.

Money was no problem. His mother had her own fortune, his grandmother, a Czech, was also wealthy in her own right. His father had vast

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estates near Ankara and Istanbul. For five years the young rebel roamed where he willed, living in Budapest, Paris, Prague, Vienna during the half years he was not due in Turkey.

For the leisured classes before the war, life as he saw it was one long holiday.

From fifteen to twenty he sailed yachts, danced, hunted and rode in many famous cities and countries. He found a strange sense of peace pervading Budapest then, a dreamlike peace that had no feeling of lethargy. "In this country," he interpolated, "a restless pulse is always beating. You can't rest, you must go on. That is exciting to me and I love it."

By this time, everyone knows how a letter from a Parisian lawyer sent Turhan, his mother and grandmother, to California and Arthur Lubin, Universal director. Four years ago, none of the three could speak more English than it takes to order a meal. Mr. Lubin enrolled Turhan at Ben Bard's School of Speech, and a compulsory dramatic course led him swiftly to pictures.

In his first roles, he spoke with an accent. Now, as leading man to Susanna Foster in "The Climax" and "Bowery to Broadway," there's no trace of an accent.

He goes swiftly from picture to picture. He worked for months on "Dragon Seed" with Katharine Hepburn, now he's making "Queen of the Nile." His only week-long holiday in two years was last Christmas week. Turhan and his Turkish friend went to the mountains to ski. It was raining when they arrived, but it snowed that night and by morning the trails were white and the sport was exhilarating. Turhan says he's not an expert ski-er. (He claims he's not an expert anything.) But he took his first ski lesson when he was seven.

"There was nothing to do in the mountains at night," relates Turhan, "so we joined the hunt for zoot-suiters who had taken possession of summer cabins in the deep woods. The kids were hiding out from police and the great night sport was catching them. Exciting to creep up to dark cabins and make a rush—just like pictures. We found traces of them, fires that hadn't gone out, but never a zoot-suiter. I'm afraid I was a little on their side, because I felt that if the cabins were empty all winter and zoot-suiters needed shelter, why not use them? Fortunately, I wasn't around when any of the kids were caught."

Turhan feels that it's a mistake to underestimate film audiences. They are ready for intelligent, interesting pictures. True, they won't accept the straight "message" film, because they find it dull—which it is. They'd rather have straight entertainment than that. But they prefer a combination of the two.

His favorite fan letter came from a woman in Philadelphia, who wrote to thank him for her pleasure in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"*As I watched the picture*" (said she) "*I forgot I had a husband, three children and a home to care for, that my funds were limited and my problems plentiful. I was a little girl again, hearing a fairytale, believing once more that the world is a lovely place, the future full of beauty and excitement.*"

"That," says Turhan, "is what pictures are meant to do."

THE END

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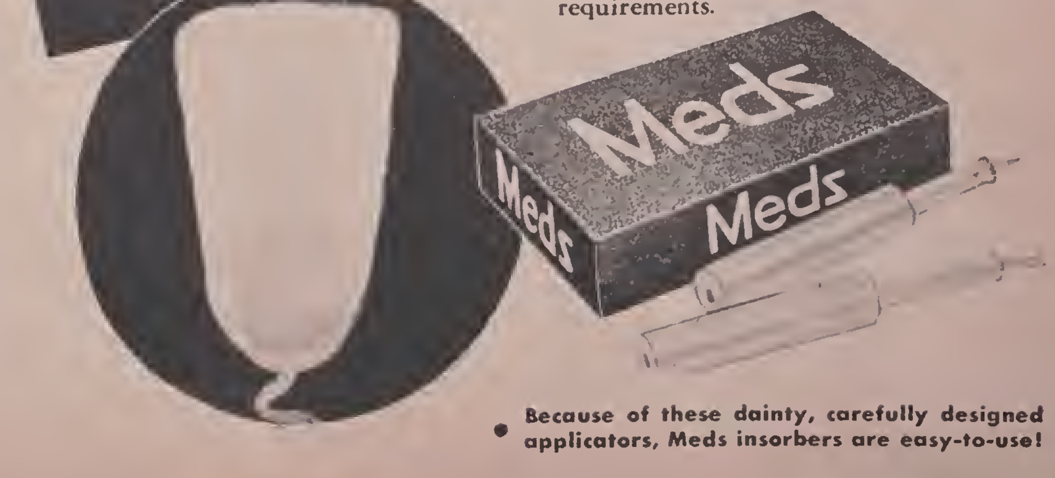

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Another Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood offering on page 73

BETTY HUTTON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

My first public appearance. It was in Bath, Michigan; I was seven and wore my first party dress, brown velvet, and sang *The Song of the Nile*. It was a waltz and my teachers expected me to sing it straight; I expected to sing it that way, too, but somehow there I was swinging it, shocking the daylights out of the audience, until they got to liking it and began to clap. I remember how relieved and delighted I was that they took it so well.

The first time I saw Robert Taylor in a picture and how I fell for him. Till then I'd had a baby crush on John Gilbert, but when Bob Taylor came leaping in through a window on the screen, I took one look and—bam! I was done for. I was just like a Sinatra fan of today. Boy, can I sympathize?

The first time I went to dinner with Vincent Lopez, after he'd engaged me to sing with his band. I was almost fifteen, it was my first formal dinner. I was dismayed at the array of silver by my plate. I looked at it—I'd never seen so many knives, forks and spoons for one dinner—and everything ran together. I couldn't imagine how to use them. I held back and watched people from under my lashes to see what they picked up before I chose anything. I was dreadfully embarrassed, I thought the whole party was looking at me, I didn't know what I was eating, and I wasn't old enough to make a joke of the affair.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Never answering letters;
Spending too much money;
Flying into a temper, speaking my mind, then rapidly cooling off and wishing I'd controlled myself.

I HAVE:

An inferiority complex—a bad one. I don't like to meet new people. At least I don't like the *thought* of meeting new people, but if I warm up to them at once, I enjoy it.

MY IDEAS ARE ALWAYS CHANGING:

Maybe I can't tell you much about the real ME, because I'm not sure, myself.

I used to love to go out dancing every night. In New York, the evenings were never long enough. I'd go to night clubs, meet all my friends, have a wonderful time, and hate to go home.

In Hollywood, I'm usually tired after making pictures all day. I go to my dressing-room and relax with a coke, if it's hot, a cup of tea or coffee, if it's chilly, while Doris, my hairdresser, fixes my hair. We run over to Lucey's for dinner. It's like a gathering of the clans there. We know each other, everyone kids and has fun, there are no candid cameras snapping. Then perhaps a friend or two will go home with me to my apartment. I've

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Keep your hair alluring with Ogilvie Sisters CREME-SET, delicate hair make-up . . . SCALP POMADE, for full-bodied hair loveliness . . . JUMBO HAIR PENCIL, a discreet disguise for greying streaks . . . SPECIAL PREPARATION, refreshing in-between-shampoo cleanser.

AT BETTER DEPT AND DRUG STORES

Ogilvie Sisters

604 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

DO THIS TONIGHT!

To Relieve Miseries of Your

BABY'S COLD

As He Sleeps

Now most young mothers use this modern way to relieve miseries of a child's cold. Even as you rub it on, Vicks VapoRub starts to soothe irritation in nose and throat, loosen up the phlegm, ease coughing. Then, as baby sleeps, VapoRub

PENETRATES

to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors.

STIMULATES

chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.

Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Remember, Mother . . .

ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this special double action. It's time-tested, home-proved ...the best known home remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds.

VICKS VAPORUB

had it done over and now I use the beautiful fireplace. I'm glad when we can build a fire and sit before it and talk, talk, talk.

If I'm alone, I play my records—romantic pieces, *really* romantic! I don't care to listen to swing.

Week ends, I ask friends in for dinner, which I cook myself.

I CAN COOK:

Yes, I'm a good cook, not a modest one. I get up the best dinners you ever ate.

I make the most wonderful baked ham, basted with gingerale and sherry and served with candied yams.

I'm an inspired cook because I love—gosh, how I love to eat!

I USED TO:

Think I'd die if I couldn't go out every night. I believed it was the candid cameramen who took the joy out of night life in Hollywood. Those frightful pictures they take of the best-looking people! Girls chewing, with their mouths open; men looking all but cross-eyed. I was always terrified when they came toward me. I got so nervous I stopped having fun.

Then I began to stay home and was surprised to find I liked it.

I'M FICKLE:

About music. Today I like romantic ballads, yesterday it may have been something fast and snappy, tomorrow it's likely to be a crazy new song or an old lullaby. I love change.

I'VE LEARNED:

From my mother, that you never get anywhere unless you work hard, but you must laugh a lot and have fun on the way.

From a nervous breakdown, how to relax. I'd never been ill in my life when my breakdown came. I was doing "Incendiary Blonde," the story of the life of Texas Guinan. I wanted to do it terribly, was afraid I wouldn't be good, so I worked too hard, forgot about rest. I'd get to the studio at 6 a.m. to have my hair dressed in period styles. I'd stay until 9 or 10 p.m. to have fittings for my period clothes. I'd give up my lunches to rehearse new songs, and I'd work every single Sunday on dance routines. The picture was shooting four months.

I forgot I was only one girl with just my share of strength and endurance. I began to crack and if anyone looked at me, I cried. Before they spoke to me, tears would run down my face. I didn't know what I was crying about, but I couldn't help it.

That taught me you have to take care of your body, treat it right, give it rest, play fair with it, or you can't go on.

From my first day at the races, that I'm no gambler.

I thought I had to bet on every race, whack down a pile on each horse I liked. Then I spent the afternoon worrying myself sick for fear I'd lose, and I lost enough so I couldn't have any fun.

Now, if I attend a race—which I seldom do—I put $2 on each of

TODAY YOUR "DIFFICULT" DAY?

Why worry about the calendar? Why be uncomfortable, distressed, ill at ease—wishing desperately you could escape for a few minutes and *change.*

Switch to SAN-NAP-PAK—and laugh at the calendar! SAN-NAP-PAK gives you comfort and security you've never known before, gives you wonderful new *peace of mind!*

NOW! SANITARY NAPKINS THAT GIVE YOU AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

SAN-NAP-PAK is made with the famous "Pink Layer of Protection" that guards against accidents. A highly absorbent napkin, requiring fewer changes. And cotton-faced for *extra comfort!* SAN-NAP-PAK *stays soft as you wear it.* Get a package today.

JUST SAY "Sanapak!"

Try Countess Lydia Grey—the facial tissue with the "doeskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!

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This Stunning
SLACK
SUIT
CLASSIC

Hollywood Started the Slack Suit Craze. Now Here's the Suit You'll Really Feel Your Slack-Happy Best In!

6 LOVELY COLORS

ONLY $8.95

SEND NO MONEY

At last—a slack suit with glamour-plus to keep you looking slim and trim no matter how hard you work or play! Exclusively styled from crisp, fine quality all-season material with belted shirred-back jacket, pleated slacks, real pockets and built-up shoulders. Deftly tailored in masculine lines to make you more feminine than ever. Order your Cruiser slack suit right now and know real comfort with style. Fill out coupon and mail. Upon arrival, just pay postman $8.95 plus postage. After 10 days if you aren't satisfied, return for full refund. A Bonnie Gaye original.

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MAIL COUPON NOW

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168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the new Cruiser Slack Suit on approval. I'll pay postman $8.95 plus postage on arrival. If I'm not delighted with my purchase after 10 days I will return it for full refund.

Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections: Gold ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Navy Blue ☐ Red ☐ Brown ☐

Circle Size: 12 14 16 18 20

Name..

Address..

City..................*Zone*........*State*.....

NOTE: Order 2 Slack Suits for $16.50 plus postage. Interchanging jackets and slacks make 4 color combinations. Check here ☐

four horses, spacing them so I can get a kick out of each race. I know I can afford to lose $8, so I bet till my money is gone and then I relax. Sometimes I win, and that's a break—but I always have a good time and no regrets.

I'M FOND OF:

Teddy bears or any soft, stuffed animal that can be squashed up close in my arms;

Sour cream floating on good rich borscht, even sour cream spread on fresh coarse bread;

Good murder mysteries, especially those by Erle Stanley Gardner that make your hair stand up straight on your head and chills do a rhumba up your spine.

I WISH I DIDN'T:

Gain weight. Then I could eat all I wanted of every delicious dish. I like food.

I wish I didn't.

I'D LIKE TO:

Go on a world cruise, after the war, with plenty of time and money.

Go everywhere and miss nothing. I've never been outside this country, and traveling has always been my dream.

Learn to play golf. It sounds fun when golfers talk about it. I never had time to learn to play games.

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE:

Came when Vincent Lopez walked into the Continental night club in Detroit, Michigan, where I was singing. I was 14, going on 15, and I was making lots of noise as usual. He heard my number, said: "That's the girl I want!" And I was in!

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE:

About a man, is how he is dressed. I like immaculate-looking men, who seem just to have stepped out of a shower, freshly shaved, clear eyed.

MY MOST EXCITING MOMENT:

Was the first night of my first Broadway play, "Two For the Show," when I had to take seven curtain calls. Making my first picture took so long and it was so many months before it was released that the edge of excitement had dulled.

But, anyway

I FEEL:

That I haven't yet experienced the high points in a woman's life.

One of these days I want to marry and have a family. I can imagine that falling in love, being engaged and getting married would be the peak moments in any girl's life. Her first baby's birth would be a time of great happiness, too.

But all these things are in the future for me . . . I hope.

MY MOST VIVID EXPERIENCE

Was the birth of my sister's baby. I worried and walked the floor and nearly died until it was over. Then it was a glorious feel-

Army Wife
Wins Writing Success
After 2 Months' Training

"I am an army wife who followed her husband South to his military post. Two months after enrolling for N. I. A. training, I acquired a position as a reporter on the Columbus Enquirer. In four months, I have had two raises. Also I have over 75 'by-lines' to my credit, and the prospects of becoming City Editor look very promising."—Mrs. Marion M. Blondel, Columbus, Georgia.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on social matters, budgets, household affairs, church activities, human interest stories, war activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

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Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

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ing to know she was all right, the baby was fine, and life was going on again. But I know that was only the shadow of the way I'll feel when I'm a mother.

I HOPE:

To marry some day.

To love a man who is successful in his own field. He needn't be a great financial success. He might be a doctor, brilliant, with important work to do—but he must be mentally superior to me. I've never had time to cultivate my mind, and I like people who can teach me something. Some men have shallow minds. When you first meet them, they seem clever, but next time they have nothing new to say, and presently they bore you.

To look up to my husband, to have him always a step ahead.

To have at least two children, a boy and a girl.

I ADMIRE

Claudette Colbert, because she represents the kind of woman I'd like to be.

Director George Stevens. He's at war now, but I hope some day he'll direct me in a picture. His little touches slay me!

Honesty.

I ENJOY:

That drive from Hollywood to Arrowhead, when orange blossoms are in bloom.

Firelight in good company.

I USED TO:

Act on the spur of the moment. I'd get mad, rush to the front office and rave. That was bad. The front office wasn't mad, but calm and able to outthink me fifty ways.

NOW:

I wait till I'm calm, then go in casually and discuss the matter. It works.

I BELIEVE:

In luck, but that's because I'm a fatalist.

I never got anything by going after it. What I have always came to me. It just happened, with no effort on my part, that Lopez dropped in at that Continental that night; it just happened that I called on Buddy de Silva's lawyer about a law suit. He saw me and thought I'd be good for a part Buddy had open. I've never even had to take a screen test!

I can struggle and strain but I'll get nowhere. If it's for me, it comes.

I FEEL:

That I'm not yet a complete person, that I'll never be complete until I have become a wife and mother.

I'D HATE TO THINK:

I'd fall down in these two most important parts, and

I HOPE AND PRAY:

I'll be a success in both roles.

Are You in the Know?

If you were this junior hostess, would you say—
☐ "I hate games"
☐ "Let's join in"
☐ "I'd rather watch"

Everybody on the floor for a mixer! (Just when you're snaring that handsome Marine!) But a successful USO hostess forgets about herself—lets her *guests* have the fun. So you join in. At certain times, forgetting about yourself is easy when you trust your secret to Kotex. It's Kotex that has those patented ends—*pressed flat*—not thick, nor stubby. That's one important reason why Kotex is *different* from ordinary napkins. Skylark through a "calendar" evening, *confidently*. No outlines show . . . with Kotex sanitary napkins!

If this happens to you, should you blame—
☐ Your waxed floors
☐ Your scatter rugs
☐ Yourself

Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip—blame *yourself*. *Anchor* them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center . . . choose Kotex . . . and get *plus* protection? You'll like the *dependable softness* of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex *stays soft while wearing*—keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable—longer!

Which do you need, for this "trim" effect?
☐ Scraps of felt
☐ Two weeks' allowance
☐ A milliner

You can do it yourself! Just cut out simple flower shapes from scraps of felt . . . tack 'em with snappers to your gloves and beanie. Vary the flower colors, and have matching accessories for every outfit! They go together. Like daintiness and smooth grooming. Like Quest and Kotex. For Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, answers the urgent need for a powder deodorant on "those" days. Used with sanitary napkins, safe, unscented Quest Powder banishes fear of offending.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
KOTEX

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I was ashamed

to ask other women-

these intimate physical facts!

"THERE was so much about *intimate* feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I *didn't* ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—old-fashioned misinformation.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a *newer*, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite — the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems."

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal, deodorant action of Zonite.

On the other hand *don't* use old-time overstrong solutions of harmful poisons which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. With *modern* Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys odor. It *instantly* kills all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs and bacteria in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite! Zonite kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so *harmless*. POSITIVELY *non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning*. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

Zonite FOR NEWER *feminine hygiene*

FREE BOOKLET Gives Frank Intimate Details of Newer Feminine Hygiene

FREE!

Tear this coupon out and send to Zonite, Dept. 412, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and receive in *plain wrapper* enlightening new book edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

It has been rumored that Miller and his Army band will continue to play for the troops in different theatres of war for the duration. But Glenn is one bandleader whose long absence from the nation's ballrooms hasn't hurt his popularity one bit. When the war is over, I look for him to step right back into his top place among the name outfits.

* * *

Here's another V-Mail—from Martha Tilton, who went to the South Pacific with Jack Benny, Carole Landis and Larry Adler.

"Dear Jill:

"Believe it or not, I am writing this about umpteen thousand feet in the air on Larry Adler's typewriter, which you can see by all the mistakes I'm making, I can't use very well. We've had a wonderful trip so far, and everywhere we've gone the boys have liked our show. Jack Benny wows them, and of course they go for Carole in a big way. I don't have to tell you that Larry stops the show. He plays encore after encore. Although I have been singing mostly new songs, I was very surprised and thrilled to have the boys request a lot of the numbers that I recorded with Benny Goodman a few years ago.

"We stopped at Hawaii on our way out here and it is everything they ever said about it. Really beautiful. The Special Service officers were wonderful to us and showed us a lot of the place in a short time. I wish I could give you more news about everything, but the censors are very strict out this way. I'll have a lot to tell you when I get home.

"Jill, I can't tell you the sensation of flying over such large expanses of water. I can't say I am frightened, because I'm not—but it certainly is different than flying from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

"Please excuse all the question marks where the commas should be, but I'm not much of a typist, especially in an airplane. I have a sneaking hunch we won't get a P.O. address, the way we are hopping around, or I would make you answer this. No more time now because we are landing soon. Please give my love to everyone I know whom you know.

Your world-traveling girl friend,
Martha."

* * *

From Spike Jones, who took his "City Slickers" and his collection of cow bells, washboards, bird whistles and ratchets overseas, comes this note:

"Dear Jill:

"Well, here we are in England. London has been our headquarters, but we have been all around the country and to Scotland. So far we have been restricted to playing hospitals and I am very glad because, with our small band, we can cover every ward in each place. A few times we have been present during mail call and, believe me, it is something to see the faces on the boys when they receive news from home.

"I was so excited when I left that I completely forgot to bring any instrument oil for the horns, and none of the musicians remembered it

Crawford

COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE

for her
14k gold
17 jewels
for him
14k gold 17 jewels,

Crawford Watches for men and women combine the accuracy of fine watch-making with the beauty of rich jewelry. Ask for Crawford fob and wrist watches at your favorite shop.

BEAUTY • ACCURACY

Crawford

WATCH COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE

Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don't have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE

25c at Cosmetic Counters

For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15c to cover mailing. Seal-Cote Co., 759 Seward, Hollywood, Calif.

★ Z -11

either. However, the resourceful Army came to the rescue and we discovered that jeep oil worked fine. Incidentally, we have added peep and jeep horns to our "musical" collection, which makes us louder at least. And our washboards have come in plenty handy. We have been living in pup tents and doing all our own laundry.

"I am now firmly convinced that it is a small world. Our vocalists, the Nilsson Twins, located their brother, Jack, who is a P.F.C. attached to a public relations unit just outside of London, and he was able to spend a couple of days with us. He has been over here three years, and the twins had grown up so much since he left home that he hardly recognized them. It was a great reunion.

"Well, Jill, I guess I had better close, because we are leaving in a few minutes and I want to get this off in the mail. I have a lot of interesting things to tell you, but I'll have to save them until I get home. See you sometime in October. Say hello to everybody on Vine Street for me.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Spike."

* * *

When Bing Crosby went to the South Pacific to sing for the G.I.'s, he broke a fourteen-year old promise to himself. When his close friend, Knute Rockne, was killed in a crash in 1930, Bing vowed he would never fly again. But he has long wanted to go overseas and the only way he could do it was by plane.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Capitol:

The King Cole Trio have a swell new coupling in "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You" and "I Realize Now." Nat Cole sings both vocals. Keep an eye on this trio—they're going places.

Eddie Miller and his orchestra have recorded "Stomp, Mr. Henry Lee" and "Yesterdays." Eddie's tenor saxophone and Stan Wrightsman's fine piano work are featured on the "Stomp" side. On "Yesterdays," the old Jerome Kern song, there is some good clarinet by Matty Matlock. This record was made a few months ago, before Eddie went into the Army. (He recently received a medical discharge and has returned to Hollywood.)

Andy Russell, whose records of "Amor" and "Besame Mucho" were big sellers, has a new offering, "What A Difference A Day Made" and "Don't You Notice Anything New?" with Paul Weston's orchestra.

Paul Weston's band also backs up the Pied Pipers on "The Trolley Song" and "Cuddle Up A Little Closer." The "Trolley" thing is the cute number from Judy Garland's new picture, "Meet Me In St. Louis.' Jo Stafford is the feminine voice with the Pipers on this platter. It was recorded before she decided to concentrate on solo work.

Decca:

Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest have recorded "It Had To Be You" and "Together" as a duet with Victor Young's orchestra.

Jimmy Dorsey and the band are in for two new ballads, "An Hour Never Passes," sung by Gladys Tell, and "Two Again" with Paul Carley on the vocal. Gladys has since left the band to get married and Anita Boyer has taken her place.

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma

GUARANTEED

a lovelier make-up...

Hampden Cream Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Never causes dry skin. (Not a cake; applied without water or sponge.) Helps conceal skin flaws. Keeps powder on for hours. Try Hampden; if it does not give you a lovelier make-up, return to 251 Fifth Ave., N.Y., for full refund.

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hampden

$1 · 50¢ · 25¢
and trial size
plus tax

Never dries your skin!

GLAMOROUS IS THE WORD!

5-Diamond Engagement Ring $265
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COLUMBIA
DIAMOND RINGS
"Gems for Lady America"

This Creation Was Inspired by Glamorous Lynn Gardner, Columbia Broadcasting Star
Who is heard Every Monday Night in Bob Hawk's — "Thanks to the Yanks"

The tremendous popularity of Columbia Diamond Rings lies in our passion for superior quality diamonds and for inspirational styling of mountings usually, so prohibitive in price.

Priced to meet the means of the most conservative.

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DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS
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Buy a Smaller Diamond and a Bigger Bond!!

ON SALE AT AMERICA'S FINER JEWELRY STORES

After

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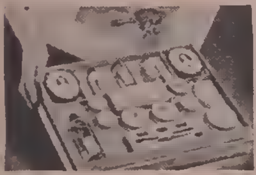

What Happened
WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lial Eddy, of Oklahoma City—*and she did!*

"When you're only 24 and weigh 164, you're not happy! I had been considering the DuBarry Success Course, and when my husband left for camp, I enrolled.

"When I'd lost 20 pounds, he had his first leave. Meeting him was a thrill! I was so proud of my new figure and make-up. And the look on his face was my reward!"

Today Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, ideal for her 5 feet, 7½ in. Her skin is radiant.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for *every* woman, overweight or not!" says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person, and life is far rosier! Now all my friends want to take the Course!"

At left—Mrs. Lial Eddy when her husband joined the Navy. Above—The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.

HOW ABOUT YOU! Maybe *you* don't need to lose 34 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!
With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

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New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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band are also in the ballad department this month with "Don't Take Your Love From Me" and "Forget-Me-Nots In Your Eyes." Eugenie Baird sings both sides.

Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians do "Together" and "Come With Me My Honey" in typical Lombardo style, with Tony Craig on the vocals. "Come With Me" is the song of Calypso Joe, written by the writers of "Love, Love, Love."

Tiny Hill is a new name on the Decca label. The three hundred and fifty pound band leader and his orchestra offer "How Many Hearts Have You Broken" (With Those Great Big Beautiful Eyes) and "Rose of Santa Rosa." Since leaving the "All-Time Hit Parade" show, Tiny has been on tour in the Middle West.

Hildegarde's new release is "Lili Marlene" and "My Heart Sings," with Harry Sosnik's orchestra. "Lili Marlene" is the most popular of all the war songs with the Allied fighting men. It was originally a German song, but was picked up by the Allied troops and has been used as a marching song all over the world. "My Heart Sings" is an English adaptation of a French love song.

Bing Crosby and the Sisters Andrews have joined forces for two solid sides: "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Ma' Baby" and "There'll Be A Hot Time In the Town of Berlin," with Vic Schoen's orchestra and arrangements. "Hot Time" was written by Sgt. Joe Bushkin, now with the "Winged Victory" show and formerly Tommy Dorsey's pianist.

Columbia:

Here's an old Will Bradley recording, made before the Petrillo trouble, and featuring Ray McKinley. It's "Fry Me Cookie, With A Can Of Lard" and "Request For A Rhumba." Ray, of course, is now drumming away with Capt. Glenn Miller's Army Band.

Another pre-Petrillo platter is Ginny Simms' "I'm Glad There Is You" and "Chinese Lullaby," with a full orchestra background.

Victor:

Here's "Lili Marlene" again, this time by Perry Como, with "First Class Private Mary Brown" on the reverse side. The Victor company, like Columbia, is still unable to record with a live orchestra, so Perry once again is backed up with a vocal chorus. The "Mary Brown" tune has received WAC approval in their recruiting campaign. It was written by P.F.C. Frank Loesser, composer of "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition" and "What Do You Do In The Infantry?"

"Don't Blame Me," a hit of a few years ago, is being rivived again, so Victor has re-issued Shep Field's old record of it. On the reverse side is "Dance With A Dolly" by Tony Pastor and his orchestra, with Tony doing the singing.

Another re-issue is Artie Shaw's "Don't Take Your Love From Me," with fine vocal work by Lena Horne, and "It Had To Be You," which is done as a swing instrumental.

Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra have two tunes which were recorded B.P.B. (before Petrillo ban): "Hawaiian Sunset," with Vaughn on the vocal, and "Take It, Jackson."

Johnny Hodges, the great alto saxo-

"problem" hair
MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One refreshing shampoo with Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt . . . loose dandruff . . . soap film. Lets *natural* loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"foamy" in green carton or "no lather" in red carton. Ask your Hairdresser for Admiracion.

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FOR SIMPLE PILES

Get relief from the pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Use *Unguentine Rectal Cones,* made by the makers of UNGUENTINE. *Easy to Use, Sanitary, Inexpensive.*

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. *Druggists will refund price if you are not satisfied.*

UNGUENTINE*
RECTAL CONES

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich
A NORWICH PRODUCT

phonist with Duke Ellington, is featured on a tune called "Passion Flower," with "Going Out The Back Way" on the flipover. The band is composed mostly of Ellington men.

Before Dinah Shore took off for her G.I. jaunt overseas, she waxed two sides with a vocal chorus, "Together" and "I Learned A Lesson I'll Never Forget." I'll bet singing in person for all the thousands of boys she has sung to over "Mail Call," "Command Performance" programs will give Dinah a thrill she'll never forget.

Victor recently signed David Street, the romantic baritone on the Joan Davis air show, to an exclusive recording contract. Martha Stewart, former Claude Thornhill thrush, is another who landed a Victor deal.

Jam Notes:

Trumpet-playing Billie Rogers, who worked with a small combination when she left Woody Herman, has formed her own large band and has been playing around New York. Her husband, Jack Archer, formerly road manager for Herman, is managing Billie's outfit.

Gene Krupa's new twenty-six piece band boasts eleven strings, and an extra drummer. Gene is handling the baton and only beats the skins on solo numbers. The band has been signed by R.K.O. for a spot in "George White's Scandals." And when Gene comes to Hollywood for the picture, he and his divorced wife, Ethel, may remarry.

Though previously announced, Stan Kenton and his orchestra won't appear in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern." When the script was finished, Paramount decided they didn't want a band in the picture, after all, and Stan was paid off. The same thing happened to Les Brown after he was all set for "Bring On The Girls."

After a year of retirement, Marilyn Duke has rejoined her old boss, Vaughn Monroe . . . Artie Shaw and his wife, Betty, daughter of Jerome Kern, have separated and are planning a divorce . . . Ella Mae Morse and her husband, Dick Walters, are also divorcing . . . Hal McIntyre has had all of his arrangements microfilmed, processed the same as V-Mail, in the event he ever loses his library.

Benny Goodman is doing guest shots on New York radio shows and still insists he will not reorganize his band until his contract with the Music Corporation of America has run out. . . .

Andy Russell's crooner stock is rising. He took over Bob Crosby's singing chores on the Old Gold show, when Bob went into the Marine Corps, and was such a click the sponsors signed him to a long-term contract. The show now originates from New York, so Andy will probably play an engagement at one of the big clubs there . . . Orson Welles was gifted with a beautiful gold cigarette lighter by his number one fan, Frank Sinatra . . . After the Tommy Dorsey-Jon Hall fracas, Al Jarvis, on his popular Hollywood disc program, dedicated "Swingin' on a Star" to Tommy.

So long for now playmates. Remember, if you want to be smoothed out on any little musical things, just drop me a line and enclose a self-addressed envelope, and I'll do my best to give you the dope. I'll plant you now, but I'll dig you right back here next month. Oh yes, the address: Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE *Overglo*

BY WESTMORE

JOAN LESLIE starring in "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN" a Warner Bros. Picture

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . COMES THIS SENSATIONAL NEW MAKE-UP FOR A LOVELIER YOU!

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

TONIGHT . . . today . . . in just one minute . . . look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day . . . or night. Non-drying, definitely! Overglo has an emolient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six skin-flattering shades. $1.50, plus tax.

WESTMORE (*the original and best-selling*) **FOUNDATION CREAM** offers perfection in a heavier cream-type base. *Fifty cents, plus tax.*

PERC WESTMORE, *famous Hollywood make-up genius, and Director of Make-Up at Warner Bros. Studios in Hollywood.*

Complete your make-up with Westmore's famous Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

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Now I can wear tampons, too.

Rounded ends make FIBS* Tampons easier to use!

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Do you envy those other girls . . . who find internal sanitary protection *so easy to use?* Why not learn their secret? See what a difference there is between Fibs, the Kotex* tampon, and other tampons you've tried!

Fibs have *rounded ends*, gently tapered for easier insertion. The just-right size of Fibs means *this* tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are "quilted" to give you greater safety, greater comfort. These are features, important to every woman, which *only Fibs*, of all leading tampons, give you!

So, try Fibs. Once you've tried them you'll find Fibs so comfortable and safe . . . so easy to use . . . you'll never go back to other kinds.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FIBS
THE KOTEX TAMPON
ONLY 20¢

WAR BABY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

coming two months ahead of time that he asked for an emergency furlough. I knew nothing about his arrival until the nurse wakened me at two one morning to say I had a visitor. Before I could protest against having a caller at that hour, my husband walked into the room.

"We had five wonderful days. The nurses were grand. When the floor nurse made her rounds after visiting hours—which was nine p.m.—she would keep mum while Oli hid in the closet. She held back her chuckles, while I held my breath, as Oli tiptoed down the hall at one a.m., the squeak of his cavalry boots getting fainter as he neared the stairway."

How Gene left the little cottage in the village near the army post, where she had been keeping house for her husband, to be near her mother and sister in Washington, D. C., when her baby came, has already been told.

"With hospital beds overflowing into the halls, I was lucky to get a room on such short notice," Gene said. "But I wasn't permitted to stay long. Eight days after my baby was born, I was told that I would have to leave. My baby, of course, would remain in the hospital in the incubator for another two months.

"Although my doctor ordered me to stay in bed for six weeks, getting a nurse was out of the question. Mother and my little seventeen-year-old sister, Patricia, were wonderful. They took wonderful care of Daria and me, and did everything possible to make me comfortable. But they couldn't do anything about the food that was being sent up from the hotel dining room. Which was terrible.

"After a week of it, an officer who was a friend of the family, suggested they take me out where I could get something decent to eat. He carried me to the taxi. I had a gay time in a famous restaurant, in one of the best hotels in the capital. Not until I was eating my dessert did I realize how exhausted I was. It was then that my officer friend picked me up, chair and all, and carried me through the hotel lobby out to the taxi. We caused a lot of laughs when the hotel manager came running after us calling, 'Where are you going with that chair?'

"After two weeks, I was up for dinner every night. A month later, I received a request to leave on a bond selling tour. What's more, I went—although I really hadn't the strength to spare, I'm afraid.

"The day I returned to Washington, Mother and I started a search for an apartment for me. But the day before my baby was scheduled to leave the hospital, we had found nothing. I was desperate. I couldn't take my little girl into that small hotel room I was occupying.

"It was then I realized I would go to almost any lengths for my child. I even thought of calling the President!

"On second thought, I decided that would be a little thick. But I did call Mr. Morgenthau's office. I explained to his secretary that I was one of Mr. Morgenthau's bond saleswomen. That I was in desperate need of an apartment for myself and my baby. I pointed out the fact that I hadn't hesi-

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Lipstick stays on!

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2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without frequent retouching. Try today.
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De luxe size $1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge and cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada, too.

Don Juan MILLION DOLLAR Lipstick STAYS ON!
LIPS LOOK LOVELY

GOODBYE TO UNWANTED HAIR WITH FAMOUS Adieu HAIR REMOVER

Look your loveliest—always! Don't let superfluous hair spoil your good times, ruin romance and cause others to whisper behind your back. Amazing ADIEU Hair Remover, made entirely of safe, non-chemical natural ingredients, takes out unsightly, unwanted hair in a jiffy—without messy heat—and leaves your skin clean, velvety, baby-smooth—so you can wear the filmiest gowns, the scantiest bathing suits, the sheerest stockings—or no stockings at all! **You apply ADIEU cold** right from the jar. In a few moments the unsightly hair is **out**, not merely off.

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Yes, the hair comes out—not merely off! *New* hair must grow before it reappears. ADIEU is not a bleach, sand-paper, razor or clipper—no "shaved-off" look, no stubby regrowth; results more lasting. Pure, safe, natural ingredients—no smelly, dangerous sulphides or chemicals. Positively NON-IRRITATING! Will not spoil. Used by exclusive Hollywood beauty salons catering to movie stars. You'll be delighted with how ADIEU takes OUT (not off) the unwanted, superfluous hair from face, arms, legs, lips, back of neck, eyebrows, etc.

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Please rush generous Jar of ADIEU HAIR REMOVER IN PLAIN PACKAGE on 30-Day Money-Back Guarantee Trial. I will pay Postman $2.00 plus postage and Federal Cosmetics War Tax, on delivery.

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It's so easy to have soft, lustrous "Glover-ized" hair that gives you the radiance of the Stars! Famous since 1876, now you can have ALL THREE Glover's preparations—use them separately or together! Ask at any Drug Store—or mail coupon today!

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tated to come to *their* aid when they needed *me*.

"And not fifteen minutes later, I had a message that an apartment at such and such an address would be ready for me the following day. Oh, I was so grateful!"

Then, apologizing for having been too selfishly personal in telling about her baby, Gene summed up the message she was meaning to deliver to all the thousands of other young war wives, saying, "It's terrifically important, I think, for a young wife to have a baby when her husband is going into the armed service. The baby is a constant reminder of her husband. She will have little time to get lonesome, caring for her child.

"Many drastic changes take place in your life, when a baby comes into it.

"For instance when Oli and I bought our house in an isolated Southern California canyon, we reveled in the fact that we were miles off the main road. When I came back here, I realized that in spite of our beautiful, comfortable home, it was too far away from doctors and stores. I felt lucky, then, to find a modest cottage in town. That the location was in a section that at one time I would not have liked as well as our canyon home was no longer important.

"Having a baby gives you a different perspective, too, on your own childhood. I look back on mine now with more understanding and appreciation. I realize how wise and kind my mother was. I only hope that I can give my little girl as happy a girlhood as I have had.

"And I hope I'll never forget that I, too, was once a little girl. That's most important, I think—to remember that a child can be hurt and embarrassed as deeply as an adult.

"I will never forget the time when I stole into my mother's room while she was entertaining a caller at tea and took her new hat out of the box. I can see myself now, as I preened in front of the mirror. With its wide brim and big red rose, I was sure it was the most *beautiful* hat!

"I was so absorbed in my reflection that when Mother called me I hurried downstairs before I realized that I was still wearing her hat.

"But you'd have thought Mother was used to seeing her child appear balancing her new hats on her head. 'This is my daughter, Gene,' she said without a flicker of an eyelash. Painfully aware of the hat, I was embarrassed to death. I hurried from the room as soon as possible, blessing Mother to this day for her tactfulness.

"I hope I will have as much courage and good sense as Mother had when Father fought in World War I and she found herself home alone with a new baby—my brother, Howard, whom my father had never seen. As I sit talking to my little Daria about her daddy, I can't help thinking how history is repeating itself.

"I think, though, that it is vitally important for any child to have a sister and brother. The give and take of family life, the exchange of ideas, the companionship that I had, were priceless.

"I will feel our family is complete only when Oleg is back home to stay and there are a few more children in our home."

THE END

"Twin Tone" SLACK SUIT

HELEN FORREST
lovely singing star of Stage, Screen and Radio poses in her smart "Twin-Tone Slack Suit" from Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood!

Contrasting back, collar, and sleeves enrich the casually Californian jacket! Figure trimming, high-waisted slacks! Deftly tailored of year-'round, crush-resistant rayon Gabardine! In **Navy** and **Powder; Red** and **Grey; Brown** and **Aqua; Green** and **Gold; Brown** and **Gold.** Sizes 10 to 20. **$8.98,** plus postage.

"Rib-Knit Sweater"—100% wool! Darling short sleeves—smart, high crew neck! **Brown, Red, Kelly, Maize, Beige, Blue.** Sizes 32 to 38. **$2.98,** plus postage.

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Please send "Twin-Tone Slack Suit", at $8.98, plus postage.
Navy and Powder ☐ Red and Grey ☐ Brown and Aqua ☐ Green and Gold ☐ Brown and Gold ☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color combinations.)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size wanted in slack suit and sweater.)
Send "Rib-Knit Sweater", at $2.98, plus postage.
Brown ☐ Red ☐ Kelly ☐ Maize ☐ Beige ☐ Blue ☐ (Mark 1st & 2nd choice)
Size: 32 34 36 38
(Please print name, etc. plainly)
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CITY________ZONE________
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Another Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood offering on page 64

BLONDES
All Shades All Ages

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dust-laden film that makes hair dark. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lovely lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug or department stores.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

New FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, when used on feet or toes, quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots. Stops shoe friction; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

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Easily cut to any size or shape

Made with PYREX Brand Glass

$2.95 Higher in Canada

ONLY Vaculator GIVES YOU AN "INSURANCE POLICY" GUARANTEEING THE WORLD'S FINEST CUP OF COFFEE

TALE OF A TOWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

old Jeston Johnson house, built in 1883, and converted it into a lodge. They supplied Hollywood studios with a catalogue of every beard and blonde, every horse, cow, mule, buckboard, covered wagon, buggy, ranch-house, scenic wonder and other assets in four counties. They invited studio location managers to look the situation over.

Kanab has definite disadvantages. It is 133 miles from the nearest railroad, 100 miles from the nearest telegraph office, and the great vermilion cliffs interfere with radio reception. And 1931 was a year of dark depression.

But the town's co-operativeness, the Parry Bros.' fine management and the country's spectacular beauties caused the project to gain such headway that today a studio has to plan almost a year or a year and a half in advance to make reservations in Kanab.

In the year 1943, five pictures were made there. 20th Century-Fox alone spent $101,000 on the Parry Bros.' transportation facilities, besides a lodging and board bill for some 200 people for that box-office breaker, "Buffalo Bill."

In 1944, 20th Century-Fox sent the company of "Thunderhead," starring Roddy MacDowell, Preston Foster and Rita Johnson, to spend many weeks there shooting in Technicolor.

To the Parry Bros., who are the only capital investors in the project, their expenditure of approximately $90,000 on the lodge, $70,000 on cars, wagons and camping equipment, pays off neatly. On the "Buffalo Bill" trek, they netted about $30,000 in one month.

Chaunce's death in 1943 left only Whit and Gron to carry on the business. But the whole town benefits by the studio activities.

Sheriff George Swapp doubles as camp cook for stars, technicians, crew and extras outside the village. Mayor Verne Lindquist chauffeurs the station wagon assigned to movie directors. The City Councilmen work as horse-wranglers. Ranchers get the best available help because hands know they'll have an opportunity to earn movie money, too. Ranchers themselves don greasepaint or build sets.

Girls of the domestic science classes work in the kitchen or dining room of the lodge, while the boys of the manual arts classes get practical experience keeping up the vast amount of equipment maintained by Parry Bros. for the motion picture companies.

And when the lodge overflows, the townspeople double up to free enough homes for the use of the Hollywood visitors.

H. Ackerman, proprietor of Kanab's general store, sums up the benefits thustly: "Most ranchers raise cattle to pay their mortgages. They have to sell part of their assets to do so. But with our ranchers, the movie folks borrow our assets awhile, then we have money to pay off the mortgage and still we have our original assets. Postmaster Ford sells fifty times the normal amount of war bonds and stamps for a town this size. Boys and girls earn money for better clothes and for their college education. The women buy household

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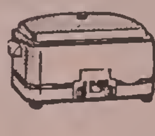

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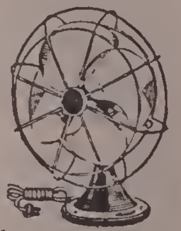

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In millionaire's mansions and cottage kitchens, you'll find PADDY O'HAIR—the most beloved and amusing novelty ever created. Shure — 'tis magic! Fill with water; spread special seed—then watch the miracle! PADDY grows thick crop of bright green hair eyebrows and sideburns. You can give him haircuts; the grass will grow for months; can be planted again and again. Head is durable pottery; rich suntan color; 5 inches tall. Thousands buy PADDY for themselves then reorder for gifts. Sent complete with special seed and instructions. $1 postpaid, money back guarantee. Supply is limited. Avoid disappointment; buy full supply of this ideal Christmas gift NOW. Regular orders shipped promptly, but we cannot make C. O. D. shipments later than December 1st. Order PADDY today.

PADDY NOVELTY CO.
WASHINGTON AVENUE
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Mild, Soothing
OLIVE OIL
makes
GERBER'S
A NATURALLY BETTER SHAMPOO

Your hair is at its radiant best when it's naturally lovely! Help keep it that way with the mild but thorough cleansing action and the lustre-restoring qualities of regular Gerber's shampoos. Gerber's works naturally . . . leaves your hair gloriously clean, sparkling with a loveliness all your own!

It's the Natural Shampoo for Lovelier Hair

GERBER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

At Drug and Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

A Product of R. GERBER CO., Chicago
Packers of Famous Gerber's Olive Oil

I, TOO, NEED VITAMINS

Lack of Pep, Poor Appetite and Dull Coat May Be Due to Insufficient Vitamins in Your Dog's Diet

DOG OWNERS! Is your pet listless? Does he eat poorly, lack his usual glossy coat, his friskiness and pep? Insufficient vitamins may be the reason! Just like growing children and adults your dog needs vitamins, too. Particularly now, with wartime dog foods. If your dog is vitamin-deficient, VITA K-9 can help restore his bounding spirit, sparkling eyes, healthy look. VITA K-9 is especially made for dogs. Just one teaspoonful a day exceeds full daily minimum requirement of four vital vitamins, A,D,B, and B2, plus Nicotinamide and Wheat Germ Oil. Dogs love the taste! Try VITA K-9 for thirty days. Then if you are not completely satisfied with your pet's improvement, your full cost will be promptly refunded. 30-day or more supply (depending upon size of dog) costs only $1.98 postpaid. You risk nothing, so send coupon today!

Each teaspoonful contains Vitamins A, D, B and B-2, Nicotinamide, Wheat Germ Oil, Pyridoxine, Pantothenate, Other B Complex Factors, From Special Brewers' Yeast Concentrate combined with Pure Malt Extract.

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Complete Vitamins for Dogs

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equipment they couldn't dream of owning otherwise. We earn as much, if not more, from the movies as we do from our usual work and other commodities.

"*And*," he emphasizes, "the movies go away advertising us to the whole world. Why, not long ago a hermit living out on Green River came stomping into my store to find the way to Zion National Park. He'd lived out there on the river all his 71 years. Cantankerous, too. Never wanted to look around. But one morning a party of tourists, exploring the river by boat, stopped at his cabin asking the way to the canyon.

"Turned out they came all the way from London, England, because a Technicolor picture made them want to see this country first-hand."

Another Kanabite pointed to Nurse Viola Mich'l, who was at the moment administering a salt-tablet to Roddy MacDowell, on the location in magnificent Kaibab Forest.

"Movies bring our kids back here to live," the oldtimer remarked. "Viola Adams, there, went to New York City and had a fine job in one of the city's biggest hospitals. Met and Married this Mich'l fellow, who was a taxidermist and field man for the New York Museum of Natural History. Both of them doing well. Viola got homesick, but she liked the excitement of New York and its opportunities.

"Well, they came here on a visit with her folks. The movie people were here. Makes our town different from most country towns. And the upshot of it was, they decided to stay. He gets special orders from museums all over the country. And she nurses movie stars as well as kids with hives. Might get to take Clark Gable's pulse some day. You never know, here in Kanab, who you might meet."

Are the stars bored by this small-town atmosphere? Not so you'd notice! Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara and Linda Darnell loudly advertise Mr. and Mrs. Faye Hamblin's wonderful venison dinners. Faye kills the venison himself and keeps it in cold-storage until summer guests arrive. An invitation from them is prized by anyone.

Roddy MacDowell listens avidly to 76-year-old Walt Hamblin, son of the town's founder, tell about the early days when Indians stormed their home. About the days when Buffalo Bill Cody brought a party of titled Englishmen for a fabulous hunting party and Walt guided them. Walt was to have joined Buffalo Bill's show when it went to Europe, but had an accident and missed the chance. About that time, too, Teddy Roosevelt had Walt as a guide on a hunting party. Walt Hamblin likes this acting business. He gets up and acts it all out. Has photographs to prove many of his stories, too.

Preston Foster, John Wayne, Roy Rogers and other stout male stars plan hunting trips for deer, lions and other game, all so plentiful at Kanab.

All of them long for an invitation to see the inside of one of the old Mormon homes built during the polygamous days. They all join in the village's twice-weekly dances, where small children dance right along with their parents.

They all enjoy visiting "Little Hollywood."

THE END

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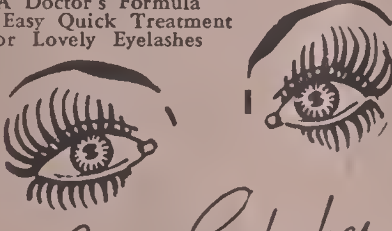

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THE AWFUL TRUTH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

for neither their backgrounds, their temperaments, nor their emotional and psychological structures can be brought to dovetail sufficiently for a sturdy and lasting marriage.

Love between a man and woman is over-rated as a miracle worker. Undoubtedly, both Barbara and Cary thought it would build bridges between her world and his—make each one accessible to the inner being and resources of the other.

It didn't work that way. Their love for each other when they married cannot be questioned. For two years they'd been seeing each other constantly. Because Barbara wanted to make charitable bequests which would have been impossible if she were the wife of a British subject, as Cary was then, they both served an apprenticeship to love. They wanted the marriage so eagerly, so absorbedly, that it's doubtful whether they stopped to analyze their own temperaments, and the insoluble differences between them which would become apparent with marriage.

To understand this separation, and to evaluate it properly, it is well to remember what had been their individual experiences which would make marriage adjustment problematical.

Barbara was singularly alone from childhood. Her mother died at her birth, and her early years were a succession of governesses and private schools. Physically, she had the care of a princess. She had everything money could buy—but nothing which has no price.

As she grew older, her emotional isolation grew apace. Unconsciously, she began to search and reach for something, someone to rescue her from the Ivory Tower where she was so frighteningly lonely.

Prince Alexis Mdivani had great regard for a fortune counted in millions, even if the heiress went with them. He married Barbara in Paris, shortly before she came into her inheritance, after following her halfway around the world to lay calculated siege to her bank-book.

Perhaps if this first time Barbara had married a man who truly loved her, to whom her wealth was merely an impediment, one is inclined to think that today she would not be known as the "tragic heiress."

For then Barbara would have matured in the confident knowledge that she was loved as a woman.

It wasn't long before Barbara knew why Alexis had married her. Almost immediately afterward he is said to have remarked, coldly, bluntly, cruelly: "You are too fat."

The dagger sunk deep. The hurt he inflicted remained in her consciousness from then on.

It was then she began the self-imposed regime of starvation which almost cost her her life when her son Lance was born. For a year she virtually lived on black coffee. But at the end of that year she was no longer plump and strong. She weighed less than a hundred pounds. But in the process, she had become strangely beautiful, with an ethereal, exotic loveliness which later was to intrigue and enthrall Cary Grant, to whom exquisite women were no novelty.

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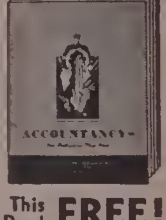

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At this time began that lack of proper self-evaluation as a woman which was to haunt Barbara Hutton for the rest of her life. In self-defense she acquired a reserve, a dignity, a withdrawal from people, which was later to be labeled callousness towards public opinion. By nature Barbara is warm. By circumstance she had been forced to be the contrary.

The second phase of her development, as a result of this first marriage, began now. And that phase was also to reverberate through her second marriage and in her marriage to Cary.

If Barbara, shortly after coming into her millions, could have retired from the public view, it would have served her well.

Unfortunately, Alexis was a publicity hound. He thought that being in the newspapers, day after day, with the central theme the spending of vast sums, was a barometer of his importance.

The American public resented Barbara and her Prince and her millions. Whenever her name was spoken, it was in derision. Whenever reporters had a chance to take a crack at her, they did. She lived under a barrage of criticism.

It made her afraid of crowds, of people. It added to her psychic scars.

So now you have two deeply developed traits, which were to become part of the dowry she brought to any man she loved—a self-abnegation, a mistrust of herself as a woman, and a deeply-rooted fear of contact with the world at large.

Instead of maturing with marriage, she became less mature. For maturity implies coordination of the personality, an ability to take whatever comes, in criticism and disappointment, standing up. Instead, she began to seek escape in anonymity. She developed a dislike of large parties which became virtually a phobia. She became sensitive. She was hurt easily.

After she divorced the Prince—with the attendant publicized financial settlements—and married Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, the process was briefly arrested and she bloomed, because she thought herself a woman beloved. But then the process continued. Again she was dominated and made to feel unwanted.

She gave up her American citizenship on the advice of her husband. For love, she became a woman without a country.

But she had her son now. And for the first time in her life she had a great and a sure and satisfying love. When she divorced the Count in 1941, she did not anticipate the round of court struggles for his custody which is even now a current chapter in her confused life.

So here we have a girl—wealthy, sensitive, afraid of people, suspicious of their motives, quiet and passive with few intellectual interests, with distrust in her heart towards men who profess to love her. A girl with not too much physical stamina. A girl afraid.

And this was the girl Cary Grant met fleetingly in London, and again two years later at a Hollywood party given by the Countess di Frasso.

From the instant their eyes met, they both had a sense of coming home—of reaching port. Cary had never wholly ceased loving Virginia Cherrill, to whom he had been married briefly. She was the melody which

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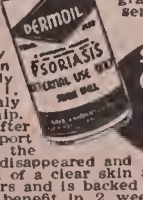

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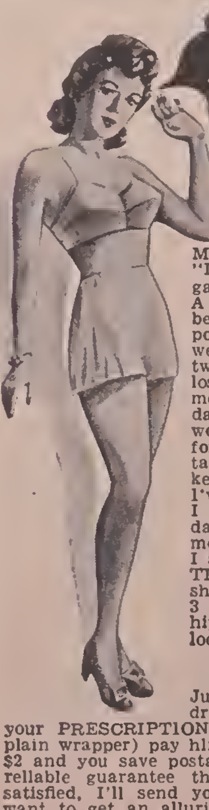

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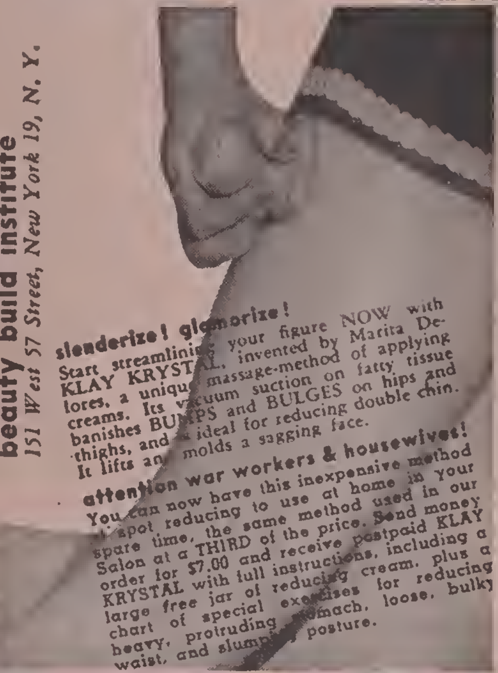

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repeated itself in his heart.

For approximately five years he had never quite reached the point of marriage with the three or four women to whom he was linked romantically. But when he looked at Barbara, one melody was finally stilled and another began.

Barbara was so gentle. Barbara was so vulnerable. Barbara was so evidently unhappy. Barbara was so poignantly sweet. She was different from any woman Cary had ever known. Everything that was protective and strong and solid and good in Cary responded, instantly and completely.

But what Barbara needed for happiness, Cary needed too! And they couldn't give it to each other.

Like every creative artist, he requires deep understanding, almost compassion, during those dark, depressed moods when he worries about his work and his worth.

He requires someone to listen to his troubles, to give him a sense of perspective, to help him achieve mental and emotional balance.

Only a completely adjusted woman—positive, sure of herself, serene—can give these things to a man.

Cary is not an intellectual, in the accepted sense, but he has a keen mind — it sparkles and scintillates — and he loves to argue about problems and situations. He seasons his comments with pungent humor, and it takes an alert, gay, vital woman to keep pace with him.

In view of the tribulations which had beset Barbara all her life, a vivid wit, sparkling repartee, the give-and-take of lusty argument was not constantly within her capacity.

There is a very great simplicity about Cary. Some years ago when he bought a Cord, he sold it within three days because he felt too ostentatious driving it. When he owned a haberdashery on Wilshire Boulevard, which he bought to help out a friend, he spent all his spare moments standing behind a counter and waiting on trade. His idea of a wonderful time is to go to Venice Pier, the California Coney Island, and systematically patronize every concession.

Barbara, conversely, is accustomed to pomp and glory and orderliness. She may follow an impulse to buy a castle, but not to roast weenies over a beach fire in the middle of the night.

Cary can neither be dominated nor driven. But because Barbara herself has been dominated, she is inclined in self-defense to be a bit too dominating, a bit too possessive. And no man can be held or made happy with a tight rein.

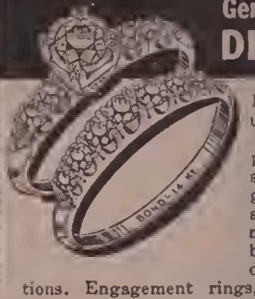
With a person as carefree as Cary, words are frequently not as scrupulously measured as they might be, even though he is thoughtful and kind. And probably Barbara was too easily hurt, for she was always expecting to be hurt.

So here you have two diverse temperaments, two diverse backgrounds—and both needing something the other couldn't give.

In such instances, no matter how auspiciously a marriage might have begun, it is doomed before the last *I do's* are said.

When Cary marries again—as he will—he will marry a woman not too deeply hurt by life. A woman with a sense of humor. A woman who can laugh at Cary, laugh with him, and laugh at herself!

THE END



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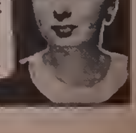

GAIL RUSSELL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

a father. On my part, there was no theatrical tradition in the family. The idea of being an actress had somehow never occurred to me. I was going to be an artist—and if I may say so, in all modesty, I still am pretty good at a drawing board, and frequently amuse myself by sketching people between scenes on the sets at Paramount.

We don't even look much alike, you and I, except that we're both dark. Mutual friends have told me we are alike in temperament and personality, however. And I know we had another bond in common: we both worshipped our fathers (mine is still living with me, fortunately) and turned to them for everything. And we both were an ancient eighteen when we made our film debuts. (Yours was a bit part in "Kismet," I believe, with your father as the star, while mine was even less of a role, in "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour.")

The first time we met was on the set of "The Uninvited," *remember*? And I don't mind confessing that I was mighty impressed that first day you walked on the set and started your rehearsal for a scene. You were a great name to me, of course—but what I remember most was your reaction on others. Usually, during a rehearsal, there is a certain amount of banging and noise by the carpenters and electricians and other actors, but once you started to speak there was a sudden and complete silence. Everyone was looking at you and listening to you.

"Some day," I said to myself, "I hope to be an actress who commands that kind of silence and respect!" Believe, Miss Skinner, I mean to try.

But did you ever play a role of a living person? If so, you must know what a funny feeling it gives you, and why I was a little uneasy all the time we were making "Our Hearts." Mostly I was afraid I wouldn't do you justice, and that unconsciously I might saddle the screen "you" with some of the bad habits of the real me.

For instance, I know I have the very bad habit of walking with my head down. Every once in a while, therefore, I would jerk myself up and wonder, "Gosh, did I have my head down in that last scene? Miss Skinner would never be guilty of that."

Or maybe it was the way I was wearing the clothes, or the way I was dancing, or the way I played the young love scenes. Would *you* like it? Would you approve of the "you" I was creating for public inspection? Believe me, it was a responsibility!

There were lots of scenes, however, when I felt a very close identity with the girl you were when you were my own age and made your famous jaunt to "see Frenchmen!" The time, the place and the people were different, but so many of your experiences paralleled things that have happened to me.

Remember the scene at the beginning when you were stuck with a mousy-faced, sawed-off little guy at the Prom, while the tall and handsome man of your dreams waltzed by with another girl? How well I knew your sense of disgust and frustration! Not so very long ago, you see, I was in

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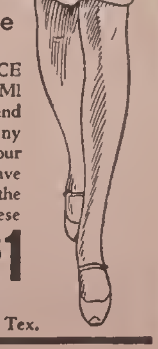

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the same boat. A girlfriend persuaded me to go on a double-date to a high school dance with a blind date provided for me by her escort. I'm fairly tall, like you, so you can imagine how my heart sank when the blind date turned out to be a little shrimp who barely came up to my shoulders! And there I was, stuck with him for the whole evening!

And then the famous trip to Europe itself. Maybe 1925 and 1944 aren't such different eras, after all. At any rate fantastic things apparently still happen to two young ladies who a-traveling go. When "The Uninvited" was finished, I was very tired and the studio gave me a lovely trip to the Camel Back Inn in Phoenix, Ariz., and let me take my very good friend, Carmelita Lopez, with me. We were both terribly excited, for it was the first time either of us had done any traveling on our own, and like you and Emily, we were confident we were entirely capable of handling any and all emergencies. Women of the world, that was us, with *savoir faire* to burn!

Tipping proved to be our first stumbling block. Neither of us knew how much it was correct to tip the porter or the waiter, or if you tipped the conductor, and if so, how much.

"Whatever we do, we don't want to look cheap!" I insisted. "Remember some day all these people may know me and remember how I acted on this train. Think of my reputation!"

"Sure," Carmelita said. "But how much is that reputation in dollars and cents?"

Eventually we decided on thirty-five percent. It seemed a good round figure, neither ostentatious (horrors, never that!) nor cheap. I must say the service was good.

To Phoenix from Los Angeles is an overnight jump, and both Carmelita and I were so excited that sleep was impossible. So we piled our pillows along the window sill, propped ourselves up on our elbows, and stared continuously at the landscape as it whizzed by. Take a chance on missing anything? Not us!

Eventually we were startled by a loud rapping in our faces. Early in the morning we had fallen asleep, still propped up at the windows with our noses plastered against the panes. The train was in a station, and the rapping was a reveille sounded on the windows by a dozen amused soldiers from a troop train on the opposite track! Alas, for our *savoir faire!*

But of all the times when I felt a close identity with you, Miss Skinner, the most real was the scene where you wheedle permission from your father for the trip to Europe, before broaching the subject to your mother. It was my own system! I always went to Papa first where money or a special favor was concerned. And like your father, he always seemed to understand.

The best fun in making "Our Hearts" undoubtedly came in the dance scenes when the girls'—yours and Emily's—"safety bags" kept bumping against their partners. It was a funny scene and fun to do; all of us laughed so much we were weak around the ribs. Several times the bags dropped off during the shooting, and Diana and I would have to scurry off behind some scenery to get them fastened on again. By the time it was over we were as much concerned

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about keeping them *on* as you and Emily were about getting them *off!*

Incidentally, I unwittingly took my "safety bag" with me to New York on my recent trip. When we were leaving here my dramatic coach, Bill Russell, handed me a beautifully wrapped present with instructions not to open it until I reached New York. Naturally, being a female, I opened it ten minutes after we left the station. And guess what—the "safety bag" I had worn with such hilarious results in the picture. Pinned to it was a note reading: *"Don't forget to use this in the big city!"*

The hardest thing both Diana and I had to learn for "Our Hearts" was the "debutante slouch" and the peculiar walk that apparently were hot stuff back in 1923. How we had to practice them! And what a riot we caused the day we made our entrance, complete with those bubblebath coats of white rabbit, into the commissary one noon!

"Shades of Clara Bow!" someone called, and everyone laughed. It was funny, of course—but in another way it struck me as being a little sad, too. After all, Clara Bow was once the top star of that same studio, and I couldn't help but wonder if the memory of us on the screen today will bring the same kind of laughter, twenty years from now.

What scared me most was the clothes and the hair-dos. They weren't the most becoming lines for a girl, you will admit—and I was afraid to look unattractive while I was still an unknown little actress, far from established on the screen, with only two pictures to my credit. I've always been self-conscious about my "derriere" anyway, and those dresses with waistlines around the knees certainly do nothing for a girl's hips. How could you stand them?

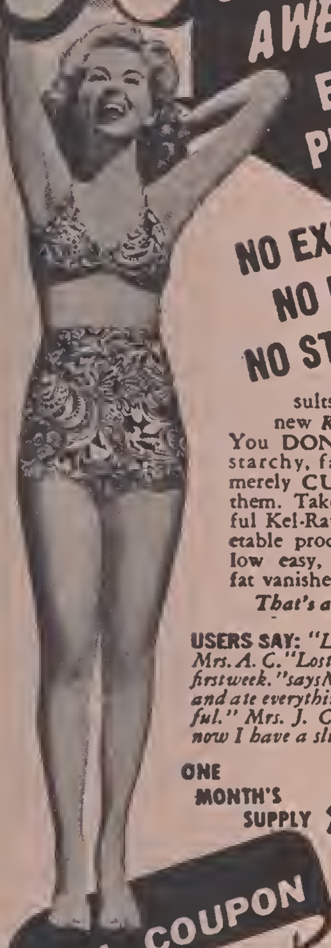
If you are pleased with the way I have played you, dear Miss Skinner, and if you feel I have done justice to the charming girl you were and the unforgettable adventure you had, then I shall forgive you those dresses and what they did to my hipline. And greater charity than that no woman can show to another!

Seriously, it is I who am in your debt and always shall be. Playing you in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" has brought me your friendship, as you proved with that treasured gift of a small silver compact. Playing you saved me from being typed in heavy drama as the ghost-ridden girl I was in "The Uninvited," and am again in my new picture, "Her Heart In Her Throat." (A suspense story about a governess—me—who gets mixed up in three murders.) It proved to me I could do something I didn't think I could do—comedy. And it has helped me overcome a tendency to be moody and depressed, because working in a light and gay picture, you learn to be relaxed and kid with the rest of the crew.

So as I add it up, it is a great debt. And yet there is one more thing I want to ask of you. Remember that copy of "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" which I sent you? On the fly leaf I wrote: "Hope you break down some day and tell us what *really* happened in Paris!"

I'm still waiting. Come on, Miss Skinner, and tell.

Yours, with great admiration,
Gail (Your Alter Ego) Russell.



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ANGELA LANSBURY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

innumerable curtain calls, the glow of enthusiastic applause. Important people like Sir Gerald duMaurier made a great fuss of the blonde atom who watched from the wings and never, never made a nuisance of herself. She adored the flowers, the lights, the attention and the everlasting stir of Things-Going-On. No wonder she made up her mind to be part of it all some day.

When Angela was five, a miserable creature referred to as the Stork brought a pair of baby sons to Moyna Macgill. Much to Angela's disgust her mother retired from the stage to bring up the twins, and the little girl had to settle down to nursery and school routine. It was all very, very dull.

As they grew older, Angela and her brothers relieved the monotony of schoolrooms by attending "the pictures." They preferred American films, and presently became familiar with the New York skyline, Broadway, Fifth Avenue, California, the mountains, prairies, rivers and deserts of the fascinating country overseas. They knew all the stars in Hollywood and read every item they could find that concerned the film city, American cowboys, New York night life, and dreamed of the day they'd see all these things for themselves.

Their father had died in 1934, leaving very little money, and realization of these dreams seemed most unlikely—except to Angela, who never doubted that they'd come true.

She was thirteen when the Germans moved into Poland and war began to sweep over Europe. The school she was attending in London was evacuated.

"Mummy, do let me go to dramatic school," urged Angela, seeing a bright side to calamity. Why should she go poking off to the country in the wake of a dull school? Why not learn her future business?

But dramatic schools, it appeared, are expensive.

"Never mind, Mummy, I'll get a scholarship," Angela reassured her mother, and began work at once on that wellworn balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." She wasn't as old as Shakespeare's Juliet, but she won the scholarship and was paid for a year's dramatic training.

The war roared on. Country after country was overrun by Hitler's steel-helmeted hordes. Then came Dunkirk, and the fall of France. England stood alone, expecting invasion. A horrified America began asking for little English cousins, and small refugees were assigned to eager foster-parents.

Angela's elder sister, known on the London stage as Isolde Denham, had married a well-known young actor-writer, Peter Ustinov, and decided to remain in England for the duration. Moyna MacGill allowed herself to be persuaded to take charge of ten children, including her own three, who were to be sponsored by a generous American gentleman, C. T. Wilson of New York City. Mr. Wilson had arranged that Moyna and her young refugees were to live at Lake Mahopac, New York, and it was considered advisable for Moyna and her family

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to come on at once. They sailed with the second shipload of child refugees to reach this hemisphere.

"We went up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, then to New York by train. You can't imagine how marvelous it was to board an American train, to get off in an American station, to see streets and taxis and high buildings we'd seen so often on the screen.

"'Why, it's just the way it was in the pictures!' we kept telling each other. It was like living in a movie."

Angela at fourteen felt herself far too old for school, even an American one, and talked ceaselessly of more dramatic training. One day she and her mother took a train for New York City. Knowing nothing of New York dramatic academies, they ruffled through a directory, saw the name FAGAN, in Rockefeller Center, and decided to apply there. There remained the little matter of what to use for money, but Angela was confident. She mounted Juliet's balcony once more and won another scholarship. You can get anything you want . . . remember?

Her first school role was that of an old Texas woman. Just what she wanted! She knew that Texas drawl from watching American Westerns, and adored doing it.

"Acting has different aspects according to where you are," she asserts. "In England you are content to learn every tiny thing about your profession; you work long and hard, perfecting each scene. An expression, a gesture, an inflection must be exactly right. In New York, you are a little more commercial on the stage. You have an eye on pictures, you aren't content to spend so much time, you must get ahead while you're young. In Hollywood, you don't even think about the stage; you devote yourself to pictures, which are quite different."

In March, 1942, Angela graduated from the Fagan School. The twins were attending the Choate School, and her mother was touring Canada for the RAF with Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, who had organized the benefit.

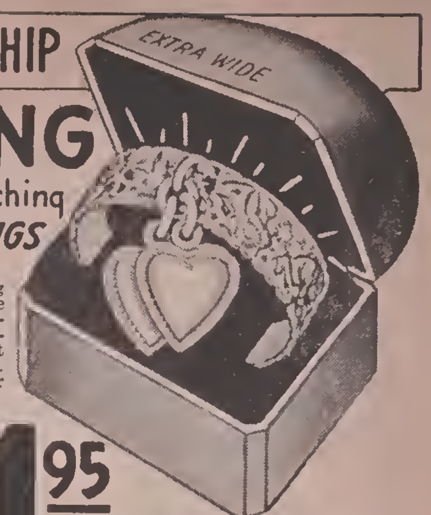
"I wanted to make some money," Angela confesses. "We had our keep and my tuition, but there was no money coming in. A friend coached me in a take-off on Beatrice Lille called 'I Went To A Marvelous Party.' I heard they were giving auditions at a New York night club, and decided to try for one. I was sixteen but I said I was nineteen so they'd listen to me."

She was a big girl for her age and could pass as nineteen, but she hadn't the experience for the New York spot. An agent who had brought someone else in for an audition heard Angela's act, liked it, and told her he could get her a job in Montreal.

"I was so thrilled!" related the young actress. "Of course I told Mother, and she agreed. She knew we had to go to Canada for our quota numbers, anyway. She cut down some of her evening gowns for me—lovely, sequiny ones—and I sang for six weeks at the Samovar."

Quota numbers came, and the little family re-entered this country as prospective citizens. Just as soon as Uncle Sam will accept them, he'll have two more nephews and two more nieces shiningly eager to swear allegiance.

Eventually, Moyna Macgill arrived



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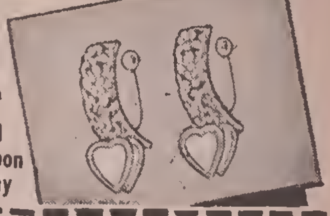

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in Hollywood on tour, and wired her daughter to join her. In November, 1942, an elated Angela descended from the train, in California at last!

Of course she wanted to be in pictures. She went the rounds of studios, doing her Bee Lillie stunt, but nothing happened. She wasn't discouraged, life was too exciting.

A friend of her mother's mentioned that Angela might be good as the unhappy young girl in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was casting. Moyna's agent made an appointment for Angela. Mr. Lewin thought her not right for Dorian, but what about the cockney maid in "Gaslight," also being cast? John Van Druten, long-time friend of the family, was sure she could do the maid role, but George Cukor, who was to direct the picture, said she was too young.

"We thought everything was over," Angela tells now, her lips curling happily over how wrong they'd been. "Whenever we'd call the agent, he'd say: 'Don't worry me. Never mind. You'll hear from me.' Then one night he asked us to come down to his office. We sat outside his door for an hour, wondering what was going on, then he came out and announced that he'd signed me to a wonderful contract with M-G-M. I wouldn't get the parts I'd tested for, but I had a contract."

Presently, however, they got out Angela's screen test, rewrote the part of the cockney maid in "Gaslight" and gave her the script. Her mother helped her, and the next thing she knew she was playing with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman.

Following "Gaslight," Angela with her hair down and no heels, did a fifteen-year-old girl in "National Velvet." Then M-G-M had a change of heart. Maybe, after all, she could do the unhappy girl in "Dorian Gray." (She's doing it now.)

Angela has lived with older people so much that she doesn't feel at ease with girls of her own age. She doesn't understand them yet, and can't join in chatter about blind dates, snoods and so forth. Girls wearing six silver foxes, slinky, sophisticated gowns, and faces practically smothered in make-up seem fantastic to her. "Like totem poles," she giggles. "Not believable, but fun to watch."

Hollywood works hard, much harder than outsiders imagine. "The life isn't easy," declares Angela. "But I love it. People say: 'What do you do? You have your hair fixed, lipstick put on by Perc Westmore, and you sit around waiting to speak a word here and there. What's hard about that?' They don't know how early you get up. Yes, I have my hair fixed, but I've never even *seen* Perc Westmore!

"My mother plays the Duchess in 'Dorian Gray,' which is nice. We have no scenes together, but we talk everything over. Mother had made a few pictures in England, but her experience was mostly in the theatre. On the stage you can 'act,' but on the screen everything must be real. You think a thing and it's reflected in your face."

Hollywood is a dream come true. Even nicer than the way she thought it would be, for people are so good to her. No one forgets to help.

So far, so good.

And Angela will keep on dreaming.

THE END

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ALEXANDER KNOX

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

Mr. Olivier was feeling jovial on this particular evening so indulged in a little horseplay, a very trying thing for other actors in the cast. He was supposed to make his entrance upstage left through a small door. However, he first called from the wings at the right, so Mr. Knox presumed that the entrance—for a change—was to be made from that point and so adjusted himself on the stage, flinging his lines to the right.

To his consternation, the answer came from the left. So Mr. Knox reversed his field, locked the small door through which a checkmated Mr. Olivier was supposed to make his entrance, and opened the small wicket. This quick thinking neatly turned the trickster tables on Romeo, who was forced to play the entire scene offstage, shouting his lines through the window at Mr. Onstage Knox.

Returning to the importance of female relatives in early training, the paternal Aunt Agnes of Mr. Knox was, in her day, happily classed in dramatic ability with Bernhardt and Duse. However, in those days the daughter of a smalltown Presbyterian family did not go on the stage. She gave dramatic readings of the classics instead.

Up and down the length and breadth of Canada she traveled, earning the distinction of having Lake Agnes at Banff named in her honor because she was the first white woman ever to view it. At one time she was reader in Philosophy at Edinburgh University, but once she married, she settled happily in Boston. There she lived during the winter, teaching English at Boston University. Summers, however, were always spent on the Canadian family farm—which brings nephew Alexander into the story.

She encouraged him to read Shakespeare. That is, he was placed in an apple orchard and ordered to hurl the cadences of "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Merry Wives Of Windsor" with such clarity of tone and perfection of diction that he could be heard and understood a quarter of a mile away. After this artistic exercise he frequently drove the binder during the grain harvest, or milked several cows.

In this way he learned early to combine an esthetic undertaking with the practical aspect of living, an accomplishment that stood him in good stead while he was running a repertory theatre in Boston some years later.

This took place during the very depths of the depression, when a man's wardrobe was the suit he was wearing. Mr. Knox and his roommate both suffered accidents on the same day: Mr. Knox spilled paint (he was redecorating the theater) on his coat; his roommate suffered a dinner mishap to his trousers. Both had important engagements the next day, but luckily the roommate's date took place in the forenoon, whereas Mr. Knox had agreed to meet Mrs. Harriman for late luncheon. This was crucially important, as Mrs. Harriman was one of the patrons of the theater.

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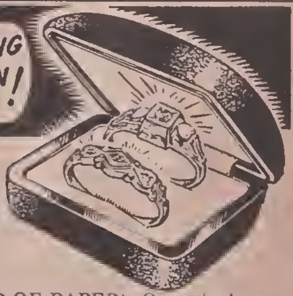

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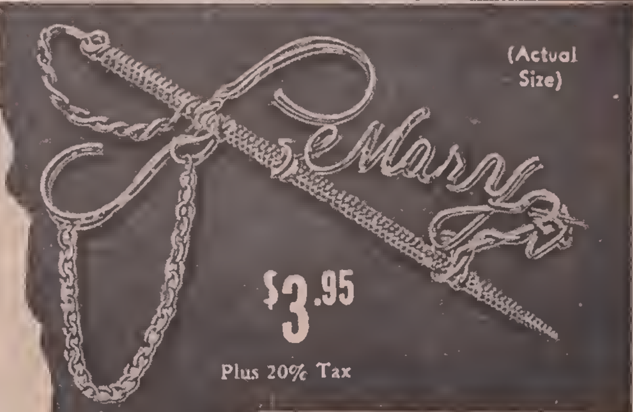

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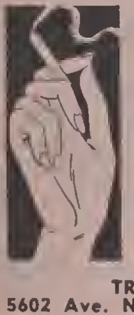

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trousers in the morning, while Mr. Knox remained in bed. A scant few minutes before Mr. Knox was due at his luncheon engagement, the roommate arrived, divested himself, and occupied the bed, while Mr. Knox assumed the garb and scorched down the street, an artist about to discuss an artistic problem while clothed in practical compromise.

In this Boston stock company Mr. Knox—because of his Canadian accent—played British juveniles, with the aid of a constantly-carried tennis racket. Bearing this fact in mind, he decided that the American theatre being comatose (during one depression week there were exactly seven plays open on Broadway) he would try his luck in London. There, because of his accent, he was put to work playing American juveniles, with the aid of a turtle-neck sweater bearing huge football numerals.

This was very discouraging to Alexander Knox, who decided that perhaps the stage had no place for him. He returned to his home (London, Ontario, a lovely city of eighty thousand population) and settled down to write.

He produced first a romance entitled "Bride of Quietness," which had a considerable success. Because this book was produced as a work of art—and everyone knows that a purely artistic effort is supposed to be a financial failure—its monetary triumph confused everyone, most of all Mr. Knox.

Promptly he turned to another field: detective fiction. He wrote and published five murder mysteries under an assumed name (an alias that he refuses to disclose) thinking that, if an artistic effort made money, a commercial venture in writing should make him a Croesus kid. Came the disillusion: his first two whodunits together netted less than "Bride Of Quietness."

In order to recover from his boredom with creative fiction, Knox returned to the stage to do, as noted previously, "Romeo and Juliet" with Heathcliff and Scarlett, and followed that with a brilliant stint in "Jupiter Laughs." Warner Brothers liked his work so well that they made a deal to cast him as the intellectual Van Weyden in the Edward G. Robinson starrer, "The Sea Wolf."

Memorable was the scene in which the blind and brutal captain (Robinson) was tricked by Knox into thinking that his bullet had not been effective, so saving the life of another member of the crew. When the picture was released, householders were so Knox-conscious that they were pestering their grocers for Alexander instead of gelatin. Fan mail poured into the studio and the executive staff announced great plans for their new rave. But, unfortunately, they had no story script prepared at that time.

A month went by—two, three. Knox had gone down to Malibu, there to indulge his enthusiasm for fishing. As the beach at Malibu is long and gently sloped, fishing is not good, but Alexander perfected a system whereby he swam out to deep water, dropped a baited hook, then towed the line in to shore, connected it to a fishing rod with an oversize reel. And, completely baffling critics of the system, he actually caught an occasional sea bass.

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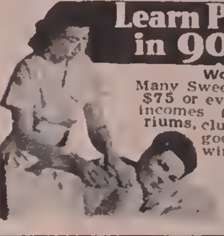

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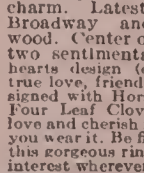

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to catch the wily salmon, thence into the High Sierras after the leaping mountain trout. At the end of six months he had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but there was still no script ready for him so he asked Warner's please to excuse him. They settled his contract handsomely and with apologies, and Mr. Knox went back to Broadway.

After a series of successful plays there, he returned to Hollywood to do the curate part in "This Above All," and two years later returned to create a Nazi in "None Shall Escape." About this time 20th Century-Fox was planning to make "Wilson," so Mr. Zanuck wanted a full length transcription of the script cut; several persons (mainly with radio experience) were secured to read the parts without thought of personal appearance. Once the officials at 20th had heard the Knox tones, he was set to age twenty-five years and become President. (The first time a Canadian has made it, which just about wipes out the boundary, which has never meant anything anyway.)

Aside from fishing, the drama, and his typewriter, Knox has a number of additional enthusiasms. In his Canadian home he has set up a complete woodworking shop where, during vacations, he reproduces antique furniture. He also plays piano, a good game of chess, a middling game of golf, and the world's worst tennis. This description of his tennis prowess emanates not from Mr. Knox' enemies, but from the gentleman himself—who proudly announces that he has never won a game in his life.

Which is indicative of Mr. Knox' character. And something else: he is something of a worrier. He thinks it may be this trait that has equipped him to play men old enough to be his father and his grandfather on stage and before the camera. And he hopes that, by relaxing, he may be able to play a string of young roles in succession. Hollywood friends, all in good fun, have been quick to suggest a title for his next picture, should he make good that promise: "The Rejuvenation of Young Mr. Wilson."

THE END

MY PAL PAT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

greatness has never been confined to his characterizations before the camera. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Other men sense this right-guy-ness instantly, and like him.

Women appreciate Pat, too, and I dare say soft glances are occasionally wafted in his direction. Which is wasted effort on the girls' part, I hasten to add. To Pat, the world is divided into two parts: 1) people, a classification which embraces everyone, both man and woman; and 2) women, which embraces only his wife, Eloise, and his daughter, Mavourneen.

The second lady in Pat's life, Mavourneen, is now ten—and unless all signs fail, has every intention of following in her father's cinematic footsteps.

When Pat was searching for the little girl, presumably aged eight, who was to play the part of his daughter in "Secret Command," Mavourneen called herself forcibly to her

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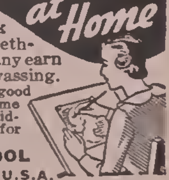

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father's attention. "I could do that part," she said in the vernacular she has learned from her dad.

Pat stalled. "That little girl is supposed to be only eight—two years younger than you are," he explained.

When the picture was well in production, Mavourneen visited the set one day and learned that the little girl who was actually playing the daughter part was only five. Pat explained that it hadn't been possible to find a suitable boy of five for the part as originally written, so the ages of the children had been switched. Whereas the script Mavourneen had read called for a boy of five and a girl of eight, now the picture was being shot with a girl of five and a boy of nine.

"It's a funny thing," said Miss Mavourneen bitterly, "that a big change like that could be made in a script, but a little change like two years in the girl's age couldn't be made."

Relations between father and daughter were strained for several days, until Pat made a camp tour and returned from the trip bringing souvenirs for all three children. In addition to Mavourneen in the O'Brien household, there is Sean, aged eight, and Terence Kevin, aged 3. Because of Terry's initials, his father usually calls him Technical Knockout.

Like most Irishmen, Pat is a superb story-teller. He has a repertoire that a month on a speaking tour would barely dent. One of my favorite yarns has to do with a picture, made several years ago, in which Pat was supposed to fly a plane without ever having had an hour of flight training.

"Don't be silly," he told the director. "Remember the delicate nerves of my insurance company."

The director felt that this bit of dash would add so much to the story's value that he persisted in his notion, taking it up with a technical director who, in turn, took it up with an aircraft mechanic. That expert decided that the plane's controls could be so arranged that Pat would have to assume a minimum of responsibility, while a seasoned pilot (invisible to the camera) would be tucked into the passenger seat and from there would handle the dual controls on a blind basis.

Just as the scene was to be shot, the fellow who drives for Pat arrived. He knew nothing of the flight plans made, of course, but he was entirely aware of the fact that Pat was not a pilot; he couldn't even drive his own car (and didn't learn until a few years ago).

With bulging eyes and sagging jaw, the chauffeur watched Pat rush to the plane, leap in, and take off. He took four or five great strides forward and lifted a horrified voice in remonstrance. "Hey, hey! Come BACK!" he yelled.

Then, in the sighed tones of self-commiseration, he summed up his position in the matter. "There goes the best job I ever had."

In closing, I know I should say something about Pat's unfailing wit. One day a friend of the O'Brien family arrived at the Lodge for a brief stay. She was elegantly dressed in black, topped by a huge cartwheel of black straw. Pat leaned down to greet her, then studied the situation. "I think this is the first time in my life," he observed, "that I've kissed a girl under an old Caruso record!"

The End

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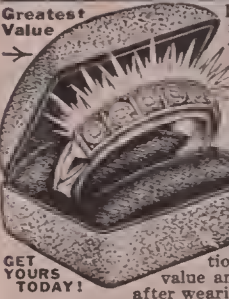

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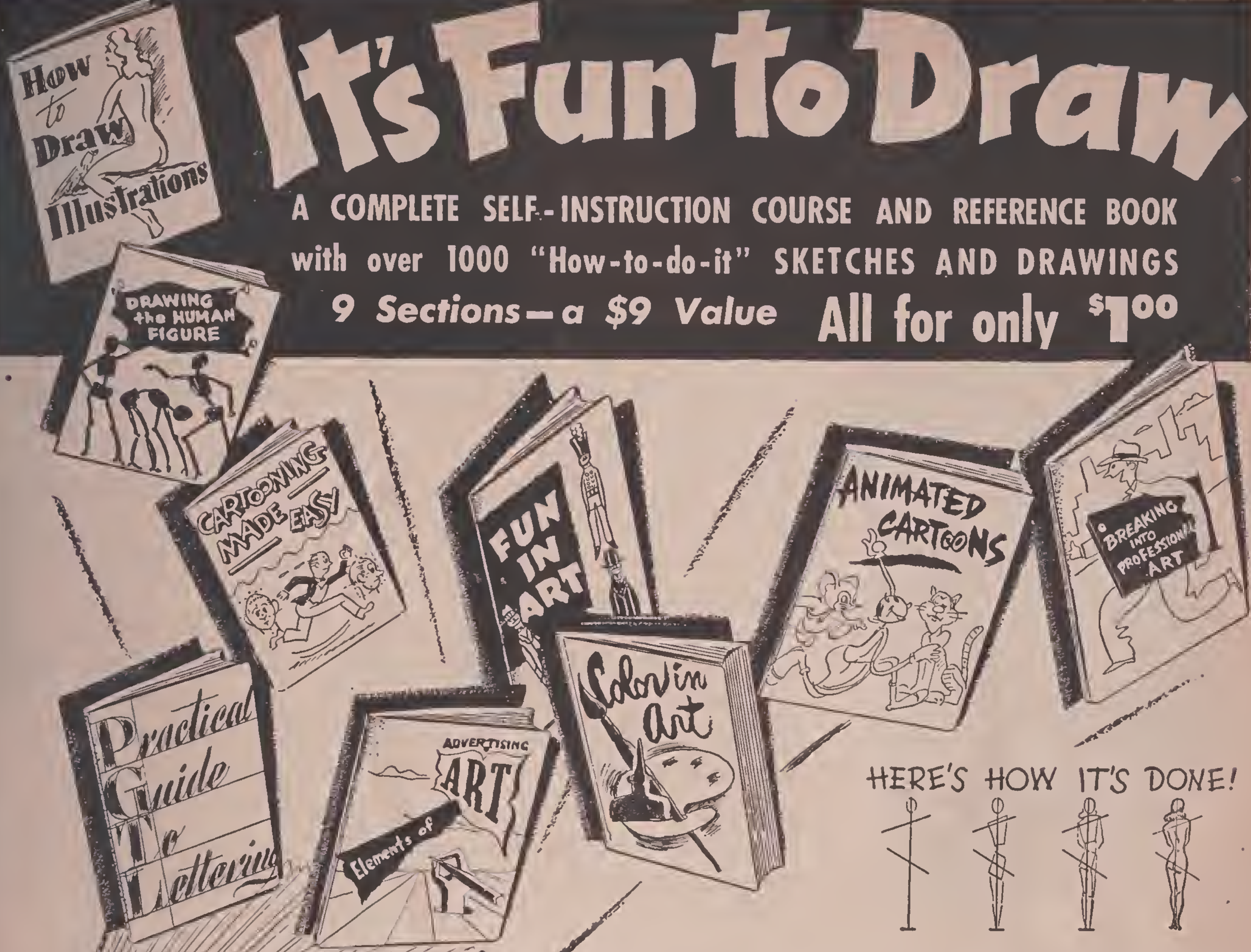
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Lighten "Mousey" Drab Hair
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Send EVENTONE Special Shampoo BLEACH. I'll pay $1.00 plus tax and C.O.D. postage on arrival on your guarantee I may return empty package for any reason whatsoever in 10 days and you will refund my money. (Send $1.20 with order and TINTZ pays postage.)

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Always
Lenore Aubert

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Samuel Goldwyn Star
Called the girl with the most beautiful eyes in Hollywood.

Movieland

DECEMBER
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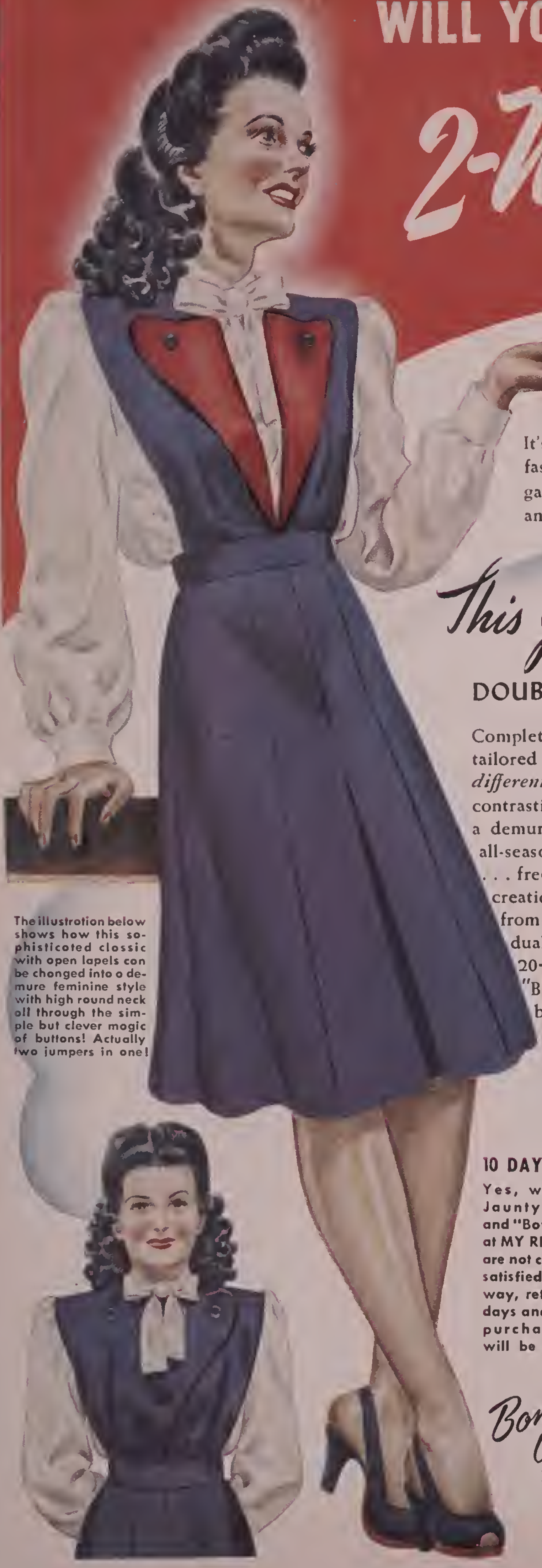
HILLMAN

Ann Sheridan . . . A MISS ON A MISSION

OCT 20 1944

WILL YOU WEAR THIS LOVELY *2-Way Jumper* ON APPROVAL



The illustration below shows how this sophisticated classic with open lapels can be changed into a demure feminine style with high round neck all through the simple but clever magic of buttons! Actually two jumpers in one!

IT'S SMART! IT'S GAY!
It's Different!

It's a smart gal who takes to jumpers for a trim, Hollywood-born fashion that can be worn everywhere, any time. But it's a *smarter* gal who owns a chic jumper that can change — presto! — into still another glamorous outfit!

This Jaunty Jumper only $7.98

DOUBLE-DUTY!... DOUBLE-BEAUTY!

Completely *new* is this Jaunty Jumper, gorgeously tailored to flatter your figure in exquisite feminine lines. Completely *different* because you have *two jumpers in one:* wear it with the lovely contrasting color lapels opened in classic style . . . or button-closed into a demurely round neckline! Exclusively fashioned in crisp, fine-quality, all-season material that loves to "take it"! A slenderizing fitted waistband . . . freedom-giving inverted pleat in the skirt add up to a knockout creation! Wear this sophisticated jumper and win compliments galore from men who admire your smart looks . . . women who envy your dual personality fashion! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20—and biggest of all surprises it's only $7.98 plus postage.

"BOW BLOUSE"—Tantalizing with its flattering high neck, perky bow, long full sleeves—it's a true complement to your jumper. In lustrous-rich rayon fabric. White only. Sizes 32 to 40. Only $3.98.

SEND NO MONEY—Check size and color choice and mail coupon today. On arrival, pay postman C.O.D. charges. Wear, compare. If a 10 day trial doesn't prove you've discovered the best buys ever, please return for full refund.

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Yes, wear this Jaunty Jumper and "Bow Blouse" at MY RISK. If you are not completely satisfied in every way, return in 10 days and your full purchase price will be refunded.

Bonnie Gaye

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

BONNIE GAYE FASHIONS—Dept. 1-S
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send smart 2-WAY JUMPER. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding I may return purchase for full refund if not satisfied in 10 days.

(Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections)

Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Black ☐

(Circle Size)

12 16 14 18 20

Please send "BOW BLOUSE" at $3.98 plus postage (White Only)

(Circle Size)

32 34 36 38 40

NAME. . . . .

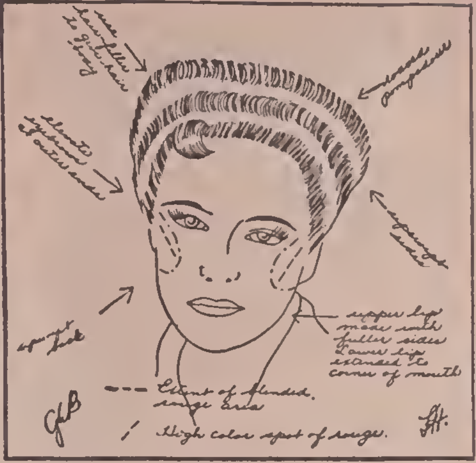
ADDRESS. . . . .

CITY. . . . . .ZONE. . . . . .STATE. . . . .

Note: Order 2 jumpers for only $14.50 plus postage ☐

Before—FORLORN! Now—POPULAR!

BEFORE she took her Powers Course, Diane Parker of N. Y. says, *"I never seemed to have any fun. I was indifferent, listless. My complexion was blotchy and I was so 'skinny'."*


upper lip made with fuller sides
Lower lip extended to corner of mouth
--- Extent of blended rouge area
/ High color spot of rouge.

Diane's *"Photo-Revise"* (above) was just one of 60 personalized features of Powers Training. See how it helped her to become her lovely, true self.

Diane's many friends are thrilled at her new *"Model"* figure (left). *"In the first 4 weeks,"* she says, *"I gained 12 pounds.... and in the right places, too!"*

AFTER taking the Powers Course, Diane Parker is now beautiful, glamorous, popular. Her *"Photo-Revise"* showed her a new hair style, make-up secrets for *her* features.

In 49 Days, YOU, too, may have new loveliness, new charm, a "MODEL" figure

"Can you imagine how exciting it is," says Diane, "to receive compliments for the first time in your life—and from practically everyone you meet? Well, that's how it's been with me since taking the Powers Course!"

If *you* think good looks, a stunning figure, a *new personality* are out of your reach, you owe it to yourself to discover the thrilling benefits Powers Training can bring you. At the famous Powers School on Park Avenue, "just average" girls are transformed into beauties.

Now *right at home* you may realize your own loveliest possibilities! You'll enjoy the simple daily assignments in figure control, make-up, style and grooming that make every moment of the 7-week course fascinating and profitable. The cost? So little you'll be amazed!

Exclusive advantages of personalized "POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home!

FREE
The Powers Way

Get this *free,* illustrated booklet and your confidential questionnaire.

Mr. Powers believes no two women are alike in their beauty problems. His instruction is planned individually—for *you.* A few of the "Powers Girl" beauty secrets you learn:

YOUR FIGURE—How to streamline it. Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. No faddish diets.

YOUR FACE and HAIR—"Photo-Revise," drawn by an expert over your own picture, shows you make-up secrets to bring out *your* beauty highlights, gives you a becoming hair-style.

YOUR STYLE—Shows you how to be "best-dressed," yet save dollars. Your own Color Chart. Your wardrobe plan.

YOUR GROOMING—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short cuts to good grooming.

YOUR VOICE—How to make your speech more attractive—your voice richer in tone.

YOU—The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers' formula for charm, magnetism.

Begin your Powers training now!

Mail this Coupon NOW

Write John Robert Powers today. Creator of the famous Powers Models. Confidant of motion picture stars. For 23 years teacher of the Powers Way to beauty, self-confidence, happiness. He has helped thousands, just like you.

"POWERS GIRL" Creator

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite M224, New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn the "Powers Girl" beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet.

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(PLEASE PRINT)

Street______________________

City & Zone______________ State________

Occupation______________ Age________

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

You remember how America thrilled as a voice came over the radio—"Our planes have bombed Tokyo!"

* * * *

We thrilled again and again to learn how Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle led his men in the greatest gamble of the war—how they took off from the carrier "Hornet"—how they loosed their bombs on the city—how some were forced to abandon their planes over China—and how they found their way out.

* * * *

Now that epic story reaches the screen in M-G-M's mighty film, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", based on Captain Ted W. Lawson's *Collier's* serial and best-selling book.

* * * *

Now you can see for yourself what that adventure meant to the men who went out to avenge Pearl Harbor—the human story behind the boys who left home and sweethearts and wives to dare death in the skies.

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is the story of their courage and their glory.

* * * *

It is one of the very few truly great pictures to come out of this war.

* * * *

Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued it with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm human understanding.

* * * *

M-G-M has provided an ace cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker (great roles for two rising young actors), Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few.

* * * *

AND—as a crowning touch—SPENCER TRACY as Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle.

* * * *

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is a thrilling picture that will make your American heart swell with pride... a prophecy of things to come.

* * * *

As this is being written our planes are coming closer and closer to Tokyo. By the time you read it they may even have bombed Hirohito's capital again. If not, it won't be long now.

* * * *

And if we seem a little excited about the picture, you'll understand why when you see it.

TOKYO BOMBED AGAIN!

—*Leo*

Vol. 2
No. 11

Movieland

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BILL DUDAS, Staff Photographer

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It's their fun-most comedy! (M·G·M of course)

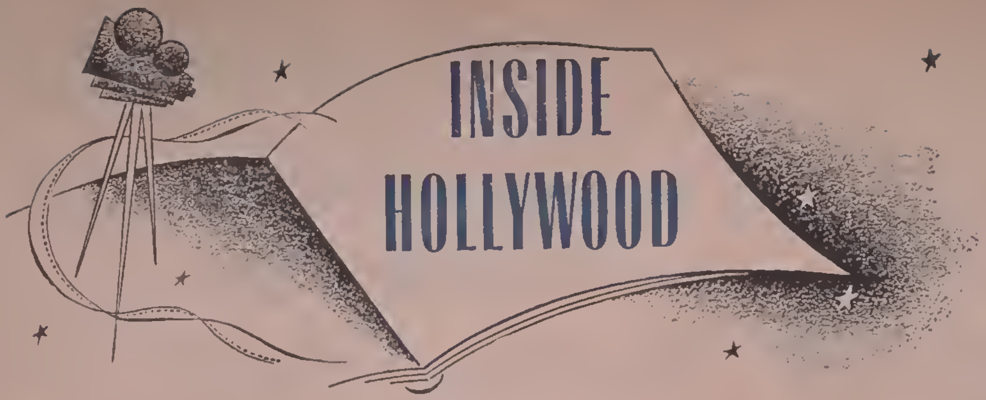
The Potentates of Comedy in an Enchanted Paradise—playing tag with the Sultan's Darlings and his Evil-Eye Headsman! How'd you like to be in their turbans?

BUD ABBOTT & LOU COSTELLO
IN
LOST IN A HAREM

with **MARILYN MAXWELL**
JOHN CONTE • DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE
JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
PICTURE

Ah! That Music!
"It Is Written"
"I Know It's Wrong"
"What Does It Take?"
"Sons of the Desert"
"John Silver"
"Noche de Ronda"
PLAYED BY JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA!

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin, John Grant and Harry Crane • Directed by CHARLES RIESNER • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By FREDDA DUDLEY

It was Alfred Hitchcock's 44th birthday, on the set of "Spellbound" (Vanguard pic), and Ingrid Bergman planned a surprise party. The over-sized cigar was one of the gag gifts.

PARTY AND A PARTING

The occasion was what is termed "brilliant" in Hollywood. It was also somewhat funny. RKO had imported Cantinflas, gifted Mexican comedian, to star in a picture with George Murphy, and the studio had decided to give a rally for him.

Everyone was there, starting with Mr. Koerner—head of the studio—and ending with five Mexican bus boys who had read in their Spanish language newspapers that Cantinflas was to be honored and decided to lift a Bravo in his honor. Jinx Falkenburg and her vivacious, lovely mother were "among those present"; Carlos Ramirez, Lupe in a gorgeous chartreuse hat, Margo surrounded by admiring males, and Cugat.

The party started at five. Promptly at 6:30 there was great hubbub at the doorway klieg lights enough to blind Senor Apollo himself were flashed on, still and newsreel cameras sprouted from the shoulder of every third person in the room, and Cantinflas, himself, stoutly entouraged by the entire Mexican embassy, arrived.

Your "Insider" had the brief privilege and pleasure of talking to Senor Cantinflas (in English), and would diagnose his attitude as bewildered but beguiled.

The two happiest persons at this clambake would have seemed to be, to the uninitiated observer, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Lucille was wearing a black dress, a huge black hat, and a chianti wool coat, stroller length. She looked like a Technicolor dream. Desi looked pretty sharp himself, outfitted in a staff sergeant's suntan uniform. Everyone said Lucille looked wonderful and she said she was crazy about "Ziegfeld Follies," which she has just finished at Metro. Desi said he had never felt better, and that he liked his work at Birmingham General Hospital because it was possible for him to get back to the ranch regularly.

On the following night they went dining and dancing at Ciro's, and the following morning Lucille filed suit for divorce. The dailies described Hollywood's attitude as "stunned," which was naive. A good many persons have known for a long time that there would be fireworks in the Arnaz menage unless a miracle protected Lucille from hearing certain rumors. Basic difference between them is this: Desi's attitude on marriage is continental; Lucille's is not.

Because they have been fiercely, overwhelmingly in love, it may be that they will reconcile. But even that will take time.

* * *

NO MIKE FRIGHT

When that much overworked bird, the stork, delivered a lusty son to Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall (Michele Morgan) there was no hesitation about his title: "Michael William Marshall" was instantly posted on his birth certificate and he will be called Mike You see, Michele spent a good deal of her adolescent time reading American periodicals, and she soon selected Mike as her favorite American name. She did her best to encourage her friends to call *her* Mike, but Michele was as close as she got. Now, at last, she has a bona fide American Mike in her own family.

* * *

RING, BELLE AND LEFT HOOK:

Probably you read a brief account of the Crane-Bey fisticuffs in your daily paper, or perhaps the paper still needed its space for somewhat larger battles. Tenny rate, Turhan took Lana to a private party where she danced (with the savoir faire expected of divorced Hollywood couples) with Steve. Steve noticed that Lana was wearing a handsome ruby-avec-diamond ring that he had given her during marital days. When they broke up, Steve left the ring—an heirloom—with Lana, on condition that she put it in safe deposit for Cheryl. Lana explained that she had forgotten the rules, but slipped off the ring and gave it to Steve for safe keeping. Up to this point, all was smooth, though not entirely happy.

Mr. Bey, whose gallantry is as unfailing as his understanding of English is fallible, came to the conclusion from the bits of conversation he had overheard, and Lana's removal of the ring, that Lana was getting the rugged end of a post-marital argument and came to her rescue with a very efficient pair of fists.

In other words, this was one of those deals in which two nice guys got all mixed up over nothing, thus embarrassing a beautiful gal.

* * *

PSYCHIC PSUMMONS:

Ida Lupino, on the set of "Pillar To Post," was a bundle of nerves. When Sydney Greenstreet asked her what on earth was the matter she said, "That's the trouble. It's nothing on earth—it's completely out of this world. I'm having one of my psychic feelings again. I dreamed last night that Louis was going to be in an automobile accident."

(Although Ida and Louis are separated and will probably be divorced before long, they are deeply and sincerely fond of one another and will undoubtedly remain fast friends.)

Greenstreet laughed and suggested that Ida telephone an astrologer whom she occasionally consults. In a few moments Ida returned, looking like the last act of "Camille." "She says," she reported, "that Louis is going to figure in an automobile accident. I think I'd better telephone him and warn him."

But before she could reach the set telephone, a call came in for her. It was Louis. "Wait until you hear this," he announced in disgust. "I've just had the craziest automobile accident. Nothing serious, but it barely escaped being horrible."

* * *

QUOTABLES FROM NOTABLES:

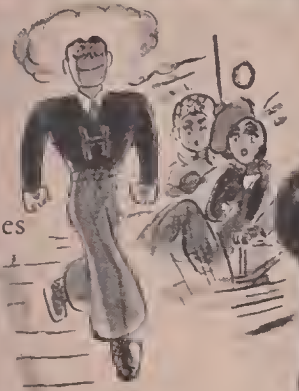
Barbara Stanwyck, interviewing a new maid, asked, "Are you unmarried?"

"Only occasionally, ma'am," said the girl in all solemnity.

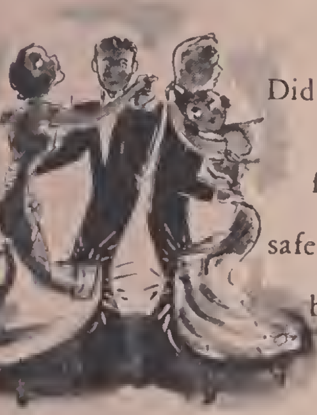
* * *

Mrs. Otto Kruger complained to her husband that vegetables were absurdly expensive. Urbanely, the articulate Otto answered, "When you consider the botanical name of the product, the entomological label of the insect that preys upon it, and the pharmaceutical title of the chemical to kill it, somebody's got to pay."

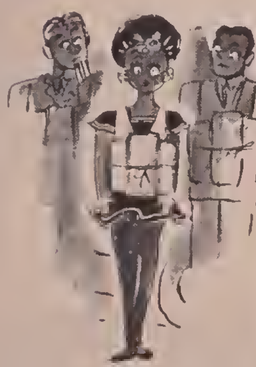
MELISSE says: "Come Along With Gail And Diana On A Wonderful Tour De Farce!"



Two "innocents" decide they have to "go places if they want to get anywhere!

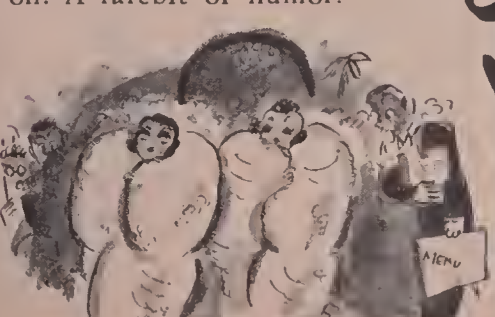


Did they meet men – did they have fun! Those petticoat safety-pockets make the boys dance to a hilarious tune!



It's a "sinking sensation" when they think the ship's awash because the decks are being scrubbed down.

It's the shock of the staid London Savoy when the girls arrive with "bunnies" on. A rarebit of humor.



GAIL

Russell

and DIANA

Lynn

Your Gay Girl Guides To

THE YOUNG AND GAY COMEDY HIT OF THE YEAR

from

THE GAYEST BEST SELLER IN YEARS!

Millions laughed through the story in Cosmopolitan, Reader's Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month – now the whole world will roar at it on the screen.

PARAMOUNT'S

"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

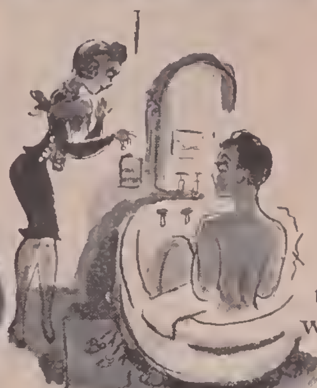
with

Charlie Ruggles · Dorothy Gish

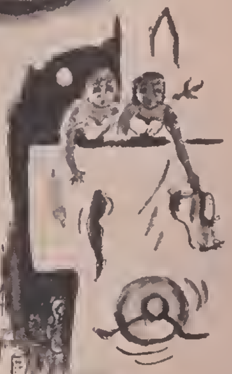
Beulah Bondi · James Brown · Bill Edwards

Directed by Lewis Allen

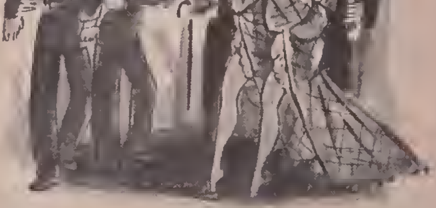
SCREEN PLAY BY SHERIDAN GIBNEY



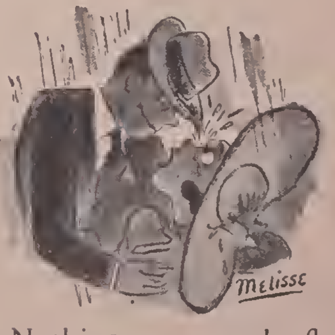
Gail and Diana get tangled up with "Geezers" and geysers before they're all washed up!



And who else could get stranded on top of Notre Dame and flag the Boulevard with their "undies"!



They didn't get home until morning one night—giving you a gay idea of the "next time you see Paree."



Nothing can stop the flood of laughter and romance when these light-headed travelers set out to take the world by storm!

THE SEA-SIDE, SONG-STUDDED STAR-SHOW OF THE SEASON!

More thrills, songs, stars and beautiful girls than there are grains of sand on the beach!

ATLANTIC CITY

STARRING
CONSTANCE MOORE ★ BRAD TAYLOR
featuring
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • JERRY COLONNA
and ROBERT B. CASTAINE • STANLEY ANDREWS
and PAUL WHITEMAN & ORCHESTRA
LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA
with BUCK AND BUBBLES
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
BELLE BAKER • JOE FRISCO
GALLAGHER & SHEAN
(Jack Kenny & Al Shean)
VAN & SCHENCK
(Gus Van & Charles Marsh)
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

SHOE, SHOE BABY:

Angela Lansbury, the brilliant British actress who won plaudits as the maid in "Gaslight," says that, in line with the current practice of calling motion picture personalities by their most noticeable feature (Anita Colby is called The Face, Sinatra is The Voice, Betty Grable is The Shape, and Toni Seven is The Number), she will shortly be known as The Heel.

When she was being considered for the "Gaslight" part she was ushered into the office of a famous casting director. "Hmm," he mused. "You're rather tall. Hmm, take off those high heels and let's see how you look."

She complied, and was given the nod. Not too tall, according to his visualization of the maid. So Angela was forwarded to another studio official for scrutiny.

When she was ushered into this second office, the S.O. studied Miss Lansbury critically and harumphed, "You're pretty tall, aren't you? Well, get off those heels and let's see how you look."

In stocking feet she didn't seem too tall to him, either; so she was sent on up the executive line to one of the highest studio officials. This H.S.O. regarded Angela over the top of his glasses. "Tall girl, aren't you?" he said. "Now if you'll just . . ."

Angela stepped out of her pomps, but she had reached the end of feminine endurance. "I'm five feet seven inches tall, in stocking feet!" she announced. "Just an inch *shorter* than Miss Bergman, who has the stellar role in the picture."

* * *

AND THEIR TEARS FLOWED LIKE WINE:

The current era may sometime in future be designated as the Season of Suspended Tradition. Take that Brown Derby Gin Rummy situation, for instance. For years it has been customary for George Raft to bring a partner or an entire party into the Derby at noon for luncheon and a protracted game of gin; Ken Murray is another deck devotee who liked to mix salads and spades; so is Dick Powell, and so is Don Ameche.

But six weeks ago a regretful ukase was handed down by Bob Cobb, operator of the Derby restaurants—and incidentally an intimate friend of each of the handhounds: no more rummy could be played at the Derby tables.

In a town where a vicious rumor constantly circulates, saying that persons have been known to marry and have children while waiting in line for luncheon and dinner, tables must be used for dining only.

* * *

JUNIOR JIVE:

For several years Metro and Jenkins friends have celebrated Jackie's birthday on August 19. Recently an interviewer asked Jackie the date of his birth. "August 29," said Jackie. The studio publicist, sitting in on the interview, voiced a correction.

"August 19 is right," she said. "I have your studio biography here, Butch."

Butch sighed in the way children have with an obdurate, though mistaken elder.

Several weeks later Doris Dudley, Butch's pixielike mother, flashed through the studio and was buttonholed by this publicist who sought to get the date situation clarified. Miss Dudley giggled. "August 29 is right," she said. "I happened to be going through some old papers in the safé deposit box the other day, and noticed that we had been celebrating the wrong date for years."

Belito, Monogram star, as she arrived from Hollywood for a week's visit in New York.

Clork Goble in civvies agoin, ona at the Stork Club with socialite Mrs. Jay O'Brien.

Want to see one great big honey of a picture about
Rookies and their cookies?

HERE'S A SCREENFUL OF HUGGIN' AND KISSIN' WHERE EVERY HUG AND KISS FEELS LIKE IT'S MEANT FOR YOU! WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN – WHAT WE MEAN FUN? THEN HURRY OVER FOR SOME HEAVY ROMANCIN' WITH

DENNIS MORGAN ★ ELEANOR PARKER ★ DANE CLARK

That big guy in his biggest hit! | Dennis' sweetheart—and yours! | Sensation of 'Destination Tokyo'!

TO DENNIS MORGAN FANS: He leaps to the top of the star-ladder in this one! Dennis gets every chance to do those wonderful things in that wonderful way of his.

IN

The Very Thought of You

THE VERY PICTURE FOR YOU A **WARNER** PICTURE!

with FAYE EMERSON · BEULAH BONDI · HENRY TRAVERS · WILLIAM PRINCE · ANDREA KING

Screen Play by Alvah Bessie and Delmer Daves • Original Story by Lionel Wiggam

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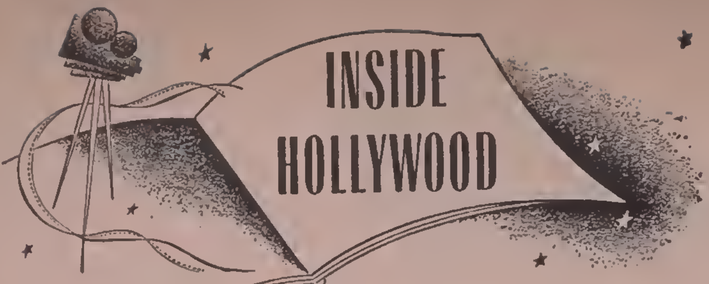


INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

Ellen Powell, aged six, who has been called since her birth by the formal title, "Miss Powell," even in the depths of her family, was out walking her dog when it was assaulted by a much larger dog. Without an instant's hesitation, Miss Powell undertook to separate the belligerents, to the serious injury of her own small face. It was necessary for surgeons to take seventeen stitches in her cheek, neck and forehead, but it is believed that no scars will result.

* * *

BEAU GESTE:

As you remember or have read repeatedly, Bette Davis' big break came with her superb portrayal of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage."

Warner's are currently engaged in refilming it, with Eleanor Parker in the Mildred role. On the first day of shooting, Bette sent Eleanor a lei of gardenias with a card saying, "I hope this part does as much for you as it did for me."

* * *

WAR IS SHELL:

Jimmie Cagney, the favorite actor of plenty of people in Hollywood, excused himself from a small conversational group gathered on a studio street, walked to the curb, and turned out his coat pockets. A cloud of peanut shells fluttered into the gutter.

Grinning, Jimmie explained: "I went to the cigarette machine the other day—no cigarettes. Then I went to the gum machine—no gum! But I found a peanut machine filled, so now I'm a peanut fiend."

* * *

JULIET'S FIRST BALCONY:

Miss Juliet Colman, beautiful daughter of the Ronald Colman's, is currently residing in a cradle with a society consciousness. This rockered chateau is a French Provincial job about 175 years old and was discovered in an antique shop, then was subsequently scrubbed and sterilized by Constance Moore when she was anticipating her own daughter, Gina, now three years old. When Gina was too big for the cradle, it was loaned to the Herbert Marshalls for their daughter, and then loaned to the Lee Bowmans for their son. On the side of the cradle there is a large silver plaque, and the name of each user is engraved thereon.

* * *

FEELING NO PAYNE:

As you undoubtedly know, John Payne has been given his honorable discharge from the army. His first free-civilian act was to take his handsome young daughter, Julie, to Carmel (some three hundred miles north of Los Angeles) for a holiday. As John had neither car nor gas in the resort, he was traveling by taxi when it was necessary.

One night John and a group of friends were journeying around the celebrated 17-mile drive, John in front with the taxi driver.

"You just out of the Army?" the driver wanted to know.

John said he was, and added, "How does it happen that you, since you are in uniform, are driving a taxi?"

"I'm on three-day pass," the driver explained. "I always do this every chance I get. Now, about you: still got your clothes?"

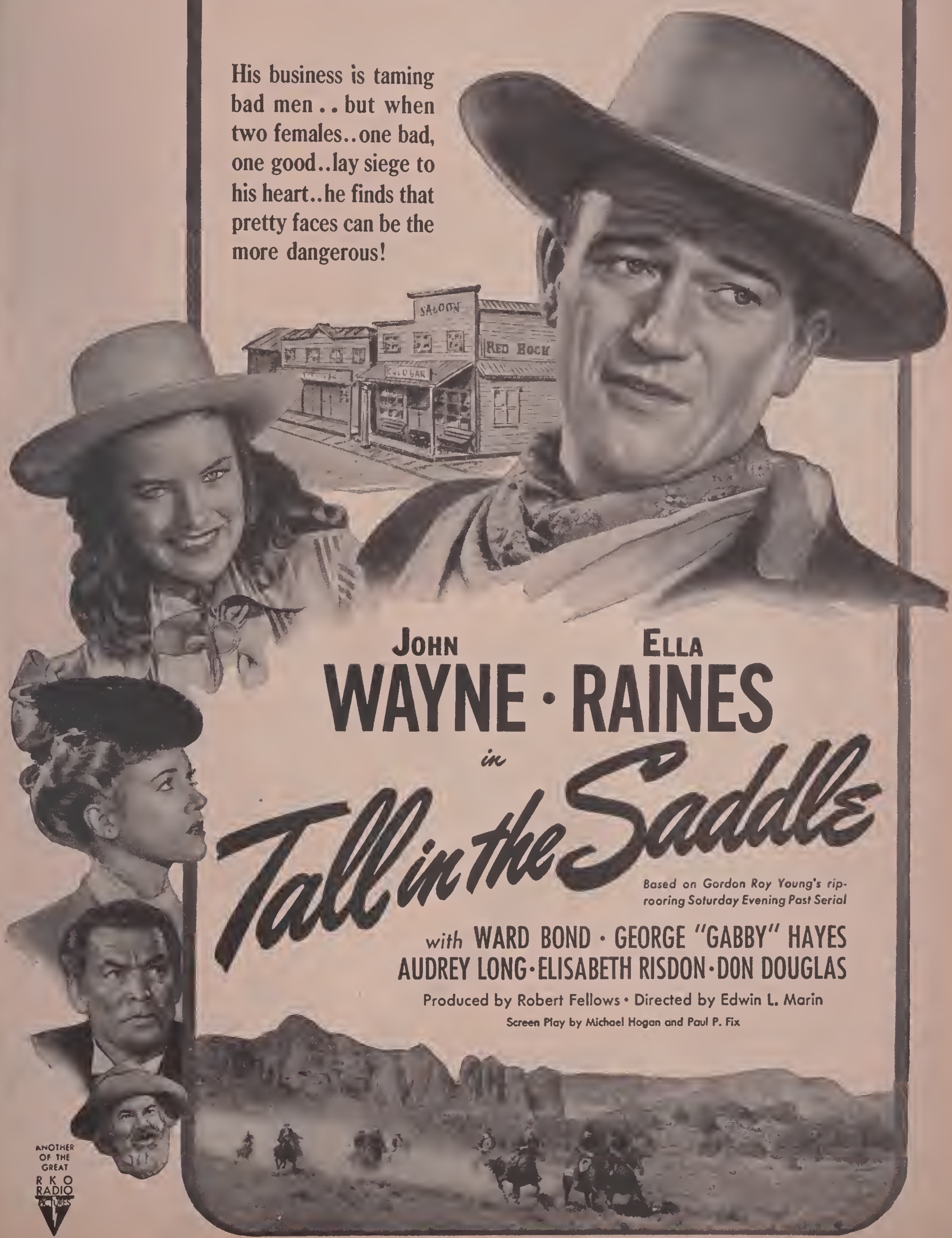
John said he did have. Promptly the driver began to list the items and to quote prices. A brisk exchange took place, so that, before the drive was finished, the driver had made arrangements to purchase John's tailored khaki wardrobe. Even when John gave his name, it meant nothing to the merchant. As far as he was concerned, the character riding in the front seat was just a source of supply of goods that could be resold to fellow G.I.'s at a profit.

Marilyn Maxwell and John Conte, wed in N. Y. at "The Little Church Around the Corner."

New regular-doting duo in movietown, Betty Hutton and Dir. Mervyn Leroy. (Mocambo).

A LONE WOLF WITH *Woman Trouble!*

His business is taming bad men . . but when two females . . one bad, one good . . lay siege to his heart . . he finds that pretty faces can be the more dangerous!



JOHN WAYNE · ELLA RAINES

in

Tall in the Saddle

Based on Gordon Roy Young's rip-roaring Saturday Evening Post Serial

with WARD BOND · GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
AUDREY LONG · ELISABETH RISDON · DON DOUGLAS

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Screen Play by Michael Hogan and Paul P. Fix

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT
RKO RADIO PICTURES

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

> **"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."**

SELLS STORY AFTER 5 WEEKS OF TRAINING

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Ft. Worth Press. Then Soda Fountain Magazine accepted a feature. By the twelfth assignment I had a short story in the mail."—Cloyce Carter, 4140 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

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MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Byron ---- is in "Double Indemnity"
5. "Acquanetta" in "Jungle Woman"
10. Jean Parker is one in "Tbe Navy Way"
14. Frontiersman in "Deerslayer"
15. "Tuttle" in "Slightly Terrific"
16. "Sasha" in "Days of Glory"
17. On display in "Pin Up Girl"
18. "Ling's" wife in "Dragon Seed"
19. Secular
20. Payment for money's use (ahbr.)
21. Before
22. ---- Johnson, columnist, is in "Trocadero"
24. "The ---- Gang"
27. Golf term
28. "Paddy" in "The Hairy Ape"
30. Snare
32. "Arizona ----"
36. "This Land -- Mine"
37. She sings in "Jam Session"
39. Gladys George in "Minstrel Man"
41. Bette Davis in "Watch on the Rhine"
42. "---'s for Me"
44. "Connie" in "Top Man"
47. "--- on her Mind"
48. Snakelike fish
50. --- Pendleton
51. "Nancy" in "And the Angels Sing"
53. He is in "The Hour Before the Dawn (inits.)
54. Anne Neagle in "The Yellow Canary"
56. --- Sparks
58. Costume
60. Alphabetic letters
62. Clare is Joyce's ---- in "Janie"
64. A councilman is ---- role in "Knickerbocker Holiday"
68. By way of
69. Corrode
72. Spring
73. Fast-moving
75. ---- Stan
76. "Judy" in "Trocadero"
77. Characterless
78. Greatly adored object
79. Jewish month
80. "Ashwood II" in "The White Cliffs of Dover"
81. "Capt. Harvey Ross" in "The Purple Heart"

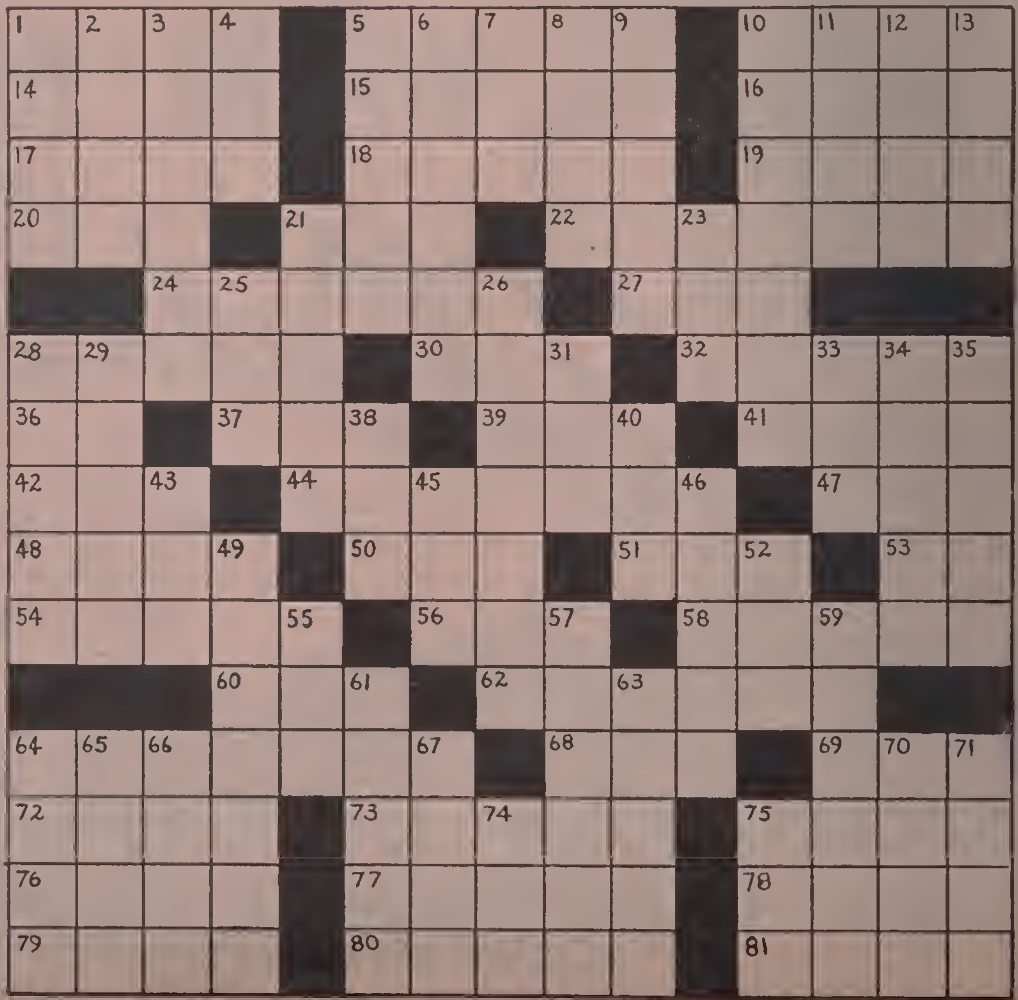
DOWN

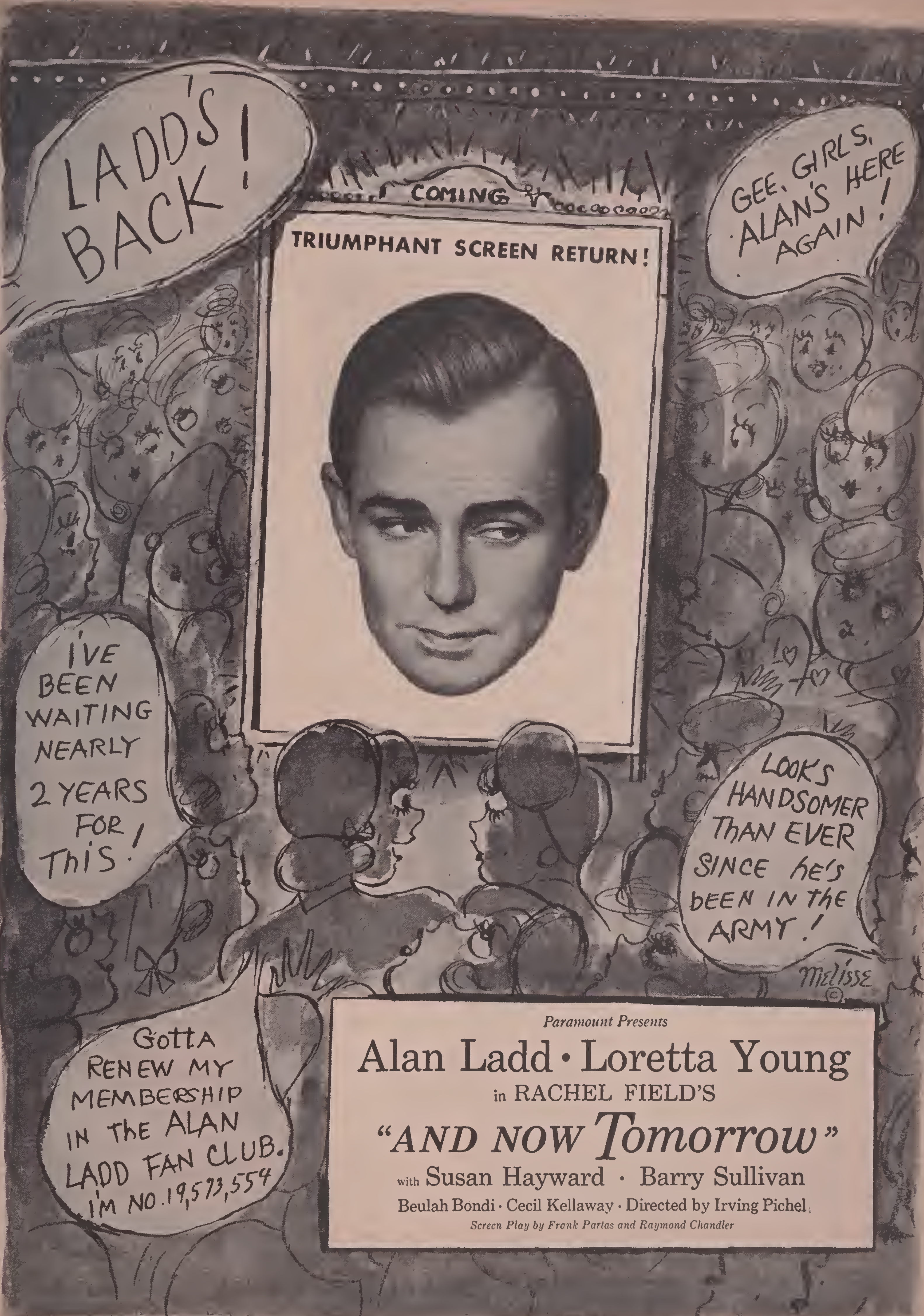
1. "Kathie" in "Tampico"
2. Hindu prayer rug (var.)
3. "Pardon My ----"
4. Female ruff
5. Author of "Dragon Seed"
6. ---- Whelan
7. Swiss canton
8. "The ---- Wolf"
9. "Submarine ----"
10. "Col. Smollett II" is ---- role in "Since You Went Away"
11. Regiment in the Turkish army
12. Futile
13. Noun suffix denoting action
21. Small heaters
23. Movie studio term
25. "J. Boggs-Robinson" in "Casanova in Burlesque"
26. Marries again
28. Opera star is ---- role in "Going My Way"
29. "The Man from Frisco"
31. Walter Huston in "Dragon Seed"
33. Old Dutch liquid measure
34. "Vivian Whirtle" in "Make Your Own Bed"
35. "Theo" is ---- role in "Marriage is a Private Affair"
38. Gladys Cooper is one in "The Song of Bernadette"
40. Movie fade-out
43. Building wing
45. Hurd Hatfield in "Dragon Seed"
46. Arterial trunk
49. B movie that becomes a hit
52. Tap, Tap and --- are in "Hi, Good Looking"
55. "--- My Darling Daughter"
57. Lionel's role in "Since You Went Away"
59. "Gwennie" in "The White Cliffs of Dover"
61. Deprive
63. Partisan
64. Eddie wins her in "Hail the Conquering Hero"
65. Interpret
66. "Miss Burke" in "Take It or Leave It"
67. Antonym for Ole and Chic's screen antics
70. Presently
71. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed"
74. "Steve Lockhard" in "Marine Raiders"
75. Support

---

2 and 4 down are in Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary

(For Solution See Page 89)




LADD'S BACK!
COMING
TRIUMPHANT SCREEN RETURN!
GEE, GIRLS, ALAN'S HERE AGAIN!
I'VE BEEN WAITING NEARLY 2 YEARS FOR THIS!
LOOKS HANDSOMER THAN EVER SINCE HE'S BEEN IN THE ARMY!
Gotta RENEW MY MEMBERSHIP IN THE ALAN LADD FAN CLUB. I'M NO. 19,573,554
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Alan Ladd · Loretta Young

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Beulah Bondi · Cecil Kellaway · Directed by Irving Pichel

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Raymond Chandler

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effortlessly, without seeking them
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perfumes "Follow Me" and
"Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons
she's so very *vẽry* . . .

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The Devil-May-
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FOLLOW ME
(Suivez Moi)
The Perfume That
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

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Movieland's NEW PICTURE GUIDE

5 BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 60

DARK WATERS (United Artists) is a psychological drama dealing with dark and sinister plottings.

Leslie Calvin (Merle Oberon), one of the few survivors of a ship torpedoing which killed her mother and father, arrives in New Orleans and is escorted by Dr. George Grover (Franchot Tone) to the plantation home of her "aunt and uncle" (Fay Bainter and John Qualen).

The somberness of the surrounding bayou, and the strange manner of a "family friend"—a Mr. Sidney (Thomas Mitchell)—give Leslie a feeling of impending doom. And quite rightly, too, for thereafter begins a series of strange, unexplained happenings: lights going mysteriously on and off, and a voice calling her name. Already in a distraught condition, Leslie is easily convinced that she is going mad, and that the lights and voices are but the products of a mentally upset imagination.

So far so good, and all is going as the villains would have it.

Then Leslie calls Dr. Grover for help, whereupon they're both captured and taken to the swamp: next step, murder!

And murder stories are better not advance-described beyond this point, so your reviewer will leave you to fill in the rest for yourself, when you see the picture. Our verdict is that you'll be thrilled and chilled and go home thinking about this one long after you've seen it.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE (Goldwyn) A highly implausible fairy tale, of the zany comedy variety, with a gang of pirates at their swashbucklingest and replete with cutlasses, boots, knives—and Bob Hope.

You won't believe a scene of it—but you're not expected to—so just sit back and relax.

Bob plays a ham vaudeville actor of the seventeenth century, who flees England by popular demand. Virginia Mayo is the Beautiful Maiden, and what's more she *is* beautiful! She, too, is taking quick leave of Britain, for reasons that have to do with her father's not allowing her to marry the man of her cherce.

Alas, their ship is scuttled by pirates, led by the ruthless Hook (Victor McLaglen). And from there on in the laughs come tumbling over themselves, as Hope tries to outwit the naughty pirate and protect the lovely maid.

Comes then the English navy to the rescue, the girl and her father are reunited, The Hook gets his just deserts, and Hope gets no dessert at all. This refers to the ending of the picture, which is laugh-delightful—and anybody who tells you about it before you see it should be made to walk the bloody plank.

IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING (20th Century-Fox) A hotel so crowded with officers' wives that everyone lives on a rigid eating, bathing, and sleeping schedule is hardly the ideal spot for a honeymoon. Especially if the bride is a wealthy young college girl (Jeanne Crain) and the boy, a young, about-to-be alerted lieutenant (Frank Latimore).

This is not so much a drama of how a young couple adjust to one another as how they adjust to the abnormal conditions of wartime living. Jeanne, as the girl from the lap of luxury, does all the wrong things—such as using the bath at

BOTH LIVING A SECRET . . .

EACH AFRAID TO TELL!

They came from different worlds, these two . . . living a lie . . . fearing their past! The screen's newest romantic pair...on the strangest holiday two people ever shared!

GINGER ROGERS
Challenging her "Kitty Foyle"
JOSEPH COTTEN
from his triumph in "Since You Went Away"
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
with grown-up glamour

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Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Produced by DORE SCHARY
Screen Play by Marion Parsonnet
From a story by Charles Martin
A VANGUARD PRODUCTION—RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

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BY WESTMORE

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WESTMORE'S LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

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OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . . Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly — does not streak. Easy fingertip application — no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . . Overglo comes in six flattering skin-tinted shades . . . Economical — one bottle lasts many months.

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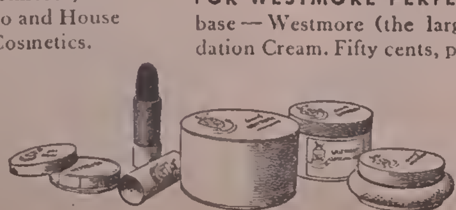

Complete your make-up with Westmore's famous Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

another's scheduled time, eating after the breakfast hour, and mistaking the colonel's wife for the cook.

Admitting and being forgiven her initial mistakes, however, she makes one more—this time involving her husband. But an almost wrecked marriage is saved at the last minute and when the parting time finally comes, they say goodbye feeling they've already shared a lifetime of happiness.

Though stickily sentimental at times, the sketchy plot is sustained by the sensitive portrayals of Jeanne Crain and Frank Latimore, and the comedy of Stanley Prager and Gale Robbins.

THAT'S MY BABY (Republic) Betty Moody (Ellen Drew) takes on the assignment of digging her father (Minor Watson) out of his deep well of being mad at the whole world and despondent. Desperate enough to try anything, Betty calls in Dr. Svatsky (Leonid Kinskey), famed but funny psychiatrist, whose prescription for the patient is—laughter.

In search of this medicine, Betty and her boyfriend (Richard Arlen) make a vaudeville-musical out of the picture by calling in a lot of magicians, musicians and gag men. They also go around tearing paper from night club walls, having learned from Betty's mother what they think is the right clue. And as the whole thing turns out, that is the right clue, and it's Mr. Moody's "baby"—the cartoon he'd drawn twenty years before.

It's all rather labored, as comedy film fare, but Ellen Drew and Richard Arlen do the best they can with the material at hand.

THE CLIMAX (Universal) is an old story ("The Phantom of the Opera") not in the least improved upon by this re-doing of it, except for the addition of sweet-voiced Susanna Foster.

The suspense, if any, is almost accidental and the thrills and chills it gives you will be to the credit of Boris Karloff, as the demented opera house physician, doing the best he can with a formula plot which drags heavily, with all its faults obviously exposed.

On the tenth anniversary of the mysterious disappearance of Marcellina (June Vincent), greatest opera star of her day, Dr. Hohner thinks he hears the dead voice singing again. Actually, it's not Marcellina reappearing from the grave, but a pretty newcomer, named Angela (Susanna Foster), with a voice so like Marcellina's that the similarity is uncanny, even to the impresario who makes the discovery, gives Angela her chance, and arranges for her to sing Marcellina's old roles.

Dr. Hohner, resenting this intrusion on the memories he holds sacred, is determined to still the voice that's like his Marcellina's. The conflict then is true love (Turhan Bey's) versus the hypnotic powers of the doctor-villain, with "will Angela ever sing again" the question that's to be decided in "the climax."

Filmed in Technicolor, the picture is pretty in a sceneful sort of way—but stripped of its feathers and finery, it somehow comes out being as mild as a milkshake.

THE MASTER RACE (RKO), or so they call themselves, may not completely give up their ideas of world dominance when finally they lay down their arms on V-day. We are warned here that they plan to disseminate over Europe to sow their seeds of hatred and distrust. And truth or fiction, the idea commands "suppose it *is* true" consideration.

The story starts with Col. Von Beck lecturing a group of German officers on how to conceal their true identities, biding their time until Germany can again re-arm. Von Beck has himself shipped to a Nazi concentration camp in Kolar, a small Belgian village, and is subsequently liberated by the advancing Allied forces. When free, he goes about his fiendish plan to confuse and disunite the townsfolk. Kolar is fertile field for the colonel, and it is easy, indeed, for him to twist the issues in the minds of these battle-dazed and war-weary people.

But as it turns out, one of Von Beck's own soldiers gives the evidence that sends him before the firing squad.

A thought-provoking and interesting film, with especially capable and convincing performances by George Coulouris as Col. Von Beck, Osa Massen, Morris Carnovsky and Carl Esmond.

Are You in the Know?

How much should you tip?
☐ 10%
☐ A dime for each
☐ Fifty cents

A special guest—so you splurge a bit. You can defrost old frozen-face with 10%—a safe tip in restaurants. (Though for a modest tearoom meal, a dime apiece is right.) Why be flustered by uncertainties? Forget even the little worries of trying days by learning the difference between Kotex and ordinary napkins. The ends of Kotex don't show for they're *pressed flat* . . . not thick or blunt . . . so with Kotex there's no telltale line . . . you'll look *smooth*, feel secure!

What is she doing?
☐ Slicing
☐ Dribbling
☐ Lobbing

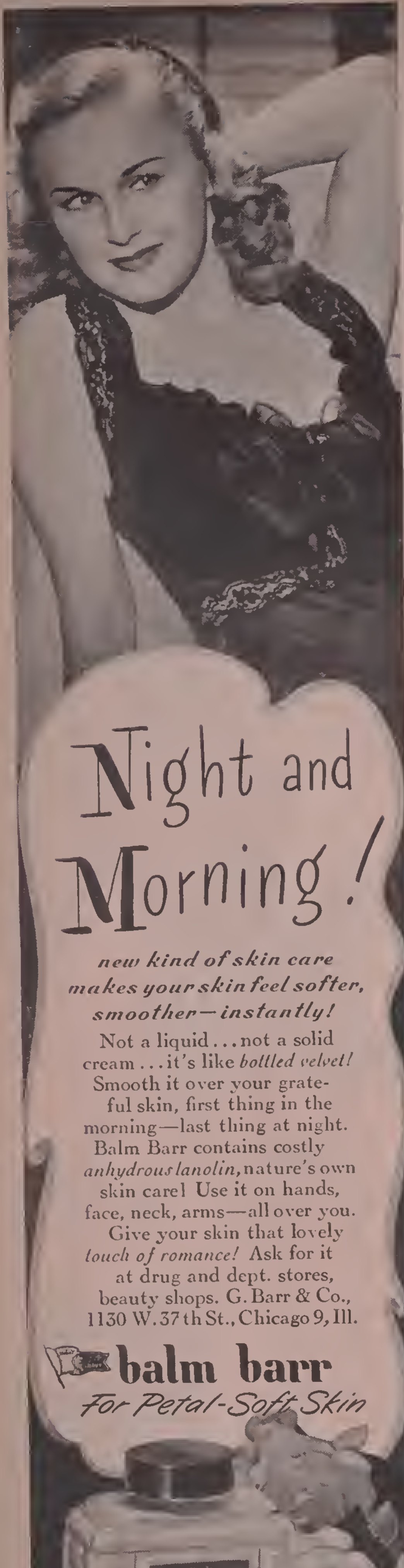
While you cheer from the sidelines—your team's star is *dribbling* the ball. She's going places, but fast! And what's to keep *you* from going places—basketball games or wherever? Surely not "difficult" days! Not when the super safety and comfort of Kotex can be yours! You see, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. It protects you in an *extra special* way. And the softness of Kotex has *staying*-power. Unlike other pads, it doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch, but actually *stays soft while wearing!* So why *shouldn't* a girl be carefree, more comfortable—with Kotex sanitary napkins?

Which neckline flatters a l-o-n-g neck?
☐ V
☐ Deep Oval
☐ High

Poets write about "swanlike" necks—but never an ode to an ostrich! No need to emphasize your lovely long throat. Wear your necklines *high*, wide and handsome . . . round or square. "Choker" beads will flatter you, too. So will *personal daintiness*. Don't neglect it, on "those" days above all. Remember Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was *made* for use on sanitary napkins. Quest removes all question of offending. It's the safe, unscented powder that keeps you assured—and sweet.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.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SAN DIEGO I LOVE YOU (Universal) is the story of school professor, Philip McCooley (Edward Everett Horton), amateur inventor; his four small sons, and his lovely blonde daughter, Virginia (Louise Allbritton).

When father's latest invention, a self-inflating rubber life raft, brings an offer from the Caldwell firm to demonstrate in San Diego, it seems that at last opportunity is knocking on the door. But the sole support of five doesn't want to forfeit the security of his teaching job for a purely speculative proposition. Daughter Virginia, however, is more of the adventuresome type, with the result that not many scenes later we find the whole family warming the seats of a San Diego hotel lobby.

And as if housing troubles were not enough to complicate the lives of our little family, another blow descends. John Caldwell (Jon Hall), owner of the firm, is not favorably disposed to Mr. McCooley's invention, since it was the McCooley menage who evicted him from his train compartment on their recent trip. All a mistake, of course, but not one conducive to everlasting friendship.

Eventually, though, love finds a way, and Mr. Hall and Miss Allbritton get together in many amusing scenes, such as the "Can't Take It With You" one in which she persuades a dead-pan bus driver (Buster Keaton) to drive the long way home, via the beach road, in the interests of beauty.

Amusing this one, all the way through.

TALL IN THE SADDLE (RKO) – Lock up the women and children and duck behind the bar, because here comes a real rootin', tootin' western!

John Wayne is the "tall in the saddle" furiner who comes to town to find out "who done it;" Ella Raines is a gun-totin', knife-throwin' lass (and mighty purty, we add) who sends a bullet past his ear at their first meeting, but winds up loving and being loved in the finale clinches.

Audrey Long, as the sweet city gal, provides the necessary love-interest complication, and Ward Bond, as the crooked judge, figures prominently in the menace department.

BRAZIL (Republic) co-stars Tito Guizar and Virginia Bruce, and has Veloz and Yolanda introducing a new dance (akin to the Samba) which they call—that's right, the Brazil!

Miss Bruce, it should be explained for reasons of plot, is a writer. She has written a best-seller called "Why Marry a Latin?" then goes to Rio, meets Mr. Guizar, comes through a confusing mix-up involving an entirely imaginary twin brother (the same Guizar) and finally finds she can answer her own question.

All of which is good fun—plus the comedy of Edward Everett Horton, the songs of Ary Barroso (the celebrated Latin American composer), and a Rio de Janiero carnival sequence.

DANGEROUS JOURNEY (released by 20th Century-Fox) is a feature film record of the Armand Denis-Leila Roosevelt expedition through Africa and Asia. Essentially a travelogue, it's not entirely without a message as such. On the contrary, the purpose, as explained, is to acquaint us with the lands and peoples the war has made familiar to our men in the services. And one suspects that the views shown—particularly as regards the representation of India—are not altogether objectively, impartially scenic. Picture propaganda, intentional or otherwise, should be judged and recognized for what it is—and we are by now much too familiar with the deceptive device *not* to recognize it.

MY PAL, WOLF (RKO) will remind you canine-lovers of the old Rin Tin Tin series, being a story about a dog and a little girl named Gretchen (Sharyn Moffett) who meet at the bottom of an old dry well and are fast, fine friends until the Army authorities do them separate.

The point is, you see, that Wolf is a runaway from a dog-training camp and has to be returned thereto. But Gretchen's visiting Washington to present her case to the Secretary of War is not entirely in vain, for she's given a police-puppy to stand in for Wolf while he's away to the wars.

THE BATTLE FOR THE MARIANAS (Warner Bros.) is a significant document of startlingly real shots taken during the heat of the battle to re-

(*Continued on page 78*)

A young matron is perplexed

A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (often designated as the *menopause*). *What is she to do?* This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case *you* are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try *famous* Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

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SOLDIERS' MOTHERS DON'T CRY

When the telegram came, a mother hid her tears in order to give hope to other mothers and sweethearts — a true, heartlifting story by the famous doctor-author, Frederic Loomis, M.D. In December Pageant Magazine.

BOB BENCHLEY AT HIS BEST

After having said, "Thanks a million, toots!" to your hostess, you leave her apartment and bump into a stranger at the elevator — and then the fun begins, as Benchley tickles your ribs with one of the funniest yarns of his wisecracking career.

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Read "Sultan's Favorite Vanishes" — one of the most astounding stories ever told — a still unsolved mystery of old New Orleans. A true story of murder and intrigue in the Creole city.

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PICTURES IN

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:

NOB HILL, in Technicolor, with Joan Bennett, George Raft, Vivian Blaine and Peggy Ann Garner. Miss Bennett has been working on the picture with muscles stiffened by cleaning her basement, washing windows, and indulging in similar non-actressy activities. She couldn't get a man to do this work, so calmly did it herself. She's quite a gal. And note, too, that this casting puts George Raft on the 20th lot at the same time that Betty Grable is working here. Argus-eyed studio employees have, to date, been intensely disappointed by the fact that the ex-sweethearts haven't met in the commissary!

HANGOVER SQUARE has Laird Cregar, George Sanders, Linda Darnell and the inimitable Reginald Gardiner (wittiest man in Hollywood). Sanders is the author of a tome entitled entitled "Crime On My Hands" which is now available at your local bookshop. George is currently using time between picture shots to work on another book. Remember when Somnambulistic George spent all his spare time sleeping?

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE is the new Grable-Dick Haymes opus being shot in Technicolor. In the Acapulco number Betty wears so scanty a costume that she has been having luncheon exclusively in her dressing room, as she felt a trifle too gypsy-rose-lee to appear in public. Members of the armed forces please note, for future reference.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE is a comedy, in Technicolor, with Fred MacMurray (making his first appearance at 20th), Joan Leslie (making her first appearance on loanout from Warner's) and a pretty little 20th Century native called June Haver.

CZARINA is probably going to be this blase reviewer's favorite picture of the month for five reasons, to wit: Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. Story has to do with the escapades of Russia's celebrated Catherine, and it is replete with the celebrated Lubitsch touches. In one delightful sequence Bill Eythe, as the bearded Dragoon, leaves his regiment as a lieutenant and returns twenty-four hours later, a colonel. Unfortunately, the title of the picture will probably be changed, because officials at 20th don't feel that the single tab "Czarina" conveys the full comedy content of the production. A one-hundred-dollar reward has been offered by the studio to any member thereof who submits a satisfactory title. So far "Affair of State," "The Empress Proposes," have been suggested seriously. Frivolous minded members of the department have offered, after viewing Bill Eythe's sparse chin wavers, the title "The Hesitant Beard." And what's wrong with the label, "The Reluctant Dragoon?"

AT REPUBLIC:

LAKE PLACID SERENADE, with Vera Hruba Ralston, Brad Taylor, and bril-

PRODUCTION

liantly funny (as always) Vera Vague.

GRISSLY'S MILLIONS, with Paul Kelly and Virginia Grey.

THE GREAT FLAMMARION, with Erich von Stroheim, Mary Beth Hughes, and Dan Duryea (who did an excellent job in "Mrs. Parkington" as Edward Arnold's dissolute, caddish son, and who will win a supporting Oscar one of these days, if given the proper role).

A SONG FOR JULIE, which should be music in arabesques because of the presence of dancers Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

SPELLBOUND, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck and John Emery.

HIGH AMONG THE STARS, with dimpled Jane Powell, saturnine Arthur Treacher, and lovable Louise Beavers.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND, the story of Texas farmers and their struggles to elicit production from 60 acres of river bottom land, has Zachary Scott and Betty Field in the lead with deadpan Percy Kilbride likely to catch them in the stretch.

IT'S IN THE BAG is also in the gag—courtesy of Fred Allen, Binnie Barnes, and John Carradine, a recent bridegroom who liked his wife so well that he married her twice in succession.

AT UNIVERSAL:

SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED introduces the spectacular Canadian girl, Yvonne De Carlo, who was selected because she sang, she was an accomplished ballet dancer, and she could ride horseback. The picture is being shot in Technicolor, and Salome in the title has reference primarily to a small western town by that name.

FAIRY TALE MURDER is Gloria Jean's current picture; story deals with a girl who has been vigorously sheltered from knowledge of the world outside her home by an uncle, John Qualen. Her introduction to the wickedness of portions of mankind is by way of murder, drastic but dramatic. Romantic lead was won by a newcomer with the impressive label Keefe Brasselle.

THE SUSPECT is another psychological murder chiller, directed by the man who gave you "The Phantom Lady"—Robert Siodmak. Cast includes Charles Laughton, Ella Raines, Dean Harens, and Henry Daniell.

AT WARNERS:

OF HUMAN BONDAGE is still in production, with Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Patric Knowles and Edmund Gwenn.

PILLAR TO POST, with Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet, and William Prince, also introduces 6'4" Johnny Mitchell, who is a frightful problem to the hairdressers. While working in a wind scene, the director asked the hairdresser why better care was not taken of the Mitchell hair, which was

(Continued on page 23)

"Every new mother will know what I mean!"

"I worried about the weight I put on after the baby came. Then I discovered a practical way to regain my slender figure," says Mrs. Lois Cameron of Chicago, Ill.

Before

After

Lois Cameron had three problems. She needed more energy to take care of her sturdy baby. She wanted to lose the 20 pounds she had put on after her baby was born. And she needed something that would keep up her morale after her husband had gone into the service.

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Waist 3½ inches smaller, and hips 4 inches smaller, she now wears a size 12 instead of 16. Her skin is softer, finer in texture; her hair shows improvement.

As a result of years of swimming, Lois Cameron had developed an athletic figure. Usually, that means hard-to-lose pounds. But "eating as a beauty eats" and fun-to-do exercises reduced her weight from 136 to 116—just right for her 5 feet 2. Happy Lois Cameron says: "I'm living the DuBarry way of life!"

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and many others.

FRANCES GIFFORD'S *Horoscope*

1944			DECEMBER			1944
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

DREAMS began to come true for this unusually gifted young star this year, largely because she has learned to adapt herself to situations as well as to people.

At birth, her Sun in the fiery, idealistic sign Sagittarius and her Moon in the feminine, emotional sign Cancer indicated high nervous tension with an extremely receptive mentality, since Mercury, the Planet of the mind, is in close conjunction to her Sun and in favorable position to Neptune, the Planet of intuition.

Born with a deep respect for education, she has never neglected to study and learn. There are several indications that, with understanding cooperation or the right partnership, she will sooner or later supprise us with some very interesting literary contribution of her own.

Hers is a calm and penetrating view of living, although because she is sometimes living "on edge" there are swift reactions and short-lived angers. Her enthusiasm and alertness conceal a most mental attitude to the glories of her profession, especially such heady glories as popularity. She wants no popularity based on outward appearance alone; whatever of it she will accept is that which is due to her (*Continued on page* 89)

for those persons born between Nov. 24 and Dec. 23

THIS should have been an outstanding year of personal achievement for those people born under the sign Sagittarius, bringing an entirely new understanding of themselves and of living, through new and unusual contacts with interesting people and unexpected situations.

It was far from smooth going all the way, and many a hurdle has been almost too high to take. But you have certainly developed the ability to be quiet and wait instead of giving in to your usually impetuous temperament. If you have been entirely honest with the other fellow, you have gained greatly. If not, even with the best of advice, your losses have proved that honesty in everything is the only course a Sagittarian may safely follow.

Things moved slowly until August, when something was started on your own and made a good financial advancement in spite of the fact that others tried to get all the glory. It was a good time to make that change, then or September, as you now realize. October was a double-barrelled time, with things coming and going as rapidly, but the profit outweighed the loss, for the gain was yours by right of hard work and personal enterprise. Secret planning though November and December should find you well set, so cut expenses and don't be overconfident. 1945 is coming along fast, and promises to bring you much more advencement as well as a big and better change of residence, employment, or affairs of the heart.

PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

fluttering in the breeze in a manner contrary to the tradition of leading men. "Because," sighed the exhausted hairdresser, 5'2" tall, "I can't reach his head without cooperation and he won't bend down to have his hair combed because he says it's silly. That in a wind storm he would *be* messed up."

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, with Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey, Dane Clark, and John Ridgely, whom you remember as the pilot in "Air Force."

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER is being directed by Jean Negulesco, who turned in a brilliant directorial job under the title "Mask of Dimitrios." His stars in this one are John Garfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Walter Brennan, Faye Emerson and Ruth Donnelly.

SAN ANTONIO stars Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. Alexis and Craig Stevens recently moved into a new apartment which they thought needed to be redecorated. They consulted the manager, who suggested that they get in touch with the apartment owner. Alexis telephoned the number given and had begun her explanation when the deep voice of the apartment owner asked, "What did you say your name was?"

"Alexis Smith—or Alexis Stevens, I should say."

The voice laughed. "This is Fred MacMurray," he said.

AT COLUMBIA:

TOGETHER AGAIN, a frothy comedy with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Charles Coburn (who must have a pogo stick to get from picture to picture so fast), and Elizabeth Patterson.

SONG OF TAHITI, with Jinx Falkenburg and Dave O'Brien.

COUNTER ATTACK, with Paul Muni and Marguerite Chapman.

SING ME A SONG OF TEXAS, with Pinky Tomlin, Rosemary Lane, Guinn Williams and the Hoosier Hot Shots. This is one more indication that Hollywood has discovered Texas, as pictures with Lone Star locales are now being produced by Columbia, United Artists, and Warners.

EADIE WAS A LADY is keeping Ann Miller, Jeff Donnell (a girl), and Hal McIntyre's band busy.

AT MGM:

SONG OF LASSIE, with Peter Lawford, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, June Lockhart and Lassie, is still in the making.

THE CLOCK is taking up the time of Judy Garland, Robert Walker, and Hume Cronyn.

THRILL OF A ROMANCE is running down the spines of Van Johnson (who is going to become a godfather in December, when the second Keenan Wynn child is born), Esther Williams, Lauritz Melchior, Spring Byington, Frances Gifford (who is a regular Friday nighter at the Hollywood Canteen) and Tommy Dorsey.

(*Continued on page* 79)

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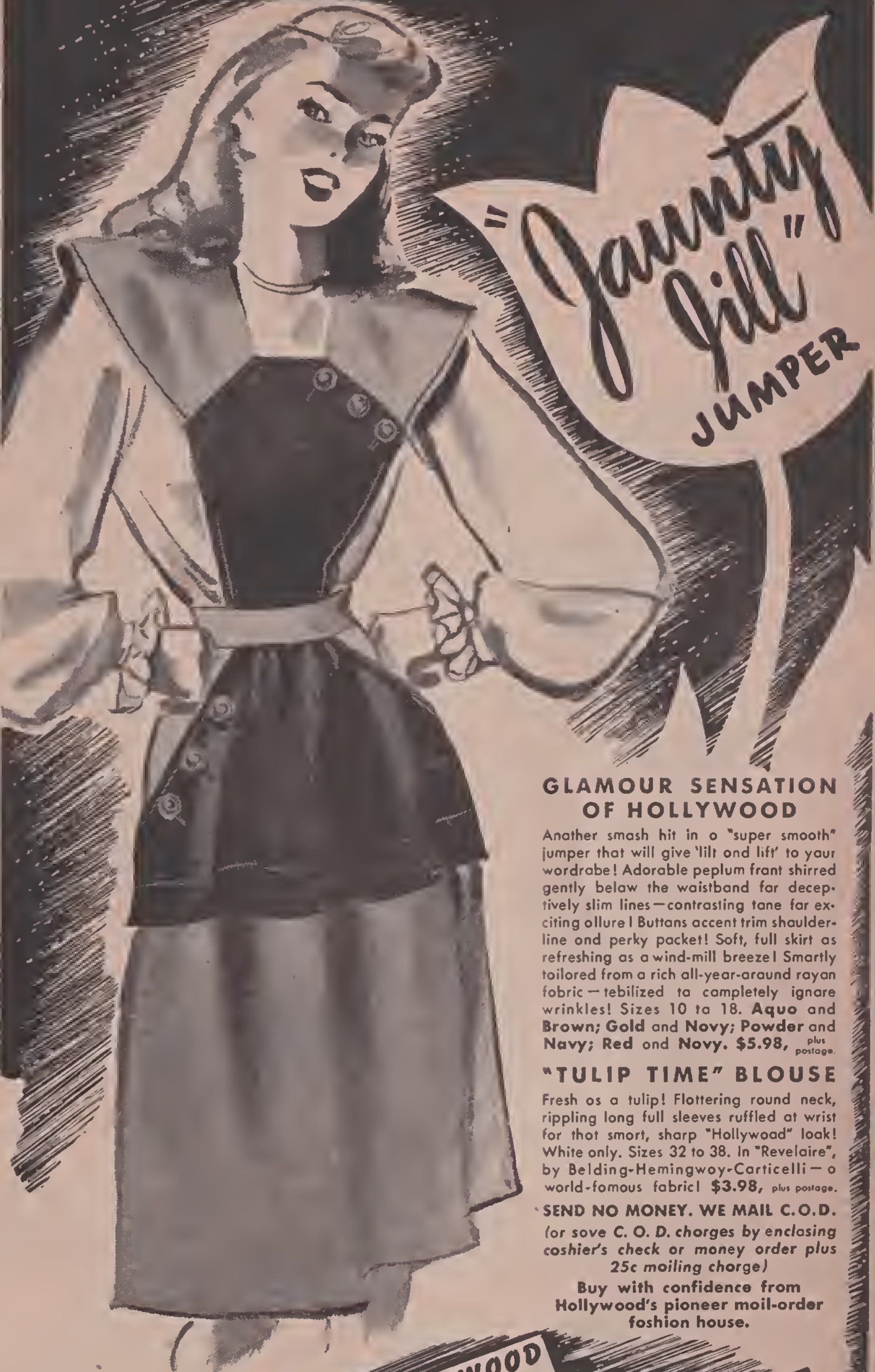

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CITY
STATE
ZONE

Another Betty Co-Ed Offering on Page 64

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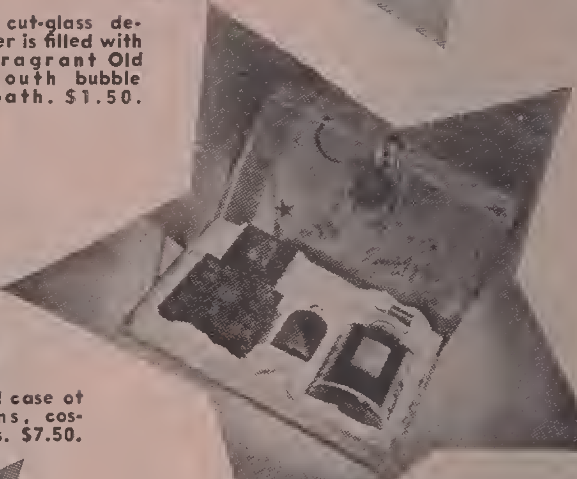
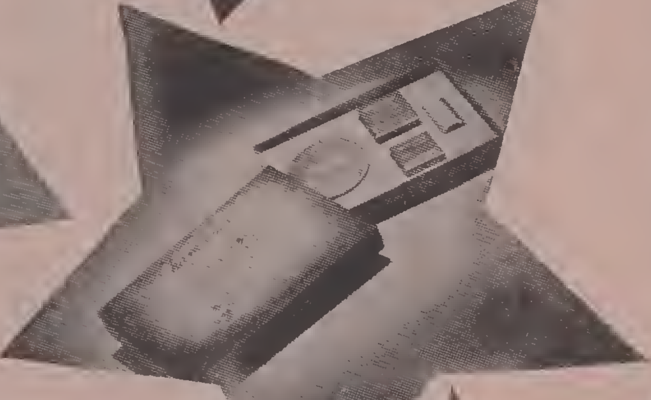


Evening in Paris rouge, powder, lipstick, talc, perfume by Bourjois. $5.50.

Chen Yu's smart Cruise kit holds all the essentials for a good manicure. $3.50.



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Ssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

YOUTH DINES AND DANCES in a street length dress like this lovely little number with its charming Mexican neckline. The stunning plastic combs add after-dark glamour to the simple but lovely hair-do. Credit for the extra lustre and shining smoothness of her hair belongs to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

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"There's a world of love in you . . . but it's not for me . . . or any other woman . . .

NEVER BEFORE HAS THE SCREEN SO DARINGLY UNLOCKED THE SECRET SANCTUARY OF A MAN'S HEART!

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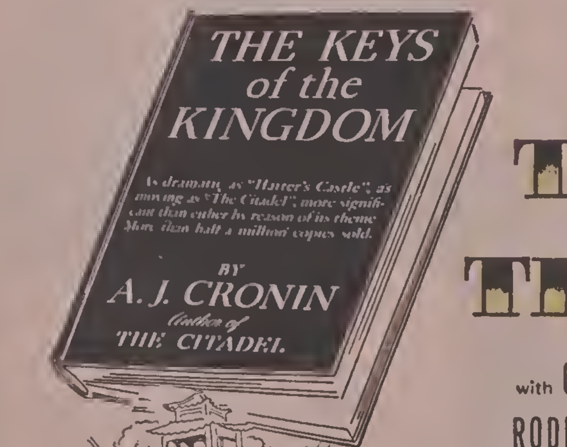
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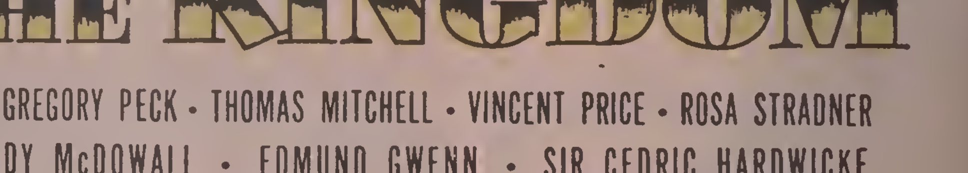

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX . . . The Company that made "WILSON"

THE PICTORIAL LIFE STORY OF

Anne Baxter

ANNE BAXTER *Continued*

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1. Born in Michigan City, Ind., May 7, 1923, Anne began her drama career at the age of 5.

2. She started studying dramatics at 7; made her stage debut at 13 in "Seen But Not Heard."

3. Next came Broadway, experience in summer stock, and then in February, 1940—Hollywood!

4. She has since made 10 pictures. Lives with her mother, in a Beverly Hills apartment.

5. Her hobby is food. She collects recipes that are rare, likes eating in unusual places.

6. Granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, she is 5' 3", weighs 111 lbs., wears a size 5½ shoe.

7. Bill Eythe was her "Eve of St. Mark" boyfriend—in real life, too, for the last year.

8. She's just made "Sunday Dinner" and is seriously dating the "Soldier," John Hodiak.

9. Producer Hunt Stromberg borrowed her from 20th Century for "Guest in The House."

This is Myself - Van Johnson

Breakfast with the Wynns; a bit of unrationed "ham."

"Two Girls and a Sailor," washing their tea dishes.

A collector of records, classical music preferred.

In Florida while making "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

An old soap and safety-razor shaver.

The man came to dinner, but no dinner?

A star in less than two years. "Thrill of a Romance" is his next.

I LIKE:

Saturday nights, lobster dinners, navy blue, any Garbo picture, tennis, Chopin's Waltz in C-sharp minor.

I HATE:

Telephones. I never remember to call back. I'm always saying: "I really must call So-and-so; he's in town and he was swell to me in New York," or "I ought to call Mary and tell her how good she was in that last picture. I'll give her a ring tonight."—and I never do. I hate telephones.

MY FIRST AMBITION

Was to grow up. I wanted to make my own living, not be dependent, have things my own way. Now that I'm grown up, I often wish I were little again. . . . Anyway—

I'D LIKE TO LIVE OVER

Those Saturdays my father used to take me to the seashore. We'd go to the beach at Newport, Rhode Island, taking the trolley. We'd go in swimming, eat (*Continued on page* 64)

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Ann Sheridan . . . A MISS ON A MISSION

"She's a super duper
This G.I. trouper . . ."
So say the men in the forces

By JOE GOOTER

A MODERN Aladdin bearing gifts of entertainment, Ann Sheridan soared off to distant lands on a magic carpet (C-46 version) to write a wondrous saga for eight weeks. No magic lamp was rubbed to make it come true—just a green light given her by the USO.

A USO Camp Show entertainment trip to the CBI Theater. Take it from Annie, the CBI Theater is *not* a new radio network! Those magic initials stand for China-Burma-India, and represent a lot of sweating, sacrificing, homesick American heroes in uniform, many of whom have been in service two years and longer, and this was their first show.

With Ann on the tour went Ben Blue, movie comedian; Jackie Miles, Broadway funmaker; Mary Landa, dancer; and Ruth Denas, accordionist-singer. Actually theirs was not the first unit assigned to the CBI Theater, but only two troupes had been there before them—Joe E. Brown's outfit and the show headed by Paulette Goddard—and don't forget, there's a lot of territory to be covered. No one troupe could possibly get to all those difficult-to-reach and farflung places, some of which are hardly more than unidentified dots on a war map.

After traveling 60,000 miles, playing in Casablanca (from the picture of the same name), Oran, Algiers, Cairo, two weeks in India, flying over The Hump (the Himalayas) into China, and from there to the Burma jungles, Ann arrived back in New York on September 6, flashing the famous Sheridan smile, and saying, "Gee, it was swell. Only getting back after a trip like ours isn't the big thrill that it might be, because you wish your own homecoming could be shared by all those men overseas."

Not a word of complaint about the rigors of traveling minus civilization's comforts—only this: "It's good to be back where there are toilets that flush!"

And apologies for the rainstorm which greeted her arrival back in the States drew the Sheridan light touch of dismissal: "Oh, this couldn't bother me. Not after the weather I've seen!"

In (*Continued on page* 63)

← *Opposite*

1. To do a show for USO . . . Ann Sheridan and other members of the entertainment unit sent to the CBI area, as they arrived ready to give a performance at Agra, India.
2. You'd like to pose by one of those? It's the "Great Stone Face" of New Delhi, which was one of the few major cities visited by the Sheridan party on their 60,000-mile tour.
3. The riding is rough, you gotta be tough . . . to take Chinese roads in a jeep! These men are Special Service Officers at Kumming, China. Melvyn Douglas is in the picture. See?
4. The Sheridan smile in the land of the Nile . . . was get-well quick treatment for wardees at this Egyptian hospital base. Who cares about the illness, just look who's the cure!
5. She signed her name for one and all, brought home stones from Taj Mahal . . . and a lot of other souvenirs, too! Officer with dark glasses, at the right, is Major Zimmerman.
6. In China again, the place is Hsing Chin . . . What a mixed up state of affairs, when you visit the country that's supplied the world with laundrymen, and have to do your own wash!

Janie's name is Joyce

She's Joyce Reynolds, college co-ed who took a career instead

BY
MARION
COOPER

JOYCE REYNOLDS came to Movietown from Texas, but not for the usual reason. She came, if you please, for a college education!

Although she's just nineteen, Joyce is one of the most level-headed, poised young women in Hollywood. She's been here three years, and she has yet to attend her first Hollywood party. She's heiress to a sizeable tract of land deep in the heart of you-know-where.

But shouldn't we start at the beginning?

The beginning was in San Antonio, where she was born Helen Joyce Reynolds. From all accounts she was anything but the little angel you'd naturally, ex-

Under contract for only two years, Joyce is already fan-rated "the Hollywood hit girl."

It might be a scene from her current movie, "Hollywood Canteen." But no—these are GI Joes who met Joyce at Mitchel Field.

Highlight of her recent N. Y. trip was a visit to LaGuardia. And the wings she wears? They were given to her by a Marine.

The "Junior Miss", and cast for the role of the same name. Born in Texas, and she hopes to own a ranch there someday.

Joyce is an "outdoor girl" in the real sense, not just for the benefit of the studio photographer. She also fishes and hunts.

Back to school, but just to visit! Joyce and Solly Biano, Warner Bros. talent scout responsible for "discovering" her. She was enrolled as a student at U.C.L.A., at the time; a dramatics major.

Janie's name is Joyce

continued

pect, judging from her so sweet 'n demure appearance.

She was a little devil in school, always talking and disrupting the class. Joyce thinks it was her memory of how she made her own teachers suffer that discouraged any ambitions she might have had for teaching as her own career.

Her mother wanted her to work toward a degree for teaching when she enrolled at U.C.L.A., but Joyce would have none of it. And when Miss Reynolds makes up her mind, you might as well know, it stays that way!

"No," she told her mother, "that's out. That's settled. Let's not talk about it."

She majored in dramatics instead.

Which proved to be a wise choice, because she was discovered by a Warner Brothers talent scout while playing Alice in a school production of "Alice in Wonderland."

It was only after she was tested, and offered a contract, that Joyce suddenly discovered she had a yen for the movies. And then that little maker-up-of-minds made up her mind once more.

"I'll give an acting career three years," she decided. "Then if nothing very special happens, I'll go back to college."

Of course plenty *did* happen, as you know—"Yankee Doodle Dandy," "George Washington Slept Here," "The Constant Nymph," and "Janie." (And she's been under contract only two years.) As if that weren't enough, she'll play "Junior Miss" very soon.

Joyce likes to tell how she got the part of Paula in "The Constant Nymph," her first important role. She was assisting another young actress who was testing for the part of Toni in the same picture, when Director Edmund Goulding decided he'd like to test Joyce, right then and there.

"There was no time to study the part," she says, "so Mr. Goulding told me just to go ahead and talk about anything. I said the only thing I could think of:

'I'm testing for Paula in 'The Constant Nymph.'

"The funny part was, I wasn't the least bit nervous. I guess the honest truth is I knew so little about acting then that I just didn't *know* enough to be nervous."

But getting the plum role of Janie was quite a different story. She made test after test for it, and so did a number of other promising young actresses. The only reason Joyce wasn't nervous then was because she was positive she hadn't a chance in the world of ever winning the part.

If there's one thing that *does* make her nervous, however, it's having to make a personal appearance—especially since something that happened on her last visit to Texas.

"I made an appearance at a Canteen," Joyce said, "and when I stood up to face the boys I got the jitters. For a minute I couldn't think of a thing to say. Then I had an inspiration. I beamed on them and said: 'Hello, all you wonderful Texas people. I'm so happy to be back with my own home folks.'

"Every face froze," Joyce said. "I could *feel* the chill, and I stopped dead. I couldn't understand it at first, and then suddenly light dawned. Not one of the boys was a Texan. They were just stationed there!"

Joyce has better luck with her own service man, who *is* a Texan. He's First Lieutenant Robert F. Lewis, a Marine flier in the South Pacific.

Bob is from Houston, where Joyce did the major part of her growing-up—but oddly enough they didn't meet until a year ago, when Bob was stationed in Southern California.

"Bob's cousin is one of my best friends," Joyce explains, "and when she came out here to visit her Marine husband, she brought him and Bob over one evening. We went out on a double date, just four Texans seeing the town. As a matter of fact, I made my first visit to the Mocambo with them that night.

"Bob and I didn't pay much attention to each other that first evening—or even on our second double date, a week later. It took a month for us to fall in love."

Now Joyce and Bob—who is six-feet-two, with blond wavy hair, and just one year older than she is—are "unofficially" engaged.

They haven't seen each other since January, when he went overseas, but Bob has taken good care that Joyce won't forget him. ("As if I could!" Joyce will tell you.) Before he left he placed a standing order with a local florist. Every month a large bouquet of roses arrives with his card.

It will be time enough to think about marriage, Joyce feels, when the war is over. She's reconciled, meanwhile, to their separation. "It's always been like that," she says wistfully. "All my romances leave town. Either the Army takes them away, or they go back to school."

Always before, she took that matter-of-factly. She makes no bones about it's being different this time. This time she's positive it's the real thing, not just "puppy love."

But while she's waiting she concentrates on career. Joyce loves her work. To her the studio spells excitement, and she never becomes bored. Even after two years as an actress, she finds Hollywood glamorous. "Something's always happening," she says. "New people to meet, or new parts coming up. It never gets dull."

She's still wide-eyed at meeting celebrities, still very much a fan. As a matter of fact, she spends much of her free time at the movies. Whether a picture is good, bad or indifferent, you never have any trouble persuading Joyce to sit through a four-hour (*Continued on page* 82)

She visited the world's tallest teepee (the Empire State Building), as would any other tourist seeing N. Y. for the first time; and met the late Al Smith.

Back to Hollywood, to start a new picture. Being an actress is work, too—even for a nineteen-year-old who's an heiress!

Fuehrer who lives in a trailer.

His home for eight years.

All modern conveniences.

The decor scheme is Taos Indian.

I AM HITLER . . .

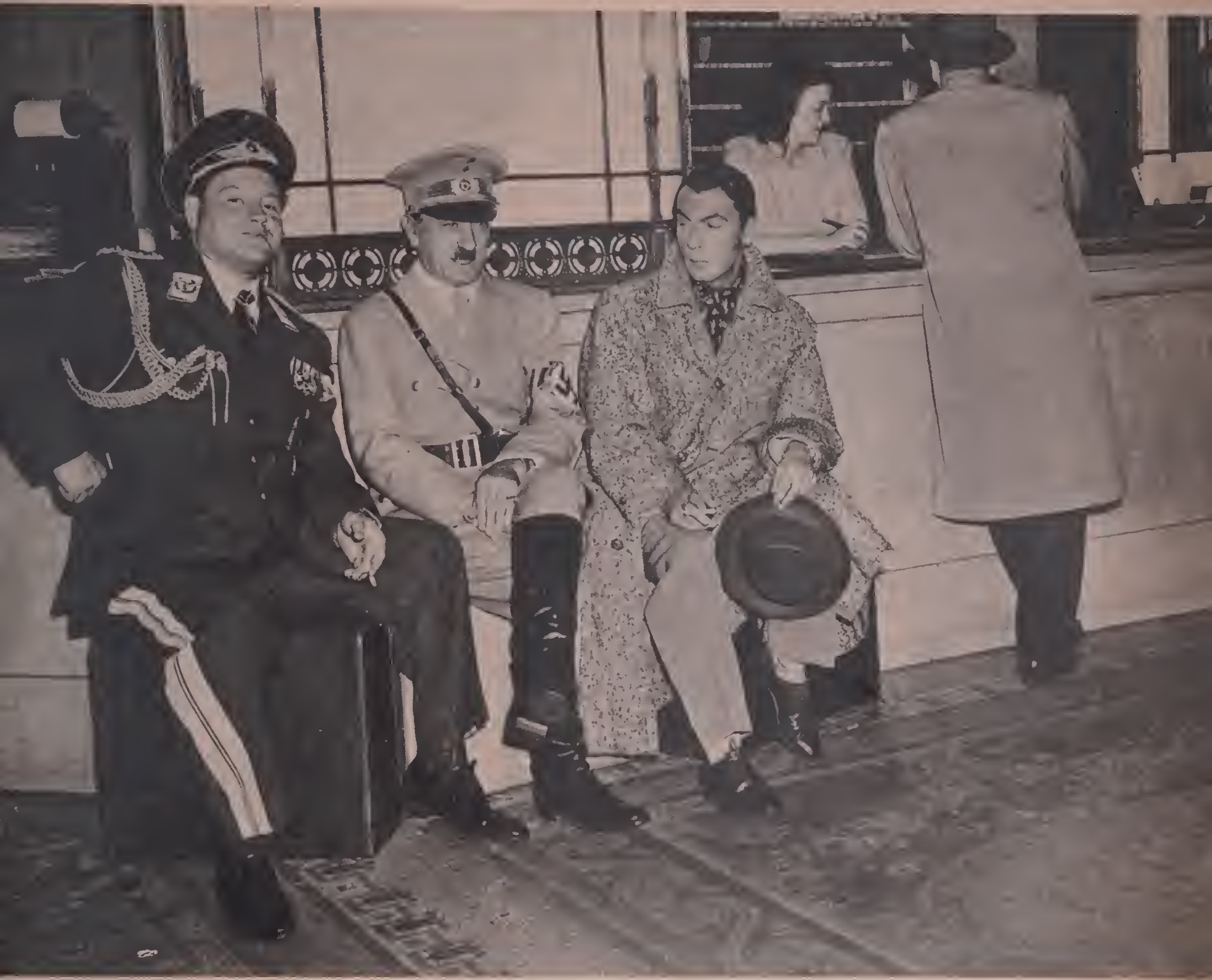
IF YOU want to interview Adolf Hitler you don't go to Berlin, to Munich or to Berchtesgaden. You go to Hollywood.

Right up in the hills back of Hollywood on a street called Whitley Drive. In the rear of one of the houses you'll find an auto trailer, and inside will be Adolf Hitler.

At least a lot of people thought it was Adolf Hitler for quite some time, and phoned anonymous tips to the FBI, the Sheriff's office and the county cops—which all caused Robert Watson no end of trouble.

"Finally," said Watson, "I just kept out of sight. Small boys were throwing rocks at me, my friends yelled 'Heil, Hitler!' while giving the Nazi salute, and total strangers threatened to punch me right in the nose or commit other bodily harm."

Robert Watson not only looks like Adolf Hitler, but is of the same size and build and can, when necessary, duplicate Der Fueh-



"The Hitler Gang", photographed in a New York hotel lobby! (What a riot that must have caused!)

in Hollywood

You think we're kidding? So did the FBI! But a lot of people believed their own eyes, and this is what those people believed

By WILLARD SHAW

rer's voice, antics and sundry other symptoms of what doubtless is one form of dementia or another. He did it for a number of months, recently, when he was head man in Paramount's "The Hitler Gang."

It wasn't the first time that Watson, a native of Springfield, Ill., a student of Lincoln, and a former stage comedian, had portrayed Hitler on the screen. But it was just about the first time he had done it so seriously, intently and completely.

"About three years ago at a party at Malibu," he explains, "I combed my hair down over one eye, put on a false mustache, yelled a lot of double talk that could have been German, and seemed to amuse some of my friends. In particular, there was the son of a newspaper publisher there. He insisted on taking my picture and getting it printed in the paper.

"Hal Roach, who was looking for an (*Continued on page* 80)

UNMASKING FRANCHOT TONE

CUSTOMERS in the quiet Sunset Boulevard tearoom could scarcely eat their luncheon. For there at a table in a corner sat Franchot Tone, wearing a coat with a torn sleeve, his clothes wrinkled as if they'd been drenched and had dried on him, his hair on end, and *two black eyes!*

You know Franchot. He's the high-silk-hat, suave sophisticate, immaculately groomed from the top of his dark head to the heel of his shining shoes. The tearoom buzzed with speculation.

The object of curiosity read a book and ate his leisurely way through a vegetable plate. Apparently he didn't feel the eyes upon him. When he'd finished, he went out with his usual detached air, and the buzzing became louder.

It just goes to show you how convincing skillful make-up can be!

Franchot was working in the swamp sequence of "Dark Waters," Ben Bogeaus' production, in which the actor and Merle Oberon are in and out of water for days and are badly beaten by a band of ruffians. The black eyes were temporarily applied for that purpose.

And that's a sample of what Hollywood doesn't know about Franchot. He's been in (*Continued on page* 74)

< You don't become an actor just because the idea occurs to you, but Franchot's acting career developed without being an ambition.

In Hollywood more than a decade, but Tone is still a man of mystery. Some say they know him, but only a few really do

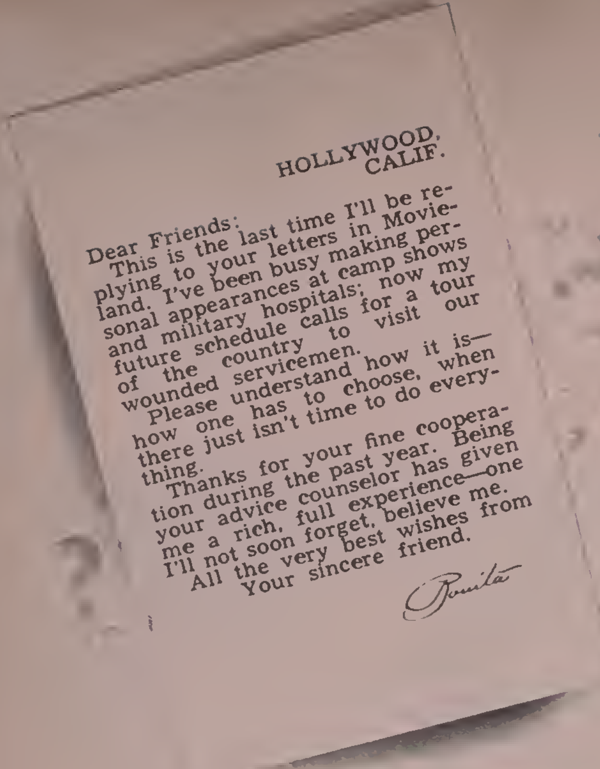
By

FRANCES MILLER

The Tone family photographed for the first time; the lovely Mrs. T. (the former Jean Wallace), little Pascal and pleased-papa-Franchot.

A radio show appearance (Stage Door Canteen), with Martha Scott. Looking over Franchot's shoulder is your singing friend, Perry Como.

On the "Dark Waters" set, with the property expert trussing Tone up for his next scene. The cuts and bruises are out of a make-up box.



HOLLYWOOD,
CALIF.

Dear Friends:

This is the last time I'll be replying to your letters in Movieland. I've been busy making personal appearances at camp shows and military hospitals; now my future schedule calls for a tour of the country to visit our wounded servicemen.

Please understand how it is—how one has to choose, when there just isn't time to do everything.

Thanks for your fine cooperation during the past year. Being your advice counselor has given me a rich, full experience—one I'll not soon forget, believe me.

All the very best wishes from
Your sincere friend.
Bonita

YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

By Bonita Granville

INTRODUCING: Your new problem page editor, Jane Wyman! Not that a good friend like Jane needs any introduction, but we just want you to know that you can keep your questions coming—care Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., L. A. 46, Calif.—and starting next month, you'll be answered by—Jane Wyman!

Dear Miss Granville:

Mine is a personal as well as family problem. You see, although I am only fifteen, I know my life's ambition is to become an actor. I have acted in many school plays and want to go to dramatic school when I graduate from high school. But my father thinks it is all ridiculous, and that I should go to college instead.

Also, we are devoutly religious, and he says no one can lead a religious life in Hollywood as an actor. Is this true?

Sincerely Yours,
Leon

Dear Leon:

First of all, are you sure you really possess the necessary ambition and talent to become an actor after intensive study and experience, or are you merely enthralled with the idea, as many young people today become? In any event, a college education would only help you become a better actor as well as a better person. It can never hinder your career.

As far as religion is concerned, perhaps you can point out to your father that religion plays a very important part in the lives of most actors and actresses in Hollywood, as well as in New York. I know this to be a fact.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

In my outfit there are a lot of us soldiers who have just returned to the front from furloughs home, and who have found out a very unhappy truth. Our girl friends are no more. In short, they have given us up for a bunch of civilians and camp commandos who are on the spot to press their case, and that lets us out just beautifully.

I know there isn't anything you can do about this problem, but we just thought we would like to know your opinions on the subject.

Unhappily,
John T.

Dear John:

Needless to say, this is a problem that worries me very much. There is not very much I can say that will do any good. However, it seems to me that the really nice girls, even though they are under a difficult and confusing emotional strain these days, will not stray off the path they have chosen to follow with you boys. Never forget there are many of these girls waiting for you to come home—maybe not the same one you are thinking about now—but nice girls will be here for you when you get back. Also, don't let your emotions run away with you. There is a certain enchantment about letters that often tends to cause one to take too much for granted.

In the long run, John, trite though this may sound, you are certainly better off without the girl, if she is the kind who would jilt you without giving you a fighting chance.

Good luck.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

I guess my problem should come under the heading of Beauty, because it concerns my eyes.

They are nice enough as far as eyes go, but they are too small for the size of my face. I am extremely sensitive about this fact, and have tried very many ways to overcome it, but there doesn't seem to be much I can do about it.

Could you recommend some kind of make-up that I could use to correct this feature—in a small way, at least?

Sincerely,
Helen

Dear Helen:

First of all, don't make up your eyes or your face too heavily. This would only accentuate this feature, rather than hide it. Never mascara your lower lashes. Try and diminish the size of your lips by following the smallest natural line rather than following the supposed accepted fashion of larger lips. By doing this, your face will conform to more normal lines, and the eyes will not appear unduly small.

Try this, and let me know your results.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Bonita:

I am in the Marines and located near a large city, and during my free time I want to try and meet some nice, decent girls to spend my leaves with. But that is really a problem for us fellows, because we would really like to meet girls like the ones we left back in our home towns, but they just don't seem to be available around here.

Can you suggest any way I can meet such nice girls?

James

Dear James:

I would advise you to enter into activities in your nearest church group during your next leave, for there is bound to be a young people's group actively working in the church. Also, frequent your local U.S.O., for they, too, are particular in choosing the young girls who act as hostesses.

Remember that there are many young girls today who are looking for nice young men; it is just a matter of not becoming impatient.

I admire your attitude in this matter, and do believe you will one day find the right girl.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:

Although I am only fourteen, I am considered quite grown-up, and am in love with a boy I have known all my life. He lives on the next block, and is nineteen, and is joining the Navy soon.

But my mother thinks I should not go out yet, and certainly should not be seriously interested in him because he is five years older than I.

I know he likes me an awful lot, so what should I do about it?

Betty

Dear Betty:

I think your mother is right. I wasn't allowed to go out at fourteen, and certainly not with a boy five years older!

Perhaps, having grown up with him, you have a great affection for him that is really a Big Brother feeling, and you don't realize it. Why not try and see it in this light, and write to him when he is in the service, but make the letters the kind you would write to an older brother.

Try this and see if your problem can be solved.

Sincerely,
BG

Esther Williams

The "homing Pidgeon", 46, a Canadian Army veteran.

Man about Home

Photo-visiting Walter Pidgeon—candidate for movieland's domesticated hero award, being the perennial "screen husband."

MARRIED to Ruth Walker, a non-professional (his first wife died when their daughter, Edna, was born; he remarried in 1931), Walter Pidgeon lives on a quiet, tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills. His home is a haven for leisure time hours, and gives that impression—of being a place that's lived in and enjoyed. Books that look read, fireplaces that are invitingly cozy; every room decorated and arranged in comfortable good taste.

Born in St. John, New Brunswick, "Pidge" is 6' 3", got his first break in show business when Elsie Janis needed a singing partner, followed with a series of Broadway musicals. He refuses singing pictures now but still vocalizes at home.

His special hobbies: Backgammon (played here with Rupert Lucas, CBS producer and personal friend) and the arts. He's an authority and a collector; has many rare paintings in his home.

His being "the man who smokes a pipe" has been much exaggerated, Pidgeon says, though he admits having two favorite pastimes—pipe-smoking and gardening—and feels that the two go naturally together, somehow.

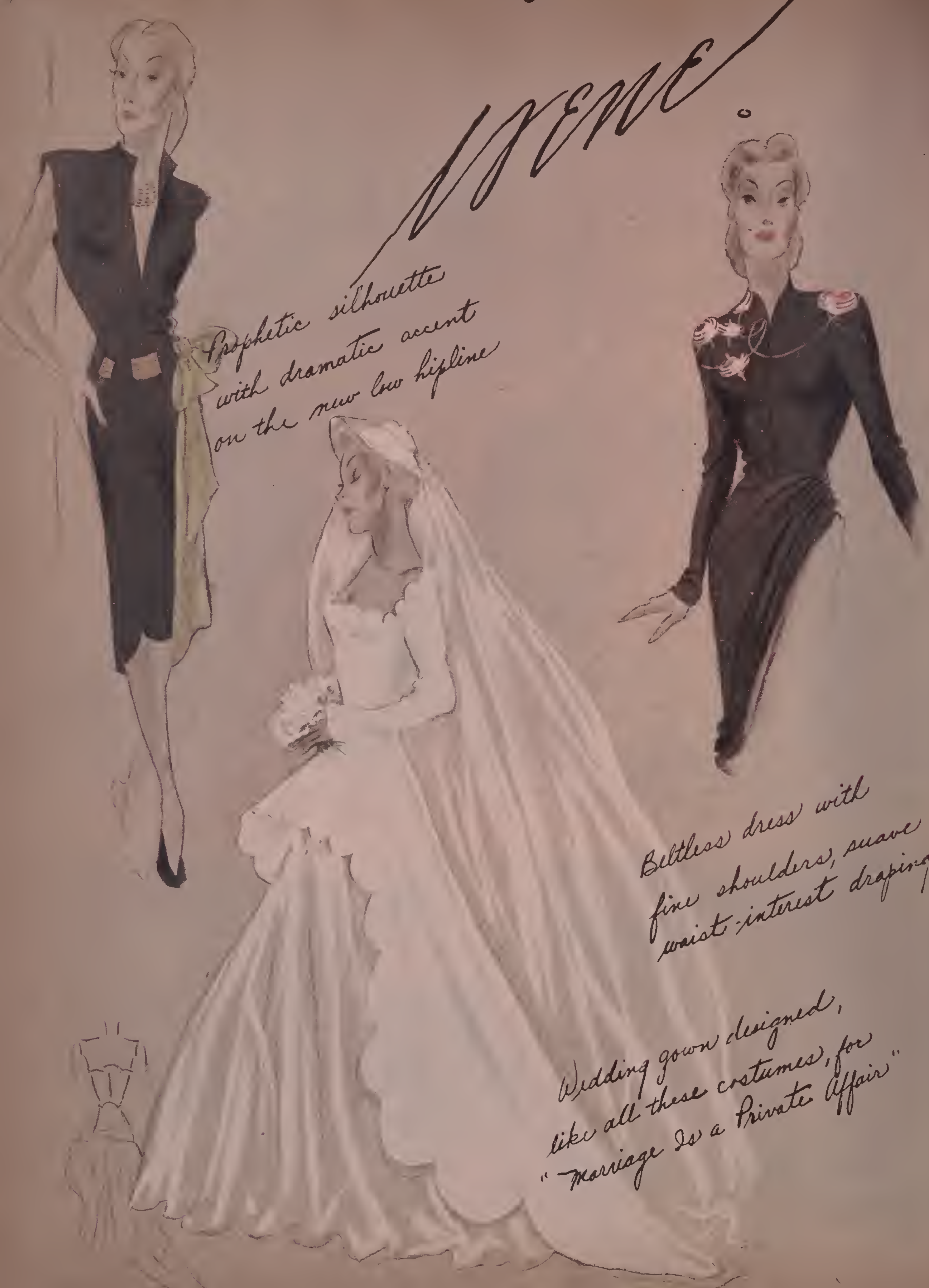
One of the most popular men's men in Hollywood, he's still an adventurer at heart. Has a yen to sail a boat to distant ports, post-war.

Going over a radio script (Pidgeon frequently appears as a guest star on CBS shows), with this pretty red-headed secretary to take notes on corrections he wants made. On contract to MGM, his current picture is "Mrs. Parkington", with Greer Garson.

Oranges right in his own back yard! A profusion of flowers, too. in Pidgeon's Beverly Hills garden. He had snapdragons last season soaring seven feet high. Seems like a tall tale, but it's a fact!

The charm of these Spanish-style homes is that every ground-floor room opens out of doors, either onto a garden or a tiled patio. Pidgeon is a sun-worshiper, which is one reason he deserted Broadway for Hollywood.

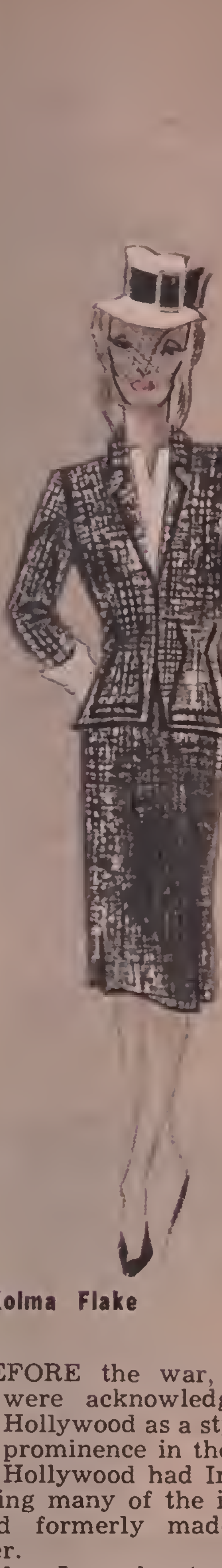
Irene!



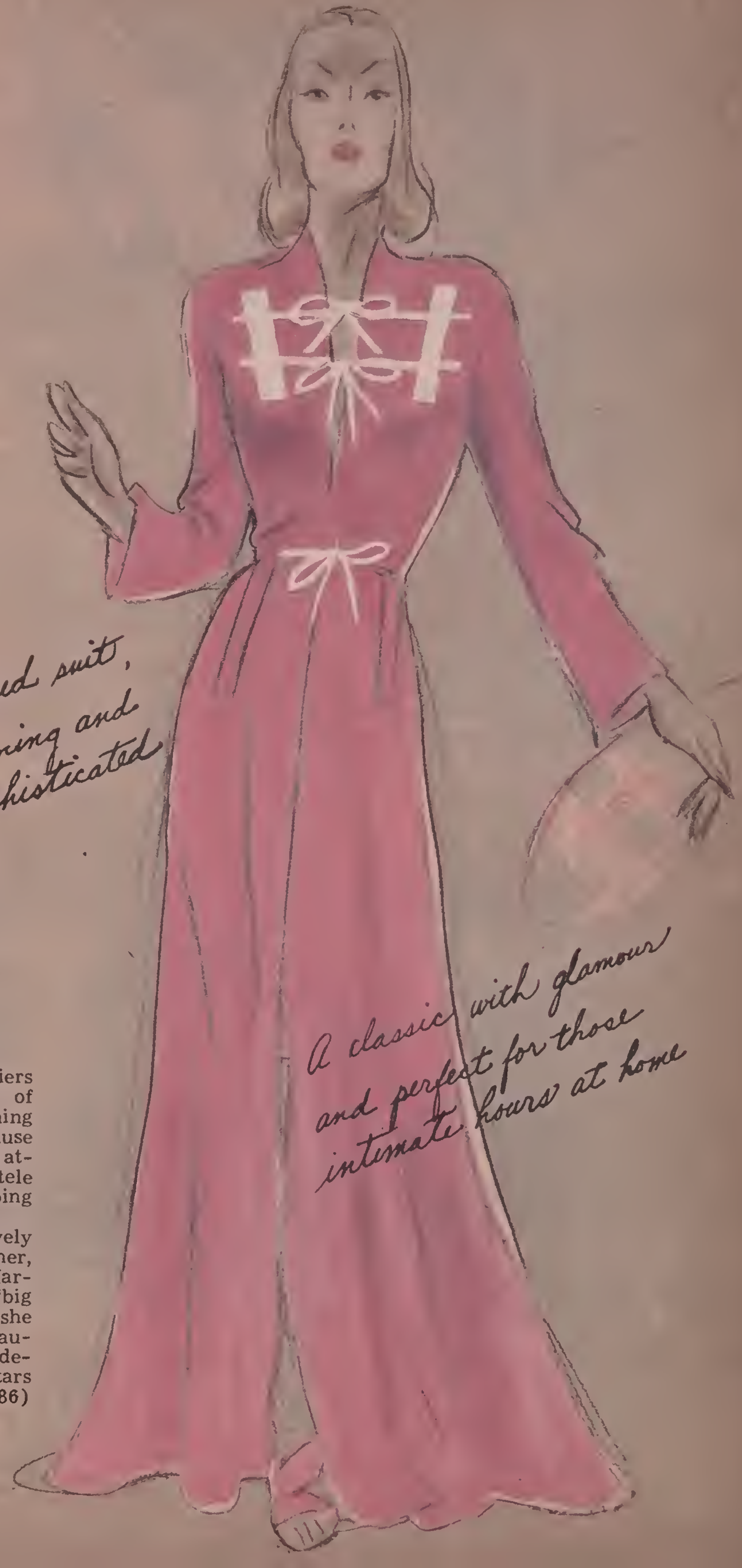
Prophetic silhouette
with dramatic accent
on the new low hipline

Beltless dress with
fine shoulders, suave
waist-interest draping

Wedding gown designed,
like all these costumes, for
"Marriage Is a Private Affair"



Fitted checked suit, figure-slimming and smartly sophisticated



A classic with glamour and perfect for those intimate hours at home

By Kolma Flake

BEFORE the war, famed Paris couturiers were acknowledging the importance of Hollywood as a style-setting center gaining prominence in the fashion world—because Hollywood had Irene. And Irene was attracting many of the international set clientele who'd formerly made Paris their shopping center.

Today, Irene devotes her attention exclusively to costuming motion picture stars—Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, Laraine Day and other "big names" on the M-G-M lot. The contract she signed in July of 1942 gives her complete authority for the costuming of a picture; she designs wardrobes for the entire cast, from stars down to the most *(Continued on page 86)*

Dane Clark ("The Very Thought of You") studied to be a lawyer, took and passed his bar examination, then decided he liked acting better.

WHEN I'M A

Every Hollywood career is hitched to the dream of one day being a star. The wish is the same in every case, yet the ends are quite as varied as the means.

NEVER has there been a time when Hollywood looked more hopefully at her younger players. War and maternity have made inroads into every studio's acting talent, and building new stars has become imperative.

Maybe they won't *all* be stars, but their chances weigh heavily.

So what will this younger set do when names go up in lights and paychecks approach four figures?

Ideas range from Dane Clark's flippant: "I want to be able to make reservations for dinner at Romanoff's!" to Zachary Scott's thoughtful: "I want to start the Federal Theatre movement again."

"A lot of my money and time would go to the Federal Theatre," Zachary says. "I have connections in New York who would help, and I'd like to meet picture people who would be interested. In recent years in New York only people with good incomes—sophisticated (*Continued on page* 68)

Director Sam Wood tried to discourage his daughter from wanting to be an actress. If K. T. Stevens is a star, he'll claim no credit.

Carlos Ramirez, Gloria de Haven and John Hodiak, during a CBS radio show. Gloria's star aim is Broadway.

BY LESLIE TRAINE

Star...

Dolores Moran ("To Have Or Have Not") has some very definite notions about what it would be like to be a star. She knows exactly what she wants, and that includes everything but a plush swimming pool!

Leslie Brooks (Col.) wants to be financially able to "angel" her very own flower shop.

John Garfield could give Bob Hutton tips about Hollywood; he's been there longer.

Eddie
Bracken

SOB STORIES are written about underprivileged boys who, lacking education and advantages, get into the big money through various shenanigans and proceed to step from there into trouble.

Eddie Bracken might have fitted into that pattern. You know Eddie—he's that crazy kid who's currently slaying his public in "Hail, the Conquering Hero."

Eddie was born at Astoria, Long Island, to parents who had to count every penny. Two older brothers crowded the cramped family quarters when he arrived, and the problem of feeding five seemed all but impossible of solution. The Brackens got along just "somehow."

At three, Eddie was an altar boy. He wasn't beautiful but his impudent little face, twinkling eyes and beaming smile arrested attention, especially when coupled with his high soprano.

He was a knockout in his first amateur play. One Jack Noble, seeing him, persuaded the Brackens to let him take the four-year-old to the coast to appear in the first Our Gang comedy.

This was in the days of Sunshine Sammy, before Joe Cobb and Farina took over. Eddie was a miniature gangster for three months, before returning to New York to join an outfit called Kiddie Troupers.

Nobody seems to know how (*Continued on page* 83)

Bring on
EDDIE BRACKEN!

The funny-man hero who "conquered" Hollywood. From a park bench to a home with a swimming pool—that's Eddie's real life success story

Meet the missus, the former Connie Nickerson. She used to be a Broadway star.

He's funny off-screen, too, Ella Raines can tell you, having been with Bracken on location for the "Conquering Hero."

Eddie plays a sailor in Paramount's Technicolor musical, "Bring on the Girls," and sings like you-know-who!

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

SPOTTING

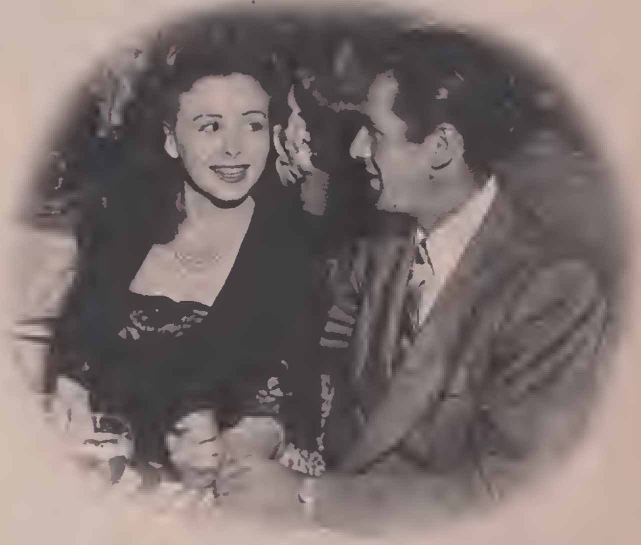
She keeps everybody guessing, does Missy Veronica—whose evenings out lately have been regularly but still not exclusively with Director Andre de Toth.

Cute kid cut-ups! Bob Walker (his next is "The Clock" for MGM, with Judy Garland) and Peter Lawford, who's London-born, 21, and in "Dorian Gray."

THE STARS

At the Stork just before he left to go overseas, Bing with movie stylist Anita Colby.

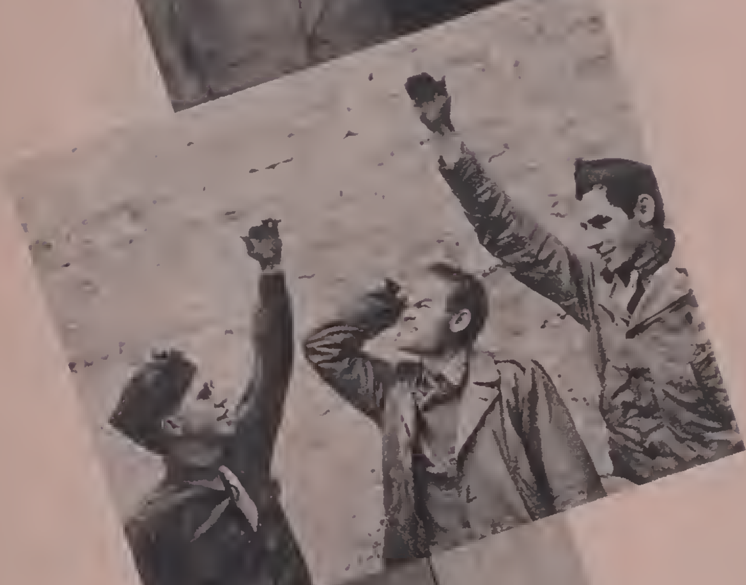
Currently "a thing"—though who's to say it will last—is the Bey-Turner steady dating.



Jeanne Crain on a Ciro's date. With Errol Flynn? No, Paul Brinkman, his double!

At a CBS rehearsal: Dennis O'Keefe, the Jinx, Marjorie Reynolds, Mischa Auer.

Al Bloomingdale is said to be getting serious about Betty Newling—here, it's Deanna.



words of music

By JILL WARREN

1 Axel Stordahl, Frank Sinatra and Eileen Barton learn about items of G. I. Wardrobe from a couple of the boys at Camp Haan, Calif. The Voice did one of his Vimms broadcasts from the desert base.

2 You may think it's a dental ad, but no—it's Stan Kenton and Jill, making with the big smiles at the Aragon Ballroom in Santa Monica, Calif. Stan is scheduled for an engagement soon at the Palladium.

3 Staff Sgt. R. E. Payne of Marion, Iowa, and T/Sgt. Gerald Hanschild of McClelland, same state, show Spike Jones how high the "corn" grows back where they come from. The pic was taken "somewhere in France."

4 Ava Gardner ("Maisie Goes to Reno") and Artie Shaw, on eyetem one evening at Hollywood's Clover Club. Since his divorce, Shaw has been going with glamour. Ramsay Ames is also being "seen with."

FOR MOVIELAND'S MUSICAL POPULARITY POLL OF 1944, SEE PAGE 72

On the "Out of This World" set, Jill and bandleaders in the movie: Ray Noble, Carmen Cavallaro, Joe Reichman, Henry King and Ted Fio Rito.

SALUTATIONS, Customers! I've been the busy kid this month, packing my pitch pipe, musical notebooks and other trivia, preparatory to hopping the choo-choo for New York. "Words of Music" will be coming at you from the Big Town for a while, but don't think I'm forsaking Hollywood completely. My spies are going to keep me informed on all the studio low-down and the Vine Street gossip.

Well, let's see now, there was one more thing. Oh yes, the column for this month. And we have big business at hand, so here goes:

Firmly believing that you lads and lassies who follow my clambake every month are very hep characters and that you really know what's solid, I thought it would be a swell idea if we had our own musical popularity contest and let MOVIELAND readers pick their favorites. So Abracadabra—here it is: "MOVIELAND'S MUSICAL POPULARITY POLL OF 1944."

There are five divisions: SWING BAND, SWEET BAND, CORN BAND, GIRL SINGER AND MALE SINGER. You all have your special pets, so now is your chance to speak up. Flip to page 72 for the rules and what to do, clip the coupon and mail away!

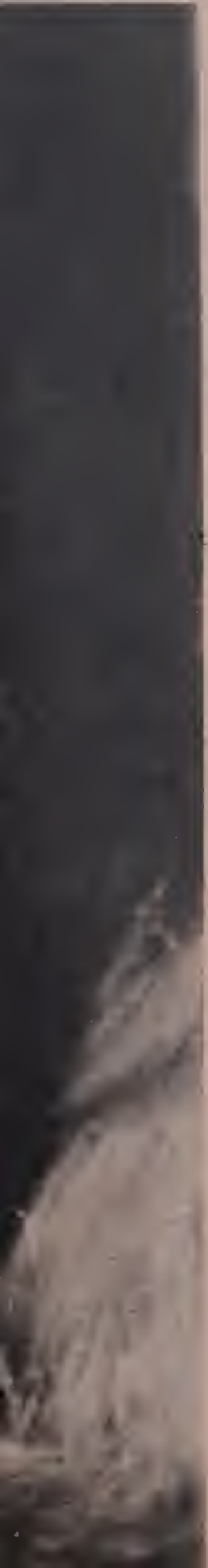
HOLLYWOOD CHIT-CHAT:

Frank Sinatra and Tommy Dorsey have patched up their feud of long standing. Although they are not bosom pals yet, they at least talk and shake hands when they meet, which is an (*Continued on page 70*)

Presenting

BY VARINA ALLEN

• • LAUREN BACALL



SHE gave herself ten years to become a star.

"In ten years," sixteen-year-old Miss Bacall observed to her mirror, "you'll either get somewhere, or you'll get OUT!"

Even at sixteen she was a girl who knew what she wanted, so it's not surprising that she's creating a flurry in Hollywood before her twentieth birthday. When "To Have And Have Not," in which she makes her screen debut, was sneak-previewed, the audience reacted with excited whispers: "Who is she?" "What's her name?" "Where'd she come from?" More important: producers threw up figurative hats, drew up new contracts, and began sending wires demanding a speed-up campaign for the "greatest discovery since Greta Garbo."

Lauren has the sort of face you can't forget. It's not classically beautiful but it's extremely photogenic. Her hair is a combination of ash, pale gold, light brown, plus a strand or so of chestnut. She won't have it bleached. Her eyebrows are darker, with an odd crook in them which she refuses to have changed. Her teeth are slightly irregular, and she intends to leave them that way.

"I want to be ME!" she declared. "This is the way I look!"

Her eyes are long and gray-green with untouched-up lashes; her mouth is well-shaped, generous and expressive; she has acquired a creamy tan.

Oh, what's the use? In the course of five minutes she bewilders you as to which *is* the real "ME." Is she the straight-forward, honest young American girl? Is she the woman of mystery? Is she the coltish school-girl, all long slim legs, slender arms and blowing hair? Or the graceful, poised, ageless creature who knows all the answers?

Ever since Lauren can remember, her mother has worked. Because she wasn't on hand to make decisions for her daughter, she encouraged her child to make them for herself.

Lauren can't remember when she didn't want to act. As a child (she was Betty Bacall then—"Lauren" is a family name adopted with her screen career) Bette Davis was her idol. She saw every Bette Davis film, planned to see her in person some day, to be like her.

"I don't want to be another Bette," she points out, however. "We're not the same type, and I'm not 'another' anybody. But I want to be as *good* as Miss Davis, if I can."

A native of New York City, Lauren attended private schools, graduating from Julia Richman High School at the age of fifteen. She dreamed of enrolling at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in her home town, but that, she supposed,

(*Continued on page* 66)

"The greatest find since Greta Garbo" . . . "The most interesting face on the screen"

Action speaks louder than words, believes Lionel Barrymore, explaining this by-hand application of his Happy Birthday greeting.

Buster Keaton minds his manners—yes, wherever! But was he a bathing beauty, or just a bather? He refused to say.

"Who, me?" asks the lady fair. Kibitzing Ish Kabibble's proposal are Wally Pierce, Mrs. "Ish," Mary Lou Dix, and Betty Kern.

"Oh, you wonderful mon!" It's Arthur Treocher (in grondmo's nightie, yet!) getting the coy-oct from his hostess.

Position's everything in life. (Can you spot the block-out tooth?) Reody for the rescue, boot ond oll, is Ish Kobibble.

Enter the villoin, Francis Lederer. (He never did explain why the umbrello.) "Not *this* lovely moid!" says Hero Chorlie.

Forewell if she does (if Wolly Pierce doesn't stop her), and better—for better—for the cherry-colored toffeto "bathing costume," if she doesn't. "Stoy 'woy from the woter, dotter" . . . and now we know why!

Gay... but not Ninety!

LUCILLE BALL celebrated her birthday (we won't mention numbers), and the completion of her role in "Ziegfeld Follies," with a Gay Nineties swimming party. The guests all came in suits strictly suitable, as you can see—all save Charlie Ruggles. (Who claimed he was too bashful!)

The fun lasted all day—with swimming (in these outfits? But why not!) and dancing, and then at midnight, a barbecue.

About the MGM "Follies," though—it's that musical without a story, but with so many "names" in the cast that the list reads like a Hollywood Who's Who! Lucille does a number called "Meet the Ladies," with Fred Astaire, and another, "Glorifying the American Girl," with a song ensemble.

Add note about that last item: George Petty, ranking as an authority on said very glorious subject, was brought to Hollywood for advice-rendering purposes. Queried about his assignment, Petty said, "They don't need glorifying; I'm just here to bring them down to earth!"

Going the rounds, too, is Lucille's quip about her whip (the diamond-studded whip she cracks as the ringmaster in the Merry-go-round number). Did she learn the technique from some South American gaucho? "No," says the lady, "from the Hollywood wolves!"

MOVIELAND'S

FIVE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

MORE of a philosophical character study than is usual in films, this is the story of Ernie Mott, a cockney English boy who strives to find happiness in his sordid world. He spends his life as a wanderer, owing no man, and reveling in his freedom from the world and its petty troubles. Coming home after one of those nomad spells, though, he has sharp words with his mother, when she hints that he should stay at home and help her with her shop. Angered by this threat to his independence, even as it's merely suggested, he is about to leave once more; but is made to change his mind, when he learns that his mother is ill and has but a short time to live.

Ernie Mott stays home, then; helps about the shop, falls in love with a girl, and is on the verge of becoming a settled man with a secure future, when he's suddenly sickened by the efforts of those about him to keep body and soul together.

His life is finally shaken, then—by the death of his mother, and by the infidelity of his girl.

Ethel Barrymore and Cary Grant, as the mother and son, give two of the most impressive performances ever drawn on the screen. June Duprez, Barry Fitzgerald and Jane Wyatt are superb. The film is "different," involving considerable legitimate stage technique in its effects; it's deeply stirring and highly recommended.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

(RKO)

A SONG TO REMEMBER

(Columbia)

TAKING the title literally, there's much more than a song to be remembered, after seeing this Technicolored screen story of the Life of Chopin.

There's the memory re-created of a gay, music-loving Paris; of composers like Franz Liszt (Stephen Bekassy) who, in addition to contributing their own music, were helpful in contributing what was offered by the unrecognized newcomers, like Frederic Chopin (Cornel Wilde).

But more important than the fine music—which would, of course, be expected—the picture makes a strong appeal for our remembering that there was an oppressed Poland of an earlier day . . . and that then, as now, there were brave patriots willing to fight, and die if need be, for their "cause."

Wilde makes a sensitive, altogether satisfying and delightful Chopin, even challenging Paul Muni (who plays the music teacher role of old Prof. Elsner) for first honors. This reviewer is inclined to be less liberal with praise for Merle Oberon, as George Sand (who, having acquired Wilde's love via the salon route, insists on dominating his life to the excluson of all else). It's possible, though, that for being a much *prettier* Sand, Miss Oberon feels she must try to keep the similarity illusion convincing by being more then necessarily stern and gruff-voiced and stiffly (though nonetheless beautifully) disagreeable.

RARELY does an unknown, as yet unidentified screen player (like Lauren Bacall) make a story by an established and popularly acclaimed writer (like Ernest Hemingway) such a strictly incidental vehicle that audiences come away saying, "That girl—she's wonderful!" while having only this to say of the picture, "Yes, there were some good lines."

Nevertheless, that's what happens here. And with the able, as usually dependable help of Humphrey Bogart, who's once again "the tough guy with a good heart."

The part for Miss Bacall didn't really exist, as Hemingway wrote it. In all fairness, though, it should be mentioned that the author's "skillful touches" survive the rewriting for the screen version and, if not ever-present, are at any rate responsible for giving a certain flavor to "all this and Bacall, too."

The romance which develops between Bacall and the Bogart, in these dimly lighted, suspenseful scenes laid on the island of Martinique, deals strictly with fundamentals; the repartee that flies between them makes for a lot of appreciative laughs. The cop and robber incidents that pass for a plot are more or less usual—nevertheless, it's good moviemaking, with innumerable little vignettes like Hoagy Carmichael's scenes at the bar-room piano, the rummy Eddie (Walter Brennan) jerking his way up the docks, and . . . but didn't we say, they're innumerable!

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

(Warner Bros.)

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK

(Paramount)

COME aboard the good ship Romantic Adventure! Let your fancy run free—free as Daphne du Maurier's when she wrote this novel that tempts us all into the land of merry escapism, and as Joan Fontaine's, when she decided she'd like to be "the Frenchman's" screen heroine.

Which she is: the beauteous English matron in the time of good King Charles, who fell romantically and daringly in love with a French Pirate (Arturo de Cordova).

The picture tells the story more or less faithfully, though with less emphasis on the boudoir.

It's diverting—at times, almost disconcerting—having the Fontaine we've known best through "Rebecca" and "The Constant Nymph" suddenly kick up her heels, don a red wig and a lavish wardrobe, and go off in a dizzying cloud of brave deeds and sword fights. But for all that her previous roles have called upon her fine ability to emote, this assignment requires that she be a *beautiful* actress. And for that, too, she most definitely qualifies!

His coming to Hollywood from Mexican pictures would seem, for de Cordova, to have been for the express purpose of being this dashing, derring-do pirate. (There couldn't have been a better reason!) And Nigel Bruce, Basil Rathbone and Cecil Kellaway are assuredly good "others in the picture" selections.

GREER GARSON and Walter Pidgeon are once more teamed together, giving in "Mrs. Parkington" one of their finest-yet joint performances.

Miss Garson, as you may have suspected, is the 84-year-old Mrs. P.—wealthy widow of the ruthless yet charming Major Parkington. The film covers the space of only one night, during which the grand old lady discovers that her children and grandchildren are weak, spineless parasites, spoiled to rottenness by the fortune Major Parkington left behind him at his death. Through a series of flash-backs, you are shown the romance of the Major and the Mrs., who meet in a small mining town when the Major was starting his rise to power as a financial tycoon, and when his future wife was the daughter of the owner of a tumble-down boarding house.

Miss Garson gives a splendid performance in every scene—from the time she was a frightened, naive young girl, up through the years to her portrayal of the poised, delightfully wise old woman. Pidgeon is excellent as the dashing Major, Agnes Moorehead is delightful as the Major's French mistress, Cecil Kellaway walks away with honors (and rightly so) in his portrayal of Prince Edward; and Gladys Cooper, as the disillusioned daughter, would "steal the picture," in a cast not so already star-studded.

MRS. PARKINGTON

(M-G-M)

He's Irish as the Blarney Stone, is Kevin O'Shea—but he can cook a lot of other things beside Irish Stew

Cooking - WITH GAS

BY MAUDE CHEATHAM

BORN in Chicago but thoroughly Irish, Kevin O'Shea is six feet one, has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs 170 pounds. Sure and he's as handsome as any Son o' Erin who ever set foot on American soil!

Surprisingly enough, though, he's still a bachelor. Keeps house for himself—and cooks for himself, too!

Maybe you'll find that hard to believe, having seen him in 20th Century-Fox's "The Purple Heart" and "Wing And a Prayer," but as an actor this O'Shea guy is also a darned good cook.

If it's proof you want, what about these O'Shea specialties? Try them, and you'll find you are "cooking with gas."

First, there is his *Veal a la Killarney*, an O'Shea concoction named for Kevin's mother who was born and raised at Killarney, in Ireland's green County Kerry. You make *Veal a la Killarney* like this:

Cut veal steaks into pieces about an inch square;—any cut of veal will do. Roll the squares in flour and brown in butter.

Slice and fry slightly four or five onions and place in a heavy iron frying pan—or a Dutch Oven—along with the meat.

Add four or five peeled and quartered tomatoes, six or eight cloves, several bay leaves, salt and pepper, and last of all, beer—enough to cover; a very small amount of Guinesses Stout may be added along with the beer, but it is not necessary.

Simmer the whole about an hour and a half, occasionally stirring.

Serve with new potatoes.

(*Continued on page 73*)

For Veal a la Killarney he cuts the steak in inch-square pieces.

The squares are rolled in flour then browned in a pan of butter.

Onions are fried with the meat, then he transfers to a stew pot.

Potatoes are added and four or five peeled, quartered tomatoes.

Salt and pepper to season, add cloves, bay leaves, and—beer!

Simmered about 1½ hours, the dish is ready to serve.

A MISS ON A MISSION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

Karachi, India, she was caught in a four-day monsoon, and in Abadan, on the Persian Gulf, the troupe sweltered in 135-degree heat.

"Actually, we were lucky," explains the beauteous Miss GI Pollyanna. "Our being forced down then with motor trouble was at five o'clock in the morning, when it was comparatively cool. The temperature there has been known to reach 180, and the place is swept constantly by wind and sand. The men stationed in that area work only at night and head for shelter as soon as the sun comes up."

They drink no water that hasn't been boiled (and is often still hot when they drink it).

"That's why I considered I'd really done something," she says, "when General Stilwell, saying he'd liked our show and complimenting us on it, promised he'd see that ships would be made available for more entertainment—and, for more beer.

"You see, that's what those boys over there miss most—beer. After months of being where there are no facilities for making or importing ice, a cool drink is just a mirage to them."

But they take it all—all the privations and inconveniences and hardships—with typical American good humor, even making fun of their gripes.

As was demonstrated in Burma, where the lovely Warner Bros. "doughgirl" discovered that the GI gags sometime take an inventive twist!

Greeted as the first feminine visitors to be entertained in that area (many of the boys hadn't seen a white woman in more than ten months), Miss Sheridan and her party were the inspiration for the erection of a small bamboo hut, draped with burlap sacking and marked "Girls' Powder Room." And tacked up prominently on the wall inside was a charcoal drawing, an exactly detailed replica of the Chic Sales construction itself, with the caption: *Ann Sheridan sat here!*

You think they want glamour? Listen to this:

"I said something a few times to the boys, apologizing for not being properly glamorous. You're too much on the run to be able to manage what you think they're expecting—an in-person Hollywood pin-up girl. Even getting a shower is plenty complicated, when there's only the bucket variety, where somebody has to stand by and hold the bucket.

"So, I tried to explain, feeling pretty guilty about the whole thing—not even being able to use make-up, most of the time. 'We prefer you this way,' they told me. 'After all, back home, we saw our mothers and sisters and girlfriends without make-up, too.'"

It's a real satisfaction, performing for audiences like that. They really get into the spirit of the thing. The men would fire so many audience-participation quips at Jackie Miles, as he put on his act, that the comedian was more than once prompted to come back with, "I thought they told me I was going. to work alone." Or, to a laugh pulled when he didn't expect it, he'd say, "Go on . . . walk around and sound like a lot!"

The show ran an hour and a half and there was nearly 80 performances. The biggest audience was "about 5,000," and the smallest, 75—the 75 getting the same show as the 5,000.

Miss Sheridan did a couple of comedy skits, and sang—her most often requested numbers were "Amour," "Besame Mucho'" and "I'll Be Seeing You," the latter registering as the most popular because the boys like to get sentimental.

They want to laugh and enjoy gags, but they also like to wrap themselves up in a sad song, something that "reminds them of home."

No audience was considered too small, getting back to that talking about numbers. The troupe frequently went miles out of their way—detouring from their regular camp-to-camp circuit—to visit hospitals and entertain the wounded who weren't able to leave their beds.

Long trips between shows would be made by air and the shorter hops, in a jeep.

"You'll never know what torture is," Ann laughs, "till you ride a Chinese road in a jeep. It's so rough you can't even *talk* until the trip's over—and then you're not sure you want to."

But plane travel was all to her liking. Except for the trip over The Hump, that is—the stretch of the Himalaya mountains jutting into China.

"There we had to use oxygen tanks, because of the altitude and cold," she tells. "But that was *nothing*, I discovered later, talking to an army nurse who'd survived the experience of bailing out—not over the Himalayas, but over a stretch of not very inviting jungle."

Even after all the careful instructing of the party, in preparation for their trip, Ann isn't all sure that, had the emergency arisen, she'd not have inflated her life raft when she should have been checking her parachute!

Fortunately, neither was necessary. Thrilling as that nurse's account was, though, Ann likes even more to tell another story about the Florence Nightingales she met in the China area.

"They'd been so kind to us," she says, "and I admire them so—many of them over there for two years, and living under the same tough conditions as the men. As we were leaving, I asked what they'd like me to send them, after I got back to the States—thinking they'd want cosmetics, or stockings, or some of the many things they don't have over there and have no way of getting. But no, do you know what they asked for? Canned mince meat! It was only August then, but already they were thinking how nice it would be if they could bake mince pie for the boys, for their Christmas dinner."

One comes home with many treasured souvenirs, after such a trip. Ann has a scroll from "Uncle Joe (Stilwell) and his Dead-Enders," an assorted collection of enemy rifles, bayonets, helmets, swords and Japanese battle-flags. (The flags rate most highly on the barter market—probably because each represents an extinct Jap—the current market price being $100 in American gold."

Mementos she regrets not having been able to bring back included the many eleborately festooned cakes served at mess tables decorated in her honor. "You couldn't find anything prettier in any of our own confectionery shops."

On one occasion, the chef at a camp in the interior of China had apparently anticipated the visitors' arrival by several weeks. "It must have taken at least that long to prepare the centerpiece he had for us. Running the full length of the table was a design made from various colored dyed rice; a hand-lettered scroll of greeting, ornamented with a complicated and truly beautiful pattern of flowers."

Mentioned as her most difficult to come by souvenir is a copy of the list of instructions issued to the GI's at the camps, prior to her arrival. Typical item: "Cussing with ladies present must be reduced to a minimum and won't be allowed at a range closer than 500 yards."

To provide souvenirs for the men, Ann was kept busy signing short-snorters, repeatedly ran a pen dry in autographing every conceivable object on which her name could be written, and she promised to send a lot of pin-up pictures.

"Not of any one star," she reveals. "Just as long as the girl's pretty, the boys say she'll do for a pin-up."

Adding up to a tall figure, too, are the telephone calls she has promised to make for servicemen who asked her to say hello to their "folks back home." They cover almost every state in the union, but those calls will be made!

Most vivid impression of the trip was the troupe's nearness to the actual fighting, while giving shows for Merrill's Marauders, Stilwell's men and Chennault's Flying Tigers. "In Mytkina, Burma," Ann recalls, "we could still smell the dead Japs—and they DO SMELL!"

Summed up for what made the whole thing infinitely worthwhile is the comment one GI made, coming over to her car as she was leaving New Delhi: "This was worth waiting 29 months for, Miss Sheridan," he said.

THE END

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 23

VAN JOHNSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

hot dogs, ride the Ferris Wheel, buy popcorn and salt water taffy, build sand castles, take a whirl on the merry-go-round, look over the concessions, lie on the beach watching people in rented bathing suits jumping the waves.

The high point was going home at 6 P. M., when the sun was getting low and seaweed was pungent. . . . I still love that awful smell of seaweed because of the memory! . . . We'd take the trolley home and I'd be so hot, so red with sunburn, my hair so full of sand, my dad so proud and me so happy! . . . The sea and the beach had a different look when we left, empty and quiet and a little lonely, I thought, because we were leaving.

I REMEMBER

The first picture that made an impression on me. It was "Galloping Fish"—Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin. It was so funny I was hysterical all night, and I can still laugh when I think of it. To me, Louise Fazenda is the funniest comedienne of the screen. I saw her at a party one night not long ago and thought I'd like to tell her about that picture—but I weakened.

I LOVE:

Driving up the coast to San Francisco—in the days you could get the gas;
Sundays;
Getting into a tub;
Going to dinner in odd little restaurants I've discovered myself;
Talking a lot of nonsense to people I like;
"Miracle in the Rain," "Snow Goose," "We Took to the Woods"—whatever good book I happen to be reading.

MY FIRST FAVORITE BOOK

Was "Swiss Family Robinson." I suppose we all want an island of our own, a refuge in the wilderness, a sort of Shangri-La.

I DISLIKE:

Malicious gossip;
People who want the windows closed. I'm a fiend for fresh air, like the breeze blowing in, the curtains fluttering, that grand fresh air feeling.

I'M ANNOYED BY:

People who talk in theatres when I want to enjoy the picture;
Babytalk;
Women—or men—who deliberately copy someone else, try to be another Garson or Gable. But—

I DON'T STAY ANNOYED

Things roll off the back; nothing bothers me long.

I LIKE:

To see a woman in a startling hat. I think: "She felt terribly down so she pepped herself up with that amazing hat—good girl!"
People who spend money foolishly on themselves once in a while.

It makes them feel pleasant and it's a pleasure to be with them.

I USED TO:

Dream of a house of my own. I still look at houses as I pass and say: "There's a honey—that's for me!" and mentally furnish the place. I decide to have lots of good heavy furniture, leather stuff, the bigger and heavier the better. Dark red leather, knotty pine walls, lots of bright color—everything comfortable, indestructible, to be lived in and used. . . . And then I pass my wonderful house again and think: "Now why would I burden myself with all that?" And I realize that I'm happiest with just a few—very few—possessions, and nothing on my mind.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS HELPING ME

For example:

Jerry Whyte, stage manager for George Abbott, used to get me into the theater at 8 A. M. and have me go through every man's part. "Think of the back row!" he'd cry. "Think of the gallery! Speak out!" He's stage manager at 20th Century-Fox now. I got frightfully mad at him sometimes in those days, but he was good for me.

Mary Martin saw me in the Rainbow Room, took the trouble to tell me I had promise and ask if I was serious about wanting to succeed. Then she got a picture contract and left, so we lost touch; but she gave me a boost when I badly needed it.

Buster West had me with him in a vaudeville act for a year. He taught me a lot I'd never have learned any other way.

June Havoc in "Pal Joey." I had had experience on the road and expected a big part in the play, but they put me in the chorus. I was furious and went in with a chip on my shoulder. June, a star, had a terrific sense of humor and showed me how to develop one.

Harry Bucquet. Until he saw me, they'd had my hair dyed dark; I felt strange and lost. He had the dye washed out and let me be myself for the first time.

Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, Victor Fleming, and all those lovely people who helped me when I had my accident and through the dreadful days in the hospital.

Mervyn LeRoy, who chose me for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and gave me the confidence to do the part.

I'VE LEARNED:

To like vegetables.

To enjoy radio serials—soap operas—because they helped me through my hospital stay.

To do without what I once took as a matter of course—like jumping in my car to drive miles and miles for no reason.

That Dad was right about a lot of things. He believed in the Golden Rule, in never speaking ill of anyone, in old maxims like: *"Never put off till tomorrow what*

(Continued on page 67)

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LAUREN BACALL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

couldn't happen. So when her mother said, casually, one morning: "Let's run down to the Academy and see what it's all about," she thought she was still dreaming.

"On the way down, I kept telling myself I mustn't get my hopes up too high. 'It'll be one of those things—too expensive, or they won't have me,' I said," recalls Lauren. "Instead, next thing I knew I was reading for someone, and presently I was accepted."

She remained at the Academy for a year, learning stage technique, body movement, how to use her voice, and so on. Students are not given stage experience in Empire Theater matinees until the second year. Lauren was impatient. Here she was, sixteen years old, no time to waste. You learn things by doing them, don't you? Good heavens, she wasn't going to spend her *life* in school! She'd go on the stage and get real experience.

It was then that she informed her mirrored self that she had ten years to GET SOMEWHERE.

She pounded pavements looking for a job, visited agencies, haunted theaters. Then she decided that wasn't the way to do it. She found out when producers were casting plays and tracked them down. She'd walk after a producer on the street, catch up with him and say: "You need me!" in that low, throaty voice of hers.

When she repeated this performance with Max Gordon, he was so intrigued by the novel approach, and so pleased with the girl's unusual appearance that he gave her a role in "Franklin Street," a play he was producing at the time. The part was that of a young girl, so Lauren wore low-heeled shoes, flattened her hair, emphasized her youth. She was certain she wasn't the ingenue type, though, and when the play completed its shore run, went after roles with more character.

She had played only a few parts, with stretches of looking for jobs between, when one evening a friend took her dancing. One of the editors of a slick fashion magazine was seated at a nearby table. Presently he obtained an introduction to ask: "How would you like to do modeling for us, Miss Bacall?"

"Frankly, I'd hate it. I want to act."

The editor refused to be discouraged. Why not try modeling while she waited for the right part? It would be good money, and it might lead to something.

So Lauren finally gave in. But she hated modeling, just as much as she had thought she would. She couldn't get excited over clothes. She liked them, especially simple ones with good lines, but they weren't important to her.

Only a few issues of the magazine had carried Bacall pictures when it was decided to use the new model in a spread including Martha Scott and another actress. Since they were giving credit to the actresses, "Betty Bacall" necessarily appeared under Lauren's picture.

Out in Hollywood, Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife of the Warner Brothers' director, saw the pictures and showed them to her husband.

"Look, here's a distinctive face. You could do something with this girl if she matches it," she said, eagerly.

Mr. Hawks looked, thought there might be something there, and cautiously asked his New York contact to sound the girl out as to how she felt about the screen. He meant merely to suggest a New York screen test, when convenient.

Lauren was in Florida doing pictures for the magazine when the wire reached her. The second-hand message was confusing, and she did nothing until another wire arrived, no clearer than the first.

"I consulted Mother and we decided I'd better go out to Hollywood," Lauren tells now. "It's all very well to have directors ask about you, but I knew how busy directors are and how easy it is for busy people to forget why they asked. So I thought I'd better be on hand to remind Mr. Hawks that he needed me."

When Mr. Hawks was informed that his discovery was waiting in his office, he was horrified. Great Scott, here she was, probably expecting a contract, when all he had had in mind was a screening in New York—if that! Still, he felt he had to see her, after she'd come so far.

She was even better than her pictures. She had had stage training and experience. Mr. Hawks could scarcely believe his luck. After a screen test, he signed her to personal contract.

That was in May, 1943. The then Betty Bacall was in seventh heaven. She dashed about, looking for an apartment. She found several, all of them new, attractive and convenient, but every time she thought she had exactly what she wanted, the landlord asked: "No pets?" Lauren replied: "One, but he's very little and no trouble." The landlord repeated: "No pets!"

Droopy, the cocker spaniel who banned the Bacalls from so many homes, was finally admitted to a Beverly Hills apartment court, where he is now a resident with Lauren and her mother. "He's my best friend," confesses his mistress. "I tell him all my troubles, because he never repeats them, is sympathetic and affectionate and always seems to be saying: 'Never mind, what do we care about him—or her—or them? I'm crazy about you, myself!'"

Once settled, Mrs. Bacall promptly went to work. She's been busy all her life and she's not going to sit around idly merely because her only child has a picture contract.

After the excitement of settling in, came—nothing. For eight months, Lauren waited. And waited. People kept asking: "What are you doing?" "When do you work?" Lauren grew very tired of murmuring that she thought something was coming up soon, and trying to look as if it didn't matter that she was getting older and older, and would be nineteen in the Fall.

Age didn't bother Mr. Hawks. When he found the right picture and the right part in "To Have and Have Not," he gave his discovery another screen test, showed it to Jack Warner, who suggested that she play one of the two feminine leads opposite Humphrey Bogart, under Mr. Hawks' direction. When the picture was previewed, Warners' asked for a share in the contract of newly christened Lauren Bacall.

There is a man in Lauren's life, but she refuses to talk about him. She's not married, not even engaged. She doesn't wish to be married for two or three—maybe four or five years or more. But when she *does* take that step, she'll bow out of studios and off the stage.

"Marriage is the most important thing in life. I'd rather be happily married, running a home, being a wife and mother, than be the most popular star in Hollywood," she asserts. "It's more lasting, more satisfying. I've seen girls who gave up careers for homes, and I've seen girls who tried to keep both—and I know which pays off in the end."

She has never cared about money. She expects to enjoy both fame and fortune, if they come, but they'll just be nice things to have had—some day, when she's happily married.

She loves boats, not yachts but the kind of small sailboat or motorboat you can manage yourself, the sort you can have fun on in old slacks, sweaters and sneakers. She wants to learn all about such a boat, how to keep house on it and cook in the galley. She can't do much in a kitchen now, but she intends to be the world's finest chef once she has said "I do."

She likes to go to a friend's house where everybody knows everybody else; to sit and talk and listen to music.

"I don't like to have my hostess say: 'Now we're going to play games,' but it's nice when someone mentions one and says: 'Let's try that, shall we? It might be fun'."

For example, perhaps a guest remarks that she has read it's absolutely impossible for anyone to walk through a room unselfconsciously. Argument starts, and presently each member of the group is discovering for himself just how unselfconscious he or she can be.

Lauren loves to dance but seldom goes to night clubs. No room to dance there; give her a wide, smooth floor and not too large a crowd.

"If you go to a night club with someone you like very much, you're wasting time," she assured me. "It's bound to be crowded and noisy. You can't talk to each other, so why go? On the other hand, if you're out with someone you don't care for, why go at all?" Lauren would rather read.

She has read more widely than most teen-age girls, is interested in national and international affairs, and likes to listen to people who are well informed.

She sings in her first picture; has a low and exciting voice, and spends time improving it.

"I never thought things would come so fast," admitted the girl who gave herself ten years to succeed. "Perhaps they wouldn't have come so swiftly if I hadn't pushed. I like to think I helped."

Love, though, is something you can't hurry. "You need me," is the wrong approach to Romance, according to Lauren. Hateful as it may be to her, all a girl in love can do is wait. And wait.

While Lauren waits—who knows? She may become, as her discoverers predict, the most interesting face on the screen.

THE END

(*Continued from page 65*)

you can do today." I used to argue with him, saying it would be much better never to do today what you can put off till tomorrow. Maybe you'd be able to skip it altogether.

But after all—

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE

Came from following that old maxim.

I was in New York, trying to get a job on the stage. I was worn out with rushing up and down agency stairs, dashing in and out of theaters where they were supposed to be casting and had just done it, getting rapidly nowhere, disappointed and dead tired. "Gee, I'll go home. I'll pack up and go home——this isn't for me!" It was late and I thought it would be no use bothering any more.

Just then I saw a light in an agent's office. "Well," I said. "I'll try him once more. If there's nothing, that ends it." He had a part for me.

If I hadn't gone up, I'd have missed my chance. If I'd put it off, the part would have been cast.

Or was it in the cards and would it have happened anyway? That's one of the things I'll never really know. But I still say it was luck.

I DON'T BELIEVE

In love at first sight. It takes longer to know a person well enough to imagine love.

I'M A LITTLE VAGUE

About marriage. I'll probably marry when I'm 30 or 32—that's a good age. I'll know more about what I want then. I won't marry an actress. I want my wife to talk about me and my career, not to be worrying all the time about herself and hers. I say, we don't need money that badly. . . . But I could be wrong. I see people every day doing things they always swore they'd never do.

I WANT:

To make a picture in London.

To see this country first of all, after the war, driving across it on four beautiful tires. Then I'd like to go to Bermuda, if it returns to what it once was—no cars, just beauty and wonderful peace. June Havoc used to rave about coming into the harbor at Easter time, and how fragrant were the great fields of lilies, about exploring the floor of the ocean in a diving helmet and going through coral caves. June practically commuted to Bermuda before the war.

To remake "A Man's Castle," the picture Spencer Tracy did with Loretta Young. I'd like to do it with Laraine Day.

I'M MAD ABOUT:

Old pictures—any old pictures;
Night-blooming jasmine;
Eucalyptus, with its Sunday afternoon fireplace smell;
Feather bobs.

I DON'T LIKE:

A woman's hair dressed so elaborately it looks as if she had spent two hours before her mirror getting it right. It's time wasted, far as I'm concerned.

Routines and schedules. People say: "You change so in Hollywood!" I wish I could set aside a couple of nights a week to answer mail, send out pictures, call up friends, do all the nice things I should be doing. But I'm sure I never will.

I PLAY

The violin. I use it for a Sunday tonic. Sunday is the day to go to church, play the violin, take a long walk, drop in to see your friends and call up your father. I love Sundays.

I BELIEVE:

In not sticking your neck out.

In keeping your mouth shut, but I never do. I'm the world's best confidant, however, because I can keep other people's secrets. I never, never tell, so I hear more secrets. But when it comes to keeping my mouth shut, otherwise, I keep on talking. Maybe that sounds crazy to you, but there's a difference.

Nothing's worth worrying about. Things don't mean much to me so I never worry about them. And people have always been so darn swell to me I *can't* worry about them. So why worry?

The End

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WHEN I'M A STAR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

people—could see good shows because the prices were beyond pocketbooks. I think the movies have taught us all to appreciate what is good and to know the difference between 'B' and excellent.

"I want the Federal Theatre to be nation-wide, giving the best plays and using fine actors. There's a wealth of talent aching to be used, but they have no chance to be seen because they can't afford to wait for recognition. Competition would be keen and an actor would have to be good to get his chance, but he'd be sure of food and lodging, and ambitious people can live on very little if they know there's a chance. The Federal movement was marvelous while we had it, but I think we need to enlarge it."

It's surprising how many of these youngsters have plans to assist unknown talent. Faye Emerson wants to start a little theatre. She'll even build it, when she has the money and can get priorities, but it will be run on a non-profit basis. All money earned above expenses will be used for worthwhile charities or scholarship funds.

"That's the only way," asserts Faye, "because then the group is interested and ready to work hard for success. There will be no star system; all branches of theatre work will be learned by each member. When I worked in the little theatre in San Diego, I directed, costumed, acted, even wrote, and the training provided was wonderful.

"Most of the little theatres now are commercial, which destroys the value of such groups. Mine would be a real source of talent for stage and screen."

Peter Lawford has toured with amateurs in the Actors' Laboratory and has noticed much talent in the group. "I can't do a thing for them," he tells me, "because so far I'm nobody. When I'm a star, I'll be able to call attention to them and see that they get a chance. Judy Garland today could mention a talented kid to a producer or director who might use him, or talk about him to a big writer in an interview—but until I'm a star, what I say doesn't count."

Tom Drake believes that the great need is for a school of motion picture technique. When an actor comes to Hollywood from the stage, he's terrified of cameras, has no idea how to adapt himself to the new medium. So Tom would like to see that younger players had a place to go to acquire technique.

Angela Lansbury, the English girl who played the maid role in "Gaslight," would like to have an experimental theatre devoted to new developments in writing, acting and producing. They'd try out new ideas, inexpensively, engaging talent that wasn't eager for money but was interested in doing something different.

Stars of today are regarded critically by stars of tomorrow.

"When I'm a star," says Bob Hutton, "I'll always sign autographs. No matter how many fans are waiting in line, I'll always take time to sign for them all. Often I see a crowd of kids so tired they can hardly keep awake, and stars come out of the

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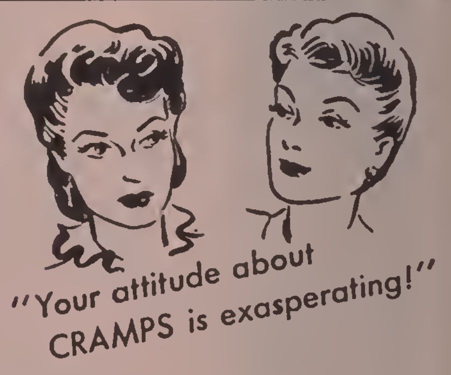

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theatre, rush into their cars and race away, not caring. Maybe they sign one and wave the rest away. I'll never do that!

"My wife and I want a small home with a lot of land. I'd like a workshop like Delmar Daves', with a place to write and a printing press. Natalie writes, so she'd like that. I'd want a workshop and darkroom, so I could develop pictures and make all the odd pieces we want and can't buy."

"I will never hire myself a stooge or have a 'yes man' following me around!" cries Eva Gabor. "To have someone beside me for contrast? Never!

"I'll always dress as I am expected to, as a star, and I will never poke my nose outside the door unless I look well. It is such poor business for an actress to go around looking untidy. We like to blame the California fiesta climate for carelessness, but that is weak and lazy!"

Trudy Marshall's favorite dream is to buy her mother a mink coat; Diana Lynn longs to go to college, then find happiness in marriage; and K. T. Stevens would buy a small island in the South Seas where she'd have a native house, eat native foods and lie in the sun, swim and relax. This would be a place to rest from career, not an end in itself.

"I want to be a glamorous star," confesses Dolores Moran. "I want a lovely big estate with a swimming pool, a mansion full of wonderful things brought me by celebrities who have been everywhere—doorknobs of delicate Dresden china for the bedrooms, exquisite lamps. I want clothes that do things for me, luxurious robes and furs, jewelry specially designed, perfume from the Orient, fabulous glamour.

"I don't want to marry at once, but to have attention from lots of fascinating men. Figures in the world—not just rich men, but famous ones. After the war, I'd like to own my own plane, designed for me—something daring and different, expressing myself."

Then there's Marjorie Riordan, who played in "Mr. Skeffington" with Bette Davis and wants to be like Bette.

"When I came on the set, I was so awed and scared of the big star that I couldn't do anything right," she says. "But Bette smiled and told me how to do my role, taught me more in a few hours than I could have learned anywhere else in days."

Because Gloria de Haven has always lived in apartments, she will buy a house—build one, if war restrictions permit. Gloria doesn't want to be a glamour girl, because those roles mean nothing and she has no use for show. "Once I'm well-known and well-off," plans Gloria, "I'd like to have a play written for my family, and all together we'd do a big show on Broadway."

Many of the younger players think of their families first. Gail Russell would buy a ranch with a nice house on it for hers, and add two horses, one for herself and one for her girl friend, Carmelita Lopez, so they could get away from everyone and relax.

And Jim Brown, who has a wife and two babies, wants a house with a tennis court so he needn't leave home to play his favorite game. He's an ex-champion.

"I'd also like to have a four-piece band. I used to sing with an orchestra and I'd like to have a band around to help me entertain. I'd guarantee them a living and they could take other engagements. I know how hard it is to make your way as a band before you get known, and the boys could help me so I needn't just stand up and say: 'So glad to be here tonight. Period.'"

Leslie Brooks ("Tonight and Every Night") wants her own airplane and her own flower shop. She figures that if she were a star, profits wouldn't matter; she could afford to handle orchids and exotic blooms and not set her prices out of sight. Youngsters who can only window-shop now, could walk right in and buy her flowers for tremendous occasions like a first date, a wedding or a professional appearance.

During the making of "Two Girls and a Sailor," June Allyson suddenly realized what a fascinating business producing can be. That's where she'll head when stardom wanes, when she can't dance any more or her voice is no longer what it used to be. She thinks she'd hate to descend to lesser roles.

Ann Warner's daughter, Joy Ann Paige, has all the money she can use, so a star's salary will mean nothing to her.

"But stardom will give me a voice in the acting world," contends Joy Ann. "When that time comes, I want to do a play. I want the thrill of seeing the stage world from behind the scenes. Not as a visitor or an unimportant actress in a small role, but as someone important to the production, whose views really matter!"

THE END

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WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

improvement over cutting each other dead. Rags Ragland, the comedian, is credited with having played peacemaker. Rags convinced the boys that as long as they were both working on the Metro lot and were continually bumping into each other, it was silly to keep up the snubbing routine. (Incidentally, the cutting room gossip on The Voice's "Anchors Aweigh," has it that the picture is terrific.)

John Payne is out of the army and back at his home studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. His first picture will be "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," with Joan Bennett. He is also pencilled in for the male lead in "The Dolly Sisters."

Carmen Cavallaro will handle the musical duties in Twentieth's "Diamond Horseshoe" picture. Carmen will also be seen in Paramount's "Out Of This World." (He and a flock of other name bandleaders, adding up to five!)

Paramount has signed Mary Hatcher, fifteen-year-old coloratura soprano, to a term contract. Though she is a protege of Gladys Swarthout, Cass Daley is indirectly responsible for Paramount's signing her. Cass heard Mary sing at a party and arranged for her to audition for Buddy De Sylva.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Decca:

Charlie Barnet and his orchestra have a pleasing duo in "Come Out, Wherever You Are," and "What A Diff'rence A Day Made." Both vocals are by Kay Starr, a young lady to watch. She's one of the better band singers today.

Ethel Smith, the Hit Parade organist, offers "Tico-Tico" and "Lero Lero." The first side is the samba tune she played in "Bathing Beauty" and the second is a Brazilian march. She is accompanied by the Bando Carioca.

Woody Herman and Company do "Let Me Love You Tonight" and "Who Dat Up Dere?" "Let Me Love You" is the translation of the Spanish tune, "No Te Importe Saber," and is sung by Billie Rogers. Woody does the vocal on "Who Dat?"

Those merry Merry Macs have a cute twosome in "Let's Sing A Song About Susie," and "Up, Up, Up."

El Bingo Crosby has recorded "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral" and "I'll Remember April," with John Scott Trotter's orchestra. "Too-Ra-Loo" is the Irish lullaby Bing sang in his great picture, "Going My Way."

That humorous gentleman, James Durante, has waxed two stellar tidbits, "Umbriago" and "Inka Dinka Doo." Roy Bargy's orchestra and the Six Hits And A Miss lend their support.

Jimmie Lunceford jumps in with "Jeep Rhythm," an instrumental, and "I Dream A Lot About You," with a Dan Grissom vocal.

Columbia:

Here's The Nose again—Jimmie Durante on "Hot Patatta" and "Inka Dinka Doo" once more. This version of "Inka" is different from the Decca one and was recorded way back in 1933.

Teddy Wilson and his orchestra are front and center with two sides made a long time ago, "Out of Nowhere" with a vocal by Lena Horne and "You're My Favorite Memory," sung by Helen Ward. Teddy is still playing to capacity business at New York's Cafe Society Uptown.

Frank Sinatra and Harry James are reunited again on "It's Funny To Everyone But Me." The reverse side is "Don't Take Your Love From Me" with the James trumpet featured. Both were recorded several years back.

If you're a record collector, you'll be most interested in the announcement from the Columbia company that they are re-releasing all of their jazz, boogie woogie, and blues albums. Some of the individual discs in these albums have sold for as high as fifty dollars at one time or another. When you read the names of the albums you'll see what I mean: Eddie South, King Louis (Armstrong), "Jazz As It Should Be Played" by Bix Beiderbecke, Fletcher Henderson, Bessie Smith, The Duke (Ellington), "Comes Jazz" (Bud Freeman and the Chigoans), Earl Hines, Frank Teschemacher, Boogie Woogie, Dorsey Brothers, Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five, Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday, Louis and Earl (Armstrong and Hines). That list represents a lot of good music, and there will be a big demand for these sets, so I suggest that if you want any of them, you tear madly to your nearest music store and put in your bid.

Capitol:

I'm a King Cole Trio fan from way back, and if you like them at all you'll want their first album. The set consists of eight sides, including such tunes as "Embraceable You," "Sweet Lorraine," "The Man I Love," "Body and Soul," and "It's Only A Paper Moon." King's vocal on "Paper Moon" is terrific. Incidentally, the trio has been playing theatres with Benny Carter's band and have broken records every place they've appeared.

Here are two fine instrumentals by Freddie Slack and his orchestra: "Cuban Sugar Mill," a boogie woogie, with Slack featured all the way on piano and celeste, and "Small Batch of Nod." They are two of the best sides Slack has ever made.

Jerry Colonna's first record for Capitol is comical, to say the least: "Can't You Hear Me Callin', Caroline?" and "I Hate Music." Paul Weston's orchestra.

The Paul Weston band also backs Jo Stafford on "I Didn't Know About You" and "Tumbling Tumble Weeds." The vocal group in the background is the Pied Pipers. "I Didn't Know" is the old Duke Ellington melody, "Sentimental Lady."

If you're hungry for hill-billy music, get Tex Ritter's "I'm Wastin' My Tears On You" and "There's A New Moon Over My Shoulder."

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... *Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!*

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... **longer.** The Juelene **SYSTEM** has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, **hair may get longer**— the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal — if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful **SYSTEM** helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—**in just one short week!** You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.

TEST JUELENE *FOR 7 DAYS*

Thrilling Results or MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen ... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

★ ★ ★ MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair — lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

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Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men — sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. **Try Juelene.** See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling ... longer hair! Be convinced!— Send for your Juelene NOW.

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JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order— we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today — NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

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1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

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YOUR CLOTHES may be fashion-right, your cosmetics flawless...but you can't look your best with dull, mousey hair. Make it soft, shining and color-bright with Marchand's wonderful new *Make-Up* Hair Rinse!

No matter what shade your hair is, you can accent its natural color... give it a "warmer" glow or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original, youthful shade.

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Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse is as easy to use as your other cosmetics. It goes on evenly and *stays on* until you wash it off. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's *absolutely harmless!* Try it after your next shampoo.

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JAM NOTES:

Spike Jones had some interesting tales to tell when he returned from his overseas entertainment jaunt. Fred Astaire, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby and Spike were all in England at the same time.

An unusual thing happened at one of the shows they did together on the docks of a coastal town, with the audience consisting of a mere sixteen thousand soldiers. A Merchant Marine ship was anchored a few hundred yards off shore. The sailors got wind of what was going on, jumped overboard and swam to the show.

Spike says he got a real kick out of playing for Bing because it was the first time they had worked together since Spike was the drummer in John Scott Trotter's band on the Kraft Music Hall program. (Incidentally, Jones says the G.I.'s abroad call Bing "Uncle Sam Without Whiskers.")

The City Slickers was the first band to play the Marseillaise in France after the liberation. During the celebration a tiny little boy went up to the maestro and asked what the name of the song was. He had never heard his own national anthem before.

Coming across to Noo Yawk, on the return trip, Spike wrote a new zany for his band, "A Goose To The Ballet Russe." The tune will be included in the album he is going to record for Victor, called "Musical Depreciation."

When the City Slickers landed in New York they had a swell surprise

(Continued on next page)

Rules for casting your vote in the POPULARITY POLL:

1. You may vote for any living artist, in or out of the service.
2. Every ballot accepted must bear the personal signature of the individual casting the vote.
3. Use the official ballot only. Facsimiles will not be counted.
4. Do not submit ballots in groups. Send only ONE ballot. Names of voters will be checked and all duplicate votes eliminated.
5. Sign your correct name and full address. Doubtful ballots will be checked to determine their authenticity.
6. All votes must be postmarked not later than midnight of December 15, 1944.

MOVIELAND'S MUSICAL POPULARITY POLL OF 1944

Favorite Swing Band.............
Favorite Sweet Band.............
Favorite Corn Band..............
Favorite Girl Singer.............
Favorite Male Singer.............

MAIL TO: JILL WARREN
MOVIELAND MAGAZINE
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Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

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PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

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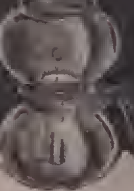

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waiting for them: They will have a big musical spot in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern." And by the way, don't miss the Corn Crew in "Bring On The Girls." Their "Chloe" number is a killer.

Claude Thornhill got a short furlough from his naval duties as a Chief Petty Officer and hied himself to Hollywood to visit old pals. . . . Donna King, of the King Sisters, has retired temporarily to await a visit from Dr. Stork. Her husband, Lt. Jim Conkling, was recently discharged from the Navy, after being injured in battle. Another Donna, Donna Wood, formerly of the Horace Heidt aggregation, will be a "King Sister" for a while.

Rumor about Hollywood still has it that Artie Shaw will organize a seventeen-piece dance band with no strings. Several top sidemen now playing radio shows in Movietown have been approached by Shaw. . . . Benny Goodman may also reorganize, in spite of his beef with his agents, the Music Corporation of America.

Betty Bradley, Bob Chester's brunette vocalist, is the happy bride of Chester's road manager, Phil Kahl. . . . Ray Eberle finished his theatre tour and came back to Hollywood to learn that he was classified 1-A. . . . His old boss, Glenn Miller, was recently upped from a Captain to a Major in the Air Corps.

Mickey Scrima, ex-James skin beater, has tossed aside his drum sticks and opened an all-night restaurant in Hollywood. It's a favorite spot with musicians. . . . Stan Kenton will open soon at the Hollywood Palladium, his third engagement there. His record of "Her Tears Flowed Like Wine" is one of Capitol's biggest sellers. . . . Les Brown's trumpet star, Randy Brooks, is planning to have a band of his own after the first of the year.

The Brothers Dorsey would like to buy another ballroom in New York. Their Colonnades in Ocean Park, California, has been very successful financially. . . . Freddie Martin will not go into the service, as first reported. He and his band had an eight-week vacation from their "duration" hotel job at the Ambassador in Los Angeles. . . . Harry James says he has no intention of giving up baseball just because he broke his foot. He's only waiting for it to heal so he can play again. Harry won't make his next Metro picture until late this year or early in 1945. Wife Betty still insists she wants to retire from the screen and just be Mrs. Harry James. After seeing her beautiful Beverly Hills home and her adorable baby, Victoria, I can't say that I blame her. The James heiress looks like both Harry and Betty, and is loaded with personality.

Characters, this is it for now, but I'll see you next month from New York. In the meantime, if you have any problems about musical things, drop me a line and I'll take a fast squint into my crystal ball and see if I can toss you an answer. Just be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Write Jill Warren, MOVIELAND Magazine, 1476 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

COOKING WITH GAS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62)

Then, there is Kevin's *Apple Loaf Tralee*, named for his father, who hails from Tralee, Ireland, also in County Kerry.

Four or five apples	3 eggs
Butter	1 cup sugar
½ pint sour cream	Zwieback
	Cinnamon

Slice four or five apples, put into a saucepan with two tablespoons of butter; stir and melt butter.

In another pan put three beaten eggs and a cup of sugar; mix and heat. Then add ½ pint of sour cream and cook until slightly thick. (If sour cream is not available use sweet cream and add vinegar until just slightly curdled.)

Now crush one package of Zwieback with a rolling pin; mix in two tablespoons of melted butter and some cinnamon with the crumbs. Grease a loaf pan very well and line the sides with this mixture, patting it in well with the fingers. Reserve enough of the mixture for the top.

Now add the apples to the custard and pour into the pan. It is better to spoon the mixture into the pan being careful not to disturb the lining. Pour any remaining custard over the top and cover the whole with the remaining crumbs. Place in an oven at 325 degrees and bake for one hour or more; remove and allow to cool. Turn into a platter and slice.

New

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Colorful Necklace Bracelet and Earrings **$1.00** *Each*

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Let us know what color you want and we will send your choice in the Perfume-Costume necklace, bracelet or earrings practically "ON APPROVAL" since your money is refunded in 10 days if you are not satisfied. Simply send the coupon below, giving us your choice of colors. Your package sent immediately and you pay the postman only $1.00 each or all three articles are only $2.79 plus 20% Federal Tax and a few cents mailing cost on arrival. See how friends admire their sheer beauty and are mystified by their subtle perfume. When not in use, keep them with your dainty handkerchiefs as a sachet. Our supply is limited so send the coupon today.

Now wear exotic Perfume Necklace, Earrings and Bracelet. Attract lovers and mystify friends.

GIVEN for Promptness Purse size Plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME to be used with your necklace, bracelet and earrings given for promptness if you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.

Exact size of Rosebud Design Perfumed Beads. In both Necklace and Bracelet.

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COLOR
☐ Rose Red
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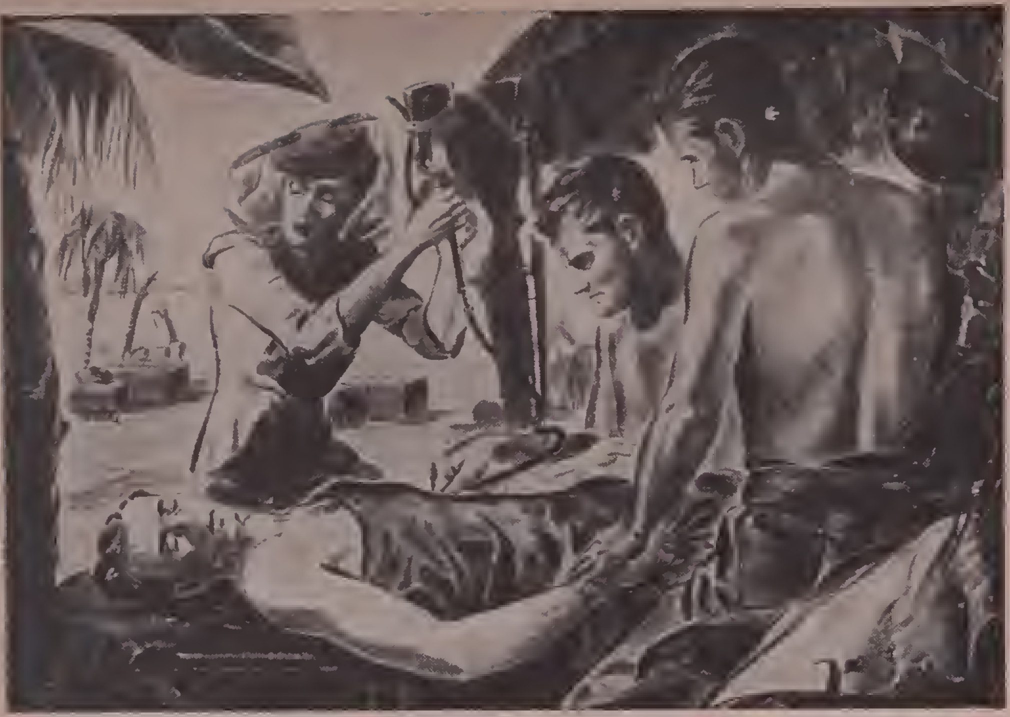
☐ Orchid



Of Course You Can't Be There — But —

NO, you can't be there at the dressing station to give him a mother's blessing — a mother's care. All you can do is be thankful that the Army and the Red Cross take such good care of our boys. Yes, and you can see to it that such precious supplies as blood plasma, food and ammunition, and all the thousands of weapons of invasion reach the front in prime condition — ready to do their job.

For every one of the more than 700,000 items shipped to our troops overseas is protected against weather and dirt by paper and paperboard.

That's why your government asks you to save every single scrap of paper in your house and give it to your local paper salvage committee. That's why the government asks you to use less paper — and help the stores where you shop to use less paper. For when you carry your own shopping bag to save the store's paper bags, when you accept your canned and bottled and packaged goods unwrapped, you save that much more paper for the boys at the front and for essential civilian paper use.

Look again at the picture at the top of this page. Etch it on your memory, think of it every time you start to waste paper — any time you start to burn a piece of paper.

FIGHT WASTE!

Remember—

PAPER IS WAR POWER

USE LESS PAPER—SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board, the Office of War Information and published by this magazine, which has joined with the other magazines of the country to save more than 450,000,000 pounds of paper.

FRANCHOT TONE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

this town for eleven years, but outside of a small group of close friends he's as little known as when he came. You hear that he's a highbrow, that he's a member of Cafe Society, that he looks down on Hollywood and will leave as soon as he finds a good play; you also hear that he married a Cover Girl from Earl Carroll's and that the Tones can be seen at every bright night spot. . . . All of which puzzles him intensely.

Never very chatty, Franchot finds it hard to talk about himself. "A dull subject," he pronounces it. "Why not just say I'm a strolling player who has never found time to be bored?"

All sorts of things interest him. Trade unionism, for example. He has traced its history from the beginning, believes in it firmly—but when he came to Hollywood in 1933 he found the movie colony completely apathetic. The actors' strike had failed and only a few seemed to care about conditions in the film industry.

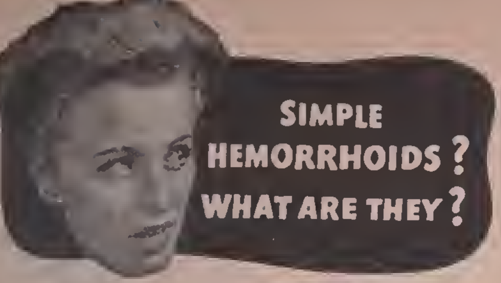
"Three months after I arrived, came the bank closing," relates Franchot. "Everyone in the studios, if making over $35 or some such sum, was asked to take a cut of half his salary. Indignation reached a high pitch. This brought about the personal interest which has culminated in pension plans covering the entire studio personnel, from errand girls up. The Screen Guild was an added impetus to this interest." (Franchot was a moving spirit in the Guild's formation and is still an officer.)

No one in the Tone family had ever been connected with the theater until Franchot came along, and it wasn't until he was in college that the stage bug bit him. As a child, his ambitions varied from veterinarian (because he loved dogs) to "being exactly like Dad," who is a scientist and president of the Carborundum Company. Franchot's brother, Frank Jerome Tone, Jr., four years his senior, arranged for him to enroll at Cornell University a year ahead of schedule, and the boy completed the course in three years. It was there he met A. M. Drummond, who was instrumental in arousing his interest in the stage.

"I'd never thought of acting till then," he admits. "I loved plays and pictures, but a career as an actor just hadn't occurred to me."

You don't become an actor just because the idea occurs to you. Franchot had a cousin who owned an interest in a stock company in Buffalo, New York; through this cousin. Franchot was made assistant stage manager, and once inside the stage door he wormed his way from bits to parts.

From stock in Buffalo, he went to the New Playwright's Theater in Greenwich Village, and from there to Broadway in "Age of Innocence" with Katharine Cornell. In 1929 he was engaged by the Theater Guild for a series of plays, including "Hotel Universe" and "Green Grow the Lilacs." His interest in the stage intensified and he became one of the originators of the Group Theater, with whom he appeared in "House of Connolly," "Night Over Taos" and "Success Story."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IRVING KLAW—*"The Pin-Up King"*
212 East 14th St., New York 3, N. Y. Dept. 202

In 1933 the Group Theater needed money to go on experimenting with good plays. Hollywood had been bidding for Franchot's services for some time (he had already made a film with Claudette Colbert at Paramount's New York Studios) so he decided to dash out to the film city, make a quick fortune and hurry back to the Group with the money.

He came out, made the money, but fell in love, remained to marry Joan Crawford and become a Hollywood star. When he and Joan separated, Franchot returned to New York to do "Gentle People," but the Group Theater wasn't the same. Franchot discovered what everyone has to find out—that you can never go back.

"I went to New York later to do the Hemingway play, which I enjoyed," he comments. "But unless there's something definitely worth doing, I'll not return to the stage. I like pictures. Each one presents a set of problems which must be carefully worked out. How can anyone be bored?"

He continues his deep interest in the theater by collecting a library concerning it; just now he's revelling in a set of illustrated books that are among the earliest published on the subject.

He works—I mean *works,* not merely lends his name—for the Hollywood Victory Committee, and his war bond tours have taken him all over the country.

Some of his spare time is spent in the completely equipped workshop at his Beverly Hills home, making furniture and gadgets that are not on the market these days. He made two graceful end tables for his library, wedged together without nails or screws in *Olde English* style. He also invented a gadget to skim the swimming pool of leaves and debris, but it took two strong men to operate the thing and it had to be abandoned.

The house is the Robert Montgomery house, purchased after Franchot's marriage to beauteous Jean Wallace. The workshop was set up by Ray Milland, former tenant, who caught his thumb in a piece of machinery and lost interest in home manufacture.

Mrs. Tone is a tall, tawny-haired young lovely of twenty. She was seventeen on that 13th day of July, 1941, when Franchot met her. The Tones celebrate every July 13th, just as they celebrate their wedding anniversaries. They were married at Yuma, Arizona, three months later, when the bride was eighteen.

Jean had admired Franchot on the screen, but thought she didn't care to meet him. She had heard so much about Hollywood wolves that she had no intention of playing Red Ridinghood to any of them. When other girls who were wild about him said: "Franchot Tone will be here tonight!"—all of a hooha because of it—Jean would reply: "Well, don't bring him anywhere near *me!*"

But on the fatal 13th, they met at last. They talked. They discovered they had more to say than could be said in one evening, so they made another date—and another.

Ten days after their meeting, Franchot was suddenly stricken and rushed to a hospital, terribly ill.

"I thought I'd never see him again," confessed Jean. "I knew I was desperately in love, but I couldn't believe

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I CAN REDUCE YOU EASILY with Latest 30-Day Method

No harmful Reducing Drugs! No Hunger Diet! No hard exercises! Yet I'll show you amazing results in reducing your own weight the SAFE-QUICK-EASY *"FIGURE RE-DO" WAY!* This LATEST, SCIENTIFIC *"30-DAY HOME METHOD"* brought down my own weight from an ugly 205 lbs. to a healthy, stylish 118 lbs. SEE HOW QUICKLY IT CAN REDUCE YOU, TOO!

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Paste on penny postcard or mail in envelope

I meant anything to him. I'd heard about his going around with girls and I was afraid I was just another girl. It seemer unfair that I should lose him before I really knew him. I nearly lost my mind worrying. I'd go out with other men, trying to pretend I didn't care. When he heard that, *he* was nearly crazy, because he'd fallen in love, too!

"I tried to see him at the hospital, but the nurses wouldn't let me in. They said he was too ill for callers. I tried to reach him on the telephone, but they wouldn't put me through. I still have the frantic, feeble notes he wrote me, begging me to come, asking why he didn't hear. It seemed so long before I got word, and the writing showed me how terribly, terribly ill he was. One minute I'd be deliriously happy because he cared; the next, I'd be panicky because I was afraid he'd die before I saw him again, or I'd find out it was all a fever and he didn't really love me after all.

(Franchot, on the other hand, says he fell in love with Jean at first sight, but it took him six months to persuade her to take a chance on him. He's counting from an April day in 1941 when he merely looked at her across a room and loved her.)

Jean's family nickname is The Worrier. She can't remember when she didn't worry—first about school, then about her mother, then about her younger brother and sister. Her mother was young, lovely and not very happy; Jean constituted herself as protector. Brother Jack, two years younger than Jean, was sensitive and shy but musically gifted, and little sister Carol, fourteen years Jean's junior, added to the girl's responsibility.

"I finished high school in three years instead of four," tells young Mrs. Tone, "but my grades weren't as high as they should have been because I was always worrying. I was afraid SOMETHING would happen . . . or wouldn't. It's been so good for me to be married to Franchot, because he never worries. Little by little he's teaching me to stop, or at any rate not to run to meet disaster.

"Franchot is such a sweet, thoughtful, understanding, unexpected sort of person. He's hard to know unless you fall in love with him, but he's so worth knowing! I've always liked older men. I haven't a friend of my own age, because when I'm with kids I feel as if I were their mother. Right now at Twentieth Century-Fox, where I'm under contract, a group of the younger girls are doing the play 'Stage Door.' Most of them are around my age—maybe I'm actually the youngest—but they seem so juvenile to me!"

Jean has a moving and sultry loveliness, great poise, and such beauty that it's no wonder Earl Carroll noticed her on a dance floor at the Stevens Hotel in her hometown Chicago, one night. Jean had graduated from high school. Mr. Carroll was giving a show with his famous girls. He gave Jean a salestalk about joining his show and was so persuasive that she, in turn, argued her father into permitting it.

"All my life I'd dreamed of the screen," said Jean. "I thought this was the key to Hollywood. The whole family came with me, but after two months in the show my father took me out of it."

Next came a contract with Paramount Studios, where Jean played a

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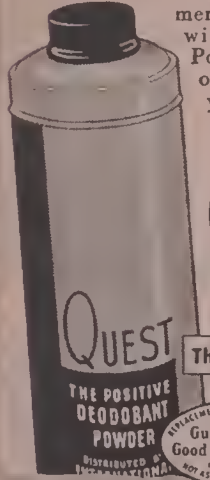

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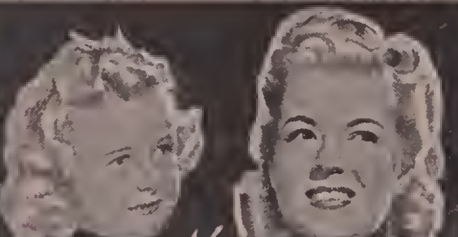

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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few roles—and July 13th.

"When Franchot asked me to marry him, he wanted to know if I would like to go on with my career. I said: 'I don't know. I've thought of nothing else all my life; I've wanted it so very much, it may be hard to give it up.' He didn't press me. At first, he was always going somewhere; I'd pack up and go with him. Then I had the baby and was ill all the time. A career seemed far away and unimportant. But now I'm well and strong, Paddy is ten months old, and I'm ready to work.

"You can't be married to an actor and stay out of show business, if you love him. You know how it is in Hollywood: if you're not part of pictures you might as well not be present at any gathering. It's a tight little circle that shuts you out. You're invisible. I want to be part of Franchot's life—and he understands."

Stories that Franchot spent his honeymoon with all his in-laws are not true. The Tones went to the Racquet Club in Palm Springs for the honeymoon, then took Hedy Lamarr's Beverly Hills house and made their numerous trips from it. When they bought their present home, Jean's mother consented to live in and care for it while they were traveling and acquiring special Early American pieces for it, and later while they were welcoming Pascal Franchot Tone, the son and heir. Jean's brother Jack and baby sister were with their mother. After the mother's marriage early in 1944, and Jack's enlistment with the Marines, little Carol continued to live with Jean.

"People sometimes think she's mine," observed Jean, as we watched the little girl dancing in and out of the library on various imaginary errands. "I don't mind—she's so sweet—but after all I was fourteen when she was born! I've always wanted to give Jack and Carol the carefree life I didn't have. I'm devoted to them. I never thought I'd have a child of my own."

Speaking of Paddy, the wonder boy, Franchot is a devoted father. When Jean was in the hospital, Franchot moved a bed into his studio dressing room at Universal, where he was working at the time, so that he could save gas for hospital trips every night. He had a day off when mother and child came home, and spent most of it touring the city's hardware stores looking for baby scales, until someone took pity on him and explained that you get baby things at baby shops.

The Tones take pleasure in finding exactly the right pieces for their home. It's taking a long time, as they won't buy a thing unless it "belongs." Franchot found the rare editions for his library, and it was Jean who chose the leopard skin couch before the fireplace and the leopard skin drapes at the windows.

To Jean, too, belongs the credit for the newly decorated living room, which is most effective. The walls are light blue, the rug soft, thick and white, drapes and upholstery combine subdued red, white and blue, and a crimson Chesterfield strikes a dramatic note.

The man who is never bored has only recently discovered the joy of doing things with his hands. He's also learned how much fun children can be. He intends to enjoy his son thoroughly, but not to plan the boy's life. Paddy is to work things out for himself.

THE END

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

capture Guam and take Saipan and the Tinian Islands.

Six of the Marine Corps cameramen who photographed these scenes lost their lives in the process—that's your evidence for front-line and underfire authenticity!

Taken originally for use of the Military Intelligence in training staff officers, the film affords civilian audiences their first opportunity to see heretofore secret American weapons, actual scenes of Jap suicides, Jap snipers trying to escape, and the surrender of Jap civilians.

Twenty-one minutes of a powerful and gripping account of our Pacific War.

BABES ON SWING STREET (Universal)
Give me some skin, Jackson! Here comes that hep-chick Peggy Ryan, in her newest dish o' jive.

Peggy and her solid pals (sans, however, the also very talented but now in uniform Mr. Donald O'Connor) are in something of a stew in this one, kids. Her neighborhood guys and gals, interested mainly in jam sessions, but also possessing considerable long-haired tendencies, are offered scholarships for furthering their classical careers—*if* they can raise a hundred dollars to start the project.

So what to do? Have a kid's night club, of course!

Countless amusing (and some not so amusing) problems arise before the revue gets revued (sharp!). But with the help of Leon Errol, Anne Gwynne, Kirby Grant, Ann Blyth, June Preisser and others, the stuff gets jumping and flattens 'em in the aisles.

Give the little lady a great big hand, boys!

GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIES (Republic)
Gene Autry fans (and we know there are lots of them!) will be delighted about this re-leasing of the picture with such oily complications.

The sides taken in this story, about putting down an oil well near the western community where cattlemen oppose the whole project on the grounds that oil and cattle won't mix, are about as changeable as political party affiliations on the day after election. Gene starts out by being "against" and winds up getting in a lot of trouble because he's changed his mind and is "for."

Judith Allen has a lot to do with all this, and Frog (your old pal, Smiley Brunette), quite by accident, is responsible for making everything come out with a happy ending.

On the musical side, add the Maple City Four, with all their assorted wash-tubs, scrubbing boards and tin horns. And the songs you'll hear again are things like "If You Want to Be a Cowboy", "Wait for the Wagon," and "Chinatown."

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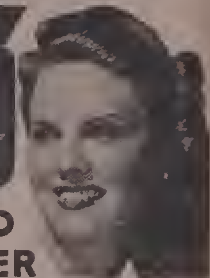
AFTER



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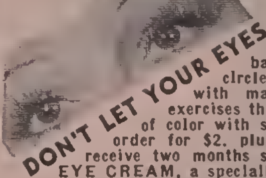

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PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

WOMEN'S ARMY has inducted Lana Turner, Laraine Day (don't miss her latest picture, "Bride By Mistake," if you have to mortgage the family bee to go), Susan Peters, Agnes Moorehead (who is superb as the friend in "Mrs. Parkington"), and June Lockhard.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION is the picturization of Marcia Davenport's exciting book, with Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore, Donald Crisp, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper (her genteely looped scenes in "Mrs. Parkington" are superb), and Sara Allgood.

AT PARAMOUNT:

SALTY O'ROURKE has Alan Ladd and Gail Russell, opposed by Bruce Cabot in his first post-war picture.

LOST WEEKEND, the frightening book by Charles Jackson, is to employ Ray Milland in the role of the drunkard, which is pretty funny because there are few men in Hollywood more sober than Mr. Milland. Jane Wyman is to be the loyal, intelligent sweetheart, and the manner in which she got the part is typically cinematic. Brackett & Wilder, who are producing the picture, were headed for a projection room to see rushes of a new picture and stumbled by accident into a room where "Princess O'Rourke" was being shown. If you remember this one, Jane was married to Jack Carson, and the scene being unreeled as the two producers barged in showed Jane dancing with Jack and looking up at him, wordlessly, but with such worship in her eloquent face and eyes that no one could mistake her feelings. "That's for us," said Messrs. B & W, and Janie was in.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S is going great, with Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Lillian Gish (coming into the Commissary looking like a beautiful fugitive from a family album), and Joan Caulfield.

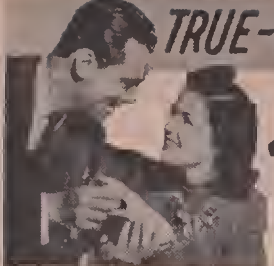
AT RKO:

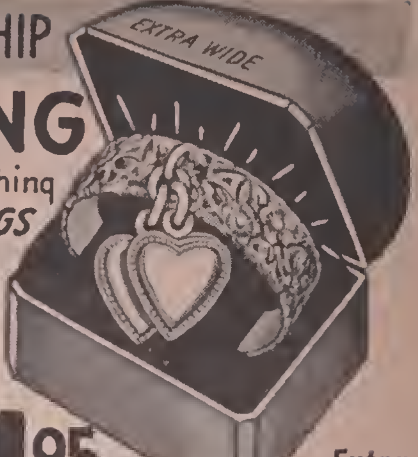
EXPERIMENT PERILOUS is a murder mystery that started out to be modern of background but retrograded in history because Hedy Lamarr had never done a costume picture and thought it would be fun. The frightening husband is Paul Lukas, and the doctor who arrives in the gasp of Fate is George Brent. This one sounds like a goodie.

IT'S A PLEASURE has Sonja Henie on thin ice again, with the assistance of Michael O'Shea, Bill Johnson, and Marie McDonald.

THE WONDER MAN is the Danny Kaye picture that had to be postponed because of Danny's gruesome gam, but all is again leg of spring lamb.

CHINA SKY is the story of a doctor, Randolph Scott, who returns to his post in China with a spoiled, uncompromising young wife, Ellen Drew. At the same post there is a tender, sympathetic woman doctor, Ruth Warrick. 'Nuff said.





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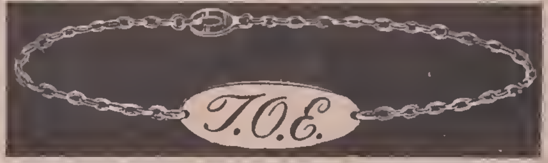

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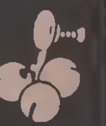

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I AM HITLER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

actor to play a Hitler role in a picture called 'The Devil With Hitler.' saw the shot, tested me, and signed me for the part. I've been playing Hitler ever since—but I think I'm through with it now. 'The Hitler Gang' just about covers everything that could possibly be told about the Nazis, so there won't be any need for additional Hitler roles. Anyway, I don't want people to think that's all I can do."

Actually, he has played Hitler just five times. The four following the original Roach film were "Nazi Nuisance," a flash in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "Hitler, Dead or Alive," and "The Hitler Gang."

It was his physical resemblance to Der Fuehrer, plus acting ability, that won for Watson his Hitler roles. He was born with the first, and developed the second through years of hard work in the theatre.

Watson probably is the only actor whose first job was stripping tobacco in a cigar factory. That was in Springfield where his grandfather had been a friend and confidant of a young lawyer named Abe Lincoln. The tobacco job lasted only until Watson could find something else to do. It didn't take long. His best friend was Eddie Dwyer, and Eddie's mother ran a boarding house that was a hangout for whatever vaudeville and theatrical talent passed through Springfield. The performers taught the two youngsters some of their pet routines, and the lads soon won an amateur night contest. They were promptly hired by the Empire Theatre in the rather unique capacity of working on the stage in burlesque and selling peanuts in the audience.

Watson also toured with a medicine show, hit the nickle theatres in Chicago's loop with Dwyer, soloed in vaudeville and eventually hit the top circuits like Keith, Orpheum, Pantages and Sullivan and Considine. He and Dwyer used one Scotch dialect act for three years without changing a line.

The actor later teamed with such artists as Liane Carerra, the daughter of Anna Held; Charlie Howard, and the Duncan Sisters. George M. Cohan finally spotted Watson in the No. 2 company of "Going Up" in the part created by Frank Craven. Probably his best known role was that of Mme. Lucy, the male modiste in "Irene," in which he played for two years.

Watson made his screen debut in "Syncopation," the second talking picture to be filmed in New York. From that time on, until 1933, he divided his time between pictures in New York and Hollywood, and stage appearances in both cities.

The Hitler role in "The Hitler Gang," he thinks, was just about the toughest of his career. He studied some 30,000 feet of newsreel film to learn Hitler's mannerism, gestures, arrogant stance. His previous portrayals had been largely in a comedy vein. This was to be serious, serious enough to bring before the public for the first time a pictorial, honest presentation of the Nazi rise to power. Watson wanted his characterization to be absoluely perfect.

He listened to recordings of Hitler's radio speeches so that he could dupli-

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cate them—in English—with the same inflections, the same emphasis on certain words, the same mouthings.

"That really caused me a bit of trouble," he explained. "I had always worn a false mustache when I played Hitler before and just combed my hair down over one eye. This time I had my hair trimmed in Hitler fashion, and grew a real mustache. My neighbors looked at me a bit askance. And one night when they heard me yelling and screaming a particularly brutal anti-Semitic speech, they descended on me in a body, ready to have me committed to an asylum. The explanation that I was rehearsing didn't get over any too well.

"After that I did my rehearsing at night on vacant sound stages at the studio—whenever I had any speeches to do. I didn't leave my trailer unless I had to. I ate in the commissary kitchen at the studio, instead of the dining room. Too many people were staring and remarking.

"I tell you," says Watson, "I got to be a pretty lonely citizen while we were in production."

Watson lives in his trailer by preference, and has lived there eight years. He had owned some property in the East, which he lost, and vowed he'd never again own anything he can't take with him. He can take the trailer—or could, until gas rationing. His favorite drive was to Taos, New Mexico, where he has many friends among the artists and Indians there. They have an Indian name for him which he thinks means "Chief Carry Little Pueblo Behind."

Watson's trailer, since it is now more or less immobilized, might well be a house. It is modern and completely equipped. He has planted pepper trees, flowers and a Victory garden. He gives parties at a barbecue, which he also erected himself. His friends and neighbors are Walter Catlett and Chester Clute.

"You know," says Watson, "I guess every fool who thinks he looks like Hitler has, at one time or another, done just what I did. I certainly didn't expect my one-minute party routine to develop into a career. If I had the gas I'd get out of here right now and disappear for a couple of months. Maybe by the time I got back people would forget I look like Adolf and would have some comedy roles for me. I could use a few right now.

"I've got one idea, though. Everybody is thinking up ways and means to punish Hitler and his gang after the war. I'd like to show 'em all 'The Hitler Gang' about a dozen times a day. Then they could see themselves as others see them—and that ought to be punishment enough."

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE

The abdication of Der Fuehrer—whether voluntary or forced—will put Watson out of a job, but he'll be duly grateful. It has been a job he didn't want; one which was thrust upon him, for reasons this story has explained.

As we go to press, it is yet to happen. But Hitler's permanent retirement as the loopy leader of the German Reich seems an assured certainty, and when that time comes there'll be no one more pleased and rejoicing than Robert Watson of Hollywood!

THE END

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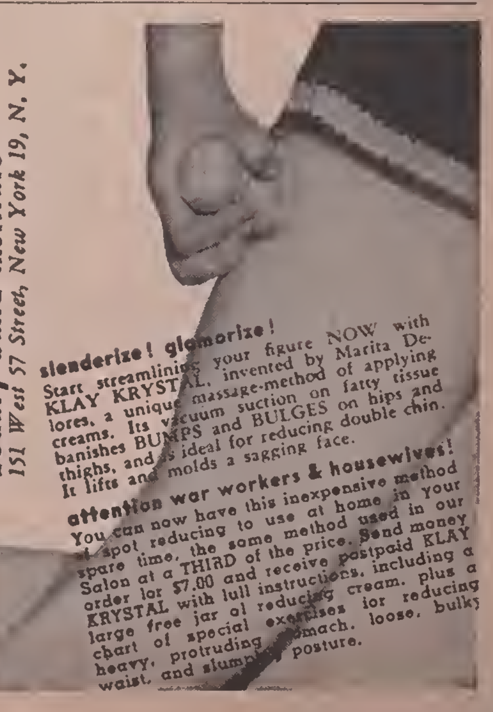

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JOYCE REYNOLDS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

stretch at the cinema with you.

She likes being with people, can't remember ever having been shy. The only thing that saves her from being a gad-about is the fact that she requires ten hours sleep a night.

In between sleeping nearly half her time away, and working at the studio, she likes to have friends over to her Westwood home. She lives with her mother and grandmother, who came out from Texas with her when she decided to enroll at U.C.L.A. They bought the house then, and though Joyce has to travel nearly thirty miles to work, they're not tempted to move.

Joyce has a secret ambition and a secret vice. The secret vice is for chocolate cake, which she'll eat at any hour of the day—preferably in a movie.

Her secret ambition, if the studio knew it, might be of some concern. Because Joyce would like to spend her time living on a ranch—and you know what happens when Miss Reynolds makes up her mind to anything.

She wants a place with a stream so she can fish, and a place nearby to hunt. She used to do both with her father before he passed away three years ago, and never lost her taste for the outdoor life.

As we intimated, Joyce owns a chunk of Texas in her own right. Her father left her a hundred acres near Houston; she takes possession on her twenty-fourth birthday. Joyce thinks that's wonderful, but wishes out loud it were ranch land instead. She needs a place, she tells you seriously, to keep her horses. It sounds like an awful problem, until you suddenly remember that she doesn't have the horses yet.

There'll not be any for awhile, either—especially after her recent experience with a purely mythical pig, which almost cost Joyce her grandmother.

It started on the "Janie" set, when a make-up man was telling Joyce about the cute baby pigs on his ranch and offered her one. She explained that her home in Westwood was hardly the place for such things, and declined. But she added: "Oh, how I'd love to have one." And her mother walked by just in time to hear the end of the conversation.

Knowing her daughter's impulsiveness, Mrs. Reynolds immediately assumed the worst and started to protest. Joyce gave the make-up man a wink, and the gag was on. He strolled away while she was explaining to her mother that she couldn't get out of accepting the pig now, without offending the man.

For two days, Chez Reynolds was in an uproar. Grandma stated flatly that she wasn't going to play nursemaid to any pig, no matter how cute.

That was the last straw—and Grandma announced she was going back to Texas. She had her bags all packed, before Joyce finally broke down and confessed.

Which is just one of the reasons her mother and grandmother agree so wholeheartedly with the studio's claims that, in Joyce Reynolds, they have discovered an exciting new personality.

THE END

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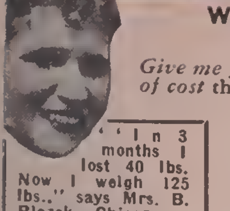

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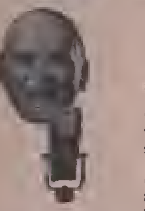

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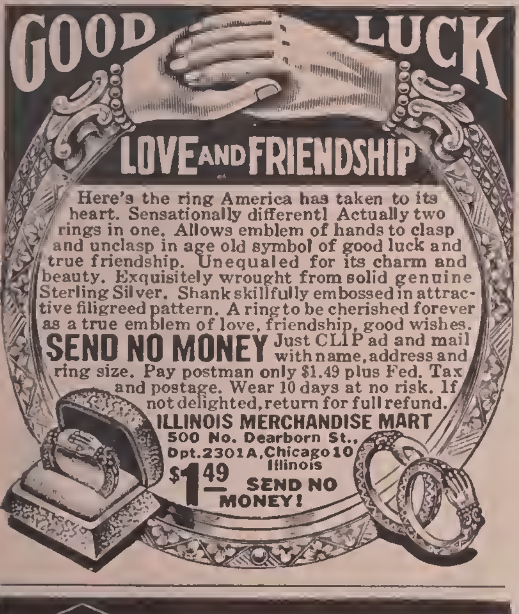

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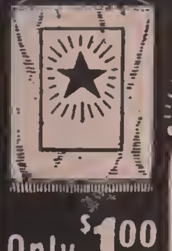

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Glow-Flags Co., 179 W. Washington, Dept. M-77, Chicago 2, Ill.

EDDIE BRACKEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

the Kiddies evaded the Gerry Act prohibiting young children from stage work. At all events, there was Eddie, aged five, convoying his small self through New York's subways to and from outlying theatres. A five-year-old didn't have to pay fare if accompanied by an adult; Eddie was adept at joining all sorts of unaware elders.

Eddie never graduated from grammar school. Because he was usually working in some branch of smalltime show business, he was enrolled in the Professional Children's School for Actors. Lessons were given by correspondence method, whether or not the young actor was in the classroom. Poring over multigraphed pages only bored him, and he dodged as much education as possible.

The lack of formal schooling doesn't exactly depress him now, for he's been making up for it by reading everything he can get his hands on, studying whatever new subject catches his interest, informing himself with reference books and authorities in a way that could not have been possible earlier.

His main advantage over the college graduate, as he sees it, is that he *knows* he doesn't know and will never stop trying to learn.

It was when he was thirteen that he first met Junior Durkin, understudying that brilliant juvenile in "The Lottery." Junior's later Hollywood success gave Eddie movie fever.

The Brackens were no better off than usual and funds for a trip to the coast didn't exist. Eddie had only the $4.20 which his mother had given him to pay for putting his picture in a Long Island newspaper, the day he was sixteen.

He was feeling very old that birthday. Years were passing and he was getting nowhere. For the only time in his life he succumbed to temptation, appropriated the $4.20 and started to hitch-hike to Hollywood.

It took him eleven days. He wasn't used to soft living, but hitch-hiking was a grueling ordeal. Broke, hungry, homesick and miserable, he refused to give up. He stumbled on, thumbing frantically. Once he went to the jail in a small town and asked to be allowed to sleep there. They let him occupy a cot, but woke him at six to send him on his way.

Eddie looked like a scarecrow by the time he reached Shamrock, Oklahoma. That's a town he'll never forget, for it was there that he knocked at the back door of a modest bungalow, timidly asked for something to eat, and was invited in to a delicious dinner.

"Those were the kindest people I ever met," he declares. "I don't know how it happened that I didn't get their names. I've tried, but I haven't been able to find them since I've been in the money."

Does any Shamrock family recognize itself?

At the end of eleven days, Eddie dragged himself into Hollywood and slept under the trees at the corner of Vermont and Hollywood Boulevards.

"One of these days," he thought, as he lay shivering in the October chill, "I'll be driving past here in my

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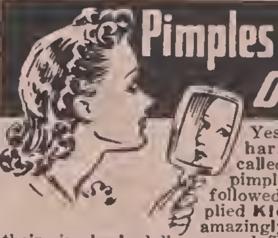

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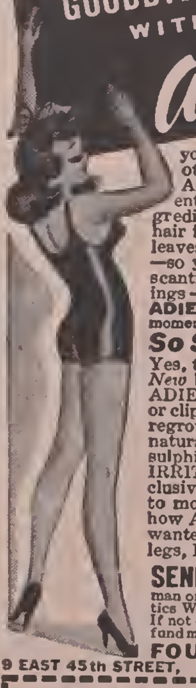

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Rolls Royce, with my monogram on the door and a couple wolf hounds on the back seat, coming from my great big house with its tiled swimming pool. People will look after me and say: 'Gee, there goes Eddie Bracken, the big movie star!' "

None of that seemed likely when he woke up. He was colder than ever and practically hollow with hunger. All he could think of was finding Junior Durkin. Junior was working steadily. Junior would tell him what to do.

But the Durkin telephone number was secret and it was days before Eddie finally persuaded the doorman at Paramount Studios to call the young actor and ask if he cared to speak with a guy named Bracken.

"Why sure, come out and stay at our house!" invited Junior, cordially.

Grace and Gertrude, the Durkin sisters, added their welcome to their brother's and Eddie stayed with them for ten weeks while he tried desperately, but ineffectually, to get a screen job.

"Something will break for you," became the Durkin rallying cry throughout those discouraging weeks.

But nothing did break, and finally along came a telegram from Mrs. Bracken, telling of a stage offer in New York and sending money for a return trip by bus.

"It had been gosh-awful hard for my family to get that much money together," remembers the young comedian. "There was only enough for the fare and a dollar a day to eat on. Not enough to get my suit back from the cleaner's. I borrowed two dollars from Grace to retrieve the suit . . . and paid it back exactly ten years later.

The New York offer turned out to be a flop, but Eddie lined up another engagement, kept himself fairly busy for a few seasons and finally hit the jackpot in "Brother Rat," beginning by playing the youngest role in the play and winding up as lead in the New York company and on tour.

George Abbott, Broadway producer, thought highly of Eddie and didn't conceal it. He had two companies of "Brother Rat" on tour when he acquired "What A Life!" the story of Henry Aldrich. Eddie, announced Abbott, was a natural for the role of Henry. The two Rat companies should be combined and Eddie brought back to Broadway.

"By that time," confesses Eddie, "I thought I was slightly terrific, myself. It goes to show you should keep your headsize normal.

"Before I could get back to New York, Mr. Abbott had a reading of the play and let Ezra Stone stand in for me. Ezra was a knock-out. When I arrived and read the part, thinking I was tops, I didn't even make a dent. The part went to Ezra. Mr. Abbott told me I could have a small role, if I wanted it, or I could go back to 'Brother Rat.'

"It was a come-down, but I took the small role. I thought I had let Mr. Abbott down by being a smarty and I wanted to prove to him that I could act. I kept after him and at last he let me do Henry in a road company."

It was while this road company was being assembled that Eddie dropped in to see the New York company doing "Brother Rat." There was an entire new cast. The girl who played Claire was beautiful. And when you

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Movieland, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1944

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Phil Keenan who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Movieland and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Movieland, Inc., 1476 Broadway; New York; Editor, Doris Cline, 1476 Broadway, New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Phil Keenan, 1476 Broadway, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Movieland, Inc., 1476 Broadway, New York; Hillman Periodicals, Inc., 1476 Broadway, New York; Stockholders: Rita Hillman, 1476 Broadway, New York; Alex Hillman, 1476 Broadway, New York.

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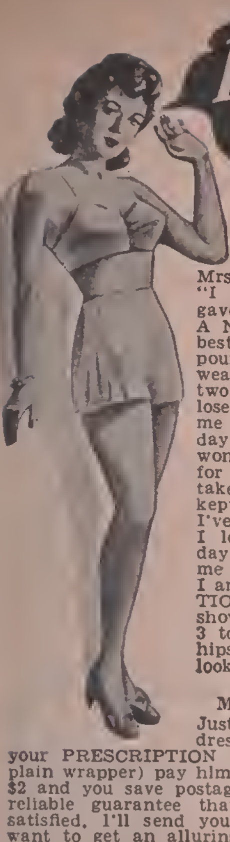
PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1944.

(SEAL) GEORGE GORMAN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)



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say "beautiful," you haven't told the half of it.

Eddie had an all-gone feeling whenever he looked at her, which was whenever she was visible. He went backstage after the show to get a closer view and tell her how clever she was in the role—was even a bit breathless as he repeated his praises.

But she seemed unimpressed. "Nice of you," she murmured, looking at somebody else. Then she began to talk to a third party.

"She's up-stage," Eddie told himself. Who was *she*, anyway? What difference did it make if she was big-time or not? He'd never see her again!

But he was wrong, on all counts. Presently he discovered that the girl was his leading lady in "What A Life!" Then after a year she became his leading lady in real life. Her name was Connie Nickerson, but she likes Connie Bracken better. They have a baby girl, Judy, nearly two years old.

Eddie's biggest Broadway hit, "Too Many Girls," brought him bids from six Hollywood Studios. The best of these came from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but Mickey Rooney was a star at that studio, and Eddie thought Mickey would get their plum roles, so he went to Paramount.

One hit role followed another—in "Life With Henry," "The Fleet's In," "Too Many Girls," "Happy Go Lucky"—to mention only a few. And on to his more recent triumph in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

He's "in the money" now, but money isn't going to Eddie's head. Good reason why—the Brackens have already "gone Hollywood" and come back.

When he first could afford it, Eddie and Connie moved into a big house with the biggest swimming pool in Beverly Hills. It was the realization of that dream he'd had under the trees on the hill at Vermont and Hollywood Boulevards. Now he was a big shot, now he lived in a great big house, drove a swanky car, wore expensive Hollywood sports clothes and gave swell parties.

"But we weren't happy," confides Eddie with a shake of the head. "That house was so big my wife and I couldn't even find each other, half the time. Crowds of people were always dropping in—people we hardly knew. People we hadn't met turned up at our parties.

"Suddenly we woke up to the fact that we were miserable."

When Eddie finds himself in a spot, he does something about it. This time he moved out of the big house and into a modest bungalow on the wrong side of Beverly's tracks. It hasn't a pool nor a patio, but it has a big backyard. Kids on the street play football and Eddie plays with them. Neighbors borrow cups of milk back and forth. Connie discusses babies over the back fence. It's a home and the Brackens say they're nuts about it.

Eddie hopes to be a director some day.

"An actor," says he, "can keep going only so long, but a director can work as long as he can stand up. I love work. When I've learned enough about directing, I'll put on a campaign and beat the drums till they let me try it!"

This is the saga, then, of a boy with no advantages.

THE END

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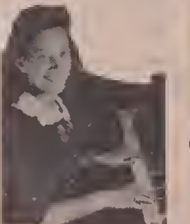

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IRENE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

unidentified extra. (Not that she actually does all this work herself—that would be too much—but she supervises and directs.)

How many other designers can boast such complete power? Irene, however, is not one to boast. She freely admits being from Baker, Montana, where a girl had to make her own clothes or be content with something everyone had seen, either in the general store or in the mail-order catalogue.

"I remember Mother's coming home one day with a length of gingham and a pattern for an apron," she says, "and saying it was time I learned to sew. I don't remember just how old I was then, but by the time I was in high school I was making all my own clothes.

It was Irene's original ambition, though, to be a concert pianist. And strangely enough, it was that ambition which took her to Los Angeles, to enroll in the University of Southern California for music training—and quite by coincidence, to start her clothes designing career. Night classes first, at the Wolfe Costume Designing School (because a design-interested friend wanted company for attending the course). Then, the night classes completed, a trial business venture.

Irene decided to open a shop. And being just across from the campus, the shop gained quick popularity—"not because of my first clothes," Irene is quick to say in her usual unassuming way, "but as a meeting place. The girls all came there because it was a place where they could smoke. A co-ed being fitted had twenty to thirty others sitting around on the floor, praising or criticizing—and smoking."

Success stories in Hollywood usually involve some benevolent prince or a kindly fairy godmother. And no need to claim an exception in this case, because into this little campus dress shop one day walked Dolores del Rio.

"When she left," Irene recalls, "I could hardly believe what had happened. My prices had been $35 and $45 for day dresses, $75 and $85 for evening gowns. Dolores took two or three of the samples and from my hastily made sketches ordered an evening gown. Bravely I quoted a price of $150.

"I was sure it was too much, and that she'd never come back and pay for it. Since then, though, I've learned—I've charged $1,750 for a gown without a single qualm.

"Dolores not only paid my price; she voluntarily gave me *more* than I'd asked. Not only that, she wore the gown to one of Hollywood's most dazzling parties. It was a hit, and she generously told who had made it.

"Customers began to flock to my shop, after that. Soon I had to move to larger quarters, and decided upon Hollywood."

The importance of her clientele rapidly increased. But feeling, then, that she must learn at first hand something of the French tradition which had made Paris the fashion capital of the world, away she went—to Europe.

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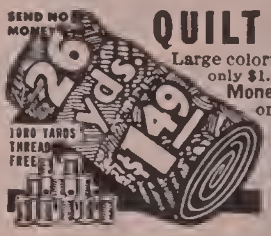

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After studying and touring for a year and a half, she returned to Hollywood, accepted an offer to establish her own salon in one of the smart Wilshire Boulevard stores, and the name Irene quickly took on a lot of prestige. Her invitational showings were distinguished, brilliantly successful, and attracted the best-dressed women of the world.

Many movie stars came to Irene for personal wardrobes, but she had and wanted no part in the business of designing clothes strictly for the screen. The time came, though, and Irene didn't have to go to the studios, for Customer Constance Bennett brought a studio to *her*. And seeing the Irene-designed costumes Miss Bennett wore for "Topper" at the Hal Roach Studios other stars—Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert and Rosalind Russell—began to demand Irene creations for their screen wardrobes.

Five years later, she had signed the contract with MGM and was not merely a designer but a supervisor of designers, head of her own staff. Each of Irene's assistants has special talents and is assigned to certain pictures. Irene directs and supervises their work, adding here, making suggestions there.

Among the trends which she had set, during the years preceding her present studio activity, was the illusion of tantalizing revelation with nude souffle. Into shops all over the country went copies of this suave sexiness, particularly the provocative but proper little black dresses with flesh chiffon. Then the really feminine suit, with all the functional values which had made the football-shouldered, masculine suit so popular. The cap sleeve which Irene introduced three years ago is predominant again this season.

Today, women who made a career of clothes now make a career of war activities, and motion pictures depicting modern times have come as down to earth as they were once exaggerated.

In "Marriage Is a Private Affair," Lana Turner is a young lieutenant's wife. (Sketches accompanying this story are the clothes Irene designed for her.) June Allyson and Marsha Hunt in "Music for Millions" are young music students. Myrna Loy is a young wife going to visit her husband's family in a small town, in "The Thin Man Goes Home." In "Bathing Beauty," Esther Williams is a physical education teacher. Judy Garland's a soldier's sweetheart, in "The Clock"; Phyllis Baxter, a lieutenant's wife, in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

So there are wartime restrictions, you see, even in fashion designing. Except for costume pictures such as "Kismet," Irene hasn't created any of her fabulous gowns for the MGM stars. She is looking forward, however, to creating costumes for Lucille Ball and Lucille Bremer in "Yolanda" (from Ludwig Bemelmans' book), which will give her an opportunity to express herself along those lines again.

Asked what's the greatest difference between the average American girl and the so-called smart woman, Irene tells you the girl follows blindly the formula of the season, without thought of her own personality or figure. The smart woman adopts a style or mode essentially her own.

This may mean she wears suits from dawn to dawn—street suits,

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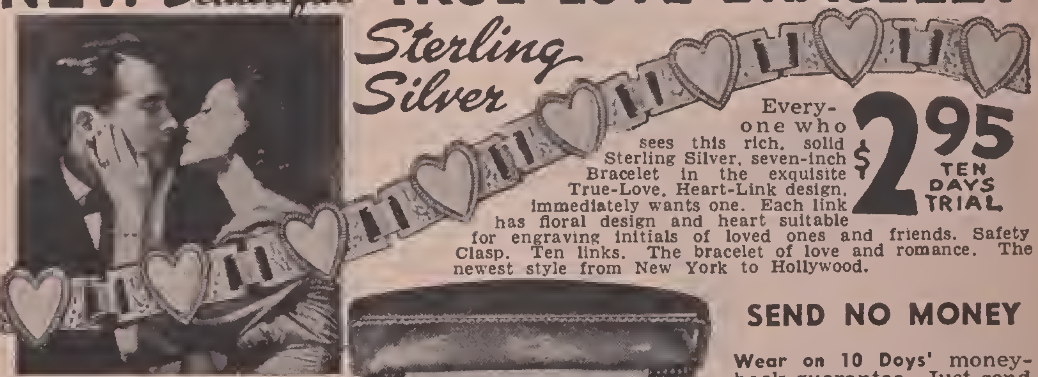

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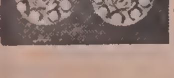

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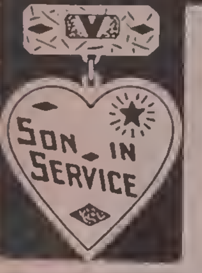

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cocktail suits, evening gowns with a tailored look; it may mean that all her clothes feature dolman sleeves or short sleeves or long sleeves; that she wears only black or only white; that she wears a basic dress depending upon a variety of accessories to give chic. In other words, the smart woman is distinctive.

Irene approves the French woman's custom of shopping for clothes only twice a year, thereby coordinating her wardrobe wisely and perfectly. Hats, she believes, are the only justifiable "spur of the moment" purchases.

She makes no predictions about "after the war" fashions. "They can go most any way," she says. "Today we see fewer slacks and more dresses, because women wear slacks to work. When the men come back we may find still greater changes. Only two things seem fairly certain—the basic silhouette will not change much, nor will tight corsets return. Women are too accustomed to free body movement to tolerate restricting corsets again, I believe."

Irene receives a lot of fan-mail, most of which she classifies into three general categories: those wanting support in their fashion opinions, those wanting advice on how to make a complete change, and those wanting to know how to pattern a career after hers.

To those who write asking how to effect a complete change, she advises first of all a change of make-up, coiffure and outlook, along with improved health and better figure. Then careful self-analysis of type and equally careful purchasing of wardrobe.

To those who want to know what course to follow for becoming a successful designer, she advises a good college education with stress on foreign languages and research on costumes and customs, in addition to study of design in a reputable school.

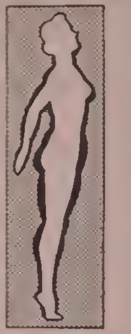
Irene herself says she's been very lucky. But luck without sure instinct and thorough grounding would not have taken her from the ranks of the would-be designers to the heights she's reached today, sitting right up there on top of her profession—and we do mean "the top."

The End

OPEN LETTER TO RHONDA FLEMING

Excuse it, please! We left you unidentified, as the model for the Saks Fifth Avenue costumes used to illustrate the Anita Colby article in Movieland's October issue. Lots of our readers caught the omission and have written to tell us about it. Oh yes, you might be surprised at how many loyal fans you have, all watching out for your interests! They're full of anticipation, too, for seeing your next picture—"Spellbound," isn't that the name?

With due apologies,
Doris Cline,
Ye Editor.



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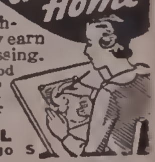

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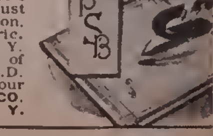

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153 West 72 St., New York (23), N. Y.

HOROSCOPE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

hard work and careful interpretation of her roles.

Saturn, the planet which offers limitations and delays, has given her many problems which, with ineffable charm, she keeps strictly to herself, along with her own fears and shyness. Her Moon in its relationship to Neptune, Uranus and Saturn—the last three Planets of slow motion, holding this relationship throughout her life —has helped her make many sacrifices, for she has great intuition and inner assurance that her inspirations and dreams are fine and worthwhile, and with hard work and patience will be realized. This patience has been doubly difficult, since her nature is impulsive and she does not enjoy delays; too, she has had more than her share of unkindness, for she is extremely sensitive. Being a keen critic, she is often as dissatisfied with her own efforts as well as those of others; but a warmly affectionate and loyal heart has made her severely honest with herself.

There are alternate "spells" of activity and inactivity; any out of door interests are beneficial, and a fondness for animals may make horseback riding a great pleasure.

She has the rare combination of idealism and practicality, although it is sometimes almost impossible to keep the two emotional sides from conflicting—the profound, intellectual and occasionally foreboding side, and the emotional, ardent, enthusiastic side. While her inspirations rest on an unworldly but firm foundation, there is little selfishness in her, and she is often far too generous with herself—her resources and her all too-limited time.

The close of 1944 finds Miss Gifford well-established in her profession, and 1945 promises to be fortunate, for it brings her several roles of dramatic calibre which would try the experience of one who had less courage and self-confidence.

Keep on expecting great things of the lovely Frances; her popularity is on a big up-curve, and she's soon to be firmly established as the brightest Nova in the Cinema Firmament.

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 12

B	A	R	R	■	P	A	U	L	A	■	W	A	V	E
A	S	H	E	■	E	R	R	O	L	■	A	L	A	N
R	A	Y	E	■	A	L	I	N	E	■	L	A	I	C
I	N	T	■	E	R	E	■	E	R	S	K	I	N	E
■	■	H	I	T	L	E	R	■	T	E	E	■	■	■
R	O	M	A	N	■	N	E	T	■	T	R	A	I	L
I	S	■	N	A	N	■	M	A	E	■	S	A	R	A
S	H	E	■	S	U	S	A	N	N	A	■	M	E	N
E	E	L	S	■	N	A	T	■	D	O	T	■	N	A
S	A	L	L	Y	■	N	E	D	■	R	O	B	E	S
■	■	■	E	E	S	■	S	I	S	T	E	R	■	■
E	R	N	E	S	T	S	■	V	I	A	■	E	A	T
L	E	A	P	■	R	A	P	I	D	■	A	N	N	A
L	A	N	E	■	I	N	A	N	E	■	I	D	O	L
A	D	A	R	■	P	E	T	E	R	■	D	A	N	A

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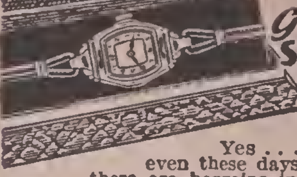

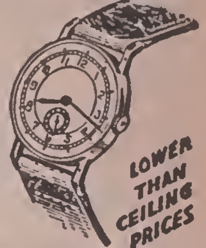

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Watch Your Throat. The Throat needs constant care. If you want to keep a lovely contour. Apply YOUTHLINE, a fine rich scientific lotion, formulated specially for the throat to keep it firm and lovely. Regardless of the kind of neck you have, average, flabby or scrawny, YOUTHLINE, a scientifically made lotion, will work wonders for your throat and under chin treatment. It will decrease or entirely eliminate your double chin. For effective results, begin this treatment immediately. Full directions with package. Only $2.00 Postpaid. (If C.O.D. Federal Tax and Postage extra.) Money Back Guarantee.
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PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

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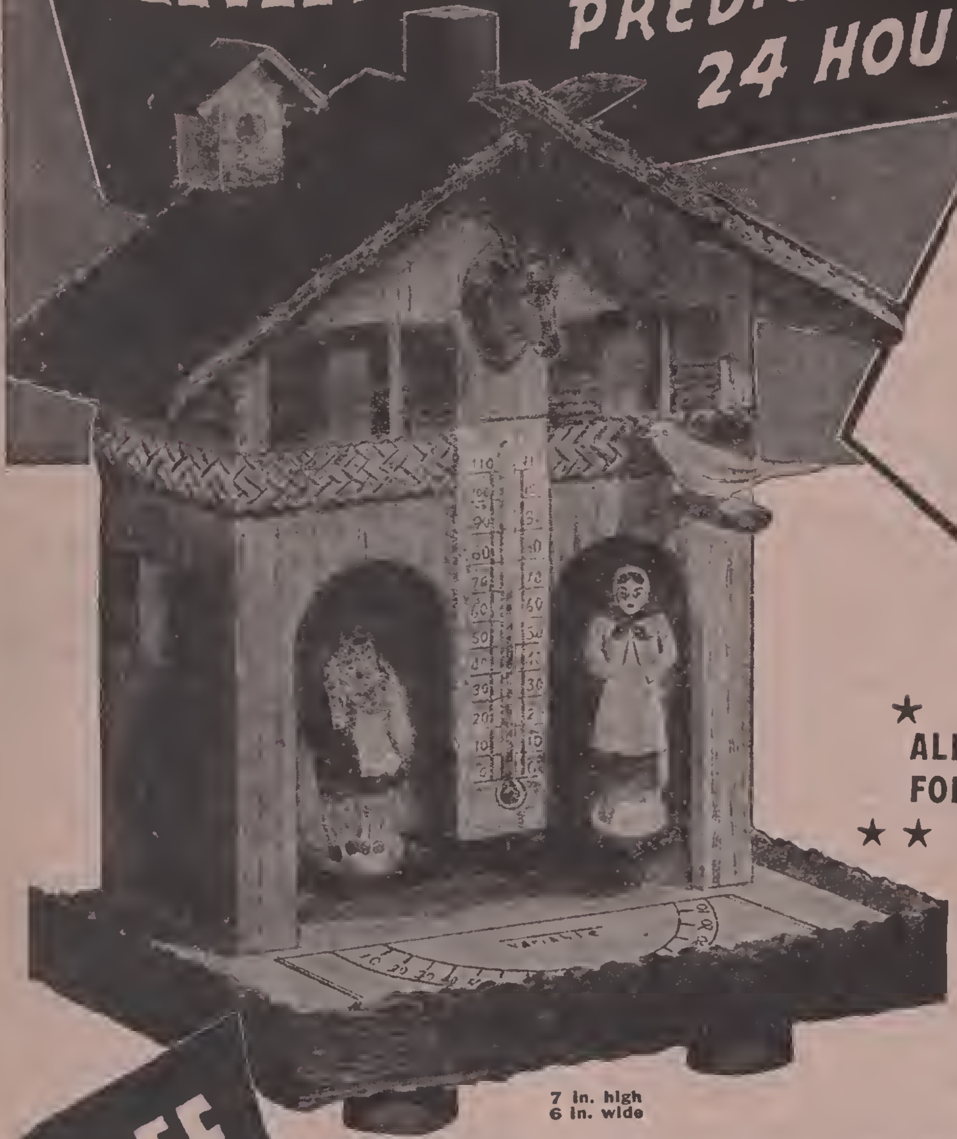

7 in. high
6 in. wide

NOW YOU CAN BE YOUR OWN WEATHER FORECASTER

ALL WEATHER REPORTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forccast the weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

FREE for Prompt Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF

Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

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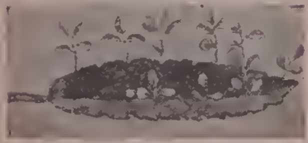
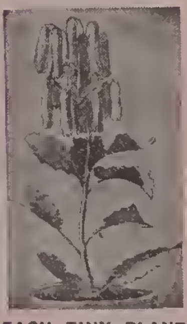


AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

Yours free — for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to you on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman $1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1.69 C. O. D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. HWB
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago 2, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage wtih the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D.. ☐ I Enclose $1.69. You Pay Postage. ☐ 2 for $2.98

Name..

Address..

(Please print plainly)

City..State....................

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous."

Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."

Mrs. I. F., Boothbay, Maine.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa.

Joffe—Vogue Studios

Change Your Nails into Brilliant Jewels

WITH THIS NEWLY LUSTROUS, TRUE LACQUER MAKE-UP

Chen Yu long lasting nail lacquer . . . newly lustrous and each shade newly rich, newly elegant . . . dresses your nails in the brilliance of precious jewels. *Oh so flattering to your hands!* Very possibly, very probably it's time for you to try a new shade. So we offer to send you trial bottles of any two *and* and a free trial size bottle of Chen Yu lacquerol base coat (it's that extra coat of added beauty and longer wear).

*Note especially "Pink Sapphire", "Oriental Sapphire", "Black Sapphire", and remember *any* Chen Yu shade just hates to chip!

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Oriental Sapphire*
Black Sapphire*
Black Cherry
Royal Plum
Mandarin Red
Canton Red
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Coolie
Opium Dream
Brown Coral
Dragon's Blood
Temple Fire
Opium Pappy
Flowering Plum
Weeping Willow
Blue Mass
China Doll

CHEN YU

made in U. S. A.

LONG LASTING NAIL LACQUER

SEND COUPON FOR TWO SHADES

Important: This special coupon offer
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Send me two sample size flacons of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a FREE bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

For an additional twenty-five cents please send two trial size Chen Yu lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.

Lacquer shades here:__________ __________
Lipstick shades here:__________ __________
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

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BUY YOUR
6TH WAR LOAN BONDS
AT YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

NOV 18 19

These people buy a battleship —every week!

Meet John S——— and Mary D———

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes $85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes $55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put a half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

When you come to figure out the total job that John and Mary have done, it's a little staggering.

They've made the Payroll Savings Plan the backbone of the whole War Bond-selling program.

They've helped keep prices down and lick inflation.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

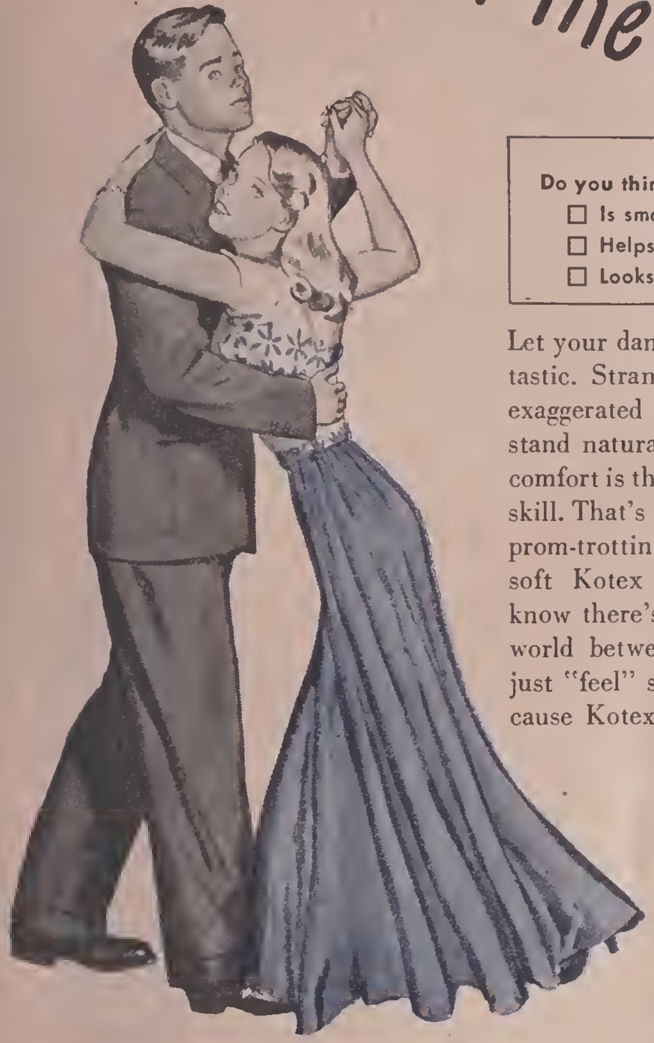
When this war is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.

6th WAR LOAN

You've backed the attack—now speed the Victory!

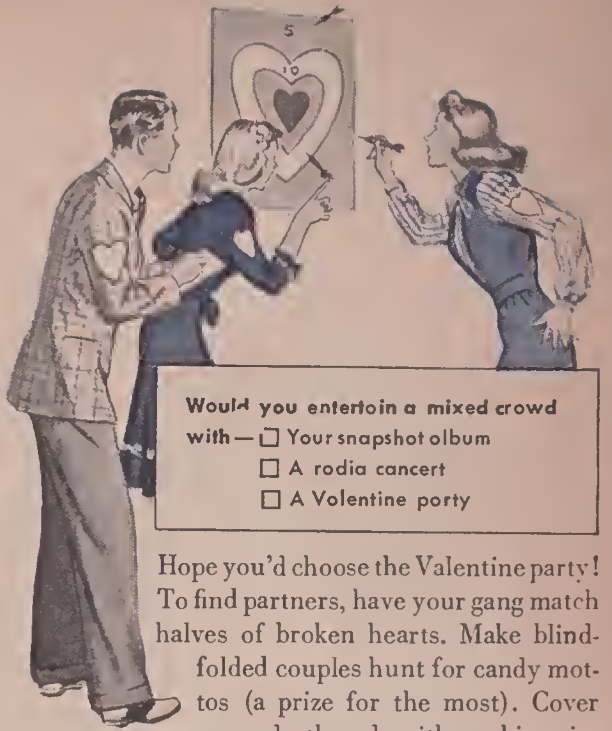
This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

Are you in the know?



Do you think her dancing position—
- ☐ Is smooth and relaxed
- ☐ Helps a tall girl look shorter
- ☐ Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose *looks affected.* So stand naturally, comfortably . . . for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch . . . because Kotex *stays soft while wearing.*

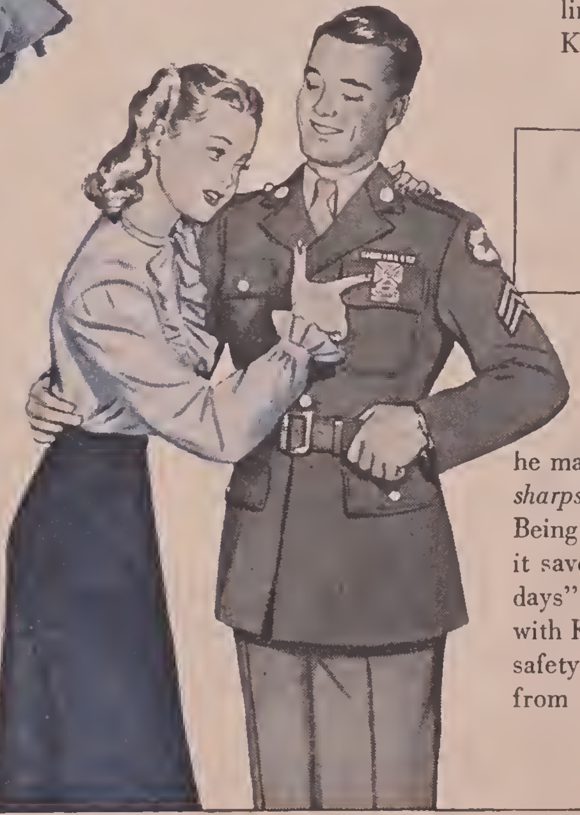


Would you entertain a mixed crowd with—
- ☐ Your snapshot album
- ☐ A radio concert
- ☐ A Valentine party

Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blindfolded couples hunt for candy mottos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a *carefree* hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—*pressed flat,* so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.

Between sets, do you preserve your wave—
- ☐ By combing only
- ☐ By brushing and combing
- ☐ By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for *brushing and combing* in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your *own* special needs. *Only* Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.



What medal is he wearing?
- ☐ Sharpshooter
- ☐ Purple Heart
- ☐ Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the *sharpshooter* medal above tells you. Being *sure* saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety *plus.*

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

Kotex
Kotex
Kotex.
Sanitary Napkins

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow money from us if you want to.

★ ★ ★ ★

In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our movie-going began . . . M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis".

★ ★ ★ ★

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful entertainment this is, enriched in every scene by rainbow Technicolor!

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just awakening to love—for the boy next door. Esther is young, innocent, vivacious, and golden-voiced.

★ ★ ★ ★

You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Banister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy (that is, Esther) has a sister—an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

★ ★ ★ ★

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mark our words: M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" will strike you as about the best tuneful repast ever displayed for your delight!

—Leo

Vol. 2
No. 12

Movieland

JANUARY, 1945 DORIS CLINE, Editor

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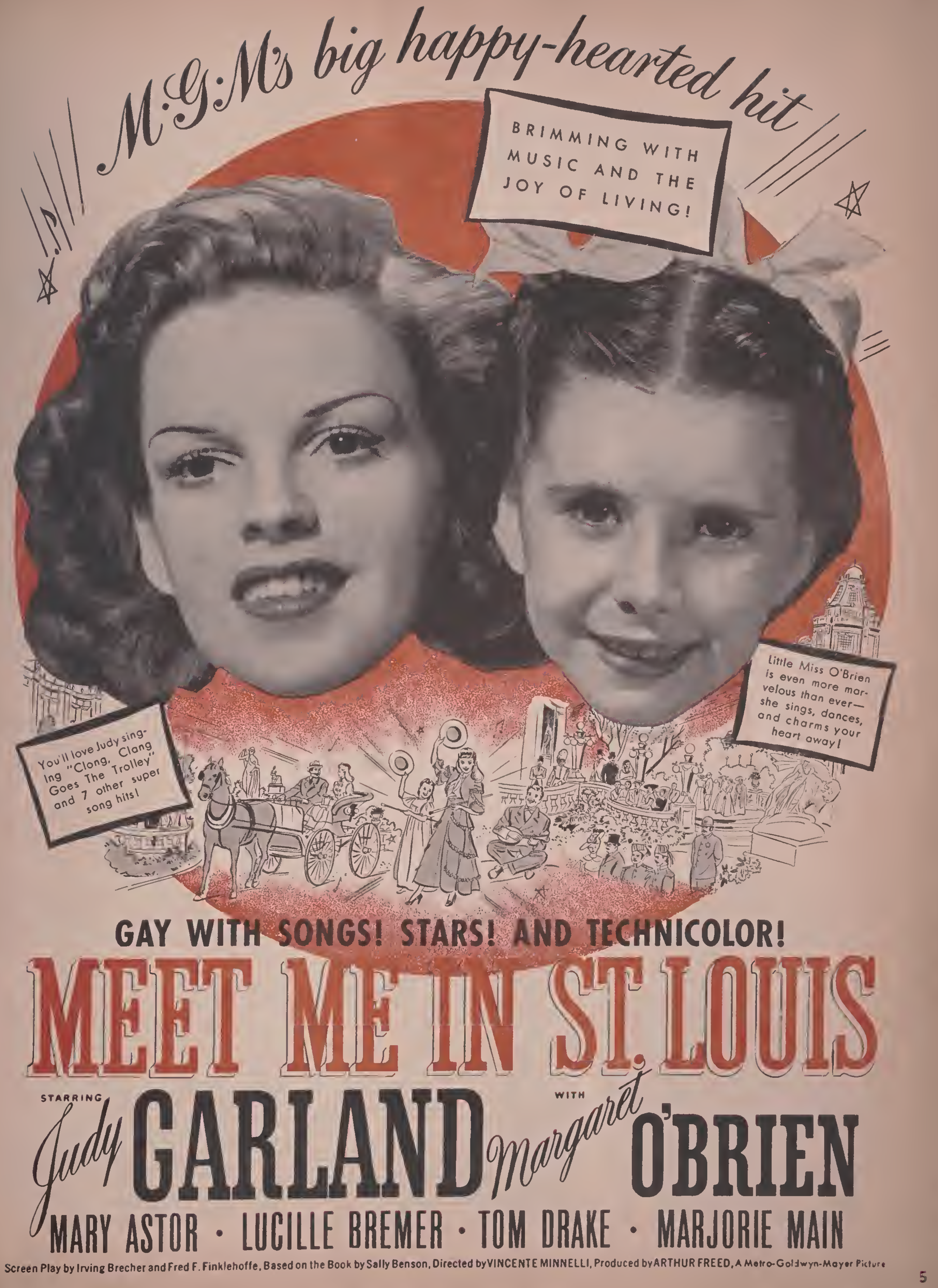


M·G·M's big happy-hearted hit

BRIMMING WITH MUSIC AND THE JOY OF LIVING!

You'll love Judy singing "Clang, Clang Goes The Trolley" and 7 other super song hits!

Little Miss O'Brien is even more marvelous than ever—she sings, dances, and charms your heart away!

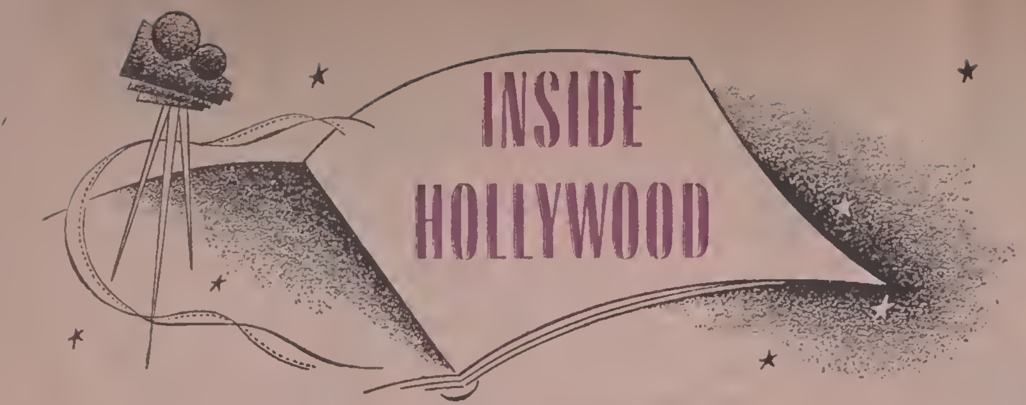
GAY WITH SONGS! STARS! AND TECHNICOLOR!

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

STARRING *Judy* **GARLAND** WITH *Margaret* **O'BRIEN**

MARY ASTOR · LUCILLE BREMER · TOM DRAKE · MARJORIE MAIN

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe, Based on the Book by Sally Benson, Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI, Produced by ARTHUR FREED, A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By FREDDA DUDLEY

ROUND TEN:

It was quite a swank affair. Every cameraman in town was out with enough flashbulbs to have powered Diogenes' search for twenty years. Town cars rolled up to the theatre entrance for this gigantic preview (the title of the picture must remain incognito), and discharged bundles of mink, white ties and tailcoats. All the people in the bleachers said "Ah" at the proper intervals.

A tall man with a face like a captured town emerged from his car and turned to assist his wife, a handsome redhead. "Bogart!" yelled the bleachers. "And his missus."

His missus disengaged Mr. Bogart's helping hand with a caustic comment, which Mr. Bogart answered in a tone that would have made the Hollywood Bowl ring. In holy acrimony, the pair entered the theatre and were shown to their seats. The altercation continued for some moments, whereupon Mrs. Bogart arose and started haughtily down the aisle in the full stare of Hollywood. Mr. Bogart followed, to seize her elbow and tell her in terms unhallowed by the Hayes office, that she had better return to her seat like a little lady or he was going to conduct himself in a very, very physical manner to the everlasting detriment of some of her important teeth.

Mrs. Bogart returned to her seat in a silence in which a hundred pounds of fish could have been kept fresh for three years.

"The Battling Bogarts are at it again," someone who knew them well said with a sigh. "It's a good thing they are married to each other because such titantic arguments would normally reduce one or the other combatant to a pulp."

Eventually, someone weakened, and the Bogarts announced their separation and their pending divorce. One of the most turbulent of marriages had been given the final gong. It had been the second marriage for Mayo Methot, and the third for Humphrey Bogart The local Big Brains are saying that the fourth Mrs. Bogart has been selected in Bogey's mind's eye.

• • •

TIE THAT:

Jack Benny, deep in the South Pacific, found that the two gags—out of some that he had expected to bring abdominal guffaws—most successful were these: Upon holding up a picture of Fred Allen in one of his most doleful poses, Jack would observe lugubriously, "Well, fellows, here's what you're fighting for."

The other gag involved no props. "Everything is the same in The States as it was when you left," he would announce heartily. "Roosevelt is still President, Ann Sheridan is still beautiful, and Allen's program is still lousy."

Like Bob Hope, Jack sometimes felt that he had never left home. His guide in New Guinea was Captain Lanny Ross, and the chap who announced his New Caledonia broadcast was Marine Sergeant Jack Briggs.

• • •

IT'S A DATE, GATE:

It is a rule in the Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald household that Captain Raymond will attend to all minor household repairs whenever he manages to get up to Los Angeles on week-end leave. (He is presently based at Yuma, Arizona.)

Captain Gene Raymond, in England nearly a year, now stationed at Yuma, Arizona.

One evening not so long ago, his wife was quietly reading when she heard an old familiar refrain. A lost motorist had scorched up a rustic roadway, only to find that it ended abruptly at the Raymond-MacDonald gate. Before he could apply his brakes, he had crashed into the white-washed pickets.

Jeannette had just returned to the house after an inspection of the shattered portal when her husband telephoned to say that he would be home that weekend. "Stop somewhere along the way, dear," said Mrs. Raymond, "and buy some white paint, nails, boards, and all that stuff—you know."

"That gate again for the eighth or tenth time, huh?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I suppose I can't kick. A lot of army guys would be very happy if, while they were gone, the little woman would give all strangers the gate."

• • •

GROWING PAINS:

Unhappiest girl on election day was June Allyson—not because she was dissatisfied with the election outcome, but because she couldn't vote. She didn't become 21 until October 7, one day too late for her to register in Los Angeles.

• • •

SPIRITED BUTLER:

For a party that they gave recently for a

(*Continued on page 8*)

"The Battling Bogarts" (see item above). They did have *some* friendly interludes.

Jack Benny and Carole Landis, greeted by a pair of delighted officers as they landed on one of the South Pacific islands; in uniform here, for the shows Jack stuck to civvies.

IT'S A HONEY OF A FUNNY-- about love and money!

ANN SHERIDAN

ALEXIS Smith
JACK Carson
JANE Wyman

IRENE Manning
CHARLES Ruggles
EVE Arden

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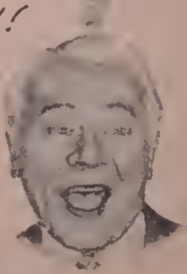

with JOHN RIDGELY · JOHN ALEXANDER · CRAIG STEVENS · BARBARA BROWN · ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by JAMES V. KERN

Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney
From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon

JACK L. WARNER, *Executive Producer*

Produced by MARK HELLINGER

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When you're home curled up with a book it doesn't matter if your hair slips its moorings . . . But when the party's in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

So anchor it, for keeps, with *DeLong Bob Pins* . . . They have the strength of true love and the grip of a habit . . . They'll hold your curls securely, keep your hair-net snugly in place and help make you the glamour-puss of the party.

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DeLong
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SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 6

visiting friend, Sue and Alan Ladd employed a one-night butler from a highly recommended agency. This butler proved to be a hostess' dream: he was tall, austere of appearance, elegant of accent, and polished by years of experience. He assumed command instantly and in no time everything was moving along smoothly.

So smoothly, in fact, that Sue only wondered fleetingly what on earth this paragon of serving virtues could be doing, when she caught sight of him emerging from the shrubbery near the Play House. Thirty minutes later, when she saw him repeat the performance, she decided to investigate. Neatly placed side by side in the tall grass beside the bushes were four bottles of cheer, purloined from the party stock.

Sue promptly paid him off. "But, Mrs. Ladd, I can give you an explanation," he protested indignantly when she explained her objection to his spirited conduct.

"That is an explanation I should like to hear," she said with wry humour.

"Well, your guests are just wasting the beverages you are serving," he said hotly. "They don't appreciate good things. Now, I do!"

* * *

STREET SCENE:

The wind had blown her hair into a tumble; she wore no make-up except a quick swatch of lipstick, now almost obliterated. By one reluctant hand she drew a chubby, protesting small boy across the street. "Please, Bobby, hurry, before the signal changes."

"But I don't *want* to have my hair cut," clamored the youngster.

"Well, you're going to have it cut, so just behave," was the answer from the harassed girl who might have been any sorely beset young mother dealing with a strong-minded young son. She hoisted him over the curb and struggled down the street.

No one recognized her as Academy-Award winner, Jennifer Jones.

* * *

ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE WITHOUT TROUBLE:

The new Mrs. Mickey Rooney, in case you haven't seen pictures of her, is beautiful, blonde, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, is 17 years old, won the Miss Birmingham (Alabama) title in 1944, and was Betty Jane Rase before her marriage. Perhaps the most indicative fact about her is that she and Mickey were married by the minister of the church at which Betty Jane has attended Sunday School since she was first enrolled.

* * *

ALIENATION CONFIRMATION:

The long rumored estrangement of Carole Landis and Major Thomas Wallace was confirmed recently, to the distress of ardent romantics everywhere. Theirs was a storybook romance, and it is to be hoped that when the war is over and some sort of ordinary home-life can be reestablished, they will reconcile.

CONSTANCE BENNETT AND GILBERT ROLAND, long known in Hollywood to be separated, made it official in a joint announcement to the newspapers.

* * *

DEVOTION DEPARTMENT:

It was Thursday on the set of "Duffy's Tavern," picture in production at Paramount. Barry Sullivan, not needed in a scene, slipped away to the paymaster's window, then to the bank, and then to Billie Benesche's shop—a spot that is, in an upper bracket sort of way,

(*Continued on page* 10)

Dorothy Lamour and hubby Maj. Wm. Howard, of the Army Air Corps, together in N. Y.

Phyllis Brooks with Bob Walker (Mocombo). Bob's marriage still isn't "reconciliated."

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WITH

Charles **COBURN**

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp and F. Hugh Herbert
Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

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Black Navy (Mark 1st & 2nd color choice)
Circle size 10 12 14 16
Also Blouse at $3.95, plus postage.
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Name__________
Street__________
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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 8

the Paramount Village Store. There, Mr. Sullivan bought a peasant dress, size 12, for his wife.

Every Thursday, if Barry is working in a picture, he follows this routine by purchasing his wife a new garment of some sort. It speaks well for his taste, and for his wife's astuteness, that Mrs. Sullivan has never returned nor exchanged a single item among these gifts.

* * *

SCENES SEEN ABOUT TOWN:

June Allyson and Dick Powell at the Alan Ladds' stupendous party.

Captain Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman at the same party—Jane looking like a fugitive from Heaven in a white moire dinner dress, strapless, and trimmed with narrow bands of mink.

Bill Eythe, bearded for "Czarina", at the party with Nina Foch; John Payne with Gloria de Haven; Dick Crane stag because his lovely Kay was away; Marjorie Reynolds looking radiant because Captain Jack Reynolds had just returned from three months of dodging robombs in England; Helmut Dantine lamenting the fact that he can't escape his Nazi roles. Even in the remake of "Petrified Forest" he plays, not the American gangster as the story was originally written, but an international crook with Nazi overtones; Deanna Durbin, stunning with her new blonde-auburn hair; Jeanne Crain and Lon McCallister going back to the lavish buffet for second helpings of turkey; Betty Hutton, being greeted in stentorian manner by her boss, Buddy de Sylva, and telling him to mind his manners or be smeared with lipstick; Big Jim Brown with his fragilely beautiful wife; Barry Sullivan with laughing Mrs. Sullivan, who refuses to wear her glasses when she attends a party, so has to have Barry point out the guests as they enter so that— in her congenial way—she can wave; Sonny Tufts with his statuesque Mrs.; Judy Garland trying to get someone on the telephone, dialing repeatedly; Gail Russell looking shy, and being told by an about-to-be-married Air Force Pilot, just returned from 13 months in Africa, that she had the type of eyes to make a prospective bridegroom review the question of his nuptials very carefully. And everyone in general having a copasetic time.

* * *

THIS, YOU SHOULD SEE:

Edward G. Robinson, ex-Little Caesar, permanent art collector, and good guy recently returned from an entertainment tour of France, is being instructed at Metro in the art of driving a team of horses, while plowing a straight furrow. This bucolic chore is necessary for Mr. Robinson's part in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes."

Gig Young stood in line for 77 minutes in order to telephone Hollywood friends from San Diego just before he shipped out with the Coast Guard. By the time you read this, he will undoubtedly have seen action in the Philippine Invasion.

Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen, recently wrote, directed and produced (with a company of G.I.'s) a musical comedy at the Palm Springs base. Title: "Air Farce."

By the time you read this, Deanna Durbin will be a free woman. If a concentration of crossed fingers in Hollywood accomplishes anything, Deanna will immediately marry Bob Landry, staff correspondent for Life Magazine. Bob was at sea with the Navy when Pearl Harbor was bombed, and he was one

(*Continued on page 72*)

Jennifer Jones and Jinx Falkenburg, when they entertained a group of service boys just back from Saipan and the Marianas. Jinx has since given shows in the CBI area.

the whispers grew into a roar...
the woman grew into a legend...
the love story grew into
a great motion picture!

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starring
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with CORNEL WILDE
NINA FOCH · GEORGE COULOURIS
Screen Play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

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A new miracle of TECHNICOLOR!

COLUMBIA PICTURES

To People who want to write

but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

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Movieland's NEW PICTURE GUIDE

5 BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH ON PAGE 60

LAURA (20th Century-Fox) comes to us as "another mystery," at a time when mysteries are what we have most of, speaking film-wise (and otherwise); yet as such, it needs no apology.

For it's one of the best—competing and comparing most favorably. It has sheer suspense aplenty, a well-written story, and an experienced cast well-directed.

Gene Tierney comes back to the screen in the title role, beautiful as ever—and more than ever before, an actress. Dana Andrews underplays somewhat, as the detective assigned to solve Laura's murder—but that's not to say that he doesn't do it intentionally. It's our guess that he does, and with praiseworthy results.

Vincent Price is superb, too, as the fiancé who behaves like a heel—and knows it; and Judith Anderson is excellent as always, as the woman who knows the heel for what he is, and feels she's better able than Laura Hunt to afford such a husband.

But for all that it's difficult to point out any single performer for special credit, Clifton Webb (in his first movie role, after years on Broadway) rates more than an equal share of the honors. It's he, playing Waldo Lydecker—columnist, collector, cynic and satirist—who's probably most of all responsible for lifting this far above the usual run of murder mysteries.

ENTER ARSENE LUPIN (Universal) classifies as a mystery-adventure tale. Based on the Maurice LeBlanc character—the international crook who, for all his rascality, was such a romantic sort of rogue — the story opens with a scene on a European train that's "speeding through the night."

Charles Korvin—new handsome, six-foot leading man recruited for the screen from the New York stage—has the title role, and Ella Raines is the girl he pursues to London. Lupin's thievery, you'll gather, is somewhat incidental to his romantic pursuits; and like Robin Hood of old, his crimes are committed with charitable intent.

All the same, he gives Scotland Yard and the French police a merry chase, and we think you'll like it—with J. Carrol Naish, Gale Sondergaard and George Dolenz in the supporting roles.

AND NOW TOMORROW (Paramount). For the second time in her cinematic life, Loretta Young portrays the helplessness of the deaf—and withal convincingly, though one has the feeling the story has handed her a tragedy exaggerated out of all proportion to the affliction.

Alan Ladd co-stars with Loretta, as the young medico who restores her hearing, falls in love with her, and makes everything turn out "just fine, thanks."

The Rachel Field novel on which the film is based is the story of Emily Blair (Loretta Young), pampered daughter of the wealthy New England Blairs of Blairstown. Until the eve of a party announcing her engagement to Jeff Stoddard (Barry Sullivan), when she is struck with meningitis and resulting deafness, Emily has always had the usual "everything." Comes then two years of traveling to specialists all over the world—alas, she tries to buy back her hearing, but fails. And there, as already explained, is where Dr. Ladd comes in!

Susan Hayward, always the beautiful minx, doubles as Emily's sister and "the other woman." Which is to say that there are romantic complications before the happy ending; also a few other interruptions and intrusions, making for a lagging of pace here and there, though not enough to complain about.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (20th Century-Fox). A Technicolor musical of the type most popular now—the innovation from feeble books formerly written about raising money to keep the landlord from closing the hall on opening night currently being to tell a story about an American composer and the tunes from his pen.

"Irish Eyes" is one of these, produced by the new formula, and waxing biographical about Ernest R. Ball, who wrote some of the loveliest ballads during the first two decades of the century, notably "Mother Machree" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Dick Haymes has the Ernie Ball role, and sings it with all due sentiment, besides turning in the straight-acting performance credited as having boosted him to stardom on the 20th lot. The "conflict," if you can call it that, consists of breaking up the composer and his girl (June Haver), then trying to get them together again—which happens, of course, but not until the end.

Blonde-beautiful June Haver rates some song and dance applauses, and Monte Woolley, caustic as usual but more than usually soft-hearted and benevolent, is a noteworthy addition in the interest of humor.

BOWERY TO BROADWAY (Universal) is just what the title says. And it's another roseate exercise in nostalgia for days that are gone but not forgotten, a delightful revival of the gay and colorful. It's top-drawer entertainment, delivering a fair share of sighs, cries and chuckles, for all that it runs a little on the thin side when it comes to big dramatic situations.

Opening on the Bowery, in 1895, it takes Mike O'Rourke (Jack Oakie) and Denny Dugan (Donald Cook) through their series of fights, competitions and alternating triumphs. It gives you Lillian Russell (Louise Allbritton), singing "Under the Bamboo Tree," plus the Dancing Kirbys (Rosemary De Camp and Frank McHugh); Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor, as themselves; Maria Montez, as Marina, the European star; Susanna Foster, as Peggy, "the girl with the million dollar legs"; and Turhan Bey as Ted, the boy who writes her music, and falls in love with her.

(*Continued on page* 14)

Glamorous
Joan Blondell
Famous Hollywood
Screen Star
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"You bet I use Arrid! I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream"

Joan Blondell

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MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

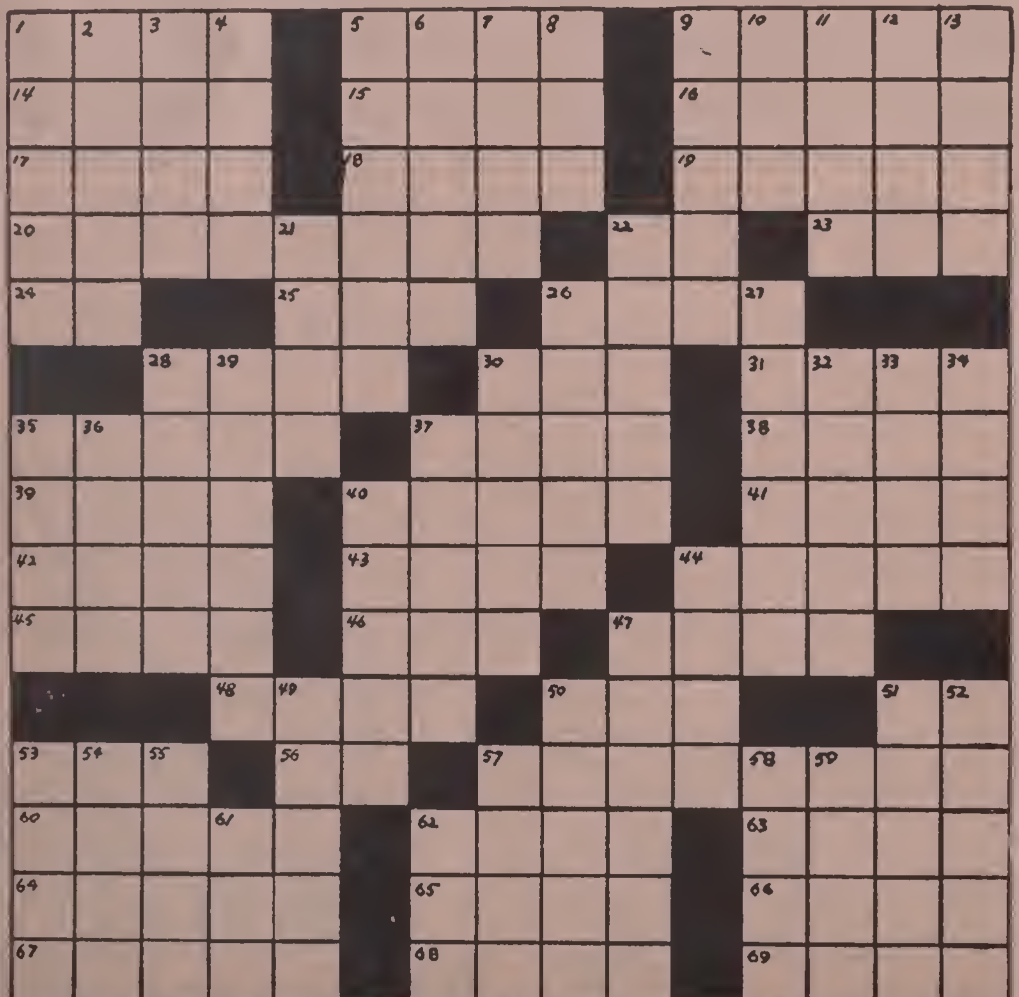
ACROSS

1. "Lt. Willett" is - - - - role in "Since You Went Away"
5. - - - - Nazimova
9. "Mrs. Skeffington"
14. Odd (Scot.)
15. "Sasha" in "Days of Glory"
16. Egg-shaped
17. "Impatient - - - - s"
18. "Miss Gray" in "Jungle Woman"
19. Surrender
20. Gary Cooper
22. "Barney O'Dea" in "The Invisible Man's Revenge" (inits.)
23. Crafty
24. "Mr. Winkle"
25. He is in "Ghost Catchers"
26. Portrays Margaret in "Wilson"
28. A murderer in "Double Indemnity"
30. They do this in "Wing and a Prayer"
31. Javanese tree with poisonous sap
35. Donna in "See Here, Private Hargrove"
37. Make a slam in card playing
38. "- - - - in Heaven"
39. Algerian seaport
40. Ancestors (poet.)
41. "Abdul" in "The Mask of Dimitrios"
42. Ann is one in "Janie"
43. George in "Follow the Boys"
44. Two-footed animal
45. "George Trellis" in "Mr. Skeffington"
46. Beverage
47. "J. D. Brown III" is - - - - role in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
48. "Lt. Com. Moulton" in "Wing and a Prayer"
50. Chum
51. "Woodrow" in "Hail the Conquering Hero" (inits.)
53. Vaudeville performance
56. "Glen" in "Step Lively" (inits.)
57. "Gus Crane" in "Sensations of 1945"
60. Charles Laughton
62. Hume Cronyn in "The Seventh Cross"
63. Ham actors often - - - -
64. Dispatch
65. "The - - - - of Forgotten Sins"
66. Lath
67. A genus of geese
68. A halt
69. Roy sings "Take it - - - -" in "Yellow Rose of Texas"

DOWN

1. "Janie"
2. Mountain nymph
3. Periods
4. "Ellen" in "The Lodger"
5. Grand Vizier in "Kismet"
6. "Take It or - - - - - It"
7. (With 30 down) Sings "Paper Doll" in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
8. - - - Brown is in "Stormy Weather"
9. "Gregory Anton" in "Gaslight"
10. King of Midian (Num. 31,8)
11. Pedal digits
12. "- We Meet Again"
13. "Brom Broeck" in "Knickerbocker Holiday"
21. "Terry" in "Are These Our Parents?"
22. Easy gaits
26. "Elsbeth Conway" in "Janie"
27. "Abigail" in "Christmas Holiday"
28. Bring into register with the aperture of a movie projector
29. "Hafiz" in "Kismet"
32. Insect feelers
33. Malarial fever
34. "Dragon - - - -"
35. Comet's head
36. Marlene in "Kismet"
37. Feminine name
40. Oliver is - - - - - screen 50 across
44. She is in "Meet the People"
47. "How Green Was My - - - - - -"
49. "- - - - - You've Gone" is sung in "Atlantic City"
50. Ingrid in "Gaslight"
51. Small heaters
52. "Bobby" in "And the Angels Sing"
53. Harry Davenport in "Kismet"
54. Sidney Toler
55. Flip
57. Elapsed
58. Irish
59. "Marie Gruher" in "Make Your Own Bed"
61. Saintess (French abbr.)
62. Jumbles printing type

(For Solution See Page 77)



I'LL BE SEEING YOU (Vanguard, released through United Artists) is the story of Mary Marshall (Ginger Rogers), on Christmas furlough from prison, and Sgt. Zachary Morgan (Joseph Cotten), on furlough from the Army hospital where he is under treatment as a neuropsychiatric.

Mary and Zach meet—the girl serving a manslaughter sentence meeting the soldier recovering from the strain of combat in the South Pacific. They're enroute to Pinehill, where Mary will spend the holidays with her Aunt Mary (Spring Byington) and Uncle Henry Marshall (Tom Tully), and their daughter, Barbara (Shirley Temple.

It's a love story, developed under these unusual circumstances; hope renewed through the adventures of their ten-day double furlough, aided by the kindly and steadying influence of the Marshall family.

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE (Republic)

Will Roy Rogers (flanked by Trigger, of course, and the Sons of the Pioneers) get the girl?

Will the heroine (Dale Evans) lose her rodeo?

Will the villain (Richard Powers) trick her into marrying him?

For the exciting answers to all these questions, and more too, see "Lights of Old Santa Fe." Incidentally, Roy and the "Sons" give out with some snappy tunes, like "I'm a Happy Guy in My Levi Britches" and "Trigger Hasn't Got a Pretty Figger."

THREE IS A FAMILY (United Artists) but due to the exigencies of wartime living, the Mitchell family rapidly increases to ten.

The original three (Fay Bainter and Charlie Ruggles, as the Mitchells, and Helen Broderick as Irma, the very funny and much complaining "poor relation") are living together, more or less cozily, in an apartment just fitting their needs. Then daughter, Kitty (Marjorie Reynolds), and her twins (Donna and Elissa Lambertson) come home for the duration. When their son, Archie (Arthur Lake), and his expectant wife (Jeff Donnell) are given notice to vacate their apartment because of a no-children clause in their lease, there's only one solution—a house.

As though a miracle, a house is found, and the elated family figuratively thumb their collective noses at the manager—until the down-payment check bounces. (Charlie has "forgotten" to mention that he invested their $2,500 bank balance in a business venture.) The family is on the point of total evacuation, when Kitty's husband comes home on leave and the "expected one" begins to arrive. (Not even a hospital room can be had.)

Already bursting at the seams, the apartment now has to expand to accommodate the near-sighted doctor (John Philliber), and another expectant couple, invited by Kitty's rashly generous husband.

Hattie McDaniel, as the tippling maid, the last of a long succession, adds much to the humor and her bulk to the impression that the apartment is just a small scale Grand Central Station.

Direction, dialogue, and excellent performances by the entire cast add up to making this package excellent entertainment, with a slight touch of the slapstick.

THE CONSPIRATORS **(Warner Bros.)** bears resemblance to the Frederic Prokosch novel in almost no respect, except that the characters keep the same names, and it continues to be set in Lisbon.

Paul Henreid as Vincent, the hero involved in a plot of international spying and counter-spying, and Hedy Lamarr, as his Russian girl sweetheart, contrive, with the "help" of the writer adapters, to turn a story of power and importance into an only mildly dramatic situation with love-interest.

Meeting a similar fate by this treatment, too, are the novelist's other characterizations—Quintanilla (Sidney Greenstreet) becomes no more than a gang leader; Bernazsky (Peter Lorre), one of his stooges. So nearly missing as to be almost entirely absent from this version are the hope and despair appeals of the original story; the ideals that justified Vincent's revenge motive, however sordid and murderous. What results may not be entirely disappointing, for those who aren't judging it on a comparative basis; still, *given* such an exciting, compelling story, what a waste, that it should be so completely changed in the interpreting of it.

(*Continued on page* 70)

After 7 SHORT WEEKS

—the radiant girl she never dreamed she could be!

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Occupation__________Age______

THE RIGHT TRACK FOR TEENS

EVERY girl between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one is lovely to look at. If she isn't, it's her own fault! Who says so? None other than Joyce Reynolds, one of the shining stars in Warner Bros. "Hollywood Canteen." Here's how Joyce, who looks the way every young girl should, proves her point.

A slim, straight figure—the pin-up kind—can't be had for the asking. But it *will* be the proud possession of any right-minded miss who stoops and bends in regular rhythm for fifteen minutes out of the day; who keeps one eye on a calorie chart and the other on the milk and greens that build strong bones.

A complexion need never be a calamity. It won't be, either, if it's well cared for with frequent daily soap and water washings and the tender touch of a light lubricating cream.

There shouldn't be a dull moment. There never is when a pretty face is pointed up with the proper make-up. Or when good grooming and perfect posture take the place of bobby socks and a sloppy stride.

The right kind of make-up begins with a base. Just be sure your neck doesn't get left out of the picture, says Joyce.

The right sort of coiffure starts with healthy, glossy hair. For this you need to shampoo often and brush every day.

The right impression calls to well-kept hands. And nails look so much nicer with a pretty coat of polish.

The right type of smile is wreathed in rosy lipstick. The "wreath" will be smoother if done with a brush

PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

AT WARNER BROTHERS:

SAN ANTONIO is still the picture with chicken trouble. During the entire shooting schedule on an alleged Texas street, the cackling of fowls, necessary for atmosphere, has spoiled many a take. Finally Director David Butler observed over the mike one day, "The local chickens have laid more eggs in this picture than has Mr. Flynn."

OF HUMAN BONDAGE. Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith and Patric Knowles are still working in this. The costumes worn by the women are out of this era—quite mad (what's so different about that?). At any rate, Director Edmund Goulding undertook to coach Eleanor Parker in a scene the other day and found that he lacked atmosphere. "Loan me your hat, Eleanor," he commanded, then donning it in the best Tom Brenaman manner, he explained—with full emotional projection—what he expected of the scene. His actors, deep in hysterics, didn't get much out of the demonstration.

PILLAR TO POST is still in the making with Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet, Bill Prince, and Johnny Mitchell. In one scene, Ida was presumably walking along a street when an outrageous urchin dropped a sack of water on her head. After having been thoroughly drenched several times, Ida was told that the cameraman was ready for close-ups. He wanted her to register extreme distaste as wetly as possible. Just before she was to utter her first line, a prop man dashed a full pitcher of water into her face. The scene was a lily (perfect on first take) a/c Miss Lupino's honest reaction to such dramatic prompting.

THE BIG SLEEP stars the newest and most exciting local romantic couple, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. The set has been closed to everyone, including the publicity department. John Ridgely (playing a heavy for the first time in his life) was wanted for a magazine interview on the set. He explained his unavailability on one sound stage, and his accessibility on another as follows, "You can't get to me in The Big Sleep, but I'm as free as air where God Is My Co-Pilot."

(*Continued on page 66*)

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STATE________

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of girls like Dorothy, Helen,
Ruth...of things like gallantry,
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Cpl. LEE J. COBB · T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES · Cpl. ALAN BAXTER · Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart

They'll Be Seeing You

Dinah Shore, reporting for the G.I.'s
she visited in France; their dreams,
things they think about—their story

By MAXINE ARNOLD

The Dinah Shor
S 20327610

Dinah, all decked out in regulation G.I. gear for touring the foxhole circuit. A "costume picture," would you say?

Pasture performances, given from the rear of a truck, were her specialty; she also did a show at the Versailles Palace.

Home again! A happy Dinah and George gather in their "corn crop" in the backyard of their Beverly Hills home—mighty tasty fare for a gal who's been on a K-rations diet!

Six weeks on tour, and she slept under a roof only six nights; for the rest, just a bedroll.

End of the journey, and welcomed by her own G.I. guy, Corporal George Montgomery.

They'll Be Seeing You

"THEY'LL be seeing you . . . in all the old familiar places . . . that that heart of theirs embraces . . . all day through . . ."

Yes, they'll be seeing you. That's the favorite of G.I.'s everywhere in France today; the song they most wanted Dinah to sing. And that's the message they asked her to bring back to you.

"And," says Dinah, "just be sure that you and all those old familiar places are still there! Everything about you, everything at home—just the way it was when they went away. Nothing changed. No new hair-do. No new paint job on the house. Not even an ash tray moved.

"They remember every curl on your head, every plank in that house. Bless 'em," drawls Dinah, with a catch in her voice. "They have a mental map of everything with them in those foxholes. The worn spot in the carpet you catch your toe in as you come in the door. The snapshot of you on the end table made one day at the beach. The big plaster dog with the stud collar he won years ago at a carnival, used since as a door stop.

"That's all he's had to think about all these months. And brother, has he done some tall thinkin'! So don't buy a new rug. Don't go and 'pretty up' the house because he's comin' home. And DON'T move that plaster dog—that's one of the first things he'll start lookin' for when he comes in the door."

Dinah says the boys worry a lot about how things may be changed, back in the States, when they come home. All the G.I.'s asked her the latest news about the states they came from, and their home town. Always the same questions—from boys from Georgia, Oklahoma, Indiana, and all over. Were the States still there? Had she been to their home town lately? Had it changed?

"Bless 'em," Dinah said again. "Makes you wonder just where in the heck they thought the States had gone!"

We were in the cozy study of her Beverly Hills home. Dinah was wearing dark blue slacks and a pink blouse, which she said made her feel "so sort of undressed," after moving around in so much G.I. gear. And she was remembering like a montage the messages the boys had given her to bring home. The mass blur of faces that sent them.

"If you have time, Miss Shore, would you drop a note to Mom when you get back and tell her I'm okay, not to worry, and I'll be seein' her?" Other notes too, scribbled against a tree in France, or on a tank stopped momentarily on the road to war.

Dinah's own G.I.—Corporal George Montgomery, who is stationed near Hollywood now and happened to be home for lunch—was spending his lunch-hour out in the backyard, working on the carburetor of his car that sputtered and wouldn't run. He made a point of of dropping back and forth through the room where we sat talking, and looking towards Dinah . . . just to convince himself that she was really safe again and back home.

"Hello, honey. How's the carburetor comin'? Need any help?" Dinah would say, flashing him a smile that should rehabilitate most anything—including carburetors.

Who, better than Dinah, to bring back those messages from boys to home folks here? To those G.I.'s Dinah Shore is HOME TOWN, U. S. A. It's all there in her voice; those torchy tones so soothing, so human, and so warm the boys say that it melts Spam in the cans.

She's done a heap of travellin' with those boys, in the past weeks, moving with the army up toward the Front . . . when the "Front" might be any hedgerow ahead, with Jerries on three sides and Dinah just hoping they wouldn't be on *four* sides before the troupe had finished giving the show. Jolting along nineteen hours at a whack in those trucks, following the tiny red catlights of some vehicle ahead, and hoping they weren't following Germans instead of somebody on their own side.

As the tanks and Caissons kept rolling along, Dinah rolled with them. Eating K-rations, sleeping on a blanket and bed roll; "scrounging" around (meaning to swap for clothes, boots, helmets and stuff) until she was finally equipped and looked rugged enough to take on a tank or so of her own—but if the truth were known, feeling about as rugged as a paper doll inside. Singing with a wobbly heart to homesick G.I.'s who collected by the thousands from out of nowhere into those French forests. Singing to foxhole foursomes, or on the steps of the Palace of (*Continued on page* 77)

It's General Omar Bradley here; she also met General Patton.

Dinah joined Der Bingle Crosby and they did a show together, at Chalons-sur-Marne.

The "Belle of the Yukon" (title of her current movie), and NBC singing star—*this* billing is just "a G.I. on wash day."

Starred in "Make Your Own Bed" and funnier than ever in "Hollywood Canteen," Jack Carson is scheduled next for "Stolen Life."

It's his business to be funny. But according to those who know him best, and should know, his "funny business" isn't always for business!

BY KAY PROCTOR

JACK the Ribber

I CAN believe that friends of Jack Carson have threatened to carve *"Laugh this one off!"* on his tombstone, comes the time for his epitaph. Such retaliation may provide some small comfort for the many gags they have suffered at the hands of Hollywood's No. 1 ribber. Even his devoted songstress wife, Kay St. Germaine, still is heard to say she should have crowned the guy, not married him!

Kay's initiation into the ranks of Jack's nerve-shattered victims dates back to 1939, when he was courting her. They were out driving one afternoon and he had just popped the question.

"There is one thing I must tell you, in all fairness, before you answer," he warned her seriously. "I've never mentioned it to you because both mother and I are rather sensitive about it, but Carson isn't my real name. My real name is—Emil Lipschitz!"

"So what?" said Kay instantly. "Lots of people change their names, especially comedians. Jack Benny, everyone knows, is really Benny Kubelsky. Why should it matter to me whether your name is Carson or Lipschitz? Don't give it another thought."

Jack sighed happily. "Gosh, honey, that's wonderful," he said. "I wish you'd tell mother how you feel about it. I know it would make her very happy."

Several days later Kay and Mrs. Carson met. In her sweetest voice Kay said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Carson. I know your real name is *(Continued on page 68)*

Popa's o radio comedian, too; hos his own show.

Mrs. C's professionol nome is Kay St. Germaine.

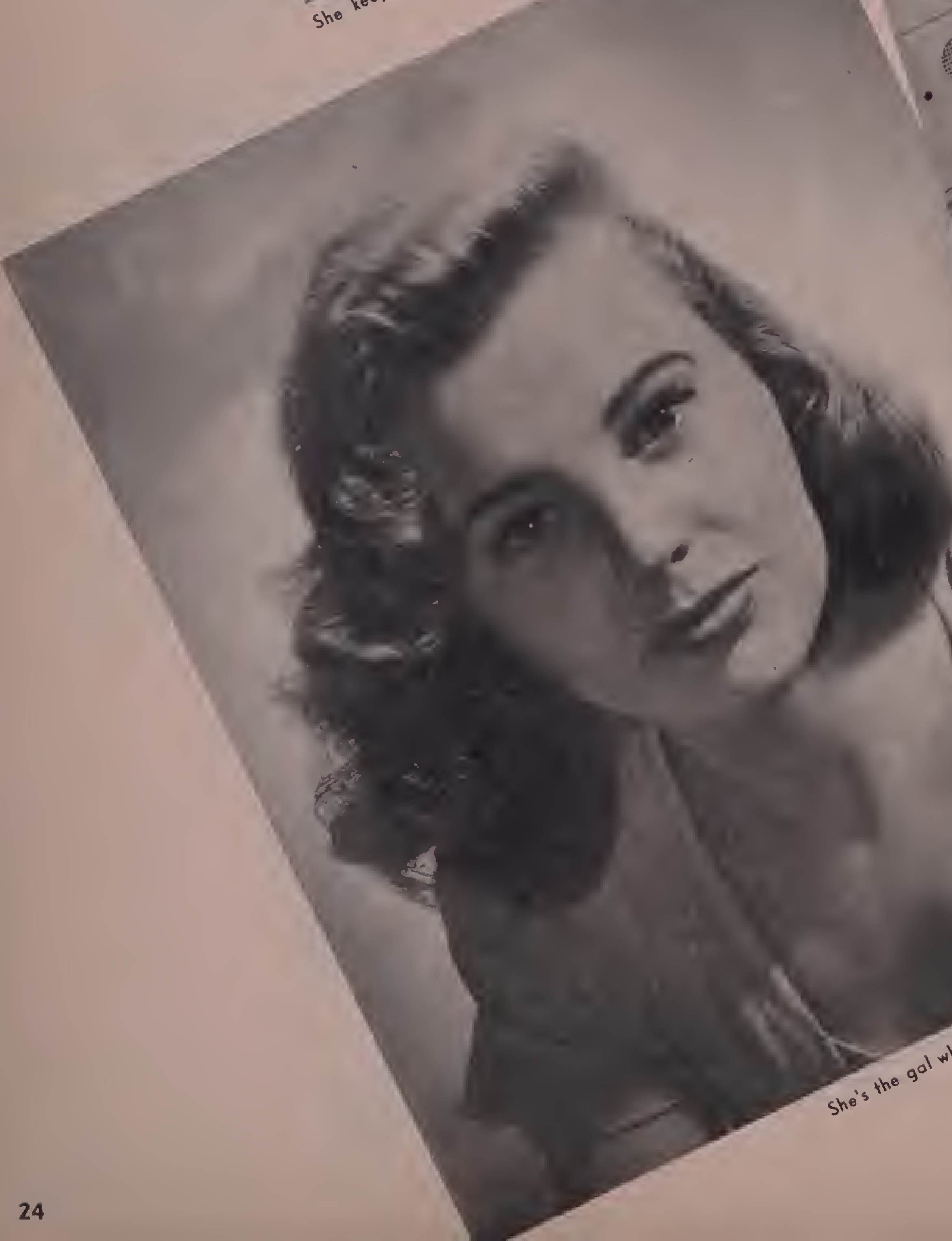
No kidding, it's a "pair of Jacks" (Sr. ond Jr.)!

The proof of this stew is in the tasting.

Photos courtesy CBS

She keeps up with the news, maps out all the war fronts.

Not an expert cook but a putterer; "Egg Thing" is her specialty.



She's the gal who makes a pet of the frog in her throat

June

The trouble with borrowing is the toting.

Time out to sleep, but regretting the hours that are "wasted."

Allyson

By JOAN MICHAELS

The kid who makes like a star in "Music for Millions," and like a bottle of benzedrine spiked with champagne, offscreen

TWO hours with Miss A. and you're reaching for the B-1 complex, to keep up with her.

It's the pipes that get you first. Jean Arthur, with a dash of Andy Devine. It comes out cute, and on June it sounds good.

Then it's the hair. Honest-to-gosh, untouched-by-human-hands blonde! Her teeth actually look as if they were made exclusively for her face and not for display in a credit dentist's window. Her eyes brought forth a "Twink" monicker from young Margaret O'Brien. (And little Maggie's right!)

Just where all the gal's pep comes from must be a military secret, since she eats like a boid. A healthy canary could put her to shame with a one-day ration

A stalled motor was responsible for her "most embarrassing moment."

She fancies herself a linguist, reads Spanish newspapers.

June Allyson Continued

of cuttlebone. She seems to thrive on nothing but half-cups of coffee, conversation, and a lusty love of life.

If we wanted to get analytical about this latter point, we could cite the case of the falling tree, of broken Allyson bones, and the long recuperation in bed when June was nine. The doctors waggled their sage heads and mumbled something about her never walking again. From that moment on, June *wanted* to walk, and *determined* to live. She made up her mind then to enjoy every minute of life, while she could.

Five long years later, she was not only walking, but was swimming champ at her high school in Westchester, New York.

Westchester, itself, paid little attention to June, born Jan on October 7th, 1923. Because she was hospital-ridden for so long, nobody else paid much court to her, either. So, as soon as she could, she wangled permission from her mother to move to a New York City girls' club and carve out a place for herself under the local sun.

It was in New York that she sat through eighteen showings of the Rogers-Astaire musical, "The Gay Divorcee", and at the end of the running, calmly announced to a girl friend, "I've learned all these dance routines, and I've practiced every day, and now I can dance as well as Fred Astaire."

The girl friend gave her one of those long looks. "Yeah?" she said. "Prove it!"

We'll be generous and say she *did* prove it. At any rate, she found out the "Sing Out the News" company was auditioning chorus girls at a local theater, and set out to grab herself a job. The fact that a girl dances to music, and carries her own accompaniment with her, didn't phase June at all.

"That's all right," she told the dance director, explaining the omission. "I do a different kind of routine. I dance *without* music!"

Nobody had an answer for that one, so June got the job and got herself on the payroll as a chorus girl. She will tell you, herself, that when the line wound up at stage right, almost anyone could point out left and say, "June went thataway!"

Only four-feet-eleven at the time, June became a show-girl in the spot Don Loper and his partner had in the show. She managed to stagger across the stage under one of those fabulous show hats, which always brought a howl from rehearsal spectators. Little did she know, at the time, that she was just comic relief. But her legs that couldn't keep up with the tall gals' strides and she soon found herself confronted by the director and a "Why don't you go back to school?" mandatory request.

Two days before the show opened, she was back in the line. "Only because there was the usual shortage of chorus girls," she assures you, honestly.

"Sing Out the News" was finally weathered and was followed by "Very Warm for May," "Higher and Higher," "Panama Hattie," and "Best Foot Forward."

When Betty Hutton came down with measles during the "Hattie" run, June took her place, but it wasn't until her opening shot in "Best Foot Forward" that she was pursued to her dressing room by a panting talent scout, who waved the inevitable contract before her eyes. Two weeks later, Hollywood met June in person.

June loves clothes, but doesn't buy for herself without counsel.

The onswer is os simple as ABC—no tickets, no gosoline!

Impressed with her sock personality, M-G-M-ers wrote in a fat part for her in "Best Foot Forward."

"Come back tomorrow," they said, "after you clear up your cold. Your voice can't record well that deep."

June gulped and announced casually (she hoped) that she had no cold and was stuck with the voice God gave her. The writers looked at each other under raised eyebrows, then scowled at June, who stood there with her frog in her throat. But they gave her the part, and a few more, until she ran off with honors for "Two Girls and a Sailor."

"My voice is still the same," June says, "but people hardly ever look surprised now when it comes out bass."

At home, June fancies herself a combination General Eisenhower and explorer Vasco de Gama. Surrounded by maps of all sizes, shapes, colors and nationalities, she alternately ponders war strategy and post-war world tours.

Her post-war world cruises are fanciful things, but she's dead serious about them. Tour No. 1, made by windjammer, will take the roving Allyson from the Port of Los Angeles, through the Panama Canal to Europe. Then she'll cruise through the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic, around the Horn to Hawaii and the Philippines. Tour No. 2 is still in the formative stage, but we'll report on that one as soon as the itinerary has been mapped out.

Not a passive dreamer, June plans to take up navigation, next year. She's boning up on math now, in preparation. She's currently taking Spanish, and practices on Bess Vandyke, her companion-housekeeper. Reeling off sentences, June makes with a charming and confusing jargon of Spanish, the king's English, and Hollywoodese. "Hey, Bess, honey," she yells, "be a dear, dear, and bring me el plume!"

Friends run riot through the Allyson life. But most of them are neatly catalogued. For instance, there is the book friend, the furniture-moving friend, the boating friend, and so on. Far from snobbish, this is a sensible and progressive social innovation. Even the nicest guys may be more friendly over the dinner table than at the theater, more fun over a backgammon board than poring over a weighty tome.

June's furniture-moving pal lives in a Beverly Hills apartment, just beneath her own. She bangs on the floor twice and the friend rushes upstairs, on the double. The two of them spend a few healthy hours shoving the furniture around, and then the friend goes back downstairs and doesn't see our June again until she plays knock-knock on the floor again, about a month later.

Once a month, June visits her book friend, lugging a huge, empty box. She fills the box with his best recommended books, and takes them (*Continued on page* 69)

By MARCIA DAUGHTREY

Stalwart Storky

Richard Crane's the name—"Storky", his friends call him. He's "flyin' right,", sure 'nough, and getting places fast!

AS YOU may have noticed—if you have recently bent ear to your radio, your fellow students, fellow workers, or co-barracks mates—this nation is engaged primarily in the manufacture of humor. Iceland may be the land of the midnight sun; ours is the land of the free-wheeling pun. In England, the high-rider may come a cropper; here he always produces a topper.

Ergo, it was inevitable that a chap who registered on the first day of school as Richard Crane should promptly be nicknamed "Storky." The stork is a bird (in case *you* don't know, because you were found under a rose bush or produced from a doctor's little black satchel) with long legs, an unreasonable love of speed, and a record of excessive accomplishment.

Stalwart Storky Crane satisfies all three stipulations. He is now 5′ 10½″ tall and weighs 170 pounds. So long and efficient are his legs that he went through high school in the following suits: football, baseball, track, and swimming trunks, each outfit requiring a different but equally

(*Continued on page* 82)

The line forms on the right, girls! "Wing and a Prayer" sent Storky's fan mail soaring and 20th Century-Fox's producers into a huddle over his future.

Shirley, a tot of two years, before she started her picture career.

Fourteen years later, and very much grown-up. Oh yes, time flies!

THIS IS MYSELF

Shirley Temple

I LIKE: Gardenias, lemon meringue pie, church bells, peanuts, bonfires, the sound of the sea at night, and things to wear in my hair.

I DON'T CARE FOR: Ghost stories, but I love tales of suspense and mystery;
Hats, half-hats, any hat. I never wear anything but beanies;
Costume jewelry. I like to wear one nice ring, a watch or an identification bracelet. Of course, I like all service insignia—airman's wings, submarine dolphins, the turrets of the engineers and so on.

I USED TO: Like train whistles, but I've traveled so much lately I'm beginning to hate them;
Have fun with parlor magic; I was always begging people to pull the little red cord, open the envelope, or whatever, and getting a kick out of the usually disconcerting results. Now card tricks are my limit, and they must be simple or I baffle myself;
Design wardrobes on doll models; now I confine myself to suggestions for my own clothes.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Shirley's mother and father have seen to it that she lived a normal life, despite her being a star.

As her fans will always remember her. "Little Miss Marker", at play with the neighborhood gang. She was usually the youngest.

In "I'll Be Seeing You" she plays with Joseph Cotten and Ginger Rogers.

Friends since their kid days, and Mary Lou Isleib is literally Shirley's "shadow". Or as they say in the pic biz, her stand-in.

The Mc COY *about*

Your home is "old Spanish," at Santa Monica.

YOU were awarded the coveted role of Dorian Gray in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" through your amazing ability to read and memorize, speech for speech, the entire story in twenty-four hours.

You stayed up overnight, turning the book into a one-man play and, the very next morning, put on an entire two-hour show for the director. You found yourself repeating the performance that very same afternoon for the producer of the picture, and got the part in three minutes flat.

You were given the role of Lao San, youngest of Lin Tan's sons in "Dragon Seed," because "Dorian Gray" wasn't quite ready.

You have no use whatsoever for narrow-minded, over-materialistic and too business-minded people.

Your unusual acting ability and remarkable memory comes from being a pupil for five years of the celebrated Russian teacher of dramatics, Actor Michael Chekhov. You learned concentration from him by having, among other things, to stare at a coin or a purse on a table for two hours, and thinking about it to the exclusion of everything else!

You named your cocker-spaniel Brontë, because, with her hair parted down the middle, she reminds you of all three of the sisters.

You have a horror for ultra-intellectual women; you're not at all car-minded, (*Continued on page* 64)

You like music, are a fine pianist.

Where Hilton wrote "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

Your cocker's name is Brontë.

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

HATFIELD

Your name is Hurd Hatfield . . . you were born in New York, trained for the theater in London, returned to this country in 1940 and made your screen debut in "Dragon Seed"

Mr. Hatfield has dark hair and eyes, stands six feet tall in a shower and weighs a consistent 140 pounds. He is still in his early twenties, but already he has enjoyed a five-year career on the stage. He never smokes, never carries an umbrella.

Scene from "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," which introduces Phyllis to film fans as Ted Lawson's wife, playing opposite Van Johnson.

1

2

3

FATE and PHYLLIS THAXTER

By LESLIE TRAINE

THINGS are there for you—or they are not.

That's the way Phyllis Thaxter, newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discovery, feels about it.

"Life is terribly exciting," she declared, her hazel-brown eyes all but emitting sparks. "At the right time, things come to you. No use struggling and pining, trying to get something you're not meant to have. . . . I believe in *Fate!*"

Fate has been pretty busy in Phyllis' short life. Laurette Taylor, the Lunts, Sydney Greenstreet, Rose Franken and Mervyn LeRoy have all taken tremendous interest in her career, and each has helped to advance it. Mervyn LeRoy, now directing Phyllis in her first screen role in "Thirty Seconds Over Toyko," insists that she is one of the world's great actresses. Mervyn discovered Clark Gable and Lana Turner, among others, and he should know.

She's slim as a bamboo, (*Continued on page* 62)

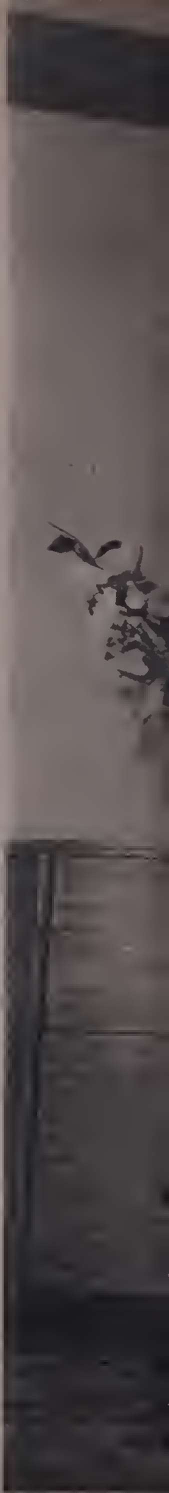
1. Major Dean Davenport (Lawson's co-pilot) and Lt. H. Allen, at M-G-M as technical advisors; both are veterans of the Tokyo raid.
2. Phyllis looks on while Van tests his aim, at an Army Air Forces gunnery. They were in Florida at the time, for location shots.
3. Mervyn LeRoy (left), who directed Phyllis Thaxter in her first role on the screen, predicts that she'll be "a great actress."

THE MOST ENVIED PROFESSION

These are the legs Willys nominates as "the sexiest", and the lace hose made for them costing $150 the pair.

Something special in lace and seed-pearls! The hose worn by Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyons' bride.

An after-war whimsy. Seahorse design made for Virginia Vale is hand-embroidered, colorful.



Charted in DeMond's office are stocking measurements for some 350 glamour gals. Data on the pins of the pin-ups, you might call it—only according to his record, not all of them are perfect. The verdict in Anne Shirley's case? Yes, they are!

The Stocking King of Hollywood, Willys has toiled and also spun, gilding the most gorgeous gams in the world. Nice work if you can get it, and he got it . . . and this is his story

By DOROTHY DEERE

EVERY TIME a young lady, anywhere, contemplates her sheerly-sheathed ankle with satisfaction —and every time a young man does ditto—she or he unconsciously pays tribute to the artistry of one Willys, a gentleman who has done more to improve the scenery on windy street-corners than any other single genius in the world.

As the uncrowned Stocking King of Hollywood, Willys is hosiery stylist for 90 per cent of the pictures made there, and it is safe to say there isn't a pair of feminine legs flashing across the screen that hasn't been glorified by his product. It can also be said there isn't a pair of feminine legs *off-screen* today that isn't wearing lovelier, lighter, better-fitting hose because of his work in eliminating imperfections displeasing to the camera eye.

In 1923, when a young man named Willy De Mond graduated from Textile School in New York and opened a small store on Clinton street, ladies' leg-coverings ran a discreet gamut of black, brown and white (and a *lady* never went bare-legged!). The young man had ideas of his own, the most startling being a color range of some fifteen shades, including red and blue. When he specified to a New York silk mill that he wanted some of these woven in mesh and jacquard patterns, he was accorded the same treatment given the Wright brothers when they said they could fly. Not only was it unconventional, he was told—it was crazy!

For a while, the weavers were perfectly right. For a few months the examples of his genius languished unsold in the Clinton street window. Then Willys took a box of samples and invaded New York's backstage regions to contact the beauties with whom exposing their extremities was an art. Seymour Felix, dance director for Ziegfeld then, and dance director of such screen classics as "Cover Girl" today, helped him make his first sale.

Displayed by Eddie Cantor's "Kid Boots" queens, variegated colors and patterns soon became a fad. Before long, Willys had added an "s" to his front name, installed brother Max, sister Celia and a force of eleven other people in his store, and was weaving his own. Ziegfeld, Schubert, Schwab and Mandel, Belasco, Hammerstein, George White and Earl Carroll productions were all relying on him for their hosiery creations. In 1927, he

Even as late as 1930, stockings worn by the screen stars were imperfect. Norma Shearer proves the point. See?

Designed for "Million Dollar Legs," demonstrated here by Rita Hayworth; to be featured again after the war.

Willys seamless, opera-length hose, worn by Lynne Baggett (Warner Bros.); note the sheer, evenness of texture.

THE MOST ENVIED PROFESSION

designed the Black Bottom Stocking for Ann Pennington's dance of the same name, and thereby made the whole nation hosiery-conscious.

When Willys came to Hollywood in 1930, screen stars were still covering their limbs with something almost as thick, and with more rings in it, than tree-bark. The heavily-encrusted seed-pearl-and-lace hose designed for Bebe Daniels to wear for her real-life wedding to actor Ben Lyons were as nifty a superproduction as even his own looms could manage. Comparing them with the cobwebs spun for screen wear today, and available (in pre-war times) to any off-screen hosiery shopper, is proof positive that tempus has fugited—in stocking feet!

Improvement in equipment, plus silk, rayon and nylon development, is of course directly responsible for general improvement. Many of hosiery's "brightest ideas," however, were innovations created by Hollywood's Columbus of the Calves while solving the problem of a particular star in a particular picture.

The most widely pictured hose in the world; made for Alice Faye, at $2500.

Leslie Brooks (right) and Ann Miller are co-holders of the "perfect legs" title. Both are Columbia actresses.

Continued

The lace toe and lace heel were created so that Ginger Rogers might properly show off the open-toed shoes she wore on her dancing feet in "International." Later, the complete sandal-foot stocking was designed to suit the personal preference of Marlene Dietrich, the screen colony's most fabulous stocking buyer—and eventually that, too, hit the open market. The iridescent-shaded stocking, popular for awhile, was created for Grace Moore to wear in "One Night of Love."

For Claudette Colbert's famous hitch-hike scene in "It Happened One Night" it was discovered that she must wear a dark stocking, minus the shine, that, in a close-up, would cause camera-trouble. In experimenting, Willys developed the ombre hose, shaded light at the front and growing darker at the back. The off-black shade known as gunmetal was the further development of that memorable moment in which Claudette upped her skirt and affected traffic, both on the screen and

(*Continued on page 60*)

NICE GIRL

FOR more than two of the three years she has been under contract to Warner Bros. studio, Eleanor Parker spent most of her time portraying roles calculated to prove, beyond a doubt, that no man in his right senses would be ashamed to have her as his sister.

It was a great surprise to Eleanor, since she had specialized in character parts during her Pasadena Community Playhouse days, and before that in summer stock at Martha's Vineyard and at the Cleveland Playhouse. Her best roles were as witches, scrubwomen, menaces, grandmothers and even old men. As a matter of fact, she never played a straight role in her life until she signed a movie contract on her nineteenth birthday, three years ago last June. Then, all of a sudden, she was playing nothing else but.

Two things happened to save her, and turned the last year into triumph. (It started with her role in "Between Two Worlds," went on to the lead in "The Very Thought of You," and ended in her present assignment as the anything-but-nice-girl, Mildred, in "Of Human Bondage.") First, the discovery that Eleanor could act. Second, her rejection by the male portion of the public as a ready-made "sister." They took a good look at Eleanor on the screen, and screamed frantically for pin-up pictures.

"I still haven't any to send out," Eleanor says. "—not a single shot in shorts, bathing suit, or even a glamorous formal. You see, the studio was building me as a nice girl. All my portraits were aimed at proving me the young, unsophisticated type. No one expected this to happen."

This state of (*Continued on page* 73)

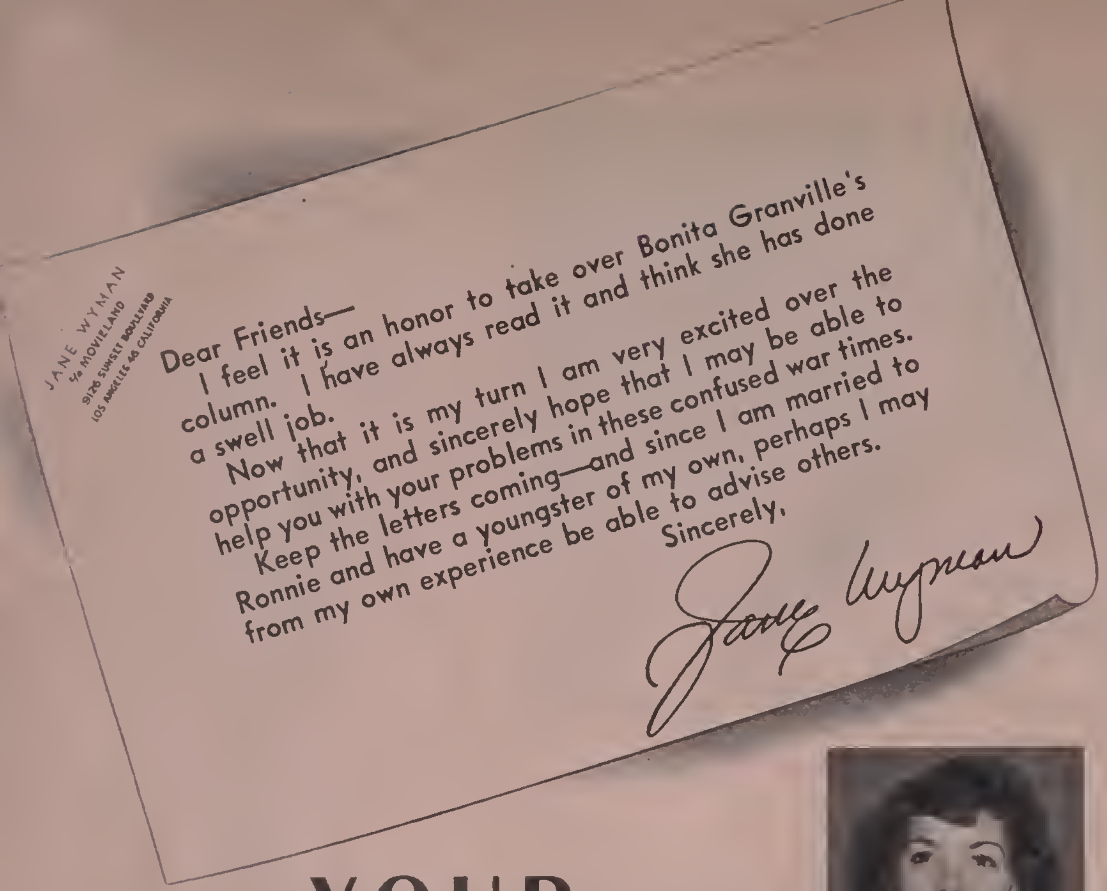
Eleanor has the lead in "The Very Thought of You"; plays the role of a home gal in love with a soldier.

Looking like a nice girl is something you should do on your own time, thinks Eleanor Parker; you can't make a career of it, and get good roles in Hollywood

By MARION COOPER

As Mildred, in "Of Human Bondage"—the role that did so much for Bette Davis.

In real life, she was the bride of Lieut. Fred Losee; but the marriage couldn't overcome its war-time handicap.



JANE WYMAN
c/o MOVIELAND
9126 SUNSET BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 46 CALIFORNIA

Dear Friends—
I feel it is an honor to take over Bonita Granville's column. I have always read it and think she has done a swell job.

Now that it is my turn I am very excited over the opportunity, and sincerely hope that I may be able to help you with your problems in these confused war times.

Keep the letters coming—and since I am married to Ronnie and have a youngster of my own, perhaps I may from my own experience be able to advise others.

Sincerely,
Jane Wyman

YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

By Jane Wyman

Dear Jane:

I have been very popular, and this summer went with four boys in the Service. They all loved me, and when they were home on leaves we had wonderful times, separately I mean. However, my problem is that in the last two months I have not heard from any of them, and I wonder what is wrong. Not that I really care, but it burns me up that I haven't heard from any of them.

What do you think is wrong?

Sincerely yours,
Claire S.

Dear Claire:

In answer to your letter, I don't think it has occurred to you that the boys in question may be some place where they cannot write.

Perhaps, too, they realize the feeling you have for them might be called fickle, and they are probably cataloging you as a friend.

If you would stop to think, which I don't think you have done up to now, you will understand what I mean. I think you have love confused with infatuation.

I would advise that you give more thought to the feelings of these boys who are fighting for your country, and less to yourself.

Sincerely,
Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

The fellows in our gang have a problem and we thought you might be able to give us some advice.

We live in a small town and there is no place for us to meet and have some fun—you know, dance and sing and bring our girls—but no drinking or anything like that. We want what's known as Good Clean Fun but there doesn't seem to be anyone who wants to help us get started on such a deal.

Could you please help us with suggestions?

Johnny L. and Tom S.

Dear Johnny and Tom:

First of all, may I congratulate you upon your courage and attitude in recognizing your problem, and then trying to do something about it.

I think it would be fine for your gang to form a club of your own, and meet at regular intervals.

Why don't you try to convince your parents to let you take turns meeting at each other's homes, and with the help of a few records and cokes you could really have a super evening. If you have any sports in your community such as bowling, ping-pong, etc., you could all turn out for such an event one of the evenings after meeting, and hold regular contests.

I would feel it a privilege to be made an honorary member of such a club.

Hoping you are able to carry out this project and wishing you all good luck,

Yours,
Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

I am very worried about my husband, and would like you to help me if you think you can.

You see, we have been married three years, and have a small baby. We are both twenty-one, and during the last six months my husband had been going out nights without me because I have to mind the baby, and now I find that he goes with other girls.

Please tell me what you think I ought to do in this case, as I am very worried. Nagging does not do any good, and I feel that the only thing to do is to leave him.

Please help me.

Sincerely yours,
Theresa M.

Dear Theresa:

In any problem as serious as you feel yours is, the main person to consider is not yourself or your husband. It is your child. If there is any possibility at all, I feel you should try to save your home.

You might try to analyze yourself impersonally, and look for the reasons that your husband's interest seems to stray toward other girls. Perhaps, since your baby's arrival, you have neglected yourself and smartness in appearance.

You mention the word "nagging" in your letter. That characteristic alone has caused many broken homes and errant husbands. It is true that the added responsibility of a child makes us all more preoccupied at times, but you should never be guilty of the old wifely art of nagging.

Yours,
Jane Wyman

Dear Jane:

I have been going steady with Jim for two years, and for the last fourteen months he has been overseas. I write him regularly and all that, but here is my problem: Do you think it is all right for me to go out with other fellows now and then, like some of my girl friends, who are also engaged?

I will appreciate any advice you can give me.

Yours truly,
Dorothy L.

Dear Dorothy:

Have you written to Jim about this, and asked his permission to go out with other fellows?. I realize it is not much fun for you to sit around all the time and not go out—but did you ever stop to consider that it is not much fun for Jim wherever he is?

Think of him and his problems rather than your own, and then write him frankly and sincerely and discuss the matter. He will always think more of you if you treat him fairly, you know.

Yours,
Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

Although I am over twenty now, I have only been in love once, and that was when I was fifteen and the boy was sixteen. He married someone else, and has lived in another state until recently.

Last month he moved back in our town with his wife and child, and now he tells me that I have always been his real love.

What do you think I should do about this, because I can't forget him, and still love him very much.

Sincerely yours,
Martha S.

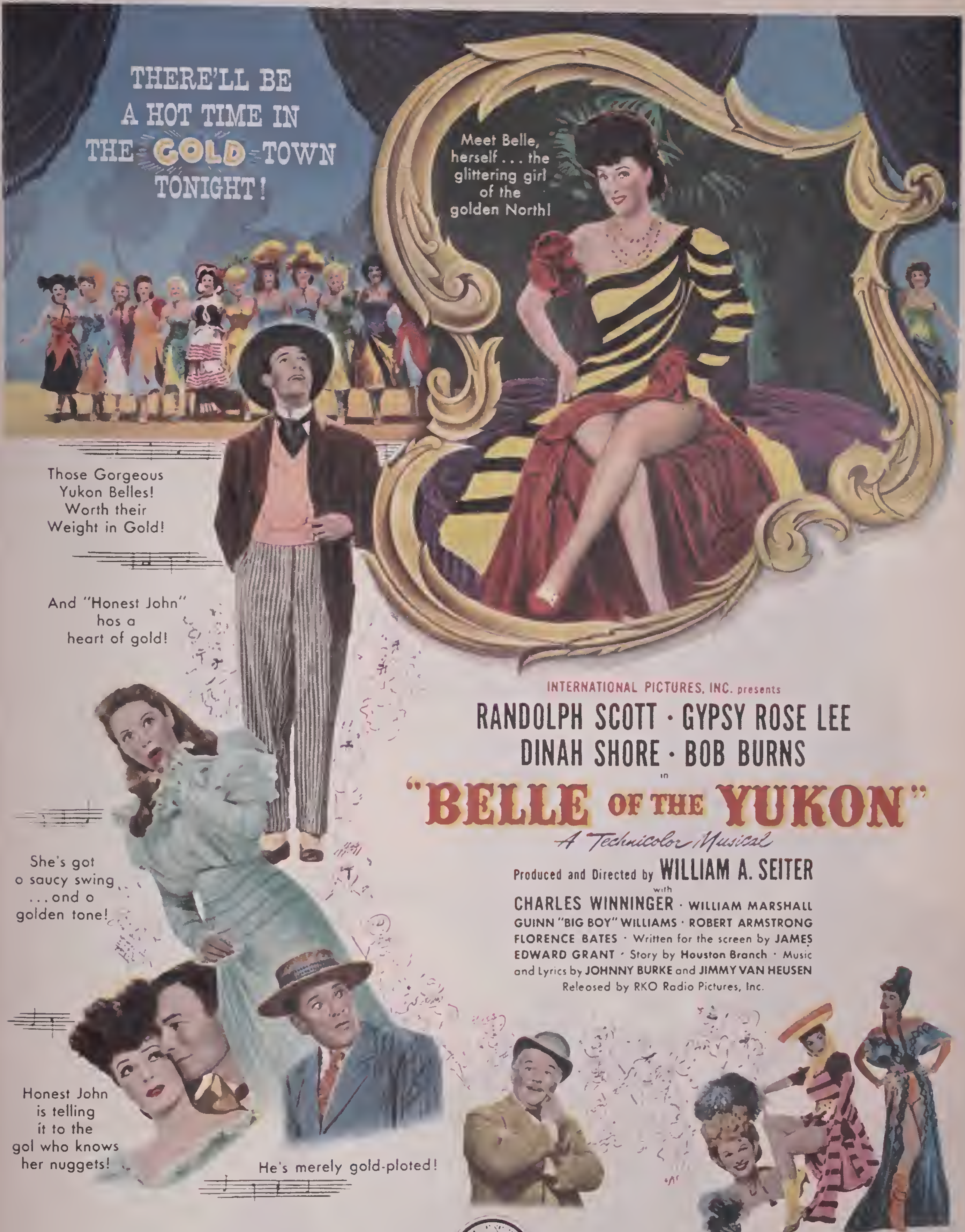
Dear Martha:

If you are actually still deeply in love with him, you will only think of his happiness, and remember that he has married and has a family of his own. You can prove your love by being big enough to stand by and refrain from breaking up his home.

If he is really unhappy with his wife, it is up to him, not up to you, to make any decisions regarding the two of you.

Try and interest yourself with new activities and new friends—keep busy and concentrate your thoughts on new subjects. This is always a good solution.

Yours,
Jane Wyman


THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE GOLD TOWN TONIGHT!
Meet Belle, herself . . . the glittering girl of the golden North!
Those Gorgeous Yukon Belles! Worth their Weight in Gold!
And "Honest John" has a heart of gold!
She's got a saucy swing . . . and a golden tone!
Honest John is telling it to the gal who knows her nuggets!
He's merely gold-plated!

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC. presents

RANDOLPH SCOTT · GYPSY ROSE LEE
DINAH SHORE · BOB BURNS
in

"BELLE OF THE YUKON"

A Technicolor Musical

Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. SEITER**
with
CHARLES WINNINGER · **WILLIAM MARSHALL**
GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS · **ROBERT ARMSTRONG**
FLORENCE BATES · Written for the screen by **JAMES EDWARD GRANT** · Story by **Houston Branch** · Music and Lyrics by **JOHNNY BURKE** and **JIMMY VAN HEUSEN**
Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IS *INTERNATIONAL!*

NONE BUT FITZGERALD

Fifty years an actor, "the people's choice" for the 1944 supporting player award. Who? But of course, Barry Fitzgerald!

YOU'VE probably seen "Going My Way," and "I Love a Soldier." You may also have caught "None But the Lonely Heart." And you know as well as I that Mr. F. is no ordinary actor.

He also is no ordinary man. And yet he is: Completely. Paradoxical, isn't it?

It's hard to write about Fitzgerald. Viewed against the background of Hollywood, he is unique; yet, viewed against the rest of the world, he is not. It was by a puckish whim of fate that he achieved his present position—and he admits it—and thus he is much as any man of his type would be, if suddenly precipitated into prominence. At the same time, just to confuse the issue thoroughly, there is something in Barry himself which is distinctly his own, which makes him different from the other thousands superficially like him, which creates a personality individually remarkable.

All that, I realize, undoubtedly baffled you completely. And small wonder! But to interpolate—

From the numerous biographies which have appeared, you probably know that he comes from Ireland; that he was a power in the Abbey Players of Dublin, that he worked for many years as a clerk in the Labor Exchange of the Irish Board of Trade. (*Continued on page* 74)

By **KATE HOLLIDAY**

IN HER ELEGANT WORLD . . .
A LADY OF ICE . . .
IN HIS WORLD OF ADVENTURE . . .
A WOMAN OF FIRE!

Bored and beautiful weary of the dull world she knew she found happiness in the arms of the bold brigand who swept her away on the wings of the wind for 24 reckless hours . . . From the exciting novel by DAPHNE ("Rebecca") DU MAURIER . . .

PARAMOUNT presents

Joan Fontaine
Arturo de Cordova
in

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"

IN TECHNICOLOR

with
BASIL RATHBONE · NIGEL BRUCE
CECIL KELLAWAY · RALPH FORBES
B. G. DeSYLVA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Talbot Jennings · From the Novel by Daphne du Maurier

A Mitchell Leisen
PRODUCTION
Directed by Mitchell Leisen

The GERSHWINS . . . *meet*

Oscar Levant, Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Gershwin and Robert Alda, on the Warner Bros. "Rhapsody in Blue" set.

An interview with Ira Gershwin; his impressions, reactions and the memories called forth by the making of the movie which is the story of his brother

Paul Whiteman, Producer Lasky, and Ira Gershwin listen, while Levant runs through some of the "Rhapsody" numbers.

BY HILDA BLACK

themselves

Herbert Rudley, made-up as Ira Gershwin.

Photo taken nearly 7 yrs. ago (in March, 1937) shows the late George Gershwin, Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Miss Dorothy Fields, Jerome Kern, and George's brother, Ira.

The two brothers at Newark Airport, N. J.

WHAT a pity that Bobbie Burns, the Scotch poet who regretted we couldn't "see ourselves as others see us," didn't know about the movies. If he were living now, Ira Gershwin and his wife, Lee, could tell the writing laddie a thing or two about that. For they have just had the rare opportunity of glimpsing themselves in the Warner Brothers "Rhapsody in Blue."

When Producer Jesse Lasky announced that Robert Alda would portray *George* in the film, Morris Carnovsky, *Pop;* Rosemary De Camp, *Mama;* Julia Bishop, *Lee,* and Herbert Rudley, *Ira;* they breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be okay.

It was. And now the Gershwins are happy.

But take Ira's word for it, even though the picture had been in the discussion stage since 1939, when the moment actually arrived for him to walk on to the set and meet Herbert Rudley, his alter ego, he felt a little squeamish.

"It was like meeting myself for the first time," he relates, "and discovering mannerisms I'd never suspected. As to appearance—well, he's exactly what I *wish* I'd looked like. However," he adds with a smile, "when I was his age *I* had hair, too."

Rudley is a newcomer to the screen. He first caught Hollywood's interest when he played the Paul Lukas role in the road company of "Watch on the Rhine." He's a fine, sensitive young actor (*Continued on page* 65)

The two Ira's, and note the resemblance.

Cornel Wilde.

BY PATTY DE ROULF

A MAN TO REMEMBER

SIX FEET tall, serious brown eyes, dark curly hair, speaks six languages, and he's a champion fencer. Students! Why, it's got to be Cornel Wilde.

Who else but the new leading man who rings the bell with his magnificent portrayal of Chopin in "A Song to Remember" could qualify for such a description?

You may think "A Song to Remember" is exciting when you see it, but Cornel Wilde's own life reads like a movie scenario, too. Among his childhood memories are: Street battles in Hungary (during that country's revolution), travel all over Europe, fencing matches and championships; and as he grew up, dozens of odd jobs, theatrical successes (but more often, theatrical flops), Hollywood, and at long last—success!

"I worked for that part in 'A Song to Remember'," says Cornel. "And I worked after I got it. I read every book about the composer I could find in the library and gave hours of study to my lines. I wanted Chopin to *live.* No amount of study or work is too much, if you can make the character you're playing do that.

"I scarcely knew how to play the piano, but since many shots were to be taken of me actually pounding the ivories, I had to roll up my sleeves and practice."

And Cornel DOES mean practice. Under the supervision of a concert pianist, the young actor spent no less (*Continued on page* 78)

Imagine being able to say "I love you, dear" in six languages! Cornel can, and his romance with Pat (now Mrs. Wilde) reads like a movie story.

He likes to travel—hopes to do a lot of it—but hates unpacking!

◄ An actor, he's also a writer of plays; has two scripts submitted on Broadway.

Shaving is a nuisance? Not for him! Cornel always does something else at the same time.

He owes it all to Chopin! Plus a lot of hard work, preparing for Hollywood

Jenkins

Sub-Sixteen

He's Ulysses of "The Human Comedy" and Donald of "National Velvet"—but on the MGM lot, it's "Hi, Butch!" that brings a freckle-faced grin from Jackie Jenkins

MEET "Butch" Jenkins, that wistful, barefoot boy with the cheeks of tan. Just a smidge over four feet high, he's seven years old and brown as a cocoanut from head to toe. He lives with his mom, Doris Dudley, and big brother, Skipper, in a gay little beach house so near the ocean that waves sometimes lap their very doorsteps. (Much to this young man's delight!)

His best pal is Heidi, a two-hundred-pound St. Bernard who's just now outgrowing her disgrace of last summer—a clipping, French poodle style.

Roaming the beach with Heidi, or donning beach trunks for a swim in the surf is his favorite fun, but Heaven is navigating his surf board "out to where the fishin's good." There he can day-dream about pirates, until he gets a nibble.

His idea of a gourmet's delight—hamburgers and candy.

He hates liver, spinach, and *shoes.*

A current passion—the rhumba, and the whine of an ancient victrola.

A natural mimic and quick to follow directions; he's to do "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" with Margaret O'Brien.

In a scene from "National Velvet" with Angela Lansbury and Donald Crisp.

She was engaged to Sergeant Roy Hirsch.

Peggy Ryan, queen of the bobby sox comediennes, Peg O' My Heart to thousands of young Americans. "Bowery to Broadway" is her last movie with Don O'Connor.

Hospital show given in Walla Walla, Wash.

Her 20th birthday, and Don back on furlough.

In New York, at the "On Stage" radio show.

PEGGY GOES ON ALONE

Ryan without O'Connor? It's hard to imagine! Peggy herself couldn't get used to the idea, at first. But it has to be . . . and here's what she says about it

By DORA ALBERT

WHEN Peggy Ryan finished her last scene in "Bowery To Broadway" with Donald O'Connor, she sat down and bawled on his shoulder. Because she knew that wasn't just the last scene in a picture; it was period, end, finish to a wonderful time in her life. And believe it or not, even that hep kid himself, Donald O'Connor, had traces of tears on his cheeks—his own tears, not just Peggy's.

Donald was going into the Army. The two kids weren't bawling about that. That was strictly man stuff. Donald wasn't just a jive-happy youngster any more. He was eighteen.

But the team of O'Connor and Ryan had been so solid. They were like corned beef and cabbage, steak and potatoes, ham and eggs. Lots of people belonging to movie teams would secretly like to tear each other's eyes out. But O'Connor and *(Continued on page* 84)

Bob Weitman, mgr. of N. Y.'s Paramount Theatre, Andrews Sisters, Frank Sinatra & Jill.

Words of Music

HI, EVERYBODY! Here's your jivin' Jill in New York City, where I'll be doing the column for a few months. And the town really jumps, so it shouldn't be dull.

Before we get on with the news, just a reminder. In case you didn't do so last month, be sure and vote now for your favorite artists in Movieland's Musical Popularity Poll of 1944. Just fill in the coupon, one to a "customer." But take a fast gander at the rules, first. Incidentally, we're planning some super awards for the winners; I'll tell you about that next month. The results of the contest will be announced in the February issue of "Movieland," out on the stands about January 7.

(*Continued on page* 87)

Charlie Spivak and his 8-months-old son, Steven Glenn. Glenn's for Glenn Miller, one of Charlie's good friends.

"Don't swoon," says Johnny Johnston to Jill, at CBS's new Chesterfield show.

Illinois Jacquet, T. Dorsey, Ziggy Elman, Buddy Rich, Ed McKinney, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Artie Shaw, Les Paul—Command Performance.

Dick Haymes (Irish Eyes Are Smiling) and wife, Joanne

MOVIELAND'S POPULARITY POLL OF 1944

Rules for casting your vote in the POPULARITY POLL:

1. You may vote for any living artist, in or out of the service.
2. Every ballot accepted must bear the personal signature of the individual casting the vote.
3. Use the official ballot only. Facsimiles will not be counted.
4. Do not submit ballots in groups. Send only ONE ballot. Names of voters will be checked and all duplicate votes eliminated.
5. Sign your correct name and full address. Doubtful ballots will be checked to determine their authenticity.
6. All votes must be postmarked not later than midnight of December 15, 1944.

POPULARITY POLL OF 1944
OFFICIAL BALLOT

Favorite Swing Band............

Favorite Sweet Band............

Favorite Corn Band............

Favorite Girl Singer............

Favorite Male Singer............

MAIL TO: JILL WARREN
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By JILL WARREN

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

PHILLIP TERRY... *Success Story*

Currently featured in RKO Radio's "Pan-Americana," Phil Terry can be counted as another of the many actors kept waiting for the right break, and then getting it at last. With "Music in Manhattan," his stock started to soar.

"Success is a point of view," he says. Some want money, others seek fame, but his one aim is happiness—which he has

No career competition here! Phil doesn't deny wanting to make his mark on the screen, but home comes first. Joan feels the same way, so there's no problem.

A man of many hobbies, and one is solving jig-saw puzzles.

He also likes to read, and (below) to build model trains.

ALL of a sudden, after ten years in Hollywood, banners are flying for Phillip Terry. On the strength of "Music in Manhattan," producers vie with each other for the young man's services, fat roles on stage and screen are offered him, and fan mail piles high.

Phil takes it calmly; he's had rave reviews before, and nothing happened. This time things are really popping: he has a seven-year contract for two pictures a year at RKO Studios, beginning with "Pan Americana," a coveted role in Paramount's "Lost Weekend," and the right to pick and choose from other offers.

"Success is all in the point of view," he commented, coaxing his bow tie into place before his dressing room mirror. "If you are happy, you're successful, since the goal of all men is happiness.

"Every man must make up his mind what he wants out of life. I *have* what I want now—happiness, true happiness, with my wife and family. Joan and I intend to hold onto what we have. You see, I'm old-fashioned. I was a bachelor until my marriage to Joan, and I meant it when I vowed: 'Till Death do us part.' If it comes to a choice between my career and Joan, I'll take Joan."

This could be a grim tale of (*Continued on page* 89)

MOVIELAND'S

FIVE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

A. J. CRONIN is one of the few novelists of our time who can portray "men of the cloth" as human beings, without displeasing the Church; Gregory Peck is probably one of the few actors who could play Father Chisholm in "Keys of the Kingdom," and give to the role the interpretation Cronin must have intended.

It's apparent here that there was an important message to be expressed, and that Peck, as the kindly and understanding Scotch priest, has expressed it.

Briefly, it's the story, told on the screen as a flashback recollection of the past, of the boy Francis (Roddy McDowall) whose life was a series of tragedies—of losing his mother and father (they were drowned before his eyes); of little Nora (Peggy Ann Garner), who befriended him in the bitterest days of his childhood; of Nora, who became his sweetheart (Jane Ball) when he was a youth at Holywell College, and chose death rather than to live, wanting his love, knowing she'd never have but a part of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more trouble and heartaches, when he was a priest assigned to a mission in China; opposition from the nuns, chiefly Maria Veronica, the Superior (Rosa Stradner); disheartening blows at all he meant to accomplish there.

Presented less pursuasively, the story might be no more than a religious sermon. As it is, it's a preachment acceptable to all.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

(20th Century-Fox)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

(M-G-M)

"MEET Me In St. Louis" is the title of this Technicolorful animated family album—strictly speaking, it's meeting the Smiths. A likeable, middle-class American family such as you might have known, had you been living in St. Louis long about 1903. Father (Leon Ames), who's a hard working lawyer, head of the household; Mother (Mary Astor), who knows all so well how to manage the family "lord and master," even when he's aware of being managed; and their son, who's the eldest of the five sometimes bewildering offspring (Henry H. Daniels, Jr.); and their four daughters, Esther (Judy Garland), Rose (Lucille Bremer), Agnes (Joan Carroll), and Tootie (Margaret O'Brien).

Very much a part of the Smith family, too, are Grandpa (Harry Davenport) and Katie (Marjorie Main), the maid.

Rose, a senior in high school, and Esther, a year younger, are on the verge of being "grown-up," and that means romance (Bob Sully and Tom Drake being their respective best beaus). Little Tootie, adored by all but frequently presenting problems *not* romantic, claims all due attention as the family "youngest"—and being Margaret O'Brien, that's not only as expected, but inevitable!

Margaret sings in this picture, and does the cake-walk, and surpasses even herself—you may have thought she couldn't be better, more adorable, than in "Lost Angel," but she is.

"THIRTY Seconds Over Tokyo" bids to be ranked with "All Quiet On the Western Front," until now conceded to be the best war picture of all time. And having made that comparison, let us point out that both, while dramas about war, are essentially the most powerfully convincing "pleas for peace" we've ever had. "All Quiet," by the conscious intent of the author, Eric Remarque; "Thirty Seconds," by being a war documentary with none of the punches pulled—by being the story of the raid directed and led by Lieutenant Colonel (now Lieutenant General) Jimmy Doolittle, written by Lieutenant (now Major) Ted Lawson who participated in the raid, in collaboration with Robert Considine, and adapted for the screen by Dalton Trumbo.

At long last, it's the bold, sure, daring-to-reveal Trumbo writing again as he wrote when he authored "Johnny Got a Gun." Fact is, it's what that if-read-never-to-be-forgotten novel of horror might have been, had any producer dared to put it on celluloid.

For vivid reporting, for poignant, overpowering realism that hits below the belt and leaves this critic wondering how many screen audiences will be able to take it, "Thirty Seconds" (with Spencer Tracy as Doolittle, Van Johnson as Lawson, newcomer Phyllis Thaxter as Lawson's wife, Robert Walker as the G.I. gunner) will be hard to beat.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

(M-G-M)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

(RKO)

IN fulfilling the current demand for escapist fare, movies are taking a distinct turn to murder less wholesale than war, and the result is the psychological crime drama.

"The Woman in the Window" probably best illustrates that what's good in mysteries produced with an A-picture budget—except, that it's not really a mystery! (You know who-dun-it, all the time.) The suspense comes from watching the involved principals try to get out of the snare they are in, and instead, getting more deeply involved with every move.

Edward G. Robinson plays the home-loving college professor who, after his wife takes the children out of town on a vacation, gets mixed up in a nasty murder. He's the Mr. Average Man who proves that "Yes, it might happen to you." Joan Bennett is the girl in the case, Raymond Massey is Robinson's best friend and, as it turns out, the district attorney who sets out to unravel the crime.

The one thing a mystery must do is to hold together; that is the one criticism to be made here—that it does not. Up until the very end, yes; then all is sacrificed for the sake of a trick ending. The question is: does the surprise justify sacrificing a plot so carefully, so painstakingly and convincingly built? As it happens, we think it does; experts who're for having everything true to form, may not agree.

Be that as it may, it's an American Main Street version of "Crime and Punishment"—and it's good.

WHEN comes the time for a reckoning, to determine who of all those contributing time, money and ideas has given most for telling us what this war is all about—what it means to the boys fighting overseas, to their loved ones at home, and to those who will inherit the success or failure of the attempt being made now to forge a lasting peace—no name will stand higher on the record than Darryl F. Zanuck.

It was Zanuck who produced "Wilson," reviewing the past as a guide to the future; it was Zanuck who saw in "Winged Victory," the Army Air Force show staged with an all AAF cast, yet another cause to be served via the motion picture medium.

The result is Moss Hart's play, made into a movie about six boys from different parts of America—Alan, Pinky and Frankie (Sgt. Mark Daniels, Cpl. Don Taylor and Pvt. Lon McCallister), from the small home town of Mapleton; Irving Miller (Sgt. Edmond O'Brien), late of Brooklyn; Bobby Grills (Cpl. Barry Nelson), a shy farm boy from Oregon; and Dave Anderson (Sgt. Rune Hultman), from Texas.

The qualms about their selection, the trials of pre-cadet testing and qualifying, the primary training experiences, the thrill of graduation—we see it all. Including the pangs of farewell, when they're assigned to South Pacific duty and must say final goodbyes to their wives and girlfriends (Jeanne Crain, Jane Ball, Jo-Carroll Dennison, and Judy Holliday).

WINGED VICTORY

(20th Century-Fox)

THE MOST ENVIED PROFESSION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

at the box-office. (Remember the scene.)

Claudette, with one of the prettiest pairs of pins in cinema captivity, is also responsible for another innovation. Playing the can-can expert, "Zaza," she discovered that due to a thin thigh, she just plain—couldn't keep her extra-long stockings up—and sent for Willys. As an immediate solution, he taught her to twist a half-dollar in the stocking-top and turn it under, a trick originated by male Shakespearian actors who didn't quite fit their cotton doublets (and an idea worthy of adoption in these current days of rubberless girdles and garters). For the final scenes of the picture, Willys was ready with an elastic-banded stocking.

The first knee-length stocking was designed for Deanna Durbin's bicycle-riding scene in "Mad About Music," and proved practical for both sports and business wear. Lastex was blended with silk when Ginger Rogers fought over a pair of stockings in "Stage Door" and needed a pair that wouldn't tear. The all-elastic mesh hose worn by Alice Faye in "Rose of Washington Square" soon turned into standard equipment for dancers and cabaret entertainers all over the land.

Not all his picture creations have been of benefit to the public—except perhaps, to turn the ladies' eyes an interesting shade of green. There was, for instance, the fabulous hose whipped up for Alice Faye to wear in "Old Chicago." Of sheer black chiffon reaching almost to the hips, they had rhinestone butterflies fluttering from top to bottom and going slow around the curves. Definitely proving a few exclamation points about Miss Faye, they remain to this day the most widely-pictured pair of stockings in the world. They never became a fad, we might add, because the cost was a cool $2,500.

One of Willys' hosiery numbers actually received more fan mail than the wearer. This was a chantilly lace pair, made at the comparatively reasonable cost of $150, and worn by "Legs" Dietrich in "Flame of New Orleans." When Marlene extended one of them outside a stage-coach door in the picture, some 8,000 letters came in asking for a picture of that leg-minus-body shot alone.

Other numbers admired but never acquired, by off-screen hosiery wearers, include the $135 hand-appliqued pair worn by Barbara Stanwyck as the un-cover girl in "Queen of Burlesque." Rita Hayworth lived up to the title of "You Never Looked Lovelier," wearing a $75 pair of stockings made from georgette crepe and lace which fashioned her dancing dress.

Hollywood's top leg-man is often confronted with a request that, if he weren't associated with the picture-making business, he wouldn't believe when he heard it. One of these was an order to make a dress-up pair of hose for RKO's bovine beauty, Elsie the Cow. Imagining what he would like if he were a cow, no doubt, he made them of a shade of calf-skin flattering to her complexion, and adorned with tassels which upon close inspection proved to be little rhinestone milk-bottles. (Grade A. of course.)

Another odd request was for a pair of stockings suitable to Carole Landis' antediluvian amours in "One Million B. C." After thorough research on the subject of what the cave belles of the B. C. (Before Chiffon) era were wearing, he decided on straw. He actually rolled a pair out of this inconvenient material, but Carole complained they were scratchy. After lying awake a whole night pondering, he got up early one morning and hied himself out to a Culver City corn field. Thread spun from corn silk was not only softer but gave everybody on the set a lot of fun pointing out resemblances between the "corn" in Carole's stockings, and in the contents of the anthropological drama.

For a scene in "Good Girls Go To Paris," a pair of "comedy" hose was made for Joan Blondell with a zipper from top to toe, and came off with one motion.

The males, also, have been "special request" customers. Melvyn Douglas, masquerading as a lady in a picture, needed hose to fit an un-dainty size 13½; and Jack Benny, as "Charlie's Aunt," required size 12.

Charted in the Stocking King's office are the ankle, knee, thigh, and full-length measurements of some 350 glamour gals, and he can also recite most of those measurements by heart. The things he knows about the imperfections of some of those highly-publicized "perfect legs" would surprise you!

A one-time star of the screen ran into real trouble when skirts grew shorter and stocking-displays longer, revealing that her legs were not as patrician as her face. Nature had already bowed them slightly and the camera gleefully enlarged on this bad beginning. After due study, Willys found that a good solid seam, worn toward the inside of the leg, broke the outward curve. He wove all her stockings thereafter, with an off-center seam. This same principal reversed, seam toward the outside of the leg, long helped prevent another actress' privately-owned "knock knees" from becoming public.

Let others stick to their own convictions, says Willys, but by actual measurement, the "Most Perfect Legs" title is shared between two of Columbia's contenders, Ann Miller and Leslie Brooks. Oddly enough, because the overall statistics on Ann and Leslie are nothing alike, their stocking proportions are identical except for the length of the limb due to a difference in height. The smallest foot ever fitted for the screen, he says belongs to Lily Pons, who wears a 7½ stocking; and next in petite tootsies is Janet Gaynor, with size 8. The legendary proportions of Garbo's feet, he points out, are greatly exaggerated due to her habit of wearing flat-heeled shoes, and a private practice of going barefoot when she can. The largest stocking size in Hollywood is not Garbo's 9½, he says, but the size 11 worn by Anita Louise.

Dorothy Lamour, at the beginning of her jungle-picture career, was over-sensitive about her bare feet. Because of this, and also because California's famous weather is really capable of becoming very cool for making outdoor pictures, she required hose of a shade to resemble her skin as nearly as possible. Once, on location, she sprouted some bad runs in the last pair specially woven for that picture, and a call was put in for Willys. He arrived only to find that none of the hose he had in stock matched the Technicolor tan adorning the rest of Lamour.

Not being a fellow to hold up an entire production, he commandeered a strong pot of tea being brewed for personal consumption by a prop man, and painted over the runs in the hose until they didn't show.

Because of war-time priorities, Willys is currently more chased than a casting director, more yearned over than Grant or Gable, and sometimes downright harried. Silk and nylon priorities in small amounts are allowed for the screen, since entertainment is essential. Actresses who once bought their hose for personal wear, several dozen at a time, find it hard to get used to the fact that they must now remove their nylons and return them to the wardrobe department to be washed and worn by another glamour gal. Some of them are inclined to blame the entire situation on Willys, personally!

A lady dear to any stocking-wearer's heart is Marlene Dietrich. Currently going all-out for fighting-front entertainment, she was, in pre-war days, probably the most profligate hosiery-buyer to be found anywhere. She bought only the sheerest and most expensive hose for her personal wardrobe, had them made up as many as sixty dozen pairs at a time, and usually wore them only once.

In the era of plenty, Willys maintained a unique "Service on the Run," which meant that any of his glamourous customers getting a snag or run while night-clubbing or otherwise disporting could, through the cooperation of Western Union, have a pair of their special hose delivered anywhere, at any time.

Marlene was also the greatest patron of this service, and it never failed her, says the proprietor. Once, in the wee hours, he was roused from bed by a Western Union boy who had delivered an order to the Trocadero and found Marlene already gone. Although even her studio didn't know *where* she had gone, he shortly overtook her automobile on the ocean highway near Oxnard, California, and delivered a plentiful stock for her vacation in Santa Barbara.

In pre-war days, too, profligate budgets were allowed by the studios for stars with hosiery idiosyncracies. A Jean Arthur film had to allow for a fresh pair of hose for every day the picture was shooting. Wardrobe women, hairdressers and other studio femmes considered working on an Arthur film a treat, because Jean always gave them the once-worn stockings.

Loretta Young improved on the Arthur budget, by requesting a stocking change three times each day, complete with fresh round garters for each pair. Joan Crawford's stocking idiosyncracy is purely a personal one. She's a "hard to please" customer, personally or on the screen, and in spite of the Pure Food & Dye Act observed in manufacture, each pair must be specially sterilized before she will wear them.

Being this intimate-kind of stylist

to the stars, Willys could often furnish the columnists a sizeable scoop, except for the fact that he's conscientious secret-keeper. He knew of the "surprise" Orson Welles-Rita Hayworth wedding almost as soon as did the principals, having to dampen the elation of the soon-to-be groom by explaining it was impossible to supply a dozen pair of nylons as a wedding gift, for even so lovely a bride as Rita.

All in all, being Hollywood's Stocking King adds up to very nice work—but getting it wasn't too easy, even after a successful reign on Broadway. At the time of deciding to contact the movie coast because of mutual benefits entailed, he had lost heavily in the 1929 stock market crash. His new career was begun on a working capital of $50 and stock optimistically obtained on credit from the silk mills. Discovering that picture people were easiest to contact on the lot, he took a day's work as an "extra" at MGM.

The picture was "The Secret Six," and he went through it with his pockets and make-up box stuffed with silk stockings. Sales and screen-actoring turned out highly successful. After seeing rushes of the picture, Marjorie Rambeau helped Willys get a bit part in "Beast of the City." Happened his dark appearance and solid build fit very well into the "gangster" dramas then just getting off to a whirlwind start, and what with an MGM contract and loan-outs to other studios, he was soon in danger of becoming a movie actor with a hidden impulse for stockings.

He adopted some desperate devices by which to corner studio hosiery contracts. Reading a gossip item to the effect that Universal prexy Carl Laemmle was planning a trip to Atlantic City with pal A. C. Blumenthal, he appeared at the studio reception desk with the announcement that he was Mr. Blumenthal. Shown at once to a sumptuous office, he then busied himself spreading ladies' hosiery all over the desk, while Mr. Laemmle was summoned from an important conference.

For awhile the results were anybody's guess. But admiring his nerve, the movie mogul finally introduced him, arm around shoulders, as a "personal friend" who could cupply 300 pair of stockings for "Show Boat" in better quality and for less cost than usual. Exiting from the wardrobe department, Laemmle whispered, "And you'd better do it, too!"

Equally encouraging results were won by donning a tuxedo, and dashing past the Fox studio gateman in a crowd of "wedding" extras. Ignoring the shouting gateman, who was too busy getting the credentials of the other extras to come after him, he continued his sprint into a wardrobe executive's office. After this rather harrowing beginning, he found himself well on his way to his present status.

After the war, says Willys, who should know, there will be new and wondrous improvements on the stocking-front. Several manufacturers have already perfected a method for weaving nylon and rubber into a lovely, sheer fabric which when snagged will not run, but just pull together again. Mud-splashed and rain-stretched hose will be a thing of the past because of a new water-repellent processing. Among his own patented innovations, waiting for manufacture, are ventilated toes and heels to help perspiring feet.

Fashion will swing back to lace embroidered and jewelled clocks and other whimsies. He himself will emphasize seams, having already designed inserted seams of lace and velvet, and some overcast with bright-colored stitching, all with heel and toe to match. There will be a variety of new shades, and no doubt a return to sheer and flawless black, which he picks as the "sexiest" color.

Meantime, says he, launder your rayons after each wearing; each washing makes them stronger. Never use water any more than lukewarm; avoid soap except on hard-to-remove spots; put a tablespoon of vinegar or bath-salts in a pint of rinse-water and allow your rayons to soak in the solution for a few minutes. Drying rayon as long as you can takes some of the stretchiness out, which should help to keep both your stockings and chins up. After all, male civilians are also having their troubles!

THE END

SHOOTING STARS

An ice miss is a nice miss, eh Van? Turnout for first-night at the follies was star-iffic!

Annabella (Jacobowsky and the Colonel) and her Marine Lieutenant husband, Tyrone Power.

The Reagans (Mocombo). Jane Wyman (Mrs. Capt. Ronnie), your new problem fixer. See P. 42.

PHYLLIS THAXTER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

fairly tall, extremely vivacious; her face is so sensitive that thoughts flit like shadows across it. She'd like to be both glamorous and sophisticated, but actually she's more of a human Peter Pan—a role she'd love to play, one of these days.

Her father is Sidney Thaxter, Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine. Her mother, then Phyllis Schuyler, was with the Ben Greet Players before her marriage. After the third child, Phyllis, was born, Booth Tarkington demanded Phyllis Schuyler for lead in his play, "Magnolia," and she played it in its brief New York run, then returned to Maine to bear her fourth child. So when "little Phyllis" yearned to act, she found immediate sympathy. No objection was raised to her becoming, at seventeen, an apprentice at Ogunquit Summer Theater.

An apprentice works hard but rarely has a chance at an important role. But Fate stepped in. Laurette Taylor, connected with the summer theater, had written a play and wanted it produced. As she sat in the dining room, reading over her script, Phyllis drifted in and caught her eye. "There!" cried Laurette, unaware that Fate had a thing to do with it, "is the girl I want—she can do the blind girl!"

"It was a very bad play," Phyllis recalls, "but what a wonderful experience to have Laurette Taylor interested in me! She knows so much, and I could learn from her."

After that came training in the Montreal Repertory Theater in Montreal, Canada, then the tremendous excitement of New York. Fate was off on business of her own, so for a year Phyllis did a walk-on bit in "What a Life!" on Broadway, a summer of stock in New Hampshire, in which she played leads in "Our Town" and "Shadow and Substance," and returned to New York. She lived at the Rehearsal Club and looked for work.

"You can't force things—goodness knows I *tried*," relates Phyllis. "I wore my shoes out making the rounds, until February. Then I thought I'd have to give up and go home. I went to Vermont for a weekend on a ski-ing trip with my brother and told him it seemed nothing would ever break for me and I was running out of money. But just as he was putting me on a train for home, I said: 'No—something's going to happen!' It's the only time I ever had such a clear feeling. I went back to New York."

Fate must have nudged her. Charva Chester, stage manager for Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, who also lived at the Rehearsal Club, saw Phyllis in the dining room and sent her in for an interview. The Lunts were casting "There Shall be No Night." Charva had thought of Phyllis as the ingenue, but she didn't look Finnish enough, so she received the role of the maid and understudy.

For eighteen months Phyllis was a proud member of the cast. Sydney Greenstreet, a prominent actor in the company, took an interest in the young actress; together they read Shakespeare and scenes from other plays, and discussed the theater back and forth and up and down. He taught her more than she could have learned in any school.

"There's that little Thaxter girl again," Fate must have said when, after a year and a half, Phyllis was laid off for a summer. Assuming the form of an agent, Fate despatched her to Rose Franken who was looking for a *Claudia* to go on tour.

"Miss Franken and I read the play together," says Phyllis. "She was so understanding! She'd say: 'This is how I like the line read, but is it right for you?' If it wasn't, I'd say so and we'd work it out. When I was ready, Dorothy McGuire, who was doing the play on Broadway, gave up a matinee to let John Golden see me in the part. I was nearly petrified at the thought of how important it was to me, but once out on the stage I forgot to be afraid."

She played the role for two years—six months in New York, six months in Chicago, and a year on the road. It was during the autumn of 1943 that Sam Zimbalist saw her in San Francisco. He was preparing to film "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," had just met Ted Lawson and his wife Ellen, and was sure at first sight that Phyllis was "right" as *Ellen*.

It was Fate again. But this time Phyllis didn't recognize it. She turned down the offer, believing she still had too much to learn in the theater. But when the tour took her to Los Angeles, she gave in, made a test and signed a screen contract.

For the first three weeks of her screen career, Phyllis lived at an apartment hotel on Wilshire Boulevard, alone and forlorn. She knew nobody, hated Hollywood, felt lost and unhappy. She was feeling particularly miserable the day Melvina Phillips, Hollywood artist, met her. Melvina had just happened to see "Claudia," had said to her husband: "That girl is a young Helen Hayes," and so was interested in the young screen find. Wasn't that Fate?

"How would you like to come and live at my house?" she asked, when she had learned how things were with Phyllis. "My husband is in the navy now and I have too much room."

Phyllis was entranced. She moved into the Beverly Hills home at once, loved Melvina's twelve-year-old daughter Gay like a sister, and became immediately part of the family.

"I'm from Indiana; I used to live on a farm and I'm intensely practical," said Melvina, reflectively, later. "My whole training had been designed to impress me that nothing should be wasted, a budget must be faithfully kept, and so on. Phyllis appalled me. I loved her—no one could help that, she is so generous, sweet and altogether amiable. But she has no money sense. At her home there was plenty of money; Phyllis left home at seventeen and naturally had had no responsibility for it. She has simple tastes, but the cost of anything doesn't occur to her. She sees something, never asks the price—if she likes it, she buys it.

"When she came to my house, we decided we wouldn't bother keeping track of every item of food bought; we'd just put ten dollars each into a pot, and when that was spent we'd put in more. One day I was already in the market, prepared to cash Phyllis' check, when I discovered it was signed and made out to *Cash* but no amount was filled in. Anyone could have raised it to a thousand dollars! Phyllis couldn't understand why I was so concerned.

"Often during the time we were together, we had no maid, so Phyllis, Gay and I would get such meals as we had at home. Phyllis knew nothing about cooking. The first thing she made was applesauce. Someone had told her to strain the apples, so she cooked them, core, peel and all, and then pushed them through a strainer. Apples were very high at the time; she had bought two pounds, but by the time she had them strained there was only a tiny dishful—most of the apple was in the garbage can.

"Next time, she decided to try scrambled eggs with chili sauce. She had no idea how to cook them, so most of the egg stuck to the pan. I was still at the stage of being horrified at waste, but I couldn't say anything because Phyllis was trying so hard. *Claudia* used to try so hard, too—remember? Phyllis hates to be told she's like *Claudia*, but in a way it's true."

Phyllis is shy and much younger than her years. Melvina used to think the naiveté was an act. No girl, she was certain, could be on the stage for four or five years, touring around on one-night stands, looking out for herself and completely on her own, and still be so naive. But it's a fact.

"People still laugh about Phyllis' ordering 'half a martini' at the big party in Florida, because everyone insisted she had to drink a toast," smiled Melvina. "But that's just like Phyllis. It wasn't an act. She plays with Gay as if they were the same age, yet Gay learns from her as she will learn from nobody else. Gay cues Phyllis when she has a script to learn, and Phyllis spends hours cue-ing Sydney Greenstreet when he has a long part. Difference in age is something she doesn't recognize—she's as much at home with one as with the other.

"If I've made her sound slightly irresponsible, I'm sorry, for that's very wide of the mark. Whenever my husband comes home from San Diego, he brings young naval officers with him, and the girls help entertain them. Last time Phyllis bought recordings of *Oklahoma* for Gay and the girls sang all the songs in costume, as a surprise. Whenever Phyllis could manage it, I used to take her with me to San Diego when I visited my husband. I was terribly tired one day when we reached the naval base. I hadn't slept, had risen very early to drive the hundred and thirty miles, and spent most of the time moaning that I couldn't possibly get home again.

"'Don't worry,' Phyllis said, when she overheard me, 'I'll drive the car home.' I thought Phyllis would be too flighty to keep her mind on her driving, but I was wrong. It was a strange road to her, very hard to drive at night—I had gotten lost even in broad daylight—but she drove as skillfully as if she had been born behind a wheel, so evenly that I slept soundly from the time we left the outskirts of San Diego until we pulled up at the house at 2 next morning."

The impression that the young actress was like Helen Hayes persisted with Melvina, the longer she knew her. Phyllis has that odd, subdued sparkle that belongs to Miss Hayes, which begins as a tiny glow and can blaze up to tremendous heights. It needs no gilded hearth.

"You should wear a skirt and blouse," Melvina used to tell Phyllis. "They look well on you—much, much better than a Schiaparelli model."

Phyllis listened, laughed, and went out to buy a pastel dressmaker suit of an odd peacock blue, in which she managed to look like an adorable little girl.

She never goes to beauty shops. Ever since she was thirteen she has put her lightbrown hair up every night on bobby pins. She's never had a permanent. The nearest she ever came to tinting her hair was one day in San Diego when she wet a heavy hairnet in salt water, tied it over her head and lay on the beach in the sun. Her hair took on a golden hue.

"It's a bad idea," she informed me. "Your hair gets dry and breaks off. I don't recommend it. But oh, I was so *thrilled* to be a blonde!"

Fate, who must have had a hand in bringing Melvina into Phyllis' life, had no intention of letting Melvina interfere too much.

"I used to say to Phyllis sternly: 'You must put so much money in the bank. You must not spend more than such-and-such. You will have to learn that you can't do this or you must do that.' And I'd worry because nothing made an impression on her," she smiled. "Now that I know Phyllis so well, I've decided that it doesn't really matter whether she ever learns about money or not. What she has is much more important. Let her lose money; it won't mean a thing to her. I'm not a sentimental person, but I feel that Phyllis has something wonderful to give. You might as well expect violin music, or a crystal spring, or the well-known lilies of the field to try to be practical. I shall let her alone from now on."

When Phyllis' mother decided to visit her, Melvina found a little pink house seven minutes from the studio for them, so that they could entertain their friends and be free to enjoy each other.

It would be very nice of Fate if she'd bring around a man for Phyllis who could cook like Alfred Lunt, say. The finest Christmas Phyllis ever spent was the one when the Lunts took the whole touring company out to their home for the holiday. There were sixty-five people, and Alfred Lunt cooked dinner.

"The most marvelous food I ever put in my mouth!" Phyllis declares. "That's a wonderful marriage. It's seldom two people are so well-matched. There's Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, the Lunts, Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintock—and who else? I wish it would happen to me!"

Phyllis has no set ideas on just how the Man In Her Life should look, but she hopes he'll like music, the theater, horseback riding, swimming, and not mind talking shop. She can't imagine giving up acting for marriage. She wants children, several of them, but doesn't see why she must lose her career if she's a mother.

"But I'm not really thinking of the future," she declares confidently. "What is mine will come to me. I'll leave it to Fate."

THE END

THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD

Remember this? Ten years ago Katharine Hepburn and Joan Bennett (a blonde then) played Jo and Amy in RKO's "Little Women".

By JANE WILKIE

ONE YEAR AGO THIS MONTH: Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul separated . . . Gene Tierney went to Washington, D. C. with new baby . . . Susan Peters married Dick Quine . . . Bob Young was presented with his third daughter . . . Vic Mature came home on leave, dated K. T. Stevens and Betty Hutton, then was reported engaged to Anne Shirley . . . Jack Benny returned from Italian theater of war . . . Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones split up . . . rumors circulating of pending marriage between Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan . . . "Lost Angel" best picture of the month, with Margaret O'Brien, Marsha Hunt and James Craig . . . Eleanor Powell married Glenn Ford . . . Alice Faye expecting her second child . . . Lana Turner and Steve Crane were happy together . . . Alan Ladd returned from army to civilian life . . . Bonita Granville and John Carroll were a new Hollywood twosome and supposed to be in love. . . .

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH: Ingrid Bergman was introduced to America in "Intermezzo," with Leslie Howard . . . Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul were romancing . . . Brian Donlevy was counting on his gold mine for his only income, having been in one picture . . . Judy Garland starting to date, including Baron Polan and Artie Shaw . . . Betty Grable was following Artie Shaw around . . . Lana Turner wearing Greg Bautzer's ring . . . War in England sent Hollywoodians back to their home town—Norma Shearer, Bob Hope, Maureen O'Sullivan, Bob Montgomery, Sonja Henie, Jimmy Stewart . . . Adrian designing for Janet Gaynor's happiness . . . best picture of the month "The Rains Came," with Myrna Loy, Ty Power, George Brent . . . rumored that Garbo would marry Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the what-to-eat expert . . . Joan Bennett dyed her hair from blonde to brunette . . . At twenty-one, Joan Fontaine married Brian Aherne, thirty-seven . . . Linda Darnell was new white hope for stardom at 20th Century-Fox . . . George Raft adoring Norma Shearer . . . other twosomes; Joan Bennett-Reggie Gardiner, Jinx Falkenburg-Bob Taplinger, Lucille Ball-Al Hall, Jane Wyman-Ronald Reagan, Olivia de Havilland-Pat di Cicco . . . headed for divorce mills: Frances Farmer-Lief Ericson, Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres. . . .

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH: Due to her role in "Little Women," Katharine Hepburn was queen of the box-office . . . Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow discovered each other . . . it was predicted that television would be in world-wide use by 1940 . . . George Brent was seeing Greta Garbo but keeping it quiet . . . Russ Columbo died . . . Shirley Temple weighed forty-three pounds and was forty-three inches tall . . . Virginia Cherrill (Mrs. Cary Grant) went home to mother . . . "Count of Monte Christo" best picture of the month, with Robert Donat and Elissa Landi . . . Maurice Chevalier denying rumors that he would marry Kay Francis . . . after his role of Puck in "Midsummer's Night Dream," Mickey Rooney was predicted as star material . . . Bing Crosby's twins still wearing diapers . . . Alice Faye going with Pat di Cicco, Thelma Todd's ex . . . Brian Aherne, in London, visited Ann Harding . . . Margo was discovered, no one could think of a good last name for her . . . Jeanette MacDonald was supposed to be married to Bob Ritchie . . . Anna Sten was the rage of Hollywood. . . .

HURD HATFIELD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

and drive an inextravagant Plymouth. You recall gratefully that, as a boy, you lived in an atmosphere of good books, art and culture. You studied acting in college and majored in drama.

You are a hearty eater, and your typical midday meal consists of salad with roquefort dressing, chicken fricassee, milk, toast and an elaborate dessert.

You played a small bit in a Columbia University drama class presentation of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," which brought you to the attention of Tamara Daykarhanova, Chekhov's representative, and earned you a rich scholarship to the Chekhov School in England.

You are the only son of Judge William H. Hatfield, of New York, and Adele Hatfield, your mother, is a promising painter. You appear in 355 of the 359 scenes of "The Picture of Dorian Gray." You revealed something of your natural shyness when you shared your first kiss with Angela Lansbury, and the director had to clear the set until you got used to the "ordeal."

You are ever grateful that Iris Tree, daughter of the great English actor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, brought you to the attention of director Albert Lewin. You have large, luminous eyes, a loathing for the two-tone Hollywood suits that men wear, with sleeves of yet another material for added effect.

Your failure in the title role of "Robin Hood" at the ripe old age of seven still rankles. You missed your cue, and were instantly relieved of your role. You agree that this undoubtedly accounts for some of the grim thoroughness with which, later, you were to prepare yourself for a career as an actor.

Your father had considerable influence in stimulating your interest in spoken drama. You once said, "When I was about eleven my father and I got into the habit of reading stories, poems and plays aloud to each other. We read virtually every known classic." You realize now what a good background that was for later drama studies.

You are very superstitious and harbor a tendency to follow the smallest hunch. You are very much at home in fuzzy tweeds and careless sports clothes. You enjoy an early morning swim in the ocean near your house, walking in the rain, and intuitive women.

You dislike restaurants with glaring lights, and one of your favorite diversions is snubbing snobs. You once wrote a play which was adapted to opera libretto, set to music and successfully presented at the Juillard School in New York.

You don't like women with snoods.

You admit to being lazy, yet you will run a mile from high-keyed people and off-key singers. You also stay away as far as possible from radio masters of ceremony who kill time with forced laughter, people whispering at symphonies and moviegoers who unravel candy wrappers in the dark.

You were born on December 7th, in New York.

You appeared with Ruth Gordon and Walter Hampden in a Broadway play, "The Strings, My Lord, Are False." You toured the country, prior to that, with the Chekhov Theatre in "Twelfth Night," in which you played your favorite stage role of Sir Andrew Ogvecheck; in "King Lear," as the Duke of Gloucester, and you also portrayed Caleb in "Cricket on the Hearth."

You attended Morristown Prep, N. Y., Horace Mann, N. Y., Riverdale Academy at Riverdale, N. Y., and Lincoln School in New York City, before ending up at Columbia University. Your thorough education fitted you to enjoy at its full your eventual tour of England, Brittany, France and Germany.

You don't like silk shirts, and your favorite actress is Greta Garbo, and your favorite actor is Michael Chekhov. You have lots of Indian friends, like the famous Shan-Kar dance troupe, and hope that one day you can go to India and appear in plays there.

You like all kinds of Russian food, such as shaslik, with Beef a la Strogonoff a close second.

You live in a quaint old adobe-walled house in Santa Monica, alive with the memories of the talented people who lived there before you: Actor Peter Lorre, Director Edmund Goulding, and Author James Hilton.

You are forever sitting at the stone table beneath the huge pepper tree where Mr. Hilton wrote part of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," not entirely because of that sentimental reason but also because it's the only cool spot on a hot day.

You have a weakness for soft lights and music.

You nearly always eat by candlelight of an evening. You have a dislike for the sight, smell and taste of pigs' feet, and enjoy reading into the early dawn: James Cain, Thomas Wolfe and Shakespeare, among others.

You still recall as one of your favorite stage roles the part of The Baron in "Lower Depths," which you enacted at the Chekhov Theatre in New York. You are unmarried, but you still faithfully correspond with a girl friend from your early school-days in New York.

You have an unusual liking for deliberately losing contacts with people, places and things, and then regaining them later for further and added enjoyment. You love a good play, and are ever-disappointed that, in California, they are so few and far between. You like to sketch, and whenever the circus is in town you can't resist going with pencil and pad.

You never wear a hat, carry an umbrella, or sport a loud tie.

You always get a great kick out of eating in the crowded studio commissary, except on days when the scenes are unusually difficult, and then you partake of lunch on the set or in your dressing room.

You count among your best friends in Hollywood: Dancer Virginia Hunter, Actor George Sanders, and Actresses Donna Reed and Angela Lansbury.

You enjoyed playing with Katharine Hepburn in "Dragon Seed" and you were excited and flattered beyond words when she visited the set of "Dorian Gray." What you fail to reveal, though, was the marvellous and typical remark of Katie who said, "Hi, chum—I hear you're doing wonderfully—*are you?*"

You can't be too grateful to Director Albert Lewin who couldn't do too much to go out of his way to help you in your career in the movies.

Your favorite form of relaxation is long talks on the telephone with people who save something to talk about.

You like eating dinner by the fire, playing the piano, and were startled when you discovered that you had to play the only Chopin prelude that you hadn't learned, in "Dorian Gray": the twenty-fourth.

You acknowledge with amusement that on the stage you were a youth who always played elderly, decrepit gentlemen, but that in your current picture you portray a man who remains a youth all his life, in appearance, while only his portrait ages. You always look the same in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," although twenty-two years go by.

You had your portrait painted four times for the picture, by the celebrated twin painters Ivan Le Lorraine and Malvin Albright, and wish that you could own one. You don't care for film colony night life, and rarely go out after dark. You recently had your pants patched while waiting to meet Garbo for the first time, because the dog of your hostess, Salka Viertel, didn't know you.

You can't wait for "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to be shown so that you can find out how really worthwhile it was for you to follow the hunch that brought you to Hollywood for a vacation. You hope and pray that it was, and that people will like you in your first big role in the movies.

You do admit, though, that your hunches so far have turned out all right—and well, here's hoping, Hurd Hatfield!

THE END

Rosalind Russell and husband Major Fred Brisson, enjoying a night out together.

THE GERSHWINS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

from the New York stage, and first thought he'd become a lawyer in Philadelphia, his home town. But it didn't take him long to discover that the only part of the legal industry he really cared about was the chance to orate in court. So he decided to chuck the bar in favor of the stage.

Reading from Shakespeare for Eva Le Gallienne, he was promptly given a place in her stock company, and he went on from there. Le Gallienne said he had "more abandon" than any actor who had ever auditioned for her.

His abandon didn't do him much good in the Gershwin film, however, because as he confided to Ira, "Mostly, I just follow George through doors."

"I regretted for him," says Ira, "that we couldn't arrange a circus or something equally colorful, but since he was playing ME in the pictures, there wasn't much else he *could* do. After all, the picture was about George. So whether he liked it or not, Rudley was stuck with me and my personality. And he seemed to know everything about me—even the way I held a cigar."

"Why not?" Rudley grinned when Gershwin mentioned it. "I've been checking up with your friends." Curious to know just what could be unearthed by such a survey, Ira got him to explain.

"Well, for instance," explained Rudley, "there's that business of poker. When you play cards, you have a habit of pressing a poker chip against your forehead and leaving it there throughout the game."

"How'd it go?" asked Ira.

"After all that work, would you believe it—not a poker game in the picture!"

And if Ira was pleased about Rudley, Lee was enthusiastic about Julie Bishop. But the thing that really fascinated her was the studio's reproduction of the Gershwin living room, which was perfect down to the tiniest detail. The studio had even borrowed the pictures from their walls. Lee arrived while Director Irving Rapper was out to lunch, and she walked through the room. When Rapper returned, he didn't see Lee, but he *did* see her footprints on the highly polished floor.

"Hey, take those footprints away," he yelled to a workman, who suggested that it might be more natural if a room *did* have a footprint or two.

"There are no footprints in the Gershwin home," the director boomed.

In describing her impressions, Lee says: "It was like a nightmare from which there was no escape. Pleasant enough, but uncanny. Lights glared overhead and dozens of workmen milled around in what seemed to be our own home. Same furnishings, same faces, same gags. Even Oscar was there." (Oscar is Oscar Levant.)

Kidding Writer Clifford Odets, an old friend, about working on the picture, Ira asked: "What are you doing on a Gershwin picture, Cliff? I thought you were the big Beethoven man."

"This isn't just the story of George Gershwin," Cliff answered seriously. "It's your story and my story, too. It's the story of Irving Berlin and Moss Hart and every kid who grew up on the East Side."

Odets was right. It is the story of those kids from the East Side. Kids like Edward G. Robinson, for instance, who became outstandingly successful, when they might so easily have gone the other way.

"I got to thinking about those kids from the East Side," reminisces Ira. "Cliff's remark dug up memories. Memories of lots of things. But mostly of my brother, George—an eager kid who was born to music. A boy who studied all his life, who never stopped working, straining, striving for perfection. A boy who, at 22, while writing the "Scandals," was getting up early in the morning for classes in Orchestration at Columbia University. A man who had the most tireless energy I've ever seen; a restless, sensitive dynamo, always driving himself, never content with what he had written, always feeling he could have done it better."

Ira, one of the most conscientious workers in show business, and the only lyricist ever to receive the Pulitzer Prize, depreciates himself.

"With me, it was different," he tells you. "I worked hard, too, when we had a job to do. But between shows, I felt the need of rest. Often I vacationed three or four months. George could never understand that. He used to nag me about being lazy; was always after me to write a libretto. If he'd lived, he'd have forced me to do it, too. Just as he kidded me into becoming an amateur painter—saying if he could do it, so could I. But he couldn't teach, coax or heckle me into becoming as good at golf or other sports as he was, and he couldn't impart to me that incredible physical rhythm which was so much a part of him."

The "Rhapsody in Blue" holds many poignant memories for Ira Gershwin. The home at 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York, where it was written, with George working in the midst of bedlam. Writing the "Rhapsody" in a room where, not ten feet away, his father and his friends played noisy games of pinochle. Cigar smoke so thick you could hardly breathe. And George, oblivious to everything but his music, hearing and writing melodies that would one day be world-famous.

And later, in 1928, the thrill of a lifetime: hearing it performed for the first time in Paris. The brothers had been in that city only two days when it happened, and George was busy working on "An American In Paris." Rhene Baton, conducting a symphony orchestra at the Mogador Theater, included the "Rhapsody" on a program that boasted names like Cesar Franck and Bach. Because of the limited time for rehearsals, and the complexity of the piano passages, Weiner and Doucet, the orchestra's pianists, divided the solo parts.

And they were good, too. But the orchestra, which had had only one rehearsal, gave a pretty ragged performance, with some notes even bluer than George had conceived. Despite the inadequate performance, Ira had a hunch that the audience would welcome this composition because of its strange and exciting quality.

George thought otherwise. He squirmed and suffered it out as long as he could, then with: "This is terrible. I can't stand it any longer," he dashed for the nearest exit. A couple of minutes later, with waves of thunderous applause ringing in his ears, and the shouts of the audience for "Gershwin, Gershwin," Ira had literally to drag his brother in from the lobby. Not until the tenth curtain-call did George really believe that Paris had put her stamp of approval on him and his "Rhapsody in Blue."

Congratulations were in order when Lieut. Comdr. Richard Barthelmess, USNR, met son Stewart, newly commissioned in the US Navy.

Their old friend, Deems Taylor, didn't know the boys were in Paris, but he was in the audience that afternoon and wrote: "*I should have figured if the Rhapsody was played, and there was a curtain-call to be taken, Gershwin would be there to take it!*"

Ira will always remember their first Hollywood job, too. For it proves what producers—sometimes—think of The Arts. Ira and Du Bose Heyward had worked on "Porgy and Bess" with George, but in addition to the composing, George spent seven additional months orchestrating it—which meant that he had been working steadily for two years on one thing. He wanted a change, and suggested Hollywood.

Archie Selwyn, trying to get them a job, had a tough time.

"Gershwin? Sure it's a name—maybe even a big name," one producer admitted, "but that's high-brow stuff. The guy just wrote an *opera!*"

Finally, George had to send a telegram. He wired: "*I am not a high brow. I have written many hits and I expect to write many more.*" Ira chuckles when he tells about it.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, this picture has stirred memories for Ira Gershwin. But would you really like to know his first impression when he was introduced to Herbert Rudley?

"So! Here's Ira Gershwin," he said to himself. "From now on I can take it easy. This fellow can write my lyrics." It was futile, wonderful daydreaming.

"My brother, George, used to accuse me of being lazy," he smiles. "I guess he would call that running true to form."

THE END

PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, with Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey, Andrea King, Alan Hale, Dane Clark and John Ridgely.

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER stars John Garfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Walter Brennan and Faye Emerson.

AT COLUMBIA:

COUNTERATTACK, with Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman, Larry Parks, and Adeline DeWalt Reynolds. This is a story of Russian partisans behind the German lines. Sequence that covers three days in the picture, but will require about twenty-four days to film, shows Mr. Muni and Miss Chapman trapped in a subterranean cellar with a group of Nazi officers.

LET'S GO STEADY has Pat Parrish, Jackie Moran, June Preisser, and Skinnay Ennis' orchestra hanging on the garden gate.

OUR WANDERING DAUGHTERS has Cora Sue Collins, Eric Sinclair, Ralph Hoopes and John Calvert. It's all about Her Mama Done Tole Her.

I LOVE A MYSTERY is the film treatment of the celebrated radio show written by gifted Carleton E. Morse. The principals are Jim Bannon, Nina Foch, George Macready, and Barton Yarborough whose voice you will recognize instantly as he appears not only in the radio version of "I Love A Mystery," but he is Clifford in "One Man's Family."

AT MGM:

WOMEN'S ARMY, with Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters, June Lockhart, brilliant Agnes Moorehead, Jess Barker, and Bill Johnson. You may disregard the rumor that the entire Air Force is trying to get transferred to this Metro branch of the service.

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH, being shot in Technicolor is on location at Lake Chelan, Washington. Star is Elizabeth Taylor, the able 12-year-old actress who was *Velvet* in "National Velvet." The story deals with a dog-of-war and its rehabilitation after it comes home from the front. Lassie is doing this part with such Thespian artistry that she is being called Greer Garson With Fur.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION is being made from the celebrated Marcia Davenport book with Greer Garson (a redhead again), Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore, Donald Crisp (just divorced by his writer-wife June Murfin), Marsha Hunt, Preston Foster and Dan Duryea.

WITHOUT LOVE has just started rolling with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn (who will be a father for the second time in February), and Felix Bressart.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES should be one of the pictures of the year. It deals with a year in the life of a Norwegian farmer in Wisconsin. Edward G. Robinson—wearing overalls and a mustache—plays the farmer, Agnes Moorehead is his wife. Margaret O'Brien is their daughter, and Jackie Jenkins her cousin. While the company was at the Metro farm on location someone asked Margaret what she liked best about being a bucolic maiden—going barefooted, perhaps? "I go barefooted in the city," explained Margaret with her gentle smile. "What I like is catching frogs with Jackie."

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF is Grand Hotel in New York with Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, and wonderful Robert Benchley, the pin-up boy of the Helen Hokinson girls.

AT PARAMOUNT:

SALTY O'ROURKE is the current Alan Ladd picture (which means that it will be a good one because Laddie is a conscientious man who will do battle in behalf of a good script), with Gail Russell, Stanley Clements (who was the toughie in "Going My Way"), Bruce Cabot (his first picture since his many months in Africa for the Air Corps), Spring Byington and William Demarest (one of the funniest men in town). Don't miss this one.

THE GOLDEN YEARS has Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Lillian Gish, Bill Edwards and Pat Phelan (for whom Paramount has great hopes). This picture was originally titled "Miss Susy Slagle's" and the story deals with the occurrences in a medical boarding house presided over by prim, proper Miss Slagle (Lillian Gish).

DUFFY'S TAVERN boasts about everyone on the Paramount lot in its cast. Notable, in addition to Ed Gardner, Marjorie Reynolds, Hope, Crosby, etc., etc., are two not-so-well-known genius-kids. One is comedian Cass Daley (now appearing on the Maxwell House show) and the other is brilliant dancer, Johnny Coy.

THE LOST WEEKEND, with Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, Philip Terry, and Doris Dowling, is nearly finished. So nearly that Mr. Milland has his first shave in weeks.

THE LOVE LETTERS is distinguished by a splendid cast: Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ann Richards, Cecil Kellaway (the Prince of Wales in "Mrs. Parkington"), and Derek Cooper. The Paramount lot has been rocking with justified laughter because this is one of the big-budgeted pictures, yet there isn't a Paramount contract player in the cast.

AT UNIVERSAL:

THE SUSPECT stars Charles Laughton, Ella Raines, Dean Harens, and Henry Daniell. On the set Ella Raines was telling the story of the month. For her new house she ordered a seven by seven bed to be constructed; when it was delivered, it was discovered that the frame couldn't be inserted through the doorway, hence had to be returned to the manufacturer to be whittled down. Then, when the bed size was reduced, all the sheets and blankets had to be altered. "A case," intoned Mr. Laughton who knows his Shakespeare, "in which sleep could not knit up the raveled sheets so fair."

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED is actually the name of a town in Arizona. This story opens in Vienna in 1865 and progresses by a series of plot flights to America. Yvonne de Carlo is given her first starring role and has the distinction of being the only successful girl in pictures who is living in a $1.00 per day motor court. Can't find another place in which to camp.

FRISCO SAL is the latest venture of Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Alan Curtis, Andy Devine and Samuel S. Hinds. A picture printed in a fan magazine somehow gave the recent impression that Turhan and Susanna were about to be married; because of Turhan's recent and sincere interest in Lana Turner (also publicized), he has received some poison pen letters from those who are trying to protect Susanna's "romance."

SHE GETS HER MAN is a comedy with Joan Davis, Leon Errol, Bill Gargan, and beautiful newcomer Vivian Austin—of whom you will hear more in a hurry.

HERE COME THE CO-EDS . . . had better turn around and go away or Abbott and Costello will get them, aided by Martha O'Driscoll and Peggy Ryan.

AT RKO:

THE WONDER MAN is working with wonder man Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Ed Gargan, Allen Jenkins, Huntz Hall (who says that being an ex-Dead End Kid has really made life tough for him—self-styled pugilists are always "choosing" him in public places), Grant Mitchell and the Polka Dot Girl, Chili Williams.

TARZAN AND THE AMAZONS, Johnny Weissmuller, Brenda Joyce, and of all people to turn up in the jungle, Madame Maria Ouspenskaya.

WEST OF THE PECOS. Bang, Bang. Bob Mitchum, Barbara Hale, handsome Ritchard Martin, and Bryant Washburn.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE is rolling with "Claudia"—Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall, and Spring Byington. More detailed report on this later after your reporter visits the set.

AT REPUBLIC:

A DARING HOLIDAY, with Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George, Jack LaRue.

THE PHANTOM SPEAKS, Richard Arlen and Lynne Roberts—strictly from fright.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES, Dennis O'Keefe, Constance Moore, Eve Arden (one of the best comediennes on earth), and Alan Mowbray.

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:

HANGOVER SQUARE, distinguished by the presence of that quarter ton of talent, Laird Cregar and George Sanders, plus Linda Darnell, Reginald Gardiner, and in the opposite corner Producer Robert Bassler and Director John Brahm.

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE is a Technicolor confection with Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Beatrice Kay, Dorothy Day and George Melford. Did you know that technicians who have officiated when Betty dubs her songs, say that she is the best in the business?

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE is a question to be answered by Fred MacMurray (borrowed from Paramount) and Joan Leslie (borrowed from Warner Brothers) plus the home lot talent of June Haver.

ROYAL SCANDAL is the new title of erstwhile CZARINA, or THE RELUCTANT DRAGOON, with Tullulah Bankhead as the glandular monarch, and Bill Eythe singing "Reign, reign, go away—and don't come back another day." Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, and Mischa Auer are also in there discovering what are the divine rights of queens.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE is a whodunit being investigated by Michael O'Shea, Lloyd Nolan (now quite silver-haired), Trudy Marshall, and Ruth Ford.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND, described last month in detail, is still in the process of production with Zachary Scott, Betty Field, Estelle Taylor, and Percy Kilbride dealing in the palmistry. Incidentally, a chap who knew Percy Kilbride casually, saw him dining alone in a cottage-like local tearoom one recent evening, and strolled over to chat. During the course of the conversation, the visitor mentioned that it was rather lonely to dine in public without company. "I really don't mind at all," observed Mr. Kilbride with his norther-waste smile. "I just have an abandoned face."

IT'S IN THE BAG is the madness with Allen, Benny, Binnie Barnes, Robert Benchley, John Carradine, Jerry Colonna and most of the other local comic characters. A good straight man could steal the picture.

BLOOD ON THE SUN is Jimmy Cagney's latest producing venture, so you should see it for two reasons: First, Jimmie Cagney is such a sweet guy, and second, it will surely be a good picture.

"Cultivate Contrast"

A beauty without any bunk about her, Joan Bennett has a personal fountain of youth plan.

IF YOU talked about fairies or magic to Joan Bennett, particularly in connection with her own special brand of dazzle, you could expect a polite facsimile of the well-known Bronx cheer.

You think we're kidding? Well, then listen to some of Joan's quips and quotes. "I eat like a horse"—"Press agent ballyhoo is so much hog wash"—"It's plain silly for a girl to lose her figure just because she's had a few babies."

Pretty basic stuff, coming from a glamour girl. And if it sounds as though Joan doesn't give a rap about her looks or her career, you're about to be surprised again. In fact, we'd like you to take a really good gander at La Bennett in her current International Picture called "The Woman in the Window."

Can it be that Joan is a day over twenty-five? It probably can. She has three daughters. And the oldest one is seventeen!

Here's the way Joan looks at looks. Some things are basic and unchanging. For instance, with her—feminine means fastidious, and that means super-clean skin on face and form. Manicures and pedicures are strictly on schedule—once a week. Hair care is no mere brush-off. It's a circulation-stirring drama that goes on every day with the help of brush and tonic jars; every week or oftener with a billowing bottle of shampoo.

It calls for a strong constitution to make men weak. So Joan takes her sleep in eight hour doses; her vitamins as a matter of well-balanced courses.

After the glamour groundwork has been laid, our Miss Bennett goes all-out for effects. One day she looks like her daughter's younger sister. The next, she will out-Mata any Hari the studio whips up.

Joan has great belief in what she calls the "fluff." Her make-up may be simple or simply sensational. She changes her coiffure to complement the occasion. She suits her scent to the sort of girl she feels like, so sometimes a sultry perfume contributes to that wicked gleam in her innocent blue eye.

There you have it—good sense in good grooming. Great sensitivity to changing styles and situations. The result is consistent contrast: a type that will never be outmoded because it's subject to change without notice. It's a type to strive to simulate!

JACK CARSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

Mrs. Lipschitz, and I think it's fine!”

Mrs. Carson looked blank. “Er—er—thank you,” she finally stammered. Later she approached Jack. “Look, son,” she said. “Miss St. Germaine seems to be a very sweet girl, but is she—er—quite bright? Yesterday she called me Mrs. Lipschitz!”

“Oh, *that!*” Jack laughed. “Think nothing of it! I told her our name was Lipschitz for a rib! She must have believed me!”

Neither time, tide, nor the importance of his victim deters Jack, the Ribber, once he gets the urge to have a little clean fun at another's expense.

When Anatole Litvak was directing Jack in “Blues In The Night,” for example, the whole set was thrown into an uproar one afternoon when Carson “fainted” dead away at the conclusion of a simple scene. Litvak was in a tizzy and did a super-special job of exploding in his nervous, excitable way. “Quick!” he shouted. “Get a doctor! Get two doctors! Get an ambulance! Get the Hays Office! Get Mr. Warner!”

He was stroking the Carson head solicitously when Jack feebly opened his eyes. “What was the matter, boy?” Litvak asked. “Did you have a stroke?” Jack shook his head. “No, Mr. Litvak,” he said earnestly. “It was just that you always make at least twenty-seven takes of a scene, and when you said 'Print it!' after that first take, the shock was too much for me!”

Litvak, being a good sport, howled with everyone else.

Alexis Smith never will forget another day, on the “Mark Twain” set. Jack had been a frequent visitor and was enchanted by a perfect little table model of the river boat used in the picture. One day he led Alexis to look at it.

“Don't tell anyone, because I want it to be a surprise,” he said, “but I've rigged this thing up with a cute trick. I've got it fixed so that when you pull this little cord, which is supposed to blow the boat's steam whistle, a real steam whistle blows across the stage. Look, I'll show you.”

Gently he pulled on the cord, and sure enough, across the stage a steam whistle sounded. Alexis was delighted with the gadget. Later that afternoon she was playing hostess to some visiting naval dignitaries, and took them to inspect the little model. Across the stage Jack watched eagerly, a gleam in his eye.

“But here is a real surprise,” she told them. “Admiral, just pull this little cord and see what happens.” Dutifully the admiral pulled the cord as instructed. He was surprised alright, but not half as much as an embarrassed Alexis, when the entire stage suddenly was filled with a resounding Bronx cheer!

Jane Wyman still burns when she remembers the day during the filming of “Make Your Own Bed,” Jack's first starrer, when she said, “Oh, kiss my foot!” to Jack after he had provoked her patience beyond endurance. Obediently Jack knelt before Jane in front of a flock of visiting strangers, removed her shoe and stocking, and insisted on kissing her foot, toe. by toe! Turning to the goggle-eyed strangers, he smiled sheepishly. “Silly, but we have to do it every day to keep her happy,” he explained. “Temperament, you know.”

For some unknown and never explained reason, two sacks of fertilizer stood in the corner of the old dressing room Bob Cummings used during the three years he was at Universal. Eventually Bob got so used to their presence that he completely forgot about them. On the day he moved over to Warners to make “Princess O'Rourke,” however, two fresh sacks of fertilizer were delivered to his new dressing room.

“*Compliments of the management,*” Jack wrote on the accompanying card. “*We want you to smell at home.*”

It is within “the family,” experience has proved, that the Carson ribs reach their finer heights. “The family” consists of Carson, his wife, Ann Sheridan, Jane Wyman and Dennis Morgan, who have formed themselves into a unit to bring entertainment to servicemen in outlying camps and posts. Usually the troupe is scarcely on its way when busy little Jack gets to work and the others groan, “Here we go again!”

Just before show time recently, Ann Sheridan was scolding Jack for introducing her on their previous appearance as “The Oomph Girl.” That tag, always odious to her, finally had been forgotten by the public, Ann reminded him, and she intended it should stay forgotten.

“But how do you want me to introduce you?” Jack asked. “What do you want me to call you?”

“I don't care what you call me, so long as you leave that Oomph Girl stuff out!” Ann bridled. “I mean it!”

Later, as she stood in the wings of the theater awaiting her introduction, Ann again cautioned Jack by gesture. “Remember, no Oomph Girl.” Jack nodded his understanding, and stepped forward.

“And now, fellows, I want to present a little lady who has spent practically her whole life in the theater,” he began. “You have seen her and loved her many times in many pictures, just as Hollywood loves her for her sweet and gentle ways. It is with great pride and humility that I give you . . .”

Faces in the soldier audience fell a mile. Obviously the original Mother Machree was on deck, and they wanted sex and glamour.

“. . . that Grand Old Lady of the Screen, Miss Ann Sheridan!”

On that same trip Dennis Morgan also came a cropper, courtesy of Ribber Carson. The two were discussing what songs Dennis would sing, and Dennis suggested “The Desert Song” from the musical of the same name. “Oh, no, not again!” Jack groaned. The song is one of Dennis' favorites, and Jack claims that Morgan sings it at the drop of a hat.

“Well, alright then,” Dennis said grudgingly. “I'll let the fellows call for request numbers, but I *know* they'll ask for 'Desert Song.' They *always* do. They like it.”

A few minutes before the show was due to start Jack was giving the audience a warm-up talk. Dennis had ducked out for a quick cup of coffee. “Look, fellows, I want you to help me pull a rib on Morgan,” he confided. “When he asks what songs you want him to sing, whatever you do, DON'T ask for 'Desert Song.' Ask for anything but that, and watch the fun.”

Joan Blondell and Reggie Gardiner at the party given for "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen.

The soldiers agreed, and later when Dennis asked for requests they shouted “Besame Mucho,” “All or Nothing At All,” “Irish Eyes Are Smiling” and dozens of others. Each time Dennis smiled graciously, said he would sing the number, but what else did they want? Playing along with the gag to a man, no one mentioned “Desert Song,” to Morgan's utter astonishment and somewhat hurt feelings. Could Carson have been right? He wondered. Were people sick of hearing him sing it? Gosh, and it was his best number!

Finally he happened to turn and see Jack behind him, doubled up with laughter. The light dawned.

“I get it!” he told the soldiers. “Well, by criminy, you're going to get 'Desert Song,' like it or lump it!”

They got it and liked it.

Once in awhile the victimized worms turn. In Seattle, Wash., recently Jack lay down on his hotel bed in the afternoon to take a nap, dog-tired from a radio show and a dozen personal appearances at war bond rallies. He woke up in the darkened room to find a strange blonde, clad in a filmy negligee, sitting on his bed, shaking him gently, and saying “Wake up, darling, wake up!”

Horrified, Jack sat up. “Hey, get out of here!” he shouted. “You've got the wrong room!” The girl denied it. “Then you've got the wrong person!” he stormed. The girl attempted to put her arms around him. “Darling, don't be silly,” she said. “What a way for you to talk to little me.”

Cold sweat broke out on Jack's face as he jumped from the bed. “Look,” he said. “I'm from Hollywood. My name is Jack Carson. I don't know what kind of a racket this is, but you're not going to pull it on me. Now get out before I call the manager!”

At that moment the closet door was opened to reveal Jane, Dennis, Ann and his wife laughing hysterically. The “stranger,” of course, had been hired by them to play the part.

“Bravo!” they applauded a crimson-faced Jack. “For that scene you ought to rate an Academy Award!”

Gathering the shreds of his tattered dignity, Jack stomped out of the room. “Nuts to you guys!” he muttered.

The records show, however, that it was a good two weeks before Jack, the Ribber, was back in form.

THE END

JUNE ALLYSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

home. Then she doesn't see *him* again, until she returns those novels for another batch.

"I'm going to compile a book," June announces suddenly. "You see, I mark all my books—the passages I like for mood, for dialogue, for just plain narrative value. Some day I'm going to put all the passages together and make my own book. I think it's a great idea, don't you?

"I sketch, too. I just love to sketch. I did a charcoal of a friend of mine, on his boat, and he was just crazy about it. So one day I sketched a girl who was polishing brass on another boat nearby. I left the sketch sort of hanging around where my friend would be sure to fall over it. He did, too. He looked at it frontways, upside-down, and then sort of sideways. 'I'm not sure I know what it is,' he said, 'but it's awful.' I haven't sketched since."

Her favorite dress-down clothes are blue jeans, boots, shirt, jacket, and big dirty gloves. Decked out in this non-fashionable fashion, she loves to tinker with boats. Anybody's boat. She especially likes to brood about the time she was fixing her car when it stalled near the studio. She came up grease, ran off to find a mechanic, and bumped into her dream boy, Fred Astaire, instead. She's never gotten over the let-down of meeting him in "black-face." She'd always dreamed of being dressed like a professional mannequin in a dazzling outfit for that meeting. Now she's working up to another ensemble for the moment when she first meets Ginger Rogers. She wants to knock her eye out—figuratively speaking, of course.

The fact that people really like to hear her sing frankly puzzles June. "Why me?" she asks. "I don't really know from singing. I just throw back my head and howl. I sing in the shower every day. It does wonders for other people. But for me, even 'Deep River' changes keys in the middle of a bar. It's awfully discouraging."

It isn't superstition that gives her her coffee quirk. We'll be darned if we know *what* to call it. Maybe some good psychiatrist has a name for it. But she'll order coffee, pour cream into it, inhale its fragrance as though it were French perfume, and then drink exactly one-quarter. Then she orders a fresh cup. A refill won't do. It *has* to be a fresh cup. To nip this complex in the kitchen, so to speak, June's pals at the studio gifted her with a dainty blue-and-white demitasse cup. But she forgets to tote it with her, with the result that waiters at local bistros are beginning to treat her like a two-headed zombie.

Bess, the major domo, rules June's roost with an iron hand. And June loves it. Bess has taught her how to buy clothes with an eye to making one item do several jobs. When June sneaks a new purchase into the house, it's Bess who ferrets it out, gives it the glassy eye, returns it pronto. But June's catching on, now. She takes Bess shopping with her, and saves herself a lot of wear and tear.

"Bess does all the cooking," June says, "except when I sneak into the kitchen. I love to putter. I'm no mechanical cook. Electric gadgets throw me into a tizzy. I've got one recipe that's surefire, though. It's called 'Egg Thing.'

"You put a piece of spam in a pan. Then you put two whole eggs on top of that. Then you add a professional secret, which I won't give you because this is an exclusive recipe. It comes out with the eggs whole and a big puffy thing on top, and I pour stewed tomatoes over it all."

Those marriage rumors that have been cropping up like mushrooms after a spring rain have given June a lot of laughs. Maybe it's a superstition, but she habitually wears some item from her current picture throughout the entire production, and that means *after* work, too. With "Music For Millions," it was a wedding ring. And when June stepped out on dates flaunting the gold band, even the Sphinx had to open up and crack about it.

Her views on her future marriage to some future guy are pretty sound. "I'm too young," she says, "to think about it seriously—yet. I'm not ready for it. I think marriage is a real, full-time job—one you have to work at with your whole heart and soul, your time and energy. When I *do* marry, it'll be to a man who loves boats as I do. And then I'll give up my picture career and devote myself to my maps, my navigation, my Spanish, and—incidentally, to him."

But, until she meets that guy and sets that date, June Allyson will be sticking around Hollywood putting that personality, like a hypo, into the arm of every picture they hand her.

And we hope she keeps that young frog in her throat. As we said before, on her it sounds good.

THE END

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

FAREWELL MY LOVELY (RKO-Radio) stars Dick Powell, as the private detective unraveling a murder case —which should be enough to tell you that here's a picture with "something different" to offer, and it does!

Not only does it make a dramatic actor out of the melody man kept too long in roles that were sweet and singing; also, it poses the question: just how complex and involved can a screen plot be, without defeating its own purpose?

There's a slightly loco and more than slightly dangerous gangster; a missing hunk of jade, a quack psychiatrist, a secluded beach house, a beautiful-but-hard blonde, a brutal beating, a mysterious girl. Scramble that all together, add a lot of rapid-fire dialogue, and whatever your criticism of this mystery thriller, it won't be that "it's too obvious." Fact is, there's more than an outside chance that you'll leave the theater with the plot still rattling around in your head, like a pebble in a concrete mixer.

Speaking strictly on the production side, though, there's credit due for a lot of tricky camera effects. So here's tossing bouquets to Adrian Scott, producer; Edward Dmytryk, director; Harry Wild, director of photography; and Vernon Walker, special effects man.

FACES IN THE FOG (Republic) Another story of child delinquency through lack of proper parent interest.

The parents (Paul Kelly and Lee Patrick) are too busy with their own pleasures to pay much attention to their children. When faced with a problem—their son (Bob Stebbins) gets into a minor brush with the law—they quickly jump to the other extreme and become domineering, thus precipitating a more serious offense by their daughter (Jane Withers).

When Jane's father, in a moment of rage and misunderstanding, shoots her newly wed husband (Eric Sinclair), she humiliates and perjures herself in court to protect him. It is not until Jane is forced to take the consequences of her perjury that her parents realize how thoughtless and unjust they have been.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS (20th Century-Fox) is the Broadway musical comedy of the same name, added to and elaborated upon but still pretty much the same hilarious "songs with a series of incidents."

It all takes place (or most of it) in the mildewed manse at first misrepresented to its three inheritors as a Georgia plantation manor. Setting to with the quite honorable motive of doing "something for the boys," the surprised heirs get the idea of turning the old place into a hostelry for visiting war wives. Take it from there, and you get nowhere fast—what with all the romance complications, the war maneuvers, and madcap confusion of the issues at hand.

Probably it's not logical, having as many things happen as happen here, but it's all done in the spirit of good fun—and good musical numbers—with Carmen Miranda, Michael O'Shea, Vivian Blaine, Phil Silvers and Perry Como to keep the plot boiling furiously, and melodiously.

THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU (Warner Bros.) A sleeper or a charmer, this one—all depending upon the point of view, and your requirements for what makes a good movie.

Basically, it is the romance of a soldier and his girl—the soldier, Dennis Morgan; and the girl, the new, the lovely Eleanor Parker. And as with all stories about soldiers, Morgan has a sidekick (Dane Clark), and he *also* has a girl, the engaging Faye Emerson.

Given a couple of G.I.'s returning to the States after two years in the Aleutians, the theme is more situation than plot. Boy meets girl—on a bus. Follows marriage, then separation when Morgan again goes overseas, then final reunion. The want of anything unusual in the story is overcome by its being so simple, so commonplace that it takes on the charm of the familiar, and of being all so delightfully "real."

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

of the first correspondents to reach Honolulu afterward. He was also with the assault troops on the Normandy beachhead. Aside from being a rugged guy and a terrific reporter, he is one of the nicest men on earth. Deanna deserves someone as super as Bob, and Bob deserves a honey like Deanna.

Whatever you do, don't miss seeing 20th Century-Fox' cinema version of the Army Air Show, "Winged Victory." Hank Daniels, the lead, is terrific. So is Lon McCallister as one of Hank's best friends. So is Edmund O'Brien as the comedy character from Brooklyn. So is George Reeves as the flight instructor. So is Richard Travis as the minister. It's a great show—the sort of entertainment you have a right to expect from the studio that made "Wilson." And if you haven't seen "Wilson" RUN, do not walk, to your nearest theatre, or you'll be sorrreee.

* * *

PATER PAIR:

Everyone in Hollywood more or less takes it for granted that Van Johnson is an integrated uncle in the Keenan Wynn family, and Keenan's young son has grown accustomed to taking up his problems as much with Van as with his own Daddy.

One day recently the family was sitting around the pool at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Mr. Wynn clinging to the arm of his daddy on one side and Van on the other. A pretty little miss passed the group and looked envious. "Look at that little boy," she piped. "He has *two* fathers."

Mr. Wynn will also have a new brother or sister in February.

* * *

PICK-UP:

She was pretty; she was gay in the manner of a girl in love. She wore a bright, becoming hat and a mink coat. "Waiting for a pick-up?" someone asked her as she loitered in front of Lucey's on Melrose Avenue.

"You're right," she grinned. "A soldier."

A few seconds later, Major William Howard drove up and motioned his wife, the screen's Miss Dorothy Lamour, into his car. This romance is one to which Hollywood may point with pleasure, because it is working out so very, very well.

* * *

POP ON ICE:

Although his repertoire of anecdotes is an extensive one, Pat O'Brien, like most successful raconteurs, has a habit of trying out a few reliable laugh-getters when he finds himself in a new group.

Recently, the O'Briens were entertaining some out-of-town guests. Pat, in mellow mood, tried one of his old standbys, which went over big. Sean, Pat's young son, apparently enjoyed the yarn as thoroughly as the rest of the group, but as the laughter died down, he cried enthusiastically, "Now, tell the OTHER one, Pop!"

* * *

OLD SHELL GAME:

When piquant June Preisser and her husband, Dick Terry, moved into their new hillside home in Sherman Oaks, they were approached by a detective agency which supplies watchman service for a good many homes in the district. However, June and Dick said laughingly that their small home with its modest furnishings would certainly offer no temptation to burglars. "In case you should change your mind and decide at any time, day or night, that you need us, just call this number," said the representative, leaving his card.

Several weeks later, June was alone one night. She had just finished reading the evening paper with its murders scattered over the front page, when she heard a muffled step upon the front porch. She froze in her chair, her ears extended from their sockets in long thin scoops to catch the sound. Sure enough, there was another step, guarded, careful.

June managed to coax her feet into carrying her to the telephone, and whispered an S.O.S. to the patrol agency. A big, burly man was there in no time, listening to June's story. "Didn't see anyone dart into the bushes or run down the road as I drove up," he assured June.

But at that moment, she heard the restrained, thumping tread again. "Get him," breathed June as they flung open the front door in time to hear two more quick steps on the porch.

The patrolman turned to chuckle down at June. "Never lived in the country before, did you?" he wanted to know. The "footsteps" had been made by the falling of walnuts from the huge tree at the corner of the house.

* * *

"MERRY MONAHANS" IN MANHATTAN:

Peggy Ryan went to New York for the first time to appear personally at the opening of "The Merry Monahans" and her stories about Gotham experiences are worthy of note. She used eight lipsticks, giving lip-prints to a new type of autograph seeker; she cut five locks of hair; she was mobbed while entering her hotel one night, and the heel was torn from her shoe. Instantly, several of her over-eager fans offered shoe coupons, which—of course—she refused with thanks. Somehow the word spread that her heel had been broken, and when she reached her suite, the hotel had rushed a doctor up to treat her. The doctor was not amused. Peggy had the time of her life, laughed heartiest at being called the Sinatra With Blood.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Jane Powell's favorite dessert is a dish of vanilla ice cream topped with a huge dab of peanut butter?

Ann Rutherford has just finished her first picture in nearly two years— a story at RKO entitled "Two O'Clock Courage," which gets her safely out of the Hardy-or-Bobby-Sox era of her career, and comfortably launched into the drama department.

Jess Barker and Susan Hayward are storking.

The Jimmy Craigs anticipate a playmate for 5-year-old Jimmie, Jr. in February.

Rumors persist that Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are decorating a nursery. It's true!

By the time you read this, Jinx Falkenburg will be back in Hollywood with some wonderful stories about her overseas trip with an entertainment troupe headed by Pat O'Brien. Someone asked her what sort of clothing she was taking and Jinx said, "Mostly nets for my hair all gussied up in fancy forms so that even if I have to wear a helmet over them, I'll still look feminine!"

NICE GIRL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

affairs is currently being rectified. But the most surprising part of the whole business, to Eleanor, is that such a thing should have happened to her in the first place. Because although she looks like an angel—and now acts like one—the last part is the result of a turn-about reaction from her early teens.

Eleanor started out as anything *but* a nice little girl. "I was the nastiest kid in our neighborhood in Cleveland," she'll tell you shamelessly. "I made life miserable for all my friends. They'd come over to play with me, and I'd send them home because I didn't want to share my paper dolls with them. I was selfish, and I hurt feelings right and left.

"I made life miserable for my older sister and brother, too. Let them just mention that some friends were dropping in for the evening, and I'd immediately decide to do my homework in the living room. No one could budge me.

"All in all, I was a terrible child. When I wasn't climbing trees or playing baseball in the streets, I was cooking up trouble for my friends. I was the little girl who was always daring them to do something awful, but always very careful to stay out of trouble myself."

Only once did her friends turn the tables on Eleanor. When she was ten, her friends dared *her* to smoke a cigarette behind the garage. For once they caught her off guard, and she agreed.

"I couldn't wait to tell Mother. I always told her everything. And anyway, I was really proud of smoking. I found her busy in the kitchen. 'Mother,' I said proudly, 'I just smoked a cigarette.'

"Mother's mind was on other things and she didn't pay real attention to what I was saying. She just smiled and said 'Well, don't do it again, dear.'

"I was relieved that Mother wasn't angry with me. By dinner time the smoking incident had assumed dramatic proportions in my mind. I was a heroine, a fearless young pioneer. At the table I looked grandly around at the family, determined that none of them should be left in ignorance of my great feat. 'When I smoked the cigarette', I began—

"I got no further. There was a united gasp, and then a lot of shocked exclamations. 'What did you say?' Mother asked weakly. 'But I told you all about it this afternoon', I explained. 'I didn't hear you', Mother said firmly. And then retribution caught up with me."

Eleanor went on this way, until she was thirteen . . . then came love!

Eleanor had a "secret" crush on a boy in her class that manifested itself in giggles whenever she saw him. Till one day he said: "Boys don't like silly girls."

"I went home and cried," Eleanor tells us. "I withdrew into a shell. I did a complete and involuntary switch, much to my family's relief. Dad, who was a high school mathematics teacher, began to hold his head up again. I waxed quiet and shy. I thought everything over before I said or did it—I was so afraid of being thought 'silly'."

At fifteen, she was one of the most popular girls in high school, shy though she was. Virtue's reward was Ed, best athlete in the whole school, for a boy friend.

"By this time," Eleanor comments now, "I had learned my 'little lady' lesson very well. Life was very pleasant."

This little idyll lasted until Eleanor went away with her family for a two months' summer vacation. By the time she returned, she found Ed less thrilling.

"But it wasn't long until I found a new boy friend," she laughs. "This time it was Bob, a friend of Ed's, and *also* an outstanding athlete. We went together for three years, until I left to come to the Coast and enrolled at the Pasadena Community Playhouse."

It was at the Playhouse that Eleanor was "discovered." Life was very rosy.

"Oh, and by then I was such a nice, quiet little thing," she laments, "that no one would give me a chance to play anything else on the screen. That school girl reaction of mine wasn't really helping my career. Hollywood might have been kinder, had I been a sophisticate."

She had just about made up her mind to do something about it, when she met Fred Losee on the "Mission to Moscow" set. Fred is a dentist, serving as a senior grade Lieutenant in the Navy, stationed until recently in the South Pacific.

He was a visitor on the set; a mutual friend introduced them. Fred looked so handsome in his uniform that Eleanor perversely decided he must be conceited. She was extraordinarily abrupt with him; didn't like the guy and didn't try to hide the fact.

But the next day he was back, with proofs of some pictures that had been taken on the set the day before. He asked her to help him select the best ones. Eleanor did, and this time accepted his invitation to lunch. Then she dined with him. Then she went home and informed her roommate: "You wait and see! He doesn't know me very well yet, but that's the man I love, and that's the man I'm going to marry."

That was in November. Two weeks later, Fred went East. He didn't re-

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turn until the end of February. And in March, 1943, meek and mild Parker became Mrs. Fred Losee.

It was a whirlwind romance, followed by a brief honeymoon. Fred went overseas the following June and they didn't see one another for more than a year.

"But I heard from him two or three times a week," Eleanor says, "and I wrote him nearly every day."

Ironically enough, like most couples separated by the war, they thought and wrote most about the time when they'd be together again. Yet when that time came—having contracted filariasis in his right hand, Fred was sent back from the South Pacific and assigned to a Navy hospital—it didn't take long for them to decide, by mutual agreement, that their marriage was a mistake.

Eleanor was sharing an apartment with two other girls, when Fred came back, and she was hard at work on her most important screen assignment—"Of Human Bondage." The couple managed only brief week-ends together. And as soon as the picture was finished, Eleanor was rushed off to a hospital for an appendectomy. (Fact is, she's had trouble finishing the last days of shooting; had been working in ice packs, so to speak.)

It's hard to say how all these complications fit together to explain a marriage that didn't last. Perhaps we can just put it down as "another war marriage, with Fate against it at the start."

And now, back to Eleanor's problem of proving she could be a nice girl yet act like something different on the screen. Now that she's playing Mildred in "Bondage"—a role which is the ultimate in screen badness—she feels she's been completely vindicated on that nice girl score.

"No one can look at me after this," Eleanor declares happily, "and decide I'd be just perfect as the ingenue in the next picture they're casting!"

Which is perfectly all right with Eleanor, whose tastes in roles have always run in the "character" direction.

But if witches are her favorite roles—and they are—in real life she's more frightened than frightening. She's always scared stiff, she admits, at the start of a picture—and especially so, when making tests.

When she tested for "The Very Thought of You," Ida Lupino was scheduled for the lead, Eleanor for her girlfriend. She hates to think what would have happened if she'd been testing for the lead.

As it was, she couldn't sleep or eat for three days before the test. And when it finally started, she was so sick with nervousness that she nearly fainted. They had to use smelling salts, and walk her up and down for fifteen minutes, before she could even begin. Of course, as always happens with her, the moment she actually got underway she was fine.

After trying out for the smaller part, Ida Lupino was taken ill. Without another test—"thank heavens," Eleanor's *still* saying—she went into the leading role.

She hopes that some day she'll be able to overcome this weakness about tests. It worries her.

"There's something so 'silly' about being scared to death," she concludes in a discouraged voice.

THE END

BARRY FITZGERALD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

Besides that, you know that he's *not* married, that he's in his fifties, that he came over here eight years ago, and that he's just knocked the socks off the part of the old priest in "Going My Way." There are also the little details that he lives with his stand-in, loves to play golf, and is now becoming an American citizen.

Those are the bare facts. But what's he like?

I'd wondered that, too. So one day I went up to his house—motive, to *meet* the man and *see* what he's like!

I parked my car on a hill lined with palm trees and riotous gardens, noticed that there was a slightly beat-up tan Chrysler convertible at the curb in front of me, and climbed some stone steps to the wide porch of a dwelling which Hollywood would call old and out of date. It was covered with vines, painted white, and looked comfortable. That made it no dwelling for a movie star.

I rang the bell, and found myself shaking hands with a small man dressed in gray plaid slacks, a harmonizing blue shirt, and gray suede moccasins. He had a pipe in his hand. (I learned later that his friends wonder whether or not it has taken root there!) He brought me into a living room furnished with man-sized, chintz-covered chairs and couches, a piano, and a row of books over the fireplace. He offered me a cigarette, and while I was lighting it I began to get my first good look at the man.

Here again, confusion must reign. For Barry Fitzgerald looks like *Father Fitzgibbon*—and yet he doesn't. He looks like fey, little *Mr. Twite* in "None But the Lonely Heart"—and yet he's different. You can't explain it. It's just a statement of fact.

You might call his face nondescript if you didn't see his eyes and watch

(*Continued on page 76*)

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(*Continued from page 74*)

his smile. His eyes are blue, clear, honest and thoughtful. There is intelligence in them, and humor, and great tolerance. There is also shyness. And it's this quality—a sort of wistful timidity—which holds you, which causes you to realize that he is something new, and that anything he says, because it will more or less be dragged out of him, will be worth listening to and remembering. You want to please him, desperately. You want *him* to like *you*, though he'd think you were insane if you mentioned it. You want to make him laugh and watch his slow smile light up his face. And, above all, you want the benefit of his calm, wise outlook on life.

We talked of many things, of books and people and nations and ideas. We talked of what had happened to him in the last year.

"My career is sort of—unexpected," he said, deprecatingly, as he lit his pipe. "I was interested in the theatre in Ireland, just as many people are. I've been acting a long time . since 1916, in fact. But I didn't expect in the beginning to become an actor to the exclusion of everything else. For fourteen years or more, I worked for the government in the daytime and only acted at night.

"To become prominent is a great strain," he continued. "In some ways, it is a disadvantage. People stare

"One gets used to it, I suppose. But I like to go into a new town with my hands in my pockets and my pipe in my mouth, and wander around, just looking. I can't now."

It was somehow sad that he couldn't. Then he brightened.

"The next picture I'm in," he said smiling, "will probably be a great flop and it will be all over. I won't have to worry about it!"

I asked him if he had enjoyed playing *Father Fitzgibbon.*

"I liked it enormously," he answered. "You see, I sort of understand that sort of man. I've known many old priests like him in Ireland—one in particular, who had a parish near where I used to live. And though I'm not a Catholic, I have great sympathy for the Church and its people. I was glad to be able to present a new idea of the priest, an idea which I believe is actually much closer to the majority of them than the popular conception. You know, most of us think of a man of the cloth either as being a jolly good fellow who doesn't think very much, or a man who is so consecrated that neither he nor anyone else gets any fun out of life. Neither is true. But *Father Fitzgibbon* and *Father O'Malley* were. They were the young and the old, honest characters and worthy of respect.

"I had a funny thing happen to me, apropos of that," he went on, his hands busy with the pipe again. "I was on a train a little while ago and there was a young priest across the aisle from me. A soldier came up to him and said, 'Father, I've just seen GOING MY WAY. All you priests must have an interesting life!'"

Fitzgerald has not enough praise for Bing Crosby.

"It was remarkable, working with him," he told me. "He'd look at his lines and somehow *absorb* them instead of learning them. Then he'd say them as they should have been said: naturally He has a great gift, that man People say that he's just himself He is. But that's a special thing. It's no accident. It involves a keen sense of timing, an ear for sounds, relaxation and common sense. The sum of these is a person whose acting talents have been vastly underestimated."

I asked him if he had ever played golf with Bing.

"Oh, no!" he replied, surprised, seemingly almost shocked at such a subject. "He's a *good* golfer. I seem to get worse as I get older."

I wanted to know what else besides the mashie and the niblick he liked when not working.

"I ride a motorcycle," he answered, surprisingly. "And I talk a great deal too much. I read a lot—biographies mostly. I try to play the piano a little. I drive my car—that Chrysler out in front (the beat-up one! I remembered). And I go to the beach."

His friends?

"They're people nobody knows. Not Hollywood. And there's my brother, Arthur Shields We're very congenial. How did I get the name 'Fitzgerald?' Well, I was working in the Board of Trade and I thought they might object to my acting. When they made up the program for the first play I was in, I told them just to put down any name instead of my real one. They picked 'Fitzgerald,' and it's stuck to me ever since!"

How did he happen to come to America?

"The Abbey people made three tours here in the '30's," he told me, "and I loved the country. At first, I had the usual idea of the United States—gangsters, and all that. I knew practically nothing about it, geographically, except that New York was in the East and San Francisco and Los Angeles were in the West, and that there was a place called The South. But, on those tours, we went to little towns—college towns, for instance—and I got to know the people and to like them. Then, after I'd returned to Ireland, John Ford sent for me to do 'The Plow and the Stars.' I was delighted to come back."

Does he like pictures?

"It exhausts me to make a movie," he said. "Everyone is tense and yet bored, you see. You're always waiting for a scene, so you can't relax, really. And at the same time, there are long periods when you just sit—and sit—while men set up lights and things. You don't have the fillip of being on a stage, either: of feeling an audience. Consequently, I don't want to do much in the future. Most actors want every part that comes along. I don't.

"Strictly speaking, I suppose I'm really an office clerk," he added, smiling again. "Quite often, I don't feel a bit like an actor."

He didn't sound like one. Praise be. He sounded like a man who remembered that there were other things in life besides cameras and publicity. That was refreshing.

I asked what sort of parts he wanted.

"No particular type," he said, "except that I do enjoy characters who are slightly philosophic." Then deprecating again. "They're very easy if you get the right lines!"

He's slightly philosophic himself In fact, he's more than "slightly."

The End

DINAH SHORE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

Versailles, or maybe just to two disappointed G.I.s who'd traveled all day in a jeep to catch her, and had just missed the show.

"You didn't miss anything," Dinah would grin, climbing back on the truck again. "What do you want to hear?"

She smiles now when she remembers the surprise of a bunch of weary engineers on their way back to the front lines, in that forest near Verdun, when they'd looked up suddenly to see Bing Crosby and Dinah walking toward them singing "It Ain't Necessarily So."

To men like those, demobilization is still a mighty empty word. But "to come home" is what they all want, figures in most of what they think about. General Bradley wants it, General Patton wants it, every G.I. wants it.

They do a lot of planning about what they want to do after the war. Many of them want to come back to their same old jobs, some never want to see theirs again.

A truck driver named "Cliff," from Louisiana, who'd driven a truck all his life through the bayou country, and then driven for two years in the army, never wants to see the inside of a cab again.

A G.I. named "Mac" dreams of getting back home to Colorado and raising white-faced cattle.

Lots of the boys want to come back to the same places where they worked before, but to advance themselves in their jobs. Take the kid named "Berke," from Brooklyn, for instance. He'd been brought back wounded from the Front for the third time; had just heard, through the army grapevine, that he had a new baby at home. (Those things really get around in the army. He hadn't even heard from his wife yet; didn't know whether it's a boy or a girl.) And he was crazy to get back to the States and see it. Having been wounded three times, he was really due for a rest—but he wouldn't take it. Baby or no, he didn't want to come home until it's all over and his buddies can come, too.

Back in Brooklyn, Berke had worked in a pharmacy. He wants to come back to it again, but he wants to study pharmacy, when he comes home, and go back as a pharmacist instead of a soda clerk.

Frank is from Jersey. He's seen a lot of action. An awful lot. And when it's all over, he just wants to grab his wife but quick and move way out in the country where it's peaceful; where he can start a farm, and watch the cows come home.

Some of them want to come back and do crazy things. Like the technician named Carmen, who was attached to the same unit. Before ye olde draft papers, Carmen had been the best jitterbug dancer in all Jersey, Brooklyn, and well . . . all. He won every prize they put out.

"Youse know what I want to do?" he'd say to Dinah, nearly breaking her up with a familiar lingo that sounded so funny in a pasture in France. Funny and good and American.

Carmen had fallen in love with an English girl, and when the war's over he's going to bring her back home with him and go into the dice manufacturing business. That sounded pretty funny, too. With the deep boom-boom-boom of the 155's knocking out German positions ahead, and there was Carmen . . . sitting there calmly talking about manufacturing dice! How he's going to save all the money he can, when the business gets started, and send his savings back to Italy to help Uncle Sam feed his relatives. "I can't ask Uncle Sam to feed ALL of 'em," he said. "There're too many!"

Carmen may have gone A.W.O.L. from the American matrimonial fold, but the Carmens are few and far between over there. Most of the boys have built their girls at home into Angels, and worry like crazy when they don't hear from them for awhile.

Dinah's advice to all those girls—to you, and you, and you—is: "Write your fingers off! Spoil 'em to death. Yes, and start stocking up on the brightest, prettiest clothes you can find. Feminine, frothy stuff. Loud colors—reds, yellows, fuchsia. And crazy little hats with bows and feathers."

Dinah will never forget coming upon a weary, muddy G.I. one day, as he was resting against the side of his tank and staring at a clipping somebody had torn out of a magazine. It was an advertisement of some frilly pom-poms and cocked bows that they called hats. "Cute, funny little things, aren't they?" he said, staring hungrily at the picture, as if he could eat two of the little hats, with mustard, all by himself.

"They may laugh at them but they love 'em . . . and oh, how glad they'll be to see 'em again!"

The boys went simply wild over Dinah's white shoes. Silly little white doeskin pumps, with open heels and very little for toes. They have the place of honor now in the big glassed-in shoe case in her dressing room. When she brings them out carefully for you to see, you just see some white sling pumps, sickly white now from being cleaned too many times, with a patch of mud caked on the bottom from a pasture in Verdun, and two bad scruffs on the sides from knocking against the side of the truck, when she was jolting down the blacked-out roads.

"These white shoes just killed 'em," Dinah drawls now. "Honest, if I'd

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Answer to puzzle on page 14

J	O	E	S	■	A	L	L	A	■	B	E	T	T	E
O	R	R	A	■	R	E	E	D	■	O	V	O	I	D
Y	E	A	R	■	N	A	N	A	■	Y	I	E	L	D
C	A	S	A	N	O	V	A	■	L	E	■	S	L	Y
E	D	■	■	O	L	E	■	F	O	R	D	■	■	■
■	■	F	R	E	D	■	H	O	P	■	U	P	A	S
C	A	R	O	L	■	V	O	L	E	■	R	A	G	E
O	R	A	N	■	S	I	R	E	S	■	B	L	U	E
M	A	M	A	■	T	O	N	Y	■	B	I	P	E	D
A	B	E	L	■	A	L	E	■	V	A	N	S	■	■
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A	C	T	■	F	S	■	P	A	L	L	E	T	T	E
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H	A	S	T	E	■	I	S	L	E	■	S	L	A	T
A	N	S	E	R	■	S	T	A	Y	■	E	A	S	Y

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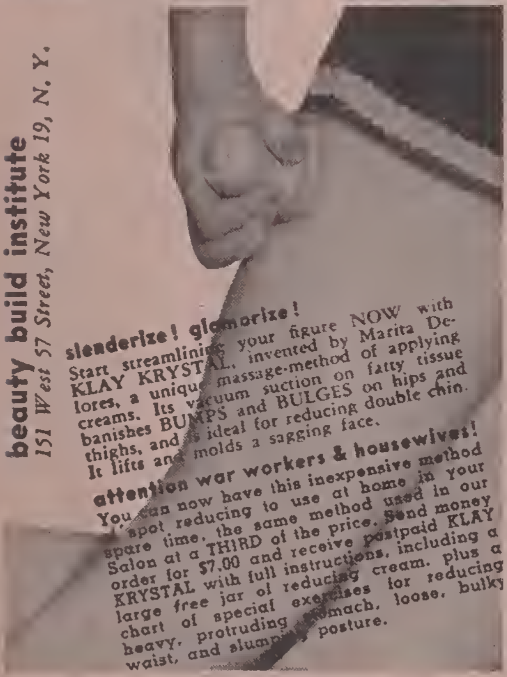

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never sung a note, and just stood up there with these shoes on, I'd have been a success."

"Jeez, white shoes! Can you imagine?" the boys would say when she got up on the back of the truck to sing.

She used to take them off to rest her feet while she sang, and usually had to go looking for them when she got through. Some G.I. would be standing way in the back, just holding them and looking at them. On one occasion, a kid from Georgia was about to make off with one of them.

"Say, what are you tryin' to do?" Dinah kidded him. "Want to have me hobbling around these pastures singin' on one foot? Make me do it the hard way, huh!"

"I was going to send it back to you, Dinah. Honest I was," he said, grinning sheepishly. He'd just wanted to keep it for awhile.

Bing's ties sort of killed 'em, too. They thought they were just about the handsomest things they'd ever seen.

Whenever the boys spotted them they'd really let out a whoop. "Hey, Bing . . . just lemme feel it!" "Oh boy! I could use a DOZEN of 'em right now," they'd laugh.

So let there *be* dozens of them, gals. And let there be light, too, when he comes home. Light up every room in the house, like a Christmas tree. You'll never know what a thrill those sixty-watters can be, after feeling and groping his way across continents in blackouts the past two years.

Oh yes . . . and let there be sheets. Cool, crispy white bed sheets. Oh, how he'll love to hit the sack on them. Sheets are what Dinah herself missed most over there. She didn't have a sleeping bag for some time, until she finally "scrounged" around and found one. Until then, she washed her face towel out in a helmet in the daytime to use for a "pillow" . . . and hoped it would be dry by the time they bivouacked at night.

Dinah usually traveled strictly with enlisted men, but she did meet General Omar Bradley on the trip, and had lunch with General George S. Patton, with whose outfit she'd been traveling informally for some three weeks. And she can tell you that both generals would like an ice cream soda, too!

When Dinah reached Verdun, a bunch of the boys insisted on entertaining her at dinner, in the basement of an old hotel there. They ate by candlelight and really put on the dog—a combination of K-rations, pate-de-fois-gras, and champagne.

They spent all evening toasting good old American chow and everything they wanted, when they got back to the U. S. A. Dinah, who doesn't drink, raised her glass to clink with theirs.

"Vive la Hamburger!" one would say.

"Avec relish!" added another.

"Vive la French fried potatoes!" said somebody. "Sans dehydration," he added as an afterthought.

But the show-stopper was the toast of the G.I. who raised his glass solemnly and said, "Vive L'America." Then pulled a snapshot from his pocket and added, "And vive Marge."

They all raised their glasses and drank to his wife Marge. But they were really drinking to you . . . and you . . . and you. To the time when they'll be seeing you.

THE END

CORNEL WILDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

than four hundred hours, within four months, at the piano. He played on the set, off the set, in his dressing room, at home, at friends' homes, everywhere. At the end of the four-hundred-hour period, he was nursing numbed finger tips and aching joints—but, he had succeeded.

And we said he speaks six languages? Well, here's what we mean—and you can count 'em for yourself.

Although he was born in this country (on Friday the 13th of all days), he spoke Hungarian and German first. Not until he was several years old did he learn to speak English. You see, Cornel's father was a native of Hungary but spent most of his time in New York, carrying on an importing-exporting business. Then in 1916, during the first World War, the family boarded a liner for Europe. Once inside the Hungarian border, Papa Wilde sent his family off to Budapest, and he reported for duty as a captain in the cavalry.

It was then that young Cornel began babbling away in Hungarian and German. It was also then that he witnessed the shooting in Budapest.

"My mother and sister and I were walking peacefully down the street one day," Cornel recalls, "when suddenly we heard shots being fired. It was the Hungarian Revolution. My sister was in tears and my mother petrified. As I was only four years old at the time, I simply stood and gaped.

Late in 1920, the Wilde family returned to the United States, and Cornel took up the life of an average American boy—yes, and learned to speak English. It was an average life, that is, up to about the age of ten, when he began to dream of becoming a Sir Launcelot and waving a mighty sword. He started training for fencing and, in years to follow, won several national championships. In high school, he learned two more languages—French and Italian. Russian is his current assignment.

At sixteen, he entered Columbia University, tried out for football but got banged up in his first practice scrimmage. (In fact, he so seriously injured his back that he was later turned down by the Army.)

In 1931, Cornel toured Europe again with his family and spent six months in Budapest, studying art and fencing. When he returned to New York, an old illness of his father's thrust Cornel into the role of "family provider" and made it necessary that he find a job. This, as you may remember, was the middle of the depression. Jobs were not a matter of choice but of what you could get. Cornel got an odd and assorted series. He sold dolls in Macy's basement, did art work for an advertising agency, solicited ads for a French newspaper, acted as a counsellor for a boys' club, sold billboards, real estate, refrigerators and waterless cookers, and was a night cashier in a drug store.

"Two years of that was sufficient," Cornel recalls. "I went back to Columbia to embark on a pre-med course. I studied like the devil, finished the three-year course in two years and was awarded a scholarship to the Physicians and Surgeons College. However, a chance to act in

summer stock suddenly appeared on the horizon. I'd always harbored a secret ambition to try the theatre, so . . ."

The stock company he joined folded like a house of cards after one week, but Cornel had smelled grease paint. And that was enough! The dramatic teacher, Theodora Irvine, noticing that Cornel had talent but no money, offered to coach him on a pay-me-later basis. This meant back to the strange assortment of jobs in the daytime and studying acting at night. But at long last, his break came. He was chosen to play the romantic lead in what was to be a Broadway success, "Moon Over Mulberry Street."

But that still wasn't the top. Cornel played stock a couple of summers, had the misfortune to be cast in a row of unsuccessful Broadway plays, translated dramas from German and Hungarian for eating money, and in the midst of all this, got married. But more about that, later.

Oddly enough, it was Cornel's fencing ability that saved the day. Because of it (he was so good he was selected to be on the 1936 Olympic Team, but turned it down in favor of stage work) he won the role of Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet."

Vivian Leigh and Laurence Olivier were the stars of the play, and they were doing their rehearsing in Hollywood. So Cornel went West. After the play's run in New York, Warner Brothers remembered the handsome young actor who'd been in Hollywood a few months before, and signed him to a six-month contract. But as so often happens to unknown actors and actresses, a first contract, even at a major studio, isn't an open sesame to success.

After a few walk-on parts, he was dropped. Came some bitter times, but finally 20th Century-Fox signed him to a contract. It was this contract, which is now shared by Columbia, that finally led to his being borrowed by the latter studio to play the part of Chopin in "A Song To Remember."

We said we were going to tell you about that marriage. Well, that, too, reads like a Hollywood script. It was one of those rare instances of love at first sight. Cornel was coming out of Columbia's New York offices, several years ago, when he spotted the most beautiful blonde he'd ever seen. He knew she was the one for him, but he wasn't quite sure how to go about convincing her he was the one for her—so, he just followed her down the street at a discreet distance. When she entered a drug store for a coke, he made like he was using the telephone, but while he was going through this piece of business, the future Mrs. Wilde finished her coke and walked out. Luck, however, was with him; for two weeks later he met his lovely blonde again. This time he spoke, but he got the cold shoulder, so to speak. When he met her for a third time, the girl whose name was Patricia Knight could resist no longer.

Cornel was going to arrange for Pat, who was in show business too, to make a screen test with him at one of the major studios, but just about the time arrangements were completed, there was a reorganization and neither Cornel nor Pat got the test. Ten months later, Cornel DID get the girl though, and they eloped to Maryland.

On Washington's birthday, 1943, a baby girl was born to the couple and named Wendy. "That was the most memorable day of my life," states Cornel. "I paced the floor of the waiting room for what seemed years! I felt awful, and so afraid for Pat."

Wendy seems well worth all the trouble and anxiety she caused her parents. Actually, though, she's but one of two junior members of the Wilde family, the other being a giant-sized French poodle named Punch. Punch and Wendy get along famously. They took to each other from the very start and spend most of their time in the yard digging up Daddy Cornel's victory garden.

Cornel rents a small house in Beverly Hills, but he'd like to build a home of his own some day. The present menage, by the way, houses a painting of a modern Romeo and Juliet, painted in oils by Mr. Wilde, himself. He's now working on a portrait of his wife, and expects later to do one of Wendy and Punch.

An artist at heart, Cornel has an eye for color in more things than painting. He likes different combinations of colors in his own clothes—gray suits and dark red ties, or dark suits and black knit ties—but best of all he likes to wear a white suit, white shirt and a striped tie.

However, in private life the young actor cares little about clothes. His favorite costume around the house is a pair of shorts, or old slacks and a sport shirt.

Wilde's greatest fault is leaving things around where they don't belong. He literally undresses as he steps in the front door. Hat comes off in the hall. Tie drops off after he kisses Pat hello. Coat disappears somewhere in the living room. Shoes come off when he gets down on the floor to play with Wendy. And—well, you get the idea.

Cornel's favorite food is steak, rare and thick. Second favorite is Eastern lobster. And third favorite is pastry with lots of crunchy nuts on top. He does confess to knowing how to cook Hungarian goulash. "But I don't do it right," he declares. "I just put the vegetables in a pot and go to the movies. When I come home I expect it either to be done or burned up."

Cornel's a great movie and stage fan. Every play that comes to Hollywood and every good movie finds the Wildes in the audience. His favorites are Vivien Leigh, Merle Oberon, Robert Donat and Laurence Olivier. He's also fond of music and, incidentally, his favorite composer for the piano has always been Chopin.

THE END

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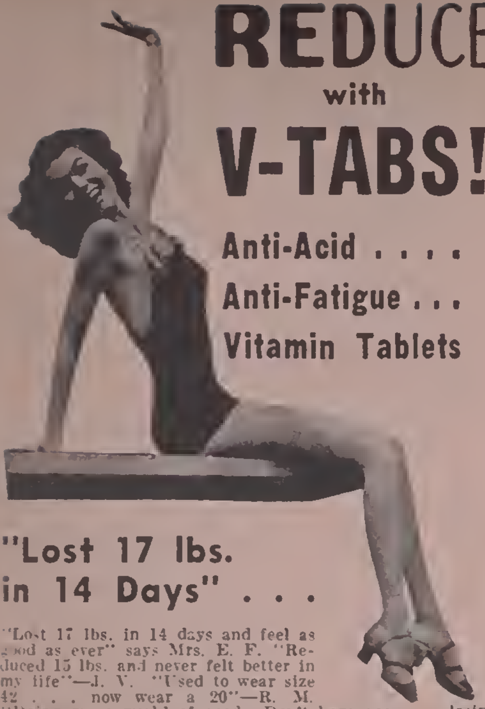

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

I REMEMBER:

The back porch of the house where I was born—probably because the dog slept there;
Riding in my red wagon pulled by brother George;
Diapers fastened with huge safety pins worn by the children in my first baby comedies;
My first boy-friend: he attended dancing school and I thought he was tops; I wish I could think of his name;
The time Mrs. Roosevelt cooked a hamburger for me at Hyde Park. I ate only one because I spent my time in a rowboat in the middle of the lake with two rangers. I wouldn't let them row back to shore, and I got a big thrill out of staying so far from land.

MY BROTHERS:

Were older than I and used to treat me like a doll. They'd never praise me no matter what I did, they wouldn't play with me and used to thwart me generally . . . I thought they were wonderful.

MY BIGGEST THRILL:

Was my first roller-coaster ride. I was ten and I thought I'd never get my breath again.

ONCE:

I had to eat fried chicken for a whole afternoon for a scene; The picture wasn't very good, but the chicken was.
I spilled steak sauce on a brand new dress. I was eight; we were in Palm Springs, and the dress was my current pride and joy. I remember being terribly upset and almost immediately forgetting all about it. I suppose I'm just NOT a worrier.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Talking too much;
Losing my temper. I don't show it, but I simply burn up inside. It lasts longer than it would if I could flare out, but I can't.

NOBODY:

Can hurry me. They try, but it never works.

I'VE LEARNED:

A lot from my schoolmates. Until I reached the 7th grade, I had a teacher to myself, so all my grades were "*A*." When I entered a class, I ran into competition; there were plenty of bright girls to keep me on my toes. They taught me how to get along with people my own age. We graduate in June and are counting days till Commencement. Afterward, perhaps, we'll wonder what was the matter with us and wish we were back in school . . . Or will we?

I HAVE:

No particular pet ambition; I'm willing to leave my career to Mr. Selznick;
No superstitions;
No special unfulfilled wish;
No one bright dream.

I'M WILD ABOUT:

Ching Two, my second Pekinese; *Ching-Ching* was my first Peke, and I adore him, but *Ching Two* is just as cute;
Gin rummy, new hair-dos, that blonde baum marten jacket I got Christmas before last;
Chartreuse and red; but I think men like black. Boys overseas write their girls: "Please wear black when I first see you," and the lieutenant I went dancing with in New York asked me to put on something black. Perhaps they think it makes you more sophisticated-looking.

I ADORE:

John Stanley Temple, junior, my nephew. He's going to grow up to be another Van Johnson.

I'M DELIGHTED:

With Canada's invitation to speak in French and English at the beginning of their next war bond drive;
That I'm to do "Kiss and Tell";

I DISLIKE:

Snobs, grapefruit, sticky fingers, bubble baths and crowds—crowds are terrible!

I ENJOY:

Summer flirtations, winter ones, any light, gay sentimental passage, no matter what the season . . . I don't expect to be serious for a long time.

SOMETIMES I WONDER:

If I should give up the screen when I marry. Looking around, it seems that Hollywood marriages are wrecked when the wife is more prominent than the husband, or when her paycheck is bigger than his.

THEN I THINK:

"What am I worrying for? It won't be my problem for years, and maybe Hollywood will have changed by then."

I BELIEVE:

What is to be will be. Why worry? If something is to happen, nothing you can do will stop it. As the army boys say: "If a bullet hasn't your name on it, it can't hurt you." Why sit and stew about whether to go here or stay there? You'll do what you were meant to do.

IT WOULD BE FUN:

To meet Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose;
To pilot my own helicopter and learn to take off and land on a dime;
To spend a year in Alaska.

THEY TELL ME:

I'm not the pioneer type. People

think of Alaska as ice to the eyebrows and drifts forty feet high; it's not like that all year . . . Anyway, I'd like to try being snow-bound for a season and see if I could take it!

MY GREATEST HONOR:

Since I've grown up, was being asked to speak at the New York Herald-Tribune Forum on "What Motion Pictures Have Done For Youth."

I LOVE:

Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, horseback riding, Harry James, Kostelanetz, dancing—especially the samba, the rumba and the slow foxtrot.

I FOUND:

Biology interesting, and I liked Science. I never hope to be another Madame Curie, but I think I can appreciate what made her tick.

MY FAVORITE:

Song—believe it or not—is *Together* from "Since You Went Away";

Hero is Lincoln. I took Lincoln's side in a school debate: Washington vs. Lincoln. I'm afraid my big point was that Washington is on the dollar bill and Lincoln decorates the five-dollar one.

Part was "Wee Willie Winkie." I loved my uniform, and I enjoyed the scene where I'm almost run over by wild horses. I remember they had me count to fifteen, then run as fast as I could across the plain to some rocks, and immediately after I crossed, the horses thundered by. I wanted to do the scene over and over, but they wouldn't let me. I wasn't afraid—I don't remember ever being afraid—and if my mother held her breath, she never let me know.

MY HARDEST SCENE:

Was in "Captain January." I had to descend an iron stair that wound around a lighthouse, saying the multiplication table as I came. This trick was to land on the right step with the right number. I couldn't look down and I thought it would never come right.

IF I COULD LIVE OVER:

Any part of my life. I'd choose my trips to Hawaii. We went over in 1935, in 1937, and in 1939, and each trip was marvelous. Hawaii was a lovely, lazy, relaxing spot.

I JUDGE PEOPLE:

By their eyes, the shape, size, distance between them, their clarity and color, and the way they look at me.

I'M PROUDEST:

Of my two brothers—Jack, in the army Air Forces, George, in the Marine Air Corps;

and

MY GREATEST WISH:

Is that the war will end soon and the boys come home!

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DICK CRANE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

agile use of the extremeties. Storky mastered his sports the rugged way. He learned to swim because he had no other choice. He was loitering around a swimming pool one day when the instructor, a chap who hated to see a dry pair of swimming trunks, pushed him in. Dick bubbled twice and came up with more aquatic antics in his repertoire than a pixilated porpoise. Thereafter he learned to dive, and before long he was collecting ribbons and medals for winning free style swimming races. This marked the beginning of his love for speed.

One summer, during his high school career, Dick and one of his friends got jobs at Lake Arrowhead for the express purpose of being near the lake where they could swim and go boating. When these activities palled, they hit upon a new way of getting a thrill out of speed: they found a cleared swath, winding sharply down a mountain side, that was used as a ski course in winter. It seemed a colossal shame to have this slide standing idle during the warm months, so the two energetic joes set to work to correct the situation.

Every time they had a few free hours from their duties, they hastened to the mountain side and transported tons of pine needles to be placed as a thick carpet over the course. It was rough work, but within several weeks they had a ski ribbon slicker and faster than the sales talk of a guy selling the Golden Gate Bridge.

At first they waxed their skiis lightly, a scheme that almost catapulted them into the astonished presence of St. Peter. Wax was definitely not needed, so they lightly sanded the skiis for breaking purposes, and continued to fleet down the winding slope with the wind panting to keep abreast. It is reported that genuine storks, passing their namesake on routine mission, peered over their bundles and mumbled, "Now, that's something *like!*"

The most remarkable part of this incident is that Mr. Crane didn't get his neck broken; a remarkable fact that has continued to crop up as a result of his admiration for rapid mileage.

The summer after Dick was graduated from High School, he went to work for a Hollywood automobile dealer, and abruptly decided just what profession he wanted to adopt. His duties for the dealer included driving out to the homes of various cinema celebrities on a motorbike, fastening the bike to the back of the car, and driving the car to the garage for thousand-mile checks, or other repairs. Those cars were really something. They were custom-built Cadillacs, low-slung Hispano Suizas, high-powered Mercedes-Benzs. There were town cars, rakish convertibles, and sleek cabriolets. And they were faster on the pickup than a sailor on eight-hour pass.

Ownership of such a surrey became one of Dick's chief objectives. Method of acquiring the needed moola? That was his problem.

For the first time he consulted his athletic prowess as a commercial possibility. He had been working out at a local gymnasium occasionally, and he had gone a good many rounds with various men in training. A fighter, he cogitated, frequently did very well if he used his noodle for something other than a basket for his opponent's blows. So Dick put out a few feelers among the fistic arrangers. How about a prelim?

Many people had seen Dick handle himself in casual bouts and they didn't like the look of that left. They stalled, an attitude that only encouraged the Automotive Kid. Finally he got a bout. He was pretty set up about it. In anticipation he ate a huge steak for dinner, then went down to the stadium and got dressed.

His first impression of being a leather-pusher was that the life was confusing. The arena was so filled with smoke that he could neither see nor breathe. The noise was like that of the 42nd and Broadway subway station. His opponent was a grizzled veteran of, not only the normal run of prelim bouts, but apparently a few trips over a gravel road and several encounters with broken bottles.

This businesslike pachyderm went to work on Dick's middle. Storky's lethal left landed several times—once so squarely that this versus went down onto the canvas with a grunt. Dick was so astonished that, instead of retiring into a neutral corner, he stood there staring at the prone fighter and reminding himself that it would look odd if he helped the man to his feet. Patently, Crane lacked the killer instinct. He was just a nice guy trying to make a million bucks.

In the next few rounds, Dick came to the conclusion that he was constructed of a bellows where his lungs should be, and a pair of spaghetti legs. He was never knocked down but how can a man be knocked down when his stomach is glue into which a leather glove is burying itself and having difficulty withdrawing?

Decision: Dick lost on a TKO, which means Technical Knock-Out, in case youse don't read Damon Runyan.

When Dick reached home, his mother was waiting up for him. She uttered a little cry at sight of his battered countenance. "I'm okay," he insisted from between swollen lips. "The other guy was just a little too fast for me."

The more he thought it over, the more Dick came to the conclusion that there must be an easier method of making a million. The answer must lie in cunning rather than in cudgels. So he broke training and started to do the town in hope of getting a bright idea from contact with bright lights.

He was coming home around 3 o'clock one morning, after having been out that late for two weeks in succession (imbibing nothing but cokes, of course, as he still believed in keeping training in matters gastronomic), when he quietly went to sleep at the wheel and drove off the road into a field, taking a section of fence and other rural obstructions with him. His car was demolished and Dick escaped death by the skin of his teeth—some of which were badly damaged.

Later, when he looked over his battered buggy, Dick remembered again how essential it was for him to own an elegant equipage, and decided that maybe he could be vividly successful at commercial art. His best subjects at school had been drawing, both mechanical and mimic-Varga, so he gathered up some of his sketches and called upon the Disney Studios. Did they need an animator, he wanted to know?

"These," said the interviewer, clearing his throat, "show promise. Definite promise. But . . . er . . . don't you think you should have a little added instruction? To work for Mr. Disney you should know perspective, color value, and the humorous tricks possible to the drawing pencil."

"Yes, sir," agreed Dick. "I'll get busy."

So he enrolled in night classes at the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles.

Working all day and half the night was rough going. It began to prey on the mind of Storky, the speedster. One day one of the men in the automobile agency observed, when Dick drove in at the wheel of a chromium plated job with four forward speeds and more class than a consolidated school, "You look okay, bud. Probably the frills along the way figured you were a star, yourself!"

Dick was somewhat exasperated with himself that he hadn't thought of the picture route to smooth cars before. Of course, he had never taken any particular interest in high school dramatics—always too busy with the muscular arts. But why not? What was the first step?

The first step obviously was dramatic school, so he enrolled at the Bliss-Hayden Little Theatre, where after some preliminary training, he was cast in "Goodbye, My Love."

Learning his lines was easier than looking twice at Anne Baxter, so it appeared that Dick was that valued thing in the theatre, a quick study. Came opening night. A few peekers-through-a-hole-in-the-curtain brought back the news that a Metro talent scout was in the audience. Dick wanted to know what all the fuss was about. A talent scout was just another guy; if the play was good he would be impressed exactly as much as the observer from the Consolidated Cement Works, would he?

Entirely confident, Dick strode onto the stage on cue and opened his mouth to deliver his initial line. A hideous thing happened; he couldn't remember the line to save his neck; even if he had been able to recall it, his voice wouldn't have functioned. The spirit was willing but the flesh couldn't speak. Centuries, eons, ages passed through Dick's mind. The mock geraniums in the window box died, were covered by the debris of geology, and turned into coal.

And then, just as Dick and the rest of the cast were turning to stone, an odd thing happened. Some imp in Dick's mind said, "What has you licked, son? The presence of all these people? Well, suppose they were all wearing nothing but striped shorts? They'd look pretty silly, wouldn't they? Even sillier than you look, standing here in your tongue-tied dilemma?"

And out poured the words for which he had been waiting, much to the relief of all concerned. From that day to this, when Dick has an important conference with someone by whom he might be overawed, he strolls into the office thinking of the man clad only in loud shorts. This idea supplies Dick with a humorous, faintly superior expression that ingratiates him to everyone. Stop! Stop! He thinks of women, always, as being clad in an 1890 bathing suit. (We knew you would be worried about that.)

As a result of his work at Bliss-Hayden, Dick was signed by Metro for the juvenile role in "Susan and God," with Joan Crawford and Fredric March. Normally such a break would mean the beginning of a non-stop picture career, but after his first plum role, Dick walked his way through a swarm of B's. When he wasn't droning through a quickie, he found other jobs around Hollywood. He washed dishes in a restaurant, hashed and hopped cars at a Drive-In, sold gas, drove a truck, and helped to lay conduit. Sometimes he did a bit of radio work, and occasionally he did a play in a Little Theatre.

When war broke out he charged down to enlist, but his record of fourteen mastoid operations, and his two broken ear drums, condemned him to permanent medical deferment. However, the army did use him in a training short used for the instruction of new cavalrymen. Which is to say that Dick and the men who worked with him had to learn the horsemanship in six *weeks* that is thereafter learned by cavalry candidates in six *months*.

As soon as his sinews had returned to normal color, and all his contusions, bruises, and blisters were healed, Dick took his new accomplishment over to the Hopalong Cassidy unit where he thought it would look well in hoss operas. "We're glad to get you," the second assistant director said. "We need someone with your experience to make this jump."

"I'm your man," said Dick, climbing into a western saddle for the first time thinking idly that it was somewhat different from the military saddle to which he had become painfully accustomed. He walked the horse up to sniff the barrier over which they were to jump; he sniffed a little, too—with apprehension.

In the subsequent thirty seconds, Dick Crane became the only known human being to execute a sitting, standing, back-flip-half-Gainor into a body of water one inch deep. He got credit for being exotic if not equestrian.

After that, Lady Luck—probably snickering slightly—came to Storky's rescue. She got him cast in "Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Story," in "Stage Door Canteen," and in 20th Century's brilliant "Happy Land." His next biggie was "Wing and a Prayer," in which he was shown bare-torsoed. When the preview cards came in on that one, Mr. Storky began to look like a box office eagle.

Further vital statistics: Dick's steady is Kay Morley, one of the Goldwyn Girls; he lives in a small house in Laurel Canyon, wherein he cooks his own steaks when he has enough points. He plays excellent tennis, loves to fish—both deep sea and mountain streams—and bowls in a mediocre manner.

He reads a great deal, is conservative about formal clothes, but likes his sport togs to resemble a riot in a camouflage plant. He enjoys long-hair music, and his dancing is strictly Lombardo, but he has no objection to watching an occasional couple castigate the carpet.

In short, Storky is a smoothie, and you'll be seeing him in better and better parts—you lucky people!

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PEGGY RYAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

Ryan were in the groove, off the screen, too.

There was a time when people used to think they were secretly in love. "We'd laugh up our sleeves at that," says Peggy. They were too much alike to be in love. But they were very good friends; had fought their way up together. Off the screen they were like a brother and sister act; they kidded each other, played practical jokes on each other, exchanged friendly advice, and never, never stole scenes from each other.

When Donald had something on his mind, there was a special bench in the Ryan house where he used to like to come and sit. And he'd say to Peg, "Listen, Mrs. Anthony, what shall I do?" For Peg was his Mrs. Anthony, sure enough—and he was her Mr. Anthony.

"In some ways," Peggy says, "we were closer to each other than two people in love. For people in love try to hide their faults from each other. But I knew Donnie's faults and he knew mine. When I scolded Donnie, it was like bawling myself out. There was never a bit of advice I gave him that I wouldn't have been better off for following myself. Like telling Donnie not to be so impulsive! Even Donnie couldn't beat me that way. I'm almost bugs, the way I follow impulses."

Donald's getting married didn't change their friendship at all. Donald and Gwen Carter were both Peggy's friends. And if they had a fight or something, they'd be apt to call in Peggy as referee!

There never was any moonlight and roses stuff between Peggy and Donald. But no girl ever had a better friend.

So then came his call to the service. Universal, knowing that Donald and Peggy were strictly solid senders, put them into five pictures together, one after another, trying to get out as many as possible before the magic team broke up. "Bowery to Broadway" was the last of the five.

Donald stood on the set in his crazy moustache; Peggy was all dressed up in her bustle, chanting, "He took me for a sleigh-ride in the good old summer time."

That was part of the scene she was supposed to make. Now usually, when Peggy and Donald have a scene to make together, they finish it quickly. They groove it right away—and never, never fluff their lines. Their director never had to film the same scene more than once or twice. In their very first take, the gate would always swing wide.

But that last scene in "Bowery to Broadway" was different. They just couldn't get it right. They kept fluffing their lines. They just didn't have that old upbeat.

It took them a solid hour to get that scene right.

"We knew this was the last scene we'd make together till the war was over," Peggy says. "We couldn't bear parting—so we spent an hour on the last close-up."

When she thought about what it would be like to make her next picture without Donald, Peggy was scared. She told the O'Connor so. "Mr. Big," she said (she has a million nicknames for him), "I don't know what I'll do in pictures without you. I'll be awfully stiff and awkward."

"Pretend I'm there," he said. "I will be, in spirit."

Actually, he was there in more than spirit. For quite some time, the Army stationed Donald at Palm Springs. And whenever he got a week-end pass, he'd come to Hollywood, then go out to Universal, and spend some of his time watching Peg from the wings.

"You're doing fine, Peggy," he'd tell her, and watch the old light come back into her eyes.

There was a time when Donald thought it was awful that Peg was going to be turned into a glamour girl. "Not my Peg!" he moaned. "Why can't she just be herself?"

But he didn't quite realize that Peggy was growing up. When he saw her in a black satin gown, looking as if she'd been poured into it, he swallowed hastily. She was all dressed up to vamp him in "Patrick the Great"—and she did (for picture purposes only, of course).

"Babes on Swing Street" was the first picture Peggy made without Donald. Before she made it, she had a long talk with Dan Kelley, the casting director (executive in charge of talent, directors and writers).

"I know this picture is important," she said. "Donnie and I are kind of like ham and eggs. People are going to love to say, 'Peggy Ryan certainly needs Donald O'Connor.' Well, we can't have him. I know that. So my pictures without him have to be especially good. And please, please, don't put me opposite any other young boy, the way Donald and I were teamed. There's no other boy who can take his place."

Uncle Dan knew that what she said was strictly so. There was no magician's hat out of which he could suddenly pull another O'Connor. So he and the rest of the big shots at Universal decided to let Peggy groove it on her own.

For the love interest, they put in Ann Blyth and Billy Dunn. The only man they cast with Peggy was Andy Devine, who played her father.

"Working without Donald was really hard," admits Peggy. "I had to readjust myself. I never worried about anything Donnie and I did together. But trying to put across a comedy scene by myself—that was different. I felt as if I couldn't bear not to work with Donald. But after all, what could we do?

"There is no chance of Donnie's getting out of the Army. He wouldn't want to, and I wouldn't want him to.

"I hated to do anything without him. But this period, when I have to work alone, will perhaps be good for both of us. Donald and I would both like to grow up a little bit in pictures. We can't stay jive-happy sixteen-year-olds forever. These pictures I'm making now are a kind of bridge to go into the things we'll want to do after the war. I'll have a chance to mature a little. And Donald, being in the Army, will mature, too—especially since he's married."

She chuckled a little at that—and you could see the old, pert Peg on the beam again. A kid like Peg may be blue once in a while; but she's no icky, to go glooming around all the time.

A little schmaltz now and then for old time's sake—okay—then she picks up from there, and goes sailing along.

"After the war's over," she says, "I sure hope Donald and I will be teamed together again. But in the meanwhile, I'll just have to carry on alone, or with older men."

Not only has the hep queen lost her king in pictures, but she and the former top man in her private life have parted. He was Sergeant Ray Hirsch, a technical Sergeant in the Marines. For almost three years, he was Peg's heartbeat, and she was his. When she walked out of her house, she was always loaded down with Marine pins and insignia and ribbons which Sergeant Ray had given her.

She thought he was her man of the moment, day, year and forever. He thought she was his. Still, some note was missing in their love symphony. Had they really been desperately in love, Peggy would probably have walked down the aisle to that old Lohengrin march.

Sergeant Hirsch wanted her to. But Peggy's always been afraid of a war marriage. "I don't think," she says, "two people who love each other can be happy if they have to be separated. Of course if you fall madly in love—like a modern Romeo and Juliet—boom, girl, and you're dead! The wedding bells just have to peel then, like they did for O'Connor and Gwen.

"But if you're not madly in love, then I think you should wait.

"What really scared me off immediate marriage was seeing so many marriages of the people I knew go sour. I saw it happen to Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland—and I got scared. It's hard for a girl who's independent to make a success of marriage. When she gets mad she can say, 'All right, if you don't like it, I'll walk out of here. I can always take care of myself.' I didn't want that sort of thing to happen to Ray and me. And yet I wasn't ready—I'm not ready now—to settle down to being just a housewife.

"So Ray said, 'All right, if you feel that way about it, Peggy, maybe we'd better break our engagement, and you can look around and see if there's someone you care for more.' "

When Donald heard Peggy had broken her engagement, he called her up and said, "Listen, my girl, maybe you and I should have a serious talk." So she cried on his shoulder and said, "Honest, Don, I don't know whether I'm doing the right thing or not." When she finished telling him about it, she felt better.

"So now," says Peggy, "I'm free, white and twenty, and I'm looking around. Ray and I are still friends, but no longer engaged. All my ex-fiancés are my friends. I've been engaged four times, but it never took. I'm afraid I sound fickle, but marriage is such a serious step.

"I don't think I'll ever be engaged again. Next time, I'll get married but not engaged."

And then Peggy laughed at her own seriousness. "Knowing myself," she said, "I'm afraid the next time I see you, I'll be saying, 'Well, I'm engaged again.'"

Maybe. The pot is boiling, the romances are brewing; but so far there's nothing serious to report. Really those brewing romances are just friendships. Peggy, being free and single, is having a wonderful time, and goes out with lots of boys, several of whom have tried to sell her on the idea of

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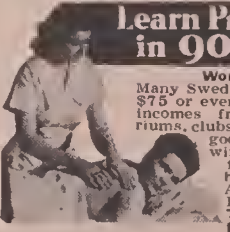

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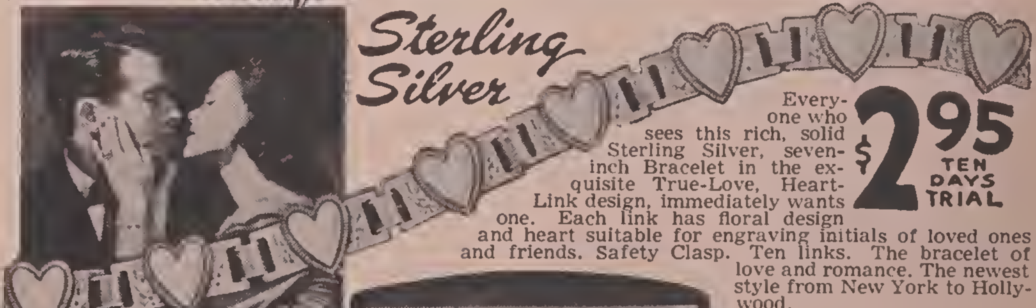

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marriage. So far, no sale. Among her boy friends are Len Drouillard, a French Canadian hockey player who taught her to ice skate; Mel Tormé, the actor, singer and drummer in "Pardon My Rhythm," who wrote a beautiful song dedicated to Peggy called "Peggy Mine;" Glen Rose, a publicity man. Then there's John Pirrone, an old friend who appeared with her when she was four in Gus Edwards' show, "The Wedding of Jack and Jill." She still goes out with him.

The most promising friendship, perhaps, is that with Lt. Charles F. Maxwell, whom she met when she was in "Meet the People" and who is now overseas throwing everything he's got against the Japs. Peggy hadn't heard from Lt. Maxwell for months and months, when she got a letter from him saying, "I guess you're married by now." Quick like a flash, she wrote him no, she wasn't—and well, we'll see what we shall see.

Peggy says she's had a number of crushes, but hasn't actually been in love since the big break-up with Sergeant Hirsch.

"I'm just coasting along, having loads of fun, going to the fights and the baseball games. The Mocambo and Trocadero are all right for those who like them, or when you want to show off a new hat, but I like jam sessions, legitimate shows and ballets at the Hollywood Bowl."

Though Peggy is obviously hep and can swing to all the riffs and licks, she isn't one hundred per cent gut-bucket. She and Ray used to go out of this world with all the other gut-buckets, because he was a champion jitterbug; but now that their romance has crashed, she likes the rumba and the samba just as much as barrel-house jive—maybe more, sometimes.

She recently celebrated her twentieth birthday. I know, I know, she doesn't look twenty, but she is. Donald O'Connor helped to cut the cake. Peggy had bought a home for her folks in Burbank—a dream home with a big rumpus room—and she and her folks threw caution to the winds, and invited 150 kids. The place was a bedlam because each kid brought about four more. Donald and Peggy put on a show for the crowd. (He was in uniform, on a pass). The crowd hollered and cheered; the neighbors poked their heads out of the windows, and wondered when that jive-happy crowd would go home.

Peggy got ninety-seven presents, including a pinball machine and a slot machine. Among the presents was one from Donald and Gwen that fairly took her breath away. Peggy says maybe I shouldn't print it, for the present was a black georgette nightgown. "What will people think of me getting a gift like that!" But Donald said it went with Peggy's new glamour—and Gwen, his wife, thought it was just the right kind of gift for Peg.

Jack Oakie delivered the birthday spanks. Peggy calls Jack "Sonny Boy", they've worked in two pictures together and will do a third soon, "That's the Spirit."

Not long after the birthday party, Peggy went to New York. Before she went, everyone she knew told her just what to do in New York. She was to see "Voice of the Turtle" for George—a man in the publicity department at Universal! do a time step on Times Square for Ray McDonald of "Winged Victory"; go to the Stork for Glen Rose; see "Oklahoma" for her fitter.

Of course, Peggy had been in New York before, but that was when she was appearing in the show, "Meet the People," getting about $42.50 a week, and not quite as big a success as she is now. In fact, the Ryans were sometimes broke in those days.

"Do you think I'm getting high-hat?" she asked me anxiously. "My girl friend is now my secretary. I never thought I'd have a secretary; but Turhan Bey and Ella Raines have, so I thought—why not Peggy?"

The truth is that her fan mail has gone into such terrific proportions that she couldn't cope with it all without some help.

When I first met Peggy a year ago, she struck me as being the youngest, gayest, jiviest girl I'd ever met. She talked a mile a minute; her feet and head and hands were never still.

She's still jivy as ever, and young and gay. She flounces her skirt, bounces along when she walks—but with all that, she's more serious now about some things.

When she thinks about the war and what it's done to people, she goes all hot and cold and feels like bawling her heart out. She spent a whole month on a hospital tour recently. Friends warned her she wouldn't be able to take it, but she did—like a trouper, though her heart broke many times at the things she saw. She never played a scene on the screen the equal of some of the scenes she played for the boys in the service.

And they adore her. They write her letters telling her she's their ideal of the American girl, the girl next door. She reminds them of their own "best girls", and that gets her.

Recently a bunch of boys on Saipan—sailor lads who were slated for an "incident", in other words combat with the Japs—were given as a special treat before they took off, a chance to see Peggy whooping it up in "This Is the Life." The picture sent them.

When the battle was over, the boys cried, "On with Ryan." Then they decided the picture had done so much for their morale that they would take up a collection to buy a present for the Ryan girl. They did, and solemnly decided that the first sailor in their group to set foot in the United States again was to buy a present for Peggy with the money.

Elmer Michael was the first boy in the group to get back to the United States. When he got to San Diego, he spent over $2.00 in nickels trying to locate an aunt of Peggy's who lived in San Diego. No dice. Finally he got hold of the manager of the Orpheum Theatre in San Diego, who called Peggy Ryan. Of course, she was thrilled when she heard the story, and still more excited when Michael met her for the first time and handed her a gold bracelet with crosses on it, and a green compact. "I picked them myself and gee, I hope you like them," he said.

Peggy, knowing what the bracelet represented, got a lump in her throat as big as an egg when he told her that.

And that's Peggy today—the Peggy who is bravely going on alone, because what else can she do? And yet she's not really alone. For Donald, just as he said, is always with her, in spirit.

THE END

WORDS OF MUSIC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

When Frank Sinatra played the New York Paramount Theatre, his loyal bobby-socks brigade really gave him a reception. In fact, that's a masterpiece of understatement. They practically tore the place apart. I don't know what arrangements the kids made about school, but from what I saw, there must have been thousands who had some explaining to do to the attendance office.

The New York police department had a time of it, too. They were all over the theatre, inside and out, trying to keep the crowds in order. Each time Frank arrived and departed, his fans would scream and carry on like mad. "How hysterical can they get?" one officer on horseback remarked, as he ordered some especially determined girls away from the stage door. "All the cuckoos aren't in clocks!"

But The Voice, with his usual poise, took it all in his stride, including a little egg-throwing. He did five and six shows a day, plus his broadcasts and camp appearances. Don't ever think Frank is as weak as he looks. He'd have to be physically strong, to take the pace!

Sinatra's protegée, Eileen Barton, the singing lass on his Vimms radio program, appeared with him at the Paramount. Though only eighteen, she performed like a veteran. Eileen has a fine voice, and I predict it won't be long until she is at the top of the ladder.

Benny Goodman must have decided once and for all to sit out his agency contract with the Music Corporation of America before reorganizing his band, because he pops up as one of the stars in Billy Rose's new Broadway musical, "The Seven Lively Arts." Benny is appearing with his recently formed quintet, which is just about the best small combination he has ever had. It couldn't be anything less than terrific, with Teddy Wilson on piano, Sid Weiss on bass, Morey Feld on drums, Red Norvo on vibra-harp, and the great Goodman clarinet.

Artie Shaw, another guy who plays a little clarinet, has signed a contract to record exclusively for Victor. According to present plans, he will break in his new seventeen-piece band on one nighters, and then start a theatre tour some time in December.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Victor:

Record dealers should have no trouble selling Tommy Dorsey's platter of "Two In Love," even though it was made a few years ago and has been released before, because Frank Sinatra sings the vocal chorus. "Whispering" is on the reverse side, done as an instrumental and featuring Tommy's trombone.

Another re-issue is Glenn Miller's "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," with Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton and The Modernaires. Flip it over and you find "Helpless," sung by Ray Eberle.

Here are two by Ellington, new releases, but made a few years back—"I Don't Mind," with a vocal by Ivie Anderson, and "What Am I Here For?" an instrumental with good solo work by Rex Stewart and Johnny Hodges.

Cole Porter's tune, "It Might Have Been," has been recorded by Hal McIntyre, with lyrics by Jerry Stuart and The Four Lyttle Sisters. On the other side we find a little jump ditty entitled "Daisy May," written by Hal and Billy May, when they played together in Glenn Miller's band.

Bunny Berigan, the great trumpet star who passed away two years ago, is honored by Victor with their release of The Berigan Memorial Album, a four-record set of some of the tunes Bunny made with his own band, including the famous "I Can't Get Started With You," "Frankie and Johnnie," and "Russian Lullaby."

Decca:

Ella Fitzgerald and The Ink Spots have doubled up talents again for "I'm Making Believe" and "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall."

Helen Forrest does "Every Day Of My Life" and "I Learned A Lesson I'll Never Forget," with Victor Young's orchestra.

Phil Hanna, one of Decca's newer artists, sings "It's A Crying Shame" and "Forget-Me-Nots In Your Eyes."

"Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart," and "Moon On My Pillow" serve as the two tunes for Jimmy Dorsey's latest. Teddy Walters handles the singing chores for both. "Sweet Dreams" is one of the numbers Jimmy's band does in the Warner picture, "Hollywood Canteen."

Russ Morgan and his "Music in the Morgan Manner" are heard on "Dance With A Dolly" (With a Hole In Her Stockin') with an Al Jennings vocal and "There Goes That Song Again," with Russ himself lyricizing.

Here's a wonderful new album by Judy Garland, the whole score from her new picture, "Meet Me In St. Louis." The songs, written by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, are really swell: "The Trolley Song" (already a hit), "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," "The Boy Next Door," "Meet Me In St. Louis," and "Skip To My Lou." There is one additional tune, "Boys and Girls," by Rodgers and Hammerstein, which was cut out of the picture after the album was recorded. Oddly enough, it was also cut out of the original score of "Oklahoma."

Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters have joined forces again, this time for "Don't Fence Me In," and "The Three Caballeros." "Don't Fence Me In" is a Cole Porter tune from "Hollywood Canteen," and "Three Caballeros" is from the Walt Disney production of the same name. Vic Schoen's orchestra and arrangements.

Andy Kirk and His Clouds of Joy jump in with "Baby, Don't You Tell Me No Lie" and "Fare Thee, Honey, Fare Thee Well." June Richmond sings both.

It doesn't come under the heading of popular music, but don't miss Decca's wonderful album of "Alice In Wonderland," with Ginger Rogers as Alice, and a terrific score composed and directed by Victor Young. It is one of the most delightful things I have ever heard.

Capitol:

Andy Russell, who is coming up fast in the crooner race, offers two new ballads, "I Dream Of You" and "Magic

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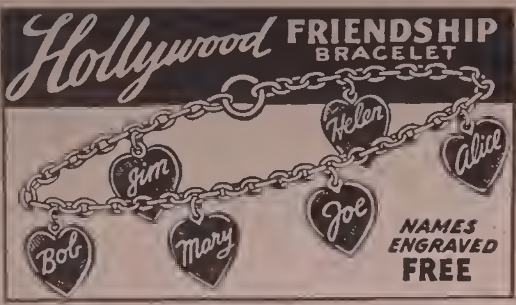

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Is The Moonlight," with Paul Weston's orchestra.

If you're in the mood for a bit of that thar' cowboy music, there's Tex Ritter's "We Live In Two Different Worlds," and "Jealous Heart."

June Hutton, the feminine voice of the Pied Pipers' quartet, does a good solo job on "Don't You Know I Care" and "Sleigh Ride In July," backed up by Paul Weston's music.

That jivin' girl, Ella Mae Morse, sings Cole Porter's oldie, "Why Shouldn't I?" and "Hello, Suzanne" on her new release. Ella Mae was a big success on her return engagement at New York's Capitol Theatre.

Stan Kenton steps in with his version of "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart," with Gene Howard in the vocal department, and "Gotta Be Gettin'," with Anita O'Day's chirping.

If you're stumped as to what to give your little niece or nephew for Christmas, give a listen to Capitol's album, "Stories For Children," eight sides of narrations with music by Harold Peary (The Great Gildersleeve). Included are "Jack And The Beanstalk," "Puss In Boots," and "Rumpelstiltskin."

Columbia:

If you like that groanin' man, Bing Crosby, you'll surely want "Crosby Classics," an album containing ten of his biggest hits of the past: "Please," "Some of These Days," "I've Got The World On A String," "Down The Old Ox Road," "How Deep Is The Ocean," "Home On The Range," "The Last Round-Up," "Thanks," "My Honey's Lovin' Arms," and "Shine." The latter two are with the Mills Brothers. The original platters of these tunes are collectors' items, so if you don't have them, now is your chance!

Ginny Simms has recorded two new ones, "Don't Ever Change" and "Wish You Were Waiting For Me." Both have vocal chorus backgrounds.

Gene Autry fans will be happy with his singing of two cowboy ballads, "Purple Sage In The Twilight" and "If You Only Believed In Me."

* * *

Freddy Martin is now a business man, with his new Maestro Record Company. He has waxed two tunes with his own band, "Just Close Your Eyes" and "Better Do It Now," and two songs by Georgia Gibbs, "Wish You Were Waiting For Me" and "The Trolley Song." These discs won't be available for general distribution in music stores for a while, but if you particularly want them, I suggest you write the Maestro Company, 1515 North Vine Street, Hollywood, 28, California, and mention that you read about them in this column.

ON THE BEAM:

The new Chesterfield Music show over C.B.S., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, is a solid quarter hour. There are songs by Johnny Johnston and Monica Lewis, music by Paul Baron's orchestra, and chit-chat by Martin Block, New York's popular disc jockey. Baron's band is one of the best radio outfits I've heard, featuring such prominent sidemen as Billy Butterfield, Yank Lawson, Sid Weiss, and Will Bradley. Phil Moore, talented composer of "Shoo, Shoo, Baby," is doing much of the arranging.

Another good radio program you should try to catch if you like your menu musical is N.B.C.'s "For The Record," on Monday nights. This is the show from which the Army records their "V-Discs" for shipment to fighting fronts all over the world. You'll hear everything from swing to symphony, with a different group of artists each week—all top names in the entertainment field.

If you like Eddy Howard, listen to "Carton of Smiles" over N.B.C. on Wednesdays. Besides handling the musical reins, Eddy shares vocal honors with Carol Bruce.

Raymond Scott continues to come through with one of the best daytime musical programs, with his versatile half-hour, Monday through Friday over C.B.S.

(For time and station on all broadcasts, be sure to check your local newspaper).

JAM NOTES:

Jess Stacy left Horace Heidt a few weeks ago, and is still toying with the idea of organizing his own band. Jess tells me that if his plans go through, his wife, Lee Wiley, will be his vocalist. . . . Woody Herman has added a girl vibra-harpist to his band. And Charlie Spivak is another leader who is planning a feminine addition to his aggregation in the person of a girl harpist. Charlie is also going to add two French horns.

Maxine Sullivan has been singing at New York's Blue Angel club. Though her voice seems more mature, she still has that same relaxed quality which brought her fame on records. . . . Lee Castle was really thrilled when his new band was set for a long run at the New Yorker Hotel. Just about a year ago, he played the same spot—as a sideman in Benny Goodman's orchestra.

Martha Tilton will tour theatres, when she finishes her second picture for P.R.C., "Crime, Inc." . . . Vaughn Monroe has become a papa again, with the arrival of another girl, name of Christina. Incidentally, Vaughn's vocalist, Marilyn Duke, who *was* a decided brunette, is *now* a decided blonde. . . . Ginnie Powell decided to hold off on picture offers for a while and joined Gene Krupa's band, instead. But she'll probably appear with Gene in his forthcoming film for R.K.O., "George White's Scandals."

Buddy Stewart, who sang with Claude Thornhill before both he and Claude went into the service, has been discharged and is now handling the male vocals for Krupa. . . . The Andrews Sisters have been very successful in their concert tour. When the girls get back to California, La Verne will be married to Lou Rogers, a technical director in the music department at Universal Studios. . . . Billie Holliday and Eddie Heywood, Jr., are the newest addition to the Decca Records contract list. . . . Andy Russell is the happiest guy in the world over his success in New York. He was a big hit in his nightclub engagement at the Versailles and he realized one of his greatest ambitions by being signed for the Paramount Theatre. Of course his records have been selling like hot cakes all over the country. But there's one boy whose hat size won't change!

So long for the nonce. If you're puzzled about any little musical item, drop me a note and I'll try to straighten you out. But not too many questions, and don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Write Jill Warren, MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

THE END

PHILLIP TERRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

slaving at Herculean tasks, half-starving in the London equivalent of a garret, and hope-after-hope-deferred making a man heartsick. It *isn't* a grim story, because it never seems to have occurred to Phillip to take life that way.

It was in San Francisco one March 7th that the doctor announced: "It's a boy!" to the Terry family, but most of Phil's early years were spent in boom towns of the oil country, in Texas and Oklahoma. His father is a research chemist who invented a process for "cracking" gasoline.

Phil worked in the oil fields during school vacations, and helped in his father's experimental laboratory up in California's hottest inland valley when the thermometer hit the ceiling and a furnace had to be tended, chiefly by Phil.

"I like labor," he observed. "When my father first started his own plant, we had very little money and we did practically everything ourselves. It was a thrill to see how much we could do. Just this last year, as my contribution to war work, I dug ditches, laid floors, poured molten pig iron into moulds—one crucible weighed upwards of 150 pounds—at the foundry my father and I have in Glendale.

"As I say, hard physical labor appeals to me. But as time went on and the little plant prospered, we hired more men. I was made manager and had to run the office. I hated that, as I hate all white-collar work. To me, columns of figures on paper, filing systems, all the details of offices represent a fearful grind. I stuck it out only because my father is my friend and I was eager to help him."

Phil still enjoys hard, physical labor and finds it relaxing to build a garden wall, dig a foundation, swing a hoe.

"Joan's like that, too," he boasts. "Since we can't get gardeners, she has clipped the hedge, cut down a tree and trimmed shrubs like mad."

That love of using muscles took Phil, as might have been expected, into sports at high school, where he was a member of the track team at Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, and manager of that school's football eleven.

His ambition then was to be a navy doctor. His father was an Annapolis man and Phil's first keen disappointment came when bad eyes caused his rejection. His eyes had troubled him since childhood and have prevented his joining any branch of the service in the present war. He did not give up his medical ambition, however, until he had completed eight semesters at Stanford University. Medicine and the years of close study seemed an endless, deadly grind.

A man named Gordon Davis may have had his influence. He persuaded Phil to take part in college theatricals and directed him in several plays. And there he was, "caught in the spell," liking the theater. After his eighth semester in medicine, he shocked his parents by announcing that he was leaving college—*to act.*

"My family didn't care for the idea," he admits. "Their hearts were set on my graduating from Stanford. But they have always been wonderful to me, never laying down the law, but understanding and sympathizing. I was carefully taught what was right and what was wrong. I hope I can teach our children as well. After that teaching, my father said: 'I don't care what you decide to be, son. All I ask is that you be a *good* one.' So the family said as little as possible about their disappointment and agreed that I should try for a stage career.

"That was 1930. Talkies had just come in, depression was on, the stage was supposed to be all washed up—no stock companies, no road companies. I thought of pictures, of course, but that was the time no studio would look at a man who wasn't English. Unless you spoke with a clipped accent and a very broad *a*, you weren't worth listening to. I decided to take my savings and go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London."

The fact that the Royal Academy accepted him must have been encouraging, for over there dramatic training is taken seriously, and a graduate of the famous school is given an actors' equity card, completion of the course being considered the equivalent of experience.

Phillip concentrated on his classes, especially those dealing with correct speech. Concentrated too intensely, as it turned out, for during his attendance at the Academy Alexander Korda sent for him to do the role of an American in one of his pictures.

"And I was so very, very British by that time I simply couldn't twist my tongue around the American *r!* Korda looked at my test, and got someone else."

When it happened, it wasn't so funny. Phil needed film experience, the prestige of the Korda name, and the money. He'd never had so little money. Even after he had graduated and was playing bits on the stage, his salary was only twenty shillings—about five dollars a week. *Week,* not day! Out of this, he had to pay for food and "digs" (lodging).

Once he had a room with another boy in Bloomsbury, a big room in a dreadful old house. The bath was two flights up, the lavatory, diagonally above them, leaked so that one wall was always damp and musty. For half their combined salaries, they got this room plus breakfast, which they ate as late as it was served.

"Our only other meal each day, we ate at Bertorillos' in Soho, an old Italian restaurant where they gave you a big bowl of minestrone—soup full of vegetables, noodles, spaghetti, macaroni and cheese—for three pence, and a big piece of bread for a penny."

He didn't starve; he didn't really mind this way of life. It was all part of a new, wonderful experience. He was young, ambitious, romantic, and he dreamed beautiful dreams. He would stay in England until he had worked up to important roles in important plays, when American producers would send for him.

He played in stock and repertory in Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, Croyden and Brighton. Everyone helped him. The whole profession, it seemed to him, offered eager hands to the beginner. It wouldn't be long now, he thought after four years, be-

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6th WAR LOAN

fore he could expect something fine.

At 2 a.m. a cable from America arrived. Phil's father was dying: he must come home at once. At .10 that same morning, he was on the Bremen as she moved out into the Channel.

"My mother was in Panama on her way to England to see me, when she got that same cable," he recalls. "I made better connections and was home first. My father didn't die—he's still alive, thank heaven—but he was ill for a long time, and I had to take over management of his small foundry in Glendale. I used to pitch in and do some of the hard work there, to help me through my anxiety for him and my continuing disappointments in Hollywood."

Phil had turned to the screen to continue his career. He visited every agent listed, but to them his stage experience meant nothing and no one would take him. He was deeply discouraged before his friend Vince Lawrence was able to interest Al Hall in one Phillip Terry, and even then it was some time before that interest eventuated in a radio contract with CBS.

In the summer of 1937, CBS scheduled a series of Shakespearean plays with famous stars. Phil played leading roles in these plays, with such actors as Burgess Meredith, Walter Abel, Ian Keith and Thomas Mitchell. They all said nice things about Phil's voice and dramatic ability, but it was Thomas Mitchell who arranged to direct him in a test at Columbia Studios.

"I was dreadfully nervous—I'm always nervous on 'first nights'." Phil illustrated this with his fifth cigarette, exaggeratedly. "I didn't make the grade. Columbia turned me down... but the test reached MGM, and they gave me a contract!"

He was elated. NOW he'd get somewhere, NOW the gates would open, NOW he'd show them what he could do! He got one good part in the two years he was on the lot, and left in cold fury.

"I was bitter and vengeful," he recalled, swinging his glasses in one well-kept hand. But you can't get anywhere with a chip on your shoulder.

"Life's a two-way pocket. You can't put your hand full of money into your pocket, take it out empty every time, and still expect to get much out of living. And you certainly can't take it out with a knife in it! Until I learned that, I bounced around from studio to studio, doing serials, small parts, any old thing. I was with Paramount until they gave me one line in 'Wake Island', then I quit."

In those years, he had some fine parts in pictures that didn't click. He got rave reviews as lead in "Parson of Panamint," but that led nowhere because producer Harry Sherman was associated with Westerns and no one took the picture very seriously. Life was a series of heartbreaks.

But while he was doing a serial at Republic Studios, Phil met Director John Auer. Mr. Auer promised nothing, but when he was casting "Music in Manhattan" he thumbed through a film directory for possibilities, and saw Phil's photograph. The director shook his head and turned the page. But next time he leafed through and saw Phil, he sent for him. It was this role that set the bells ringing.

"All an actor has to sell is his ego," observed Phil. "If you are to make the grade, you can't go on a set thinking: 'Gee, if Cary Grant or Gary Cooper had this part they'd be wonderful!' You must convince yourself you can play it better than any other actor. But you can't take yourself so seriously that you believe the stuff written about you.

"If a man is honest with himself, he knows there are dozens of talented people hanging around casting offices who could do what he does—maybe even better—if given a chance. They don't get the breaks. Talent isn't essential for success in pictures; great personalities have succeeded who had no talent to start with—they acquired a facile technique as they went on, and the public loves them."

A successful career has no chance of turning young Mr. Terry's level head.

He's six-feet-one, has crisp brown hair and thoughtful brown eyes; he knows how to wear clothes, but is not particularly interested in them. His idea of a wonderful evening is to stay home and listen to music with Joan. . . . Most subjects mentioned lead back to Joan.

"I never thought one way or the other about love at first sight, until the night I met Joan," he confessed, sitting Turk-fashion in his chair, his face bright with the memory. "I'd seen her on the screen often and hadn't imagined knowing her. She's so different, anyway, from her screen self. Harry Mines, a newspaperman I've known for years, several times suggested that I go with him to Joan's house, but something always happened and we didn't go. Then one night we were dining together, when Harry mentioned that he was calling on Joan later. If I liked, he'd ask her if I could come. She said yes and we went.

"I think I knew I was in love as soon as I saw her coming toward me. We'd been on the same lot for two years, and once even worked in the same picture, without meeting."

They were married July 21, 1942, not long after that first meeting, and have since adopted two children.

He's mad about the children and will tell you stories about them for hours, if there's time. Joan, though, as a topic of conversation, has an easy lead. Joan has helped him so much. Joan packs his lunch every day because his nervous digestion makes eating in his dressing room imperative. She joins him there, if she's not working. They talk everything over, never have enough time for all they have to say, yet they can slip into long unbroken silences during musical evenings at home.

"I'm happy," he reiterated, "and I put nothing ahead of my happiness. I won't work after six o'clock because I want to get home in time to enjoy my family. I turn down all offers that mean leaving home—I even turned down 'Voice of the Turtle' when they asked me to do the Chicago run, and that was a real temptation.

"You have to make up your mind what's precious to you and then let nothing swerve you from it, if you want success."

THE END

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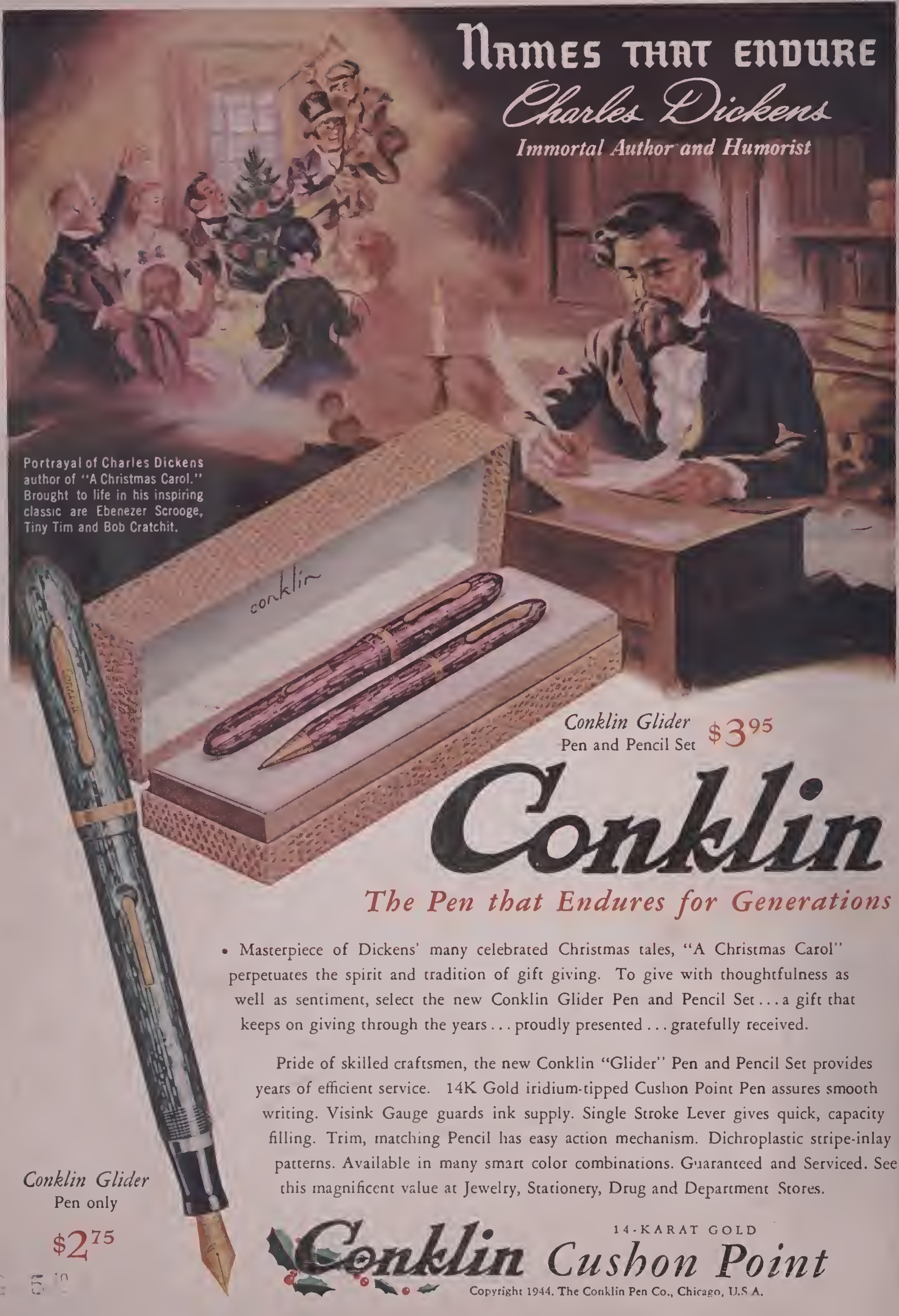

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